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ERRATA.

Page 9, col. 1, line 59, for *Jahovah or Yahovah* read *Jahweh or Yahweh.*
Page 169, col. 1, line 13, for *apprehension* read *comprehension*
Page 170, col. 3, line 69, for *Russell* read *Russel.*
Page 171, col. 1, line 5, for *Sorup* read *Borup.*
Page 175, col. 2, line 10, for *Widle's* read *Wilde's.*
Page 239, col. 2, line 13, for *historic* read *histrionic.*
Page 240, col. 1, line 18, for *foment* read *ferment.*
Page 289, col. 3, line 35, for *steaming* read *stemming.*
Page 298, col. 3, line 51, for *metaphysics* read *metapsychics.*
Page 321, col. 2, line 55, for *Mitchell* read *Michell.*
Page 342, col. 2, line 36, for *Great Northern* read *Great Western.*
Page 503, col. 1, line 57, for *Miss* read *Mrs.*
Page 536, col. 1, line 46, for *men* read *me.*
Page 548, col. 2, line 39, for *Britannica* read *Britannia.*

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1911.

The Week

Gratifying intimations come from Washington that, after all, the Senate may have something to say about the Lorimer case in a tone very different from that of Senator Burrows. It appears that Senator Burton, for one, has been spending his holidays reading the report of the committee of investigation, and that he and some others are deeply stirred by what they find in the evidence—so much so, that they cannot subscribe to the doctrine that a Senator's seat is safe if his friends bribe a little for him, but not too much; the theory that if you cannot prove that the purchased votes were exactly the ones that elected the Senator in question, why then he is entitled to hold his seat among honorable men whose election has been clear and above board. Obviously, if the Senate cares for its reputation, the question of fitness hangs not upon the degree of bribery, or even upon the question whether the Senator knew about it, but whether there was any bribery at all. A high-minded man in Lorimer's case would have resigned on the first intimation of the scandal and notified his associates and the Illinois Legislature that he would not remain in his seat a day, if anybody had used any money in connection with his election.

A glance at the tables in the report of the Postmaster-General is sufficient to show a growth in post office business which, to those unfamiliar with it, must be little less than startling. Nothing surprises us, of course, when we go back a hundred years; that the receipts of the postal service in 1810 were only a little above half a million dollars, while now they are nearly a quarter of a billion, is the kind of thing every one expects. But that the receipts in 1870 were still under twenty million dollars—that they are more than eleven times as great now as they were only forty years ago—is another matter; and if we go back to 1860 we find the amount to have been only eight and a half million dollars. In other words, our people spend upon postage twenty-six times as much as they did fifty years ago, whereas the population is only three times as great as it was then. Indeed, the people of the United States now spend upon postage alone a sum nearly four times as great as was expended in 1860 upon the entire activities of the Federal Government!

It is a little surprising to find the *Public Ledger* endorsing the sentiment of a local merchant that Philadelphians should "stop their everlasting criticism and get together in a truly coöperative spirit to place Philadelphia in her rightful position before the eyes of the world." What is here recommended to Philadelphia is exactly what San Francisco actually did—for a time; only to learn that agreeing to keep still about political corruption merely added gall to criticism from the outside. The time may have come "when Philadelphia must shake off the village spirit and go forward on broader metropolitan lines," but this is no excuse for refusing to face what is the real trouble, if the *Ledger's* own columns are to be trusted.

The amazing cleverness of politicians is illustrated by the reported plan of the Republican majority in the New Jersey Senate to rush through a series of reform measures before Gov.-elect Wilson has a chance to declare himself in favor of them in his inaugural address. That is expected to take the wind out of his sails completely. The contemplated action would at once reveal the unprogressive spirit of the incoming Executive, and cause bitter regret that the party represented by the noble Senators at Trenton somehow failed of popular endorsement in November. Just how Gov. Wilson is to escape odium no one can imagine. All his popularity will immediately pass to those who opposed him and fought the ideas which they are now to make haste to adopt.

W. D. Connor, chairman of the self-styled "Taft Republican State Committee" in Wisconsin, has filed a statement showing that the committee spent more than $114,000 in its attempt to defeat Senator La Follette and other Progressive Republican candidates at the Republican primaries. It cost Senator La Follette only about $4,000 to win by a vote of four to one, while the regular State Committee spent but $8,000 on both primary and November elections. Now the Milwaukee *Journal* has published a list of 1,400 individuals in Milwaukee County alone who received sums varying from $5 to $250 each from the "Taft Committee." This list, it appears on analysis, contained the names of former La Follette men, Democrats and even Socialists. The purposes of the expenditure were set down as "publicity" and "organization." Progressive Republicans are rather amused than otherwise at the discovery how little the Taft Committee got for its money. But there are members of the incoming Legislature who are determined to have Mr. Connor tell who subscribed it. Some of the inquisitive ones think that they may strike a trail that will lead to the "jack pot" reputed to have been got up at Chicago to defeat not only La Follette but Beveridge and other Progressives in the Middle West.

Reform in our methods of judicial procedure played a conspicuous part in the proceedings of the American Political Science Association, in its annual meeting at St. Louis. Whenever the subject is discussed—and it is coming to be discussed with ever-growing frequency—the sentiment as to the urgent necessity of reform is emphatic, it comes from the highest sources, and it is apparently unopposed. There seems to be no material difference of opinion on the subject, and the only question is how this body of opinion, though relating to a matter of such great and immediate practical importance, shall get itself embodied in the actual practice of our courts. However, it may be set down as certain that a very considerable measure of improvement will come through the immediate influence of the discussion and criticism upon the attitude of the judges. There are many things, especially those affecting the right of appeal, upon which legislation may be necessary, but the judges have it in their own power to reduce enormously the abuses of our legal practice. Fortunately, a precedent in refusing to give weight to a ridiculous tech-

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nicality has just as much chance to become infectious as the opposite kind of precedent. But the room for improvement is so great that nothing less than a persistent and determined effort on the part of the strongest men of the bench and bar will suffice to effect the reform needed. At St. Louis, strong language was used on the subject by several speakers, including Mr. Frederick W. Lehman, the recently appointed solicitor-general of the United States.

In his address at St. Louis on Wednesday of last week, Professor Giddings brought out with much force the responsibility of leaders in public life for the formation of opinion about war. He insisted that such prominent individuals are real social causes. From them comes an initiative which shapes the sentiments that sway the masses. This we believe to be profoundly true, and it seems to us to have a double significance in coming from a professor of sociology. For the comfortable theory is often put forward in the name of sociological doctrine that vast movements sweep over society before which the most virile and influential men are helpless, and in resisting or directing which they have no real duty because they have no real power. In particular it has been the pleasant custom to depict wars as "fated," since they are the inevitable collisions of rival principles or competing civilizations, or what not. Against all this, Professor Giddings uttered a timely protest. Hold what theories we may of fate or free will, destiny or striving, the practical truth which we have to grasp and act upon is that an enormous responsibility rests upon those who are set as spokesmen and guides of the people, and that according as they exercise it for good or evil will they be morally judged, both by their contemporaries and by posterity.

The brief but wanton strike last Friday of the firemen employed upon the Staten Island ferry-boats comes as a sharp reminder of one of the great difficulties which must be faced by other cities as well as by New York as municipal ownership and operation are extended. The men had only a fancied grievance, which they did not even present to the authorities; they quit work without notice and recklessly put thousands of people to great inconvenience. A government that cannot protect itself against its own employees is not only impotent but contemptible. This lesson has been learned in France, where a bill is now before Parliament to make a strike by workingmen in the service of the state unlawful. Let there be every provision for conciliation and remedying injustice, but let it be clearly understood that the crippling of public work by public servants will not be for a moment endured.

The New York State Commissioner of Education spoke recently in Syracuse on school system reform. We hope soon to hear a lecture from him on the reform of his own department in the way of making it more useful to rural schools. It is of extraordinarily little benefit to many such, whose sole relations to the Department consist of the brief visits of more or less competent inspectors, the matter of the Regents' examinations, and the making of rules and regulations for procedure and appointments under the laws of the State; while the Commissioner himself gives a good deal of time to passing on questions of law with resultant decisions that form most interesting reading to lawyers. Of course, the fault is chiefly in the laws. Dr. Draper is, we believe, the best superintendent the State has had. But where his department fails is either as an adequate inspector or a real vitalizing force, compelling weak or inefficient school boards to better conditions and bring their schools up to date. As it is, if the attendance is good and the written examinations are fairly well done, the school may in every other respect be faulty, with a poor system, poor teachers, and methods of a bygone generation. So long as school directors are elected as they are, there ought to be a very vigorous department at Albany, with plenty of capable inspectors to hold them up to their duties.

The Academy of Medicine in New York did a conspicuous public service by its discussion of leprosy the other night, and by bringing to its meeting nine victims of the disease. The popular ignorance and dread of this malady are comparable to the fear of the witches in old Salem days. Let a leper be discovered anywhere, and he is treated as if all his claims to humanity had vanished with the breaking out of the disease. The victim is isolated—as was the alleged leper Early in Washington a year or two ago—and refused a sight of his family, while his food is poked at him as if he were a dog suffering from rabies. All of this is but a relic of the mediæval dread of the plague, and is based apparently on the belief that if you touch a leper or breathe the same air, you are lost. The fact that there are fully a thousand lepers in the United States, and that one New York doctor has examined thirty cases in a year, ought to be known—not to cause any laxness in dealing with the disease, but to prevent further hysteria. The scientists are doing everything they can to find a remedy for the disease which, taken the world over, is not believed to be spreading.

The struggles of the British novelist to master American slang result in the creation of a dialect that never was on land or sea. Some of his phrases no American would use at all, and all of them could not possibly be found united in the diction of any one individual. It is naturally irritating to the American to be thus bewrayed to the unsympathizing by a speech which is, after all, not his, yet we cannot be surprised that the foreign novelist should adorn the conversation of his "Yankee" with the choicest flowers of rhetoric culled impartially from the Bowery, Georgia, Chicago, and the Pacific Coast, together with many that are indigenous to the British Isles. We may repudiate this Babylonish idiom with what scorn we will, but we doubt if the novelist himself harbors many illusions about his crude confection. Of course, there is a large element in it peculiarly British; he wishes to be understood by his countrymen, and we fear that unadulterated American—say, the language of "fandom"—would hardly find many English readers. The merest garnish of an "I guess," however, will animate the British lump. Even Burns had to allay his straight Scotch with a liberal infusion of English. Nor does the novelist feel it his task nicely to delimit the geographical distribution of "guess," "reckon," and "allow." He aims rather at a kind of "all-American" dialect. He operates with the "b'jabers's," the "bah

Jove's," and the "ach Himmel's" of our speech—those tokens of international linguistic exchange that are honored everywhere at sight—in the effort to evolve something as sprawling and inclusive as his conception of these States themselves.

The tragic deaths of Moisant and Hoxsey ought to end promptly the dangerous aerial feats of which the public has heard so much. Now that aeroplanes have reached such great heights, why is it necessary to go on trying for altitude records? Surely the art is still too much in its infancy for the men engaged in it to take unnecessary risks. Sensational "glides," spiral twistings, and other dangerous methods of amusement add nothing to the development of the aeroplane. If it is answered that many fatal accidents have occurred, like Moisant's, when at no great distance from the ground, the greater the necessity for caution. Certainly the many deaths in 1910 cannot but hold back the progress of what is bound to be a most useful invention. Moisant's death is the more regrettable because he was one of the clearest thinkers on this whole question, had important plans under way for an improved aeroplane, and, had he not yielded to the exhibition craze, might easily have led the world in other feats besides being the first to cross the English Channel with a passenger beside him. Only last summer, he was complaining that the public expected too much of aviators and too rapid progress. Yet he lost his life in gratifying the curiosity of the public, under dangerous conditions, when he might have had added years of usefulness.

During the fourteen years from 1894 to 1908, the number of homicides in Alabama, according to the report of the Attorney-General, increased more than 100 per cent. In Macon County, however, there was a decrease in both homicides and other serious crimes, the reduction in penitentiary offences in the last four years being no less than 60 per cent., and in homicides reaching 75 per cent. The population of the county is about 30,000, 25,000 being negroes. The wide difference in the figures for the county and the State is not surprising when it is remembered that Tuskegee is in Macon County, and when it is also known that four years ago the county went "dry." As it is impossible that the latter circumstance should not have been directly influenced by the former, Booker T. Washington's institution must be credited with a new benefit to those it was not formally planned to help.

The agitation against Mr. Balfour's continuance as leader of the Unionist party is not surprising, nor is it surprising to learn that the weakness of the agitation lies in the failure to suggest any substitute for the man who has had to bear the brunt of an extremely difficult situation. The time is out of joint, and Mr. Balfour himself would probably be the first to admit that he is not cut out, by nature or inclination, to set it right. But the kind of man that could have coped with the difficulties of the Unionist position during the past few years in such a way as to command the enthusiastic allegiance of the party is the rarest of human beings. In point of intellectual capacity, Mr. Balfour measures up to the highest requirements; it is in the robust personal characteristics that go to the domination of a political situation that he is wanting. When Chamberlain first troubled the political waters with his protectionist propaganda, Balfour's nicely-balanced position, irritating as it may have been, served a good purpose for the party in keeping it going along without a serious split; but in the face of such a crisis as that presented by the Lords' proposed rejection of the budget, the only thing that could have prevented the colossal blunder that impended was the assertion of a masterful will, such as forms no part of Mr. Balfour's equipment. Few men would have been equal to the occasion; the only trouble with Mr. Balfour was that he was not one of those few. In a smaller and yet an extremely important matter he fell short in a similar way; that shelving of protection for the time being, which, if done early and in a strong way, might have saved the day in the recent campaign, was undertaken by Mr. Balfour at the eleventh hour and in a queer haphazard manner, with the referendum accidentally thrown in. But the Unionists seem to be confronted with a choice between Mr. Balfour, with his remarkable talents and his want of the highest qualities of leadership, and some man no stronger in leadership and without the talents.

A Consumers' League has been organized in Paris, with a declaration of principles asserting the importance of a combination among "all who buy and pay," to stand along with the combinations of producers, artisans, and middlemen, and to aid in the suppression of frauds and abuses. This the *Temps* calls "un bon sentiment," but points out that the chief frauds and abuses are those committed by producers at the expense of consumers. Poor quality of merchandise and high prices are evils proceeding from the very combinations with which the Consumers' League proposes to ally itself in a war against them. The *Temps* agrees with Professor Gide, the founder of the League, that the power of the purchaser has known how to make itself heard whenever it has wished, but remarks that, in France at least, it has not wished. This statement it enforces by a reference to the way in which the lessening of imposts on spirits has profited the dealers instead of the public, and it calls for a consumers' boycott, such as made the Beef Trust "yield" in America, and the brewers in Germany.

Another hint of the flexible wisdom of Papal policy appears in the reports from Germany that the new "oath against modernism" is not to be strictly exacted of German Catholic priests, particularly not of professors in Catholic universities. A good deal of importance is attached to a reference to the matter in a pastoral letter issued by Cardinal Fischer of Cologne, on the eve of his departure for Rome. Touching upon the recent Vatican decrees, he urged the faithful not to be in any way disturbed by rumors on that subject, declaring that "the Holy Father has given to the German bishops certain plenary powers corresponding to our actual situation." This is interpreted to mean that no rigorous measures will be urged in Germany, though they may be in Austria and Italy, to compel priests and professors to take the special oath against "modernism." A well-informed writer in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* declares that the Catholic faculties generally maintain that a professor may be, indeed, absolutely bound in matters of dogma, but that, scientifically, he must be free to investigate.

PROGRESS TOWARDS PEACE.

We have received from Alfred H. Fried, the publisher of the German pacivist monthly, *Die Friedens-Warte*, an admirable peace chronology of the past year. No one can peruse it without realizing how the stars in their courses are fighting for the abolition of war. It is like the progress of the glacier—so slow as to be almost imperceptible to those who do not stop to watch its advance, and yet steady and certain. The reason, Herr Fried declares, why we are not more conscious of the revolution of human sentiment upon this question is the old inability of mankind, absorbed as each individual is in his own affairs, to take note of the continuity of events bearing on a given cause. Single happenings, like the bringing about of peace between Japan and Russia and Mr. Carnegie's donation to the peace agitation—news of which had not reached Herr Fried before the publication of his pamphlet—people remark. But there is not time enough to measure the new ground won all along the line. And yet each skirmish in the battle for peace is but part of a whole campaign, to use a military simile, and its value can best be judged only in connection with the entire forward movement.

It is really a striking list of the events of 1910 which Herr Fried has compiled, foremost among them the avoidance of war between Peru and Chili, and Peru and Ecuador on this hemisphere, and the allaying of all danger of a conflagration as a result of the troubles in Crete. To this he might have added the disappearance of the acute friction between England and Germany. The settlement of the century-old dispute between the United States and England in regard to the New England fisheries by the Hague court in a way satisfactory to both nations, was another memorable achievement, as was the disposition of our own quarrel with Venezuela by the same tribunal. Again, there is a remarkable list of international conferences to record: the fourth Pan-American in Buenos Ayres, the Spitzbergen Conference in Christiania, the conference in regard to the laws of aerial navigation in Paris; that dealing with international exchange, held at The Hague; and the Brussels conference on maritime law. One may well ask whether these are not the forerunners of a coming parliament of nations or an international supreme court to do for the various peoples what the Supreme Court in Washington does every day for the States of the American Federation. Certainly, these international conferences are becoming more and more a matter of course and increasing in numbers each year.

Two international events of 1910 are of particular importance from the point of view of peace—the formation of the South African Union and the Russian-Japanese treaty of July 4 last. Herr Fried rightly points to them as demonstrating in a remarkable degree the uselessness of wars, which, as has been so often said, settle nothing. In South Africa mutual good will, concessions, and compromises have accomplished what the war in the Transvaal itself could not bring about. If the rulers of those lands had had the good sense and the determination to adjust their differences, the same result could have been obtained ten years ago without the fearful waste of blood and treasure. Was it necessary to take all those human lives in order to make the Boers the actual ruling party in South Africa? So, too, the Russian-Japanese treaty has placed the relations of Japan and Russia on a better basis and marked out their spheres of influence in East Asia in a clearer way than did the Peace of Portsmouth. Must we really believe that no such result was possible without the slaughter of Manchuria? Reason and common sense emphatically answer no.

It must, of course, be admitted that certain events during 1910 point in the other direction. Occurrences in Korea and in Finland have not made for peace or good will. Everywhere, too, the mania for armaments rages unchecked. So far, no international conference for disarmament has appeared possible, and yet to everybody but the statesmen concerned it is apparent that the burden of armaments spells ruin. The rise in the price of living in all the great industrial nations carries its significant warning. In Germany, for all its marvellous industrial progress, the peasant who bears the soldier on his back groans more loudly than ever. Nearly three-quarters of a million men will be under arms there in 1911, consuming but producing nothing, and the price of meat in the Emperor's domains has risen to such a point that it has become an unobtainable luxury for many workers. We hear much about the necessity for "insurance"; it is the favorite argument of the militarist. You insure your home, he says, against fire and burglary; why not the nation, which is but a conglomeration of homes? He overlooks the fact that there are some kinds of insurance which not even the richest nation can afford; that the man of moderate means prefers to let his house go uninsured if the insurance premiums demanded of him are so high as to impoverish him. Precisely this is happening in Europe, where the cost of war-insurance is placing the control of the governments in the hands of its bondholders—literally in the hands of a few large financial institutions.

Fortunately, the truth of all this is becoming more and more widely felt. Even here in America there is beginning to grow up a restlessness under that policy which devotes 70 cents out of every dollar appropriated to expenditures to wars, past and future. President Taft himself did a great service for peace but the other day, when he put an end to the latest war scare in Washington and voiced the opinion of the nation that this country shall never be the home of a great standing army. We need only a few more outspoken men and women to declare their uncompromising hostility to militarism in the spirit of Tolstoy to make even more rapid progress. The new year holds its opportunities for victories, and the greatest of these opportunities is in the hands of Mr. Taft. How the country would acclaim a complete arbitration treaty with Great Britain, and how the world would applaud Mr. Taft if he brought about an international disarmament congress!

"UNOSTENTATIOUS" MR. SHEEHAN.

It is rather a tame and conventional thing that Mr. Sheehan has done in issuing a set of "principles," in aid of his candidacy for the United States Senatorship from New York. We think also that it was entirely unnecessary. Any members of the Legislature who could possibly be brought to vote for him, certainly would ask for nothing of the sort. A wink from Sheehan would satisfy them better than his exposition of

the Constitution. If he could only assure them that the election of a Senator was all arranged, that he was to have Murphy's O. K. and was "sure to go through," they would gladly spare his dissertation on the "vast but regulated power of the Executive" And as for others, their emotion is likely to be one of surprise that Mr. Sheehan had any settled principles at all to profess. They had never heard of anything of the kind in connection with his political activities. A belated discovery of "principles" is always a little suspicious. If they were life-long, why this unpleasant air of having to extemporize them?

In reality, of course, Mr. Sheehan does not expect this profession of his political faith to affect the vote of a single legislator. He is too shrewd to have any illusions on that point. What he has done is merely to pay a perfunctory tribute to a custom which he doubtless regards as foolish, while his real dependence is upon other things. Indeed, he inadvertently makes this clear in the very letter which he gave to the press last Friday morning. The truly significant passage in it is this: "The time has not come when loyalty to and belief in efficient political organization and unostentatious labor, even more assiduous in days of darkness than in time of sunshine, shall of themselves necessarily create disqualifications for exalted trust." This is turgid language, but what Mr. Sheehan means by it is not in doubt. It is a frank appeal to the baser elements of the Democratic party to stand by one of their own kind. If he were to put the matter into the politicians' vernacular, he would say: "See here, boys, they are trying to take away from us a good thing. We have done the dirty work of the party year after year and never got anything for it, because we were licked. But now we have won, and what do those silk-stocking dudes propose but to run off with the biggest prize of all! I say we won't stand for it. If we were good enough to keep up the organization in the years of defeat, I guess we are good enough to get the offices in the hour of victory."

It is perfectly clear that this is Mr. Sheehan's idea of the way in which the Senatorship should be awarded. Let it go to the man who has done "unostentatious labor" in order to build up a machine strong enough to defy public sentiment. We know the sort of work to which Mr. Sheehan refers. He has done a good deal of it in his time, and up-State people are discovering that he lately put in more of it in close legislative districts. He calls it "unostentatious" labor. That is statesmanese for "gum-shoe business." Others were campaigning, speaking, seeking arguments to convince the independent voters; but the unostentatious laborer was secretly arranging nominations, pledging candidates, pulling wires. No one heard of him during the fight. He was quietly at work—but for himself. No one dreamed that he was a candidate for the Senatorship. Mr. Sheehan says now that he has come reluctantly to favor the election of United States Senators by popular vote. Nobody knows better than he that he could not possibly be so elected in New York. If his name had been on the ticket last November, it would have been scratched unmercifully, and would have been enough to drag down Gov. Dix. But now he comes forward, absolutely in the old Hill spirit, ready to treat the Senatorship as plunder and demanding it by right of machine conquest.

Mr. Sheehan deprecates criticism of Senatorial candidates. "Let us say and do nothing now that will without justifiable cause weaken or injure the capacity for public service of the man into whose hands our honor and our interests will be placed." But the time to ring the alarm bell is before the house burns up. What are candidates for but to be discussed and sifted? How can we judge a man's future, except by his past? If our honor and our interests have not before been safe in his hands, how can he expect us to believe that they will be hereafter? It is folly for Mr. Sheehan to imagine that his public record will not be laid open. He has brought it upon himself. Nothing that we could say about him would damage him a feather's weight, if the facts themselves did not tell their own tale. It is not what we say here, but what Mr. Sheehan did there—in Buffalo, in Albany, as Speaker, as Lieutenant-Governor—that weakens and injures him, and will keep on doing so as long as he seeks to be in public life. His election as Senator would not make a particle of difference in this respect. He would be known at Washington for just what he was at Albany. Time cannot soften these things. There they stand in all their glaring and repellent ugliness. Only one inference from them is possible. The election of William F. Sheehan to the Senate would be taken as a triumph of the lowest species of machine politics, a disgrace to his party in New York, and a blight upon its fair prospects throughout the nation.

"ORGANIZED CHEERING."

President Lowell of Harvard is a bold man. He actually has the audacity to pour ridicule upon sacred undergraduate traditions connected with athletics. In addressing the national convention of music teachers in Boston—and we should like to ask what a college president is doing in that galley anyhow—he attacked the venerable and established institution, "organized cheering" at college games and academic reunions. And he based his objections upon grounds that any freshman could show to be absurd. He talked about organized cheering as being nearly the worst means of expressing emotion ever invented. He said that it would have to yield the lowest place only to a chorus of fog-horns; and delivered himself of a lot of other æsthetic and moral rubbish.

It is hard to be patient with such a daring iconoclast. Let our college presidents stick to their last. They may revolutionize the whole system of education if they desire, they may read learned papers on history or science which no self-respecting college man will look at, or go abroad to take honorary degrees; but when they begin to meddle with the most precious ideals of their students, they should be made to know their place. It is really laughable to read of President Lowell's condemnation of forced cheering and rag-time music in colleges as dreary, and as a sad reflection upon educated men who can find no better way of "expressing emotion." Has he never heard of the real reason for organized cheering and the inspiring motives associated with it? Even he would admit, we suppose, that college "loyalty" is a good thing. Well, then, doesn't he know that the very finest flower of it consists in going off to an intercollegiate contest in an immense *claque* to yell and sing at the word of command? Here is one of the noblest forms of undergraduate activity, from which Mr. Lowell would cut off aspiring youth. There are thousands

of college students fairly burning with ambition to "do something" for their beloved Alma Mater, and if they are not to travel a hundred miles in order to wave flags and rise in serried ranks to cheer for two hours, their young zeal will rust in them unused. And how about the effect on their after-life? The reputation of having been a valiant "cheer-leader" is one of the most valuable things a boy can take away from college. As a title to promotion in professional or public life, it ranks hardly second to that of having been a quarter-back. How could an appointing officer, with a decent sense of "loyalty" in his bosom, resist when told that a candidate had been the sort of "cheer-leader" who had once yelled himself into a hospital, and had several times "rattled" a pitcher? It is obvious that President Lowell has never seriously looked into the matter about which he speaks so superficially.

One of his weakest arguments was that organized cheering is a modern innovation. He said that there was virtually none of it when he was in college. This is sadly futile. We should hope that President Lowell does not expect to commend his view to the present age by pointing back to his own generation of weaklings. They were well enough as stepping-stones of the dead past for our lusty youth, but otherwise the less said about them the better. Moreover, it is utterly vain to say that any custom which any set of undergraduates at any place religiously follows is not hoary with antiquity. As Woodrow Wilson once said, a college "tradition" that can be proved to be no more than five years old, is yet looked upon as if it were as ancient and rock-ribbed as the hills. A decade is enough to make it "one of the things that have always been done"; yet here you go proposing to uproot a tree which dates back to the very foundation of the college! President Lowell, we are confident, will make no more progress in declaring that organized cheering is lacking in antiquity than he will in contending that it is unmusical. Apparently, he would have three or four opera singers in the grand stands subduing everybody to silence or tears.

In fact, so much like Habakkuk, *capable de tout*, does Mr. Lowell appear in this affair that we can fancy him affirming that organized cheering at intercollegiate games and at college meetings is rapidly becoming an intolerable nuisance. Except for the acclaim when the teams enter, it is virtually ignored by the players themselves, while to spectators and officials it is a growing annoyance. It is to be classed with the disgusting habit, which college ball-players have lately taken over from the professionals, of keeping up on the field a perpetual nagging chatter in the hope of disconcerting opponents. But it is fatuous for President Lowell to contend that all this implies a want of "delicate qualities" in those to whom we are giving the highest education. We had supposed that such old notions were now held to be fudge by all up-to-date educators. The idea of there being anything "delicate" about an undergraduate! He has changed all that, and made the gentleman and scholar connote one who hits the line hard, never flinches, and can make a noise like a steam calliope. Asking him to be as musical as is Apollo's lute is a trifle too much.

A WAR OF PROFESSORS.

We have the reassuring news that the historic University of Berlin is not to be the scene of bloodshed to horrify the nations. Thanks to the interference of the Prussian Minister of Education, there is not only to be no duel to the death between Prof. Max Seering and Prof. Ludwig Bernhard, both teachers of political economy, but not even a professorial court-martial or court of honor. The arms have been grounded and a truce declared—for how long nobody can say. But now at least the cavalry captain, the country judge, and the two proprietors of factories and lieutenants of the reserve who, with much flourish of trumpets, had been selected to carry Professor Bernhard's challenge to Professor Seering, may go about their various occupations without the dread of having at some dawn to take part in a bloody encounter.

Professor Seering, we must confess, has evidently been so long a closet philosopher as to have lost much of the quality of the fighting man. The good red blood in his veins has become diluted by too much consideration of the welfare of nations, for when challenged, he failed to order pistols and coffee for two at once. Professor Bernhard is of different quality. He made his reputation by denouncing the Poles and applauding the Prussian government for its policy of denationalizing them. To the Kaiser, this young man of thirty-three seemed a professor after his own heart. He wanted somebody to stir up the dry bones of the university, to be a "live wire" amid the fossilized professors, and so Professor Bernhard was called to Berlin from Kiel in 1908—to the surprise of the university of the *Kaiserstadt*. Indeed, so great was the surprise that the Philosophical Faculty, fossilized as it was, refused to approve the selection and the Prussian Ministry received personal and official requests that Professor Bernhard should be dropped. But the Kaiser knew what he wanted and Professor Bernhard stayed—and repaid his benefactor by vigorous attacks upon the tendency toward state socialism and socialism of every kind, for some of which his economic colleagues, Seering, Schmoller, and Wagner, are reputed to have a too great tenderness.

But this only increased the dislike of the old fogies for their colleague. In one way or another the new battle of the books and the theories was carried on until an open break was unavoidable. Professor Bernhard charged unfair discrimination in the matter of arrangements for his lectures, following after another brilliant assault upon state socialism. When these restrictions came to his notice, Professor Bernhard, as we have already said, did the only thing open to a gentleman and a scholar in the eighteenth century—he challenged Professor Seering, the ring-leader against him. It was hoped that the matter might still be hushed up; but when the next morning Professor Bernhard entered his classroom and found a large audience, in his surprise and delight he stated that, while he could not, of course, publicly discuss his quarrel, he could take them sufficiently into his confidence to tell them about his honor and how he had defended it; that his own conduct was perfectly correct, and that of his colleagues, *ach!* so shocking; and that at bottom he was merely battling for what is even dearer to a German professor than his honor, the "liberty of his chair." Now, as anybody can see, while this was no real violation of a confidence, the irate colleagues posted Professor Bernhard on the big, black bulletin-board of the uni-

versity as no gentleman, a direct descendant of Ananias, as well as the violator of a pledge of secrecy, and on the whole an altogether reprehensible person who was hiding behind a chair when he should have been sitting on it. Their friends promptly pointed out that under the statutes of the university the newest and most callow *Privatdozent* could not be interfered with in his liberty to talk all the nonsense he pleased, and, therefore, Professor Bernhard's accusation was manifestly false. So far from interfering with him—they had all tried to make easier a way difficult enough for an outsider. It was not their fault if he had only a few attendants upon his regular lectures, and sought to take for his own those lecture-subjects which in all political economy offer the most sensational features.

Now, as we have said, there is a truce; but it is perfectly obvious that no real happiness can ever be restored to the economic philosophers in Berlin until the outsider disappears. Yet has he not really rendered a great service to political economists everywhere? Every college graduate remembers how difficult political economy was because everything seemed to be in a flux. If you rashly held one view of the law of Malthus or the operation of the corn laws, your professor promptly showed you a half-dozen others and bade you choose. Political economy has been defined as learning what a lot of duffers thought they knew. Now, Professor Bernhard's method of settling economic disputes strikes us as full of merit and likely to bring some certainty into a confused science. If you were a professor at Yale and declared the gold standard to be the only safeguard of the nation, and your colleague of the University of Nebraska believed in 16 to 1, why would it not be a good thing to fill him full of holes on the campus of the University of Chicago as a neutral meeting ground? You could thus obviously demonstrate the correctness of your own position, and at the same time help upward the struggling young instructors who complained before the Carnegie Foundation that no professor of political economy ever resigned or died. As for socialism, what better way could there be of showing its fallacies than by a little rapier discussion in the style of Cyrano de Bergerac? Altogether, we commend this idea to those of our university faculties who complain that undergraduate football players get more newspaper attention than they do.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

NEW YORK, December 30.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Modern Language Association was held at the College of the City of New York on December 28, 29, and 30. The address of the president, Prof. Brander Matthews, on "The Economic Interpretation of Literary History" called attention to the comparative neglect which histories of literature show towards economic conditions as determining the course and development of literature. They do not sufficiently take into account the possibility that, for instance, the unjust copyright laws of the middle of the last century may be responsible for the sterility of American literature at that time; or that the easy and cheap importation of French plays may account for the barrenness in dramatic production in the mid-Victorian period in England; or that the Théâtre Français may have made the French drama what it is. Of the four incentives to write—pay, fame, self-expression, and the serving of an immediate purpose—it has been too little considered how far the first, which is, after all, the most pressing, may be responsible for work done out of due time and in violence to the author's natural predilections. Thus Marlowe, who was an epic genius, and Peele, who was a lyric, wrote plays for which they were not by nature unmistakably qualified, since thus they could earn their bread. Dryden wrote comedies for the same reason, though he was not a dramatist, and Johnson essays, though he wholly lacked the light, facile touch of Addison and Steele. Nearer our own times the beneficent Lyceum system made our production of literature a possibility to the New England writers of the last century.

The general character of the papers read was not up to the standard of interest set within recent years. As many as nine out of the total twenty-five dealt more or less directly with the matter of influences or sources, and when the work or author influenced and the work or author influencing are of no great vital interest in an absolute estimate of literary values, the question of sources is not of engrossing appeal. *Quellenstudien* have received too great prominence in doctoral dissertations and similar products of ambitious scholarship both in this country and in Germany. Of these papers the two possessing chief interest dealt with Sir Walter Scott as a conscious borrower and as an unconscious lender. Dr. S. L. Wolff of Columbia showed pretty conclusively that Scott used Sidney's "Arcadia" in the composition of "Ivanhoe." A deadly parallel of characters and events, by the mere force of cumulative evidence rather than by any single striking similarity, made it evident that the later writer not only knew the earlier all too well, but also used a special edition. The other paper, by Prof. G. W. Thompson of the University of Maine, readjusted the balance by making clear that what was an offence in Scott had become a crime in his imitator, Wilhelm Hauff. Hauff stole without fear and without reproach from the twenty-one novels of Scott, which we know he had read. There is not a single incident in his "Lichtenstein" which cannot be found in Scott, and the clear cases of borrowing run far up into the hundreds. As an unabashed plagiarist Hauff stands unrivalled.

There was no paper of a purely linguistic character, and none in the field of Anglo-Saxon. There were four in Middle English, one of which was concerned with the relation of Chaucer to Edward III, the other with the question of the evolution of the "Canterbury Tales." In the former paper Samuel Moore of Harvard held that Chaucer's rewards from the King were purely the result of official service, and were not due to any appeal made by his poetry. Prof. C. F. Brown of Bryn Mawr offered a new test by the use of *shal* and *shul* in the best Chaucerian MSS. to apply to theories concerning the evolution of the Tales. Thus the Man of Law's and the Squire's Tales are consistent in their use of *shal*, and would therefore seem to go together, as has already been maintained on other grounds. Prof. A. H. Potter of Brown University brought out the curious fact in literary history that, though there are five editions of the chief poems of Stephen Hawes from 1509 to 1555, there is not a single bit of evidence that any one ever read a line of his works. His "Comfort of Lovers," a curious love allegory, has not been printed since 1510. It is now possible for Professor Potter, who has acquired rotographs of all the first editions, to bring out a definitive edition of Hawes, and to show that he is not the last decadent utterance of the Middle Ages, but one of the first voices to proclaim the Renaissance.

Of the four papers in the province of Elizabethan literature the most stimulating was an analysis of Shylock by Prof. E. E. Stoll of Western Reserve University. It was much after the fashion of the author's paper last year on certain anachronisms in Shakespearean criticism, and developed the theory that Shylock is not to be regarded as the pathetic figure of Irving's presentation, if we attempt to realize Shakespeare's conception. He was a comic character, a villain and a butt, a gross egoist and an atheist. All contemporary evidence

is against treating the Jew as an object of pity; he bore a curse and deserved no sympathy. So, throughout the play, he is scorned and scoffed at by every one. His plea of his common humanity was that, since he was a man, he would have revenge. In the discussion after the paper the point was emphasized that, while we should not read into Shakespeare what is not there, we must find out what is there, and that it is wholly in conformity with the canons of art that the great artist often builds better than he knew. Shakespeare did not share all contemporary prejudices, and Shylock is not the inhuman monster that, for example, Marlowe's Barabas is. He has enough of our humanity to justify the modern broader sympathy for him as a persecuted Jew.

Two extra-departmental addresses were delivered, one by Prof. W. G. Hale of the University of Chicago, on "The Harmonizing of Our Grammatical Nomenclature," the other as a smoke talk by E. M. Shepard of this city. The former, speaking as a professor of Latin, proposed that a common terminology should be adopted for the imperative, subjunctive, and auxiliary moods uses in the ancient and modern languages. The ideas expressed under such a terminology are those of volition or anticipation, of wish, obligation, propriety, or natural likelihood, of possibility or ideal certainty. At present the terminology is utterly confused and confusing. Mr. Shepard, speaking as a man of affairs, called upon the teachers of modern languages to uphold the lofty standard embodied in a study of the humanities, to make the cause of the classics one with that of modern literatures, and to lead young men to see in life more than that which will lead to the accumulation of wealth in an age absorbed in the pursuit of riches.

The president for the coming year is Prof. L. F. Todd of the College of the City of New York; the vice-presidents are Profs. L. Fossler of the University of Nebraska, W. A. Nitze of the University of Chicago, and C. F. Brown of Bryn Mawr College. The next meeting will be a joint one with the Central Division, and will probably be held in Chicago.

THE SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

PHILADELPHIA, January 1.

The annual sessions of the Society of Biblical Literature were held on December 30 and 31 in the new home of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. The attendance was larger than usual and the occasion gave the members an opportunity of inspecting the magnificent and spacious structure. Including the president's address and the report of the American School of Biblical Archæology in Jerusalem, twenty-six communications were presented. As usual, the papers on Old Testament themes largely predominated over those devoted to the New Testament—a condition that was commented upon in the report of the corresponding secretary and the chairman of the publication committee, Prof. J. A. Montgomery of the University of Pennsylvania, who urged the New Testament scholars to emulate the energetic "immodesty" of their Old Testament colleagues.

The presiding officer this year was Prof. D. G. Lyon of Harvard University, who chose as the subject of his address a survey of the results and future prospects of archæological explorations in Palestine. Apart from the great work of the survey of Western Palestine, explorations have been conducted at less than a dozen sites, and in only a few of these has the work been at all exhaustive. The Palestine Exploration Fund of Great Britain has been the most active, as it was the first in the field. The German Exploration Society followed, and more recently important work has been done under Austrian auspices, while our own country is now represented in the excavations carried on by Harvard University at Samaria, with Dr. Lyon as the general director. The work at this site has been made possible through the munificence of a single individual, Jacob H. Schiff of New York, and the results obtained during the past two years are of such a character as to render it most desirable that it should be carried on with even greater vigor.

Prof. Richard Gottheil of Columbia University, who was the director of the American School in Palestine in 1909-10, presented a short but interesting account of the work done by the school during the year of his incumbency. Apart from a number of archæological excursions to certain important sites, a complete collection was made of all the Arabic inscriptions in Jerusalem, with a view to future publication, and in connection with this task the greater part of the time of the school was devoted to the study of the Mohammedan period of the city's history.

The larger number of the papers were of a highly specialized and technical character, such as that of Prof. Max L. Margolis of the Dropsie College of Philadelphia, on the Word-Accent in Hebrew, which he showed, contrary to the opinion usually expressed in Hebrew grammars, was on the syllable before the last and often on the second syllable from the end of the word. A paper by Prof. Paul Haupt was on the well-known term Selah, in the Psalms, about which there have been almost as many opinions as there have been scholars who have written about it. Professor Haupt proposes to take the word from a Semitic stem, signifying to throw, and to regard it as the term to indicate the moment when, in the temple service, the priests blew on their trumpets as a signal to the people to prostrate themselves.

Among the papers of a more general character was a summary account of the "Religion of the Canaanites," by Professor Paton of Hartford Theological Seminary, which was distinguished by the charm of presentation, as well as by its incisive scholarship. Professor Paton maintains that modern Biblical scholarship does not take into sufficient account the influence of Canaanitish practices on the development of the religion of Israel. The Canaanites represent the agricultural population whom the Hebrews drove out upon their conquest of Palestine, but the conquerors, as often happens, took over the culture and much of the religion of the conquered. The places that became sacred centres, where Jehovah manifested himself to the Hebrews, were in almost all cases, Canaanitish seats of worship. The Hebrew festivals represent the transfer of the agricultural festivals of the Canaanites to which in subsequent times a Hebrew coloring was given by attaching to them a reminiscence of events in the national life of the Hebrews. Thus, before the more primitive aspects of the ancient religion of the Hebrews passed over into Judaism, it was saturated with Canaanitish beliefs and practices. Equally polished in its manner of presentation was Prof. C. C. Torrey's (Yale University) discussion of the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Against Professor Harnack of Berlin and J. Rendell Harris of Birmingham, Professor Torrey showed the insufficiency of the reasons advanced to prove that the author of the Epistle was a woman. His view, in brief, was that the composition was not an epistle in any strict sense of the word, but an oration or sermon by a master of the rhetorical art, perhaps originally delivered or written in Alexandria in the latter part of the first century and brought to Rome. Through subsequent additions at the close, the sermon—the nearest parallel to which is the fourth Book of Maccabees—was given an epistolary form, and its popularity laid to the rise of the tradition ascribing it to Paul. Another noteworthy New Testament paper was an exhaustive discussion by Prof. B. W. Bacon of Yale University of the two-fold tradition that divided the early Christian church into two camps, one celebrating the resurrection of Jesus annually on the fourteenth of Nisan (corresponding to the seventh of April in the year 30 A.D.—the date of the crucifixion); the other instituting the weekly "Lord's Day." The division ended with the Council of Nice, which definitely established the observance of Sunday. Professor Bacon took the view that the "Quarto-deciman observance" in the East marked symboli-

cally the triumph of life over death, as shown by the annual awakening of nature, whereas in the West the emphasis was laid on the appearance of Jesus on the third day after the crucifixion, which thus became for them the weekly "Lord's Day." An important part was played in this controversy by the phrase "the day after the Sabbath," occurring in the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus, as the beginning of the period of fifty days from Passover to Pentecost. A paper by Professor Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania on this phrase followed. There were chiefly two views current among the Jews, regarding the expression, the orthodox view or opinion of rabbis being that "Sabbath" here meant the first day of Passover, whereas the heretical Jewish sects, including the Samaritans and, in later times, the Karaites, took the word literally to mean Sunday, so that Pentecost, according to this view always fell on a Sunday. The new Christian sect adopted the heterodox view. Professor Jastrow showed that the word sabbath in this connection did not mean the weekly day of rest, but was a survival of the original application of the term—established by cuneiform evidence—to designate the day of full-moon, *i. e.*, the fifteenth (or fourteenth) day of the month. In two passages in Leviticus, the term, therefore, describes the fifteenth day of Nisan, not as a festival day, but merely as the middle of the month.

The Rev. John P. Peters of New York had an interesting suggestion for the famous phrase at the beginning of Genesis, "The spirit of Elohim hovering over the face of the deep," which he explained as a reminiscence of the god Marduk—the hero of the Babylonian creation epic—driving the evil winds into the face of the monster Tiamat, of which the Hebrew word for "deep" *Tehôm* is the equivalent. Instead of "hovering over" the verb used refers to the movement of the wind striking the face of Tehôm or Tiamat. The original conception of the myth has been modified in the adaptation of the old tale to a monotheistic view of creation, through the fiat of a great power behind and above the universe. The important question as to the original pronunciation of the "Ineffable Name" usually transcribed Jahovah or Yahovah by modern scholars was discussed by Prof. A. T. Clay of Yale University, who showed on the basis of recent evidence brought forward by the ostraca found at Samaria, and on an ostracon found at Nippur and recently published by Professor Montgomery, that the correct form of the name was in all probability Yâwe—as handed down by Theodoret and others. When combined in proper names with other elements, the form became Yaw, with the final vowel syncopated.

Prof. E. D. Burton of the University of Chicago was elected president for the ensuing year. Before adjourning, the society passed resolutions strongly advocating the continuance of the excavations at Samaria. M. J., JR.

Correspondence

FRESHMAN COMPOSITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to the *Nation* of December 1, the method of teaching English in the freshman year is seriously questioned. The prevailing method is defined as the teaching of literature with the emphasis on the historical side; and the teaching of composition which requires a study of "models of style," and the writing of themes "in which the main emphasis is placed upon form, and not upon ideas, the purpose being to give the student a command of good clear English which he will find useful whenever in later life he has any ideas to express." With the first aspect of this definition, this letter will not deal; but it may be said in passing that there should be in the early part of the college curriculum a course required of all students which presents literature as literature. It is, however, with the second part of the definition that I am concerned; that is, with the proposition that in the teaching of English and composition the emphasis should be on what is said, not on how it is said. Now the present writer believes that the freshman year is the time to teach the student how to write; that the prevailing method as defined is a sound method. But it must be understood in the beginning that the study of English composition cannot be separated from the study of literature; and, furthermore, that the study of form cannot be separated from the study of ideas. The question is not literature versus composition, or manner versus matter, but it is a question of emphasis.

In the first place, the freshman knows only in a limited degree how to write. Satisfactory as his production may be in some respects, it is nevertheless merely a "gob" of ideas; a mass of material without a vital organization and innocent of a definite purpose, or of proportion, or of progression. This being granted, the freshman year would seem to be the time to master the problem of expression, for it is desirable that the student be free, as soon as possible, to give his whole attention to ideas; an impossible condition when he dares not leave the beaten track of the simple declarative sentence, and does not know the psychological function of the paragraph. In short, the student should in the freshman year develop a clear idea of form, and should practise shaping his ideas, until form becomes as ready a servant to his will as are his feet and hands. "But if he has no ideas, how can he shape them?" it is asked. It is not true that he has none; he has ideas and plenty of them, but they are not of the same order as those of the instructor.

"But we mean to accomplish all this certainly," we hear the advocate of ideas proclaiming. Get your student to think, and then with the guidance of principles (which, we must remember, he has never studied and which he does not know the reason for) he will write successfully. Even if it were possible to cultivate most robust ideas on politics, society, or art, the form in which those ideas would be expressed would not necessarily be such as to convey the ideas. The testimony of such writers as Huxley and Stevenson would uphold the point, if one needed such testimony after reading many freshman themes on which one inscribes in red ink, "Promising work"; for it is a very common experience to find freshman work in which there is vigor and personality, but work which is at the same time ineffective through ignorance of the laws of expression. It is true that the kind of thinking one does has a direct effect upon form; but it must also be remembered that it is the mission of form to cultivate the right kind of thinking.

A knowledge of form is, moreover, the surest guide to the mastery of ideas. Once the student sees that every good writer lays out his ideas according to a pattern, that there is a certain logical plan underlying the whole essay, or poem, or textbook, he is able to grasp ideas, as the writer intended, in their proper relationships. Ask a freshman to read an essay for the ideas there, and he will report them as if they were all on the same level and will often show no subordination. Ask him to read the same essay with a view to writing out a plan which shall represent the thought and he will then be obliged to follow in the footsteps of the creator. A knowledge of form then, is not to be regarded as something which interferes with the understanding of ideas, but as a something without which ideas cannot be caught. In point of fact, a freshman course in English, with the emphasis on form, is a course in the laws of human expression; and guided by such a course the student will come to realize that the point of literature lies not only in *what* is said, but in *how* it is said; for all that has been said in literature was said many times before it found its final saying.

ADA L. F. SNELL.

Mount Holyoke College, December 20.

THE SEQUENCE OF FORD'S PLAYS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The dramatist John Ford has left us two plays in which he collaborated with other writers, and seven which were wholly his own. The date of composition for some of these dramas is reasonably obvious; that of others has been considered very uncertain. On this point I wish to offer a little evidence, which, though not conclusive, may be of value. If we examine the metrical details of Ford's plays as other men have examined Shakespeare's, we find that they fall into three groups, which I have called Period I, Period II, and Period III. The criteria employed are (a) use of rhyme; (b) use of double or feminine endings; (c) use of triple endings, as in the following lines:

This stranger, an Athenian, named Parthenophil.
There's not a page, a groom, nay, not a citizen.

The results of these tests are shown in the following table:

TABLE I—EXTERNAL EVIDENCE.

PERIOD I.

Love's Sacrifice: published 1633.
'Tis Pity: published 1633. Ambiguously called by Ford, "these first fruits of my leisure."

PERIOD II.

Sun's Darling: acted at Cockpit in 1624. (The metrical table below considers only Ford's probable share in this play.)

Lover's Melancholy: acted at Blackfriars and Globe, 1628.
Broken Heart: printed 1633.
Perkin Warbeck: printed 1634.

PERIOD III.

Fancies Chaste: printed 1638.
Lady's Trial: performed for the first time at the Cockpit theatre, 1638.

TABLE II—METRICAL EVIDENCE.

	Rhyming pentameter lines.	Unrhyming pentameter lines.	Ratio of double endings to unrhyming lines.	Number of triple endings.
L. S.	90	1541	14.9%	4
T. F.	104	1407	14.9%	12
S. D.	168	337	38.3%	28
L. M.	44	1781	36.7%	92
B. H.	42	2285	49.2%	187
P. W.	22	2310	42.6%	148
F. C.	2	1770	60.3%	228
L. T.	4	1998	41.7%	93

[N. B.—In "Sun's Darling" the amount of rhyme is probably increased by the nature of the play. The date for "Lady's Trial" is on the authority of Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, Vol. I, p. 464. I have omitted "The Witch of Edmonton," chiefly because it is so difficult to separate the work of the three authors in that play.]

Although I have arranged the plays of each period in that order which I think most probable, I make no attempt to justify the order within the three periods, but simply the three periods themselves. My position in regard to the second and third periods is supported by all the external evidence which we possess, and is the one adopted by Dyce in his edition and by Havelock Ellis in the Mermaid Series. For the two plays of the first period there is no external evidence except the very ambiguous statement about "'Tis Pity," given in my table. Dyce and Ellis put them after "The Lover's Melancholy" in their editions, but assume no responsibility for that order. The fact that "'Tis Pity" is usually considered Ford's masterpiece forms no objection, for Ford was thirty-eight when the "Sun's Darling" was acted at the Cockpit, and might easily have written a masterpiece three or four years earlier. The very fact that he published three of his most powerful plays in one year, 1633, shows that he must have written two of them some time earlier, and we know that Elizabethan plays were frequently written years before they were printed. The fact that "'Tis Pity" and "Love's Sacrifice" are put first among his extant plays by no means implies that they were the earliest ones he wrote. On the contrary, a lost drama of his was acted as early as 1613, and six other lost plays of his are of early or of unknown date.

My suggested order, then, has nothing in it either unreasonable or in conflict with known facts. Now a word as to the value of the evidence presented. It is obvious that Ford's double endings do not increase steadily from play to play, but there is no reason why they should. The point is this, that in all the plays of the second and third periods masculine and feminine endings are mixed together in nearly equal proportions. This probably represents two influences, the desire of the poet to gain a conversational variety in his verse, and a conscious imitation of Fletcher. In the same way, although the number of triple endings varies greatly, through the last two periods they are always used so frequently that they represent a characteristic trait and a conscious effort toward particular effects. In the plays of the first period, on the other hand, double endings are in a marked minority, and triple endings occur so rarely that they seem merely the result of chance forces. In other words, the blank verse of the first period shows no imitation of Fletcher, and is better adapted for pure poetry than for staged dialogue; the blank verse of the second and third periods shows a marked Fletcherian influence, and by the conversational variety of its effects is especially adapted to stage presentation. The verse of the first period perhaps is at times better poetry; the verse of the later periods points to a longer dramatic experience.

Then, just as the first period is separated from the others by its use of endings, so the third period is separated from both the earlier ones by its avoidance of rhyme. Ford's use of rhyme, through all his work, is confined chiefly to the rhyming couplet at the end of a scene or significant passage, supplemented occasionally by a rhyming letter, quotation, or oracle. In other words, rhyming with him is a matter of dramatic technique rather than of meter. This does not lessen, but rather increases its value as a test. The steady decrease of rhyme through his plays, which becomes especially marked in the two that are almost certainly his last, seems to represent the gradual fading away of a stage convention which the poet was outgrowing. There is one rhyme in "The Lady's Trial" which I think accidental. Aside from this, each of these dramas has no rhyme except the final couplet, which ends the play.

I do not offer the above figures as conclusive proof, nor have I much sympathy with those men who would make mathematics the sole criterion of poetry in the work of either Ford or Shakespeare, but if my tables can be brought into line with other and more purely literary evidence, either of chronological sequence, or of some powerful external influence on the poet, they may prove useful.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

Yale University, December 10.

SINGLE TAX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent in your issue of November 17 asks that the moral sanction for the single tax—if any such exists—should have a little passing attention bestowed on it by the *Nation* in connection with certain developments that are said to be taking place at Cleveland, O.

What one man may not do, many men may not do. Let a person walk into a shop and demand, on pain of distraining, a sum of money equal to the rent, and explain he is going to do public good with it—if he morally dares. If he put bits of paper into a ballot-box and shook them about for an hour, that would not give him a moral right he did not possess before. Or, if he elected himself to be his own representative, or elected some one else to be that, he could not bring something out of nothing. A number of men committing depredations in a street could not plead when brought into court that they acted *collectively*. They would be told they could not do together what they could not do separately. Every magistrate enunciates individualism from the bench from time to time. "The last of the individualists" will have "disappeared" the day when a schoolmaster can teach a class, how, by the addition of negative numbers, a positive number can emerge.

The only scientific road that has ever yet been pointed out as leading out of the organized anarchism toward which most governments are drifting is that pointed out by the individualists. Voluntary taxation is the ideal that one would look to see advocated more and more from generation to generation in every free country. For the protection of their personal rights, all men would contribute towards government and support it; and the only way to get a government that would be for all would be to get a government that stood for freedom, and for the rights of the individual man. The ultimate object of the confiscation of rent is well known to be the confiscation of land altogether. That the thrifty owners of farms and homes built on allotments throughout the United States should have their labor sequestered and their property divided up to make the thriftless classes happy under some political scheme is something that no man who did not abandon honesty on entering politics could for a moment think of without anger. The world has been plagued too long by would-be reformers who were prepared to bring about the millennium with a turn of the hand, if only allowed to throw all human rights into hotch-pot and parcel out the universe by their drawing-office plans. If one can speak of the "intention" of impersonal nature, it is safe to say the thriftless class is intended to be landless and propertyless.

Where property can be improved in value by the change in the community about it, property can also be diminished in value from the same cause. Such diminution can often be seen in the case of residential property, and of business property which may become surrounded by a poorer class of residenters than was originally catered for.

The public of Cleveland is not compelled to do business in the Public Square. If extra money is not spent on the shops there to make them attractive, commodious, and adapted for a growing trade, the public will, manifestly, do its shopping elsewhere. And then the centre of Cleveland is liable to move. The centres of old towns in Europe and this country are always on the drift. Where a person is far-seeing enough to buy where the centre will some day be, and then his, or his descendents', profits are confiscated, there is a breach of tacit agreement committed which could only be called by one short word. We are not all Socialists yet, and the views set forth above are what some readers think on the subject of the Single Tax.

JOHN D. SPENCE.

Seattle, Wash., December 8.

PEACE AND ARMAMENTS OF WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Roosevelt, in his recent Nobel lecture delivered in Cambridge, spoke warmly in favor of the cause of international peace, and added words to this effect:

(a) Were the United States without a powerful navy our voice in international

council could be of no more value to the cause of peace than that of China.

My preacher said yesterday:

(b) If the plans of the International Peace Society were carried out and all armament not necessary for police work disbanded, some fine day would see our shores invaded by five hundred million hostile Chinese and Japanese.

Should we not urge our friends, the advocates of a stronger navy, in the language of the examination paper, to "take (a) or (b), but not both"?

A HARVARD PROFESSOR.

Cambridge, Mass., December 19.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNDER DOG."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call your attention to the fact that "The Under Dog," referred to in the article on "Recent German Poetry" in the *Nation* of December 15, is not by Elsa Barker, but David Barker of Exeter, Me. An edition of his poems before me bears the imprint: "Bangor, Maine | O. F. Knowles & Co., printers | 1887." READER.

Bangor, Me., December 18.

Literature

RECENT VERSE.

Visions. By Thomas Durley Landels. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

Poems. By Frederick George Scott. London: Constable & Co.

The Town Down the River: A Book of Poems. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

To the Unborn Peoples and Other Poems. By Ellen M. H. Gates. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.

The Chained Titan: A Poem of Yesterday and To-day. By W. G. Hole. London: G. Bell & Sons.

Sable and Purple with Other Poems. By William Watson. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

The Closed Book and Other Poems. By Leolyn Louise Everett. New York: Wessels & Bissell Co. $1.25 net.

The Border of the Lake. By Agnes Lee. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

Pietro of Siena: A Drama. By Stephen Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

The Hill o' Dreams and Other Verses. By Helen Lanyon. New York: John Lane Co. $1 net.

Song-Surf. By Cale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.

Hyllus: A Drama. By Ralph Cheever Dunning. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

What is particularly baffling to the habitual reader of current verse is the difficulty of detecting any larger spirit blowing through it all and ordering it to one common issue in the end. Much of it is merely inadvertent; the writers never repeat their initial indiscretion. Even that which shows some sort of conviction moves to as many motives as there are poets. All that can be said of it in a general way is that, on the whole, it seems inclining to develop a kind of racial consciousness as contrasted with the individual temper of the past. There are, of course, the usual humanitarian themes. Mr. Landels illustrates them as well as any one—indeed, he does the social indictment rather better than most; and, as in so many other cases, it is the best thing he does:

Frances O'Flannigan, seamstress, of thirty-two Paradise Alley,
Found in her room by the neighbors, dead ('twas the morning of Christmas),
Lying so still and so white on a bundle of straw in the corner;
Peacefully sleeping, they thought, till they touched her, and lo, she was marble!
Peacefully praying, they thought, for her thin hands were crossed on her bosom!
Coldly the gray morning dawned, and peered through the rickety window;
Coldly the gray morning light crept thro' the desolate chamber—
Only a broken-down chair, and a box that had served for a table;
Never a stick in the grate, and never a crust in the cupboard,
Never a blanket to warm her, but only her poor tattered garment!
There like a statue she lay, Frances O'Flannigan, seamstress . . .
Only a seamstress! Who cares for the years she has fought with starvation,
Labored from morning to night in her garret despairing and cheerless,
Working her hands to bone, like a slave that is chained to the galleys,—
Yielding her blood drop by drop to the demons of fashion and cheapness!
"Died from starvation," say they? *"Murdered"* 's the verdict of Heaven,—
Murdered by Sleek, the fat draper, and *you*, my fine ladies of fashion!

But this is not all. While this sort of thing is fairly familiar by this time, there is also a disposition to stretch the elementary sympathy for humanity in such a way as to include the vital experiences of nature and the generations of animal life as a whole. It is in this direction, if anywhere, that the modern epic is to be looked for—in the strange adventure of evolution. In fact, wherever a voice is heard to speak with assurance, you shall find that the singer is inspired by this new sense of kinship with things that grow and change. It may be only a vague recognition of a common impulsion and unrest with matter, as in Mr. Scott's "Natura Victrix":

Nature! at whose will are driven
Tides of ocean, winds of heaven,
  Thou who rulest near and far
  Forces grappling sun and star,
Is to thee the knowledge given
  Whence these came and what they are?

Is thy calm the calm of knowing
Whence the force is, whither going?
  Is it but the blank despair
  Of the wrecked, who does not care,
Out at sea, what wind is blowing
  To the death that waits him there?

Mother Nature, stern aggressor,
Of thy child the mind-possessor,
  Thou art in us like a flood,
  Welling through our thought and blood—
Force evolving great from lesser,
  As the blossom from the bud.

Or again, as in Mr. Robinson's "Calverly's," it may consist with a vain regret for the impermanence and fleetingness of the individual, the creature of a hapless and haunting memory:

We go no more to Calverly's,
For there the lights are few and low;
And who are there to see by them,
Or what they see, we do not know.
Poor strangers of another tongue
May now creep in from anywhere,
And we, forgotten, be no more
Than twilight on a ruin there.

We two, the remnant. All the rest
Are cold and quiet. You nor I,
Nor fiddle now, nor flagon-lid,
May ring them back from where they lie.
No fame delays oblivion
For them, but something yet survives:
A record written fair, could we
But read the book of scattered lives.

We cannot have them here with us
To say where their light lives are gone,
Or if they be of other stuff
Than are the moons of Ilion.
So, be their place of one estate
With ashes, ecboes, and old wars,—
Or ever we be of the night,
Or we be lost among the stars.

Or once more, this sense of mutability may combine with a vision of succession equally fugitive and tantalizing, as in Miss Gates's "To the Unborn Peoples":

Hail! Hail! to you, ye glorious hosts,
  Ye formless shapes that haunt us now;
Ye gathering tribes, unresting ghosts,
  Behold us here, as low we bow
In salutation to our Kind;
  Our kindred dear, whose blood will be
As red as ours, whose hands will find
  To rooms we found not, door and key.

Ye waiting Ones that bide your time,
  Ye too shall know of joy and pain;
The storms will smite the hills you climb;
  The sun will scorch you on the plain:
The seas will lure you; you will go
  In paths our ships may never find;
On Isles unknown and peaks of snow,
  Your tribes will camp, your horns will wind.

Ye unborn Peoples, we have tried
  To march in ranks where none retreat;
In rifts of rocks our records hide,
  And you may find them, when your feet
Shall stand in places where our hands
  Were torn and soiled by thorn and grime.
To you we leave the Seas and Lands,
  And all the glorious spoils of Time.

But whatever form it takes, the feeling is present in some form or other; and now and then it comes to perfectly clear and self-conscious expression, as in Mr. Hole's "The Chained Titan," a long and

elaborate apologue, in which the humanitarian and the racial are inextricably mingled and the whole melancholy procession of mortality parades its wrongs and misery before the agonized Prometheus:

Lifting eyes,
I saw within the mist pale spectre forms
In flight grotesque, each blind to each, with all
The dreams, the treacheries, hates, and pitiless greeds
That urged them on so hideously betrayed
I feared to turn lest that I gazed upon
Might prove but pictures thrown upon the mist,
As on a waving screen, by one whose face
Leered devilish through the darkness.
Such the stir;
So were the shadows driven by blindfold hopes,
Despair and furious passions that the night
Was rent by soundless cries and blasphemies;
Unheard appeals from drifting multitudes
Troubled by their own dreams were hurled at heaven,
While spectres, dragged down vortices of fate,
Stretched hands in vain for help. In the far gloom
Amorphous shadows—Famine, Pestilence,
Contagious Fears, and Death that softly runs
And seizes unawares—took grisly shape
From men's imaginations. Dragon-winged,
With fiery eyes, insatiate swallow, these
Battened upon the flocking human shades
Even as fierce monsters, ravening plough their way
With dreadful jaws a-gape through hapless shoals
In oceans refugeless. . . .
While in the midst
The ghostlike sense of deathly silence grew
Where never life had been nor any sound,
And crept and lengthened as the darkness creeps
Dogging the evening sun.

Even Mr. Watson's King Alfred is teased by dreams of instability and revolution; while the praise that he himself apportions to King Edward is largely for his participation in the common shifty human heritage:

A man not too remote, or too august,
For other mortal children of the dust
To know and to draw near.

On the other hand, it is equally remarkable that those poets who continue to speak for the individual, do so despondingly and with faint heart. Without confidence in his own fixity he is able to find no stay, no principle of support outside of himself—only a flux and ceaseless agitation. In the words of Miss Everett's "Eternal Question,"

Gray mist, gray sea, and a slow, wailing wind,
Swaying the sullen water to a stir
Of unvoiced heartache, silence desolate
That pains to anguish, vacancy, and lo,
Out of the dark, a voice, greeting, and then
The voiceless fog again, the waste of sea,
Oh, thou great God, is this the whole of life?

At best, as in Miss Lee's "Before Sleep," he can but cover his eyes and drink the potion of forgetfulness:

O child of weeping, here's the night!
O child of struggle, rest thee now.
Let peace come nestle on thy brow.
Put out the light—

Nor back into the battle hark.
Now in thy room at evening's goal
Put out the light. And in thy soul
Put out the dark.

With such a spirit abroad it is not to be wondered at that drama is slight and ineffectual. In particular it would be amazing if there were any widespread interest in tragedy or appreciation for it. Even Mr. Phillips owes his success to a panoramic effect of movement and variety rather than to any profound revelation of the seats of character. His "Pietro of Siena," which has something the same thesis as "Measure for Measure," is less striking as a trial of stability of soul than as a play of feeling and incident. Beside the work of a Racine its consciousness is astonishingly thin and superficial. But it contains passages of Mr. Phillips's admirable poetry, not the worst of which is the soliloquy with which Luigi anticipates execution. It is worth comparing with the words of Claudio in a similar situation:

And now not only Nature shakes off sleep,
But now the laborer to the field repairs
To dig the sweet earth, or to clip the hedge,
Or through the furrow follow on the plough.
Now wakes the young wife, and but half-awake
Kisses the dreaming babe beside her laid,
While all her deep heart murmurs in its ear.
The soldier starts up to the trumpet-call;
The shopman takes the shutter from the shop,
And in the window carefully displays
His wares; the trim girl into market trips;
And many a memory stares up at the sun.
. . . . . .
And whether sad or sweet the world awake
Whirls with a million graves about the sun,
Life, life begins! And I this hour must die.
And who knows that we cease who seem to cease?
If I must answer, ere the dawn is full,
For all my faults and folly, and to whom?
Haled before him who made me, or to view
A heavy river rolling amid souls,
Or to remember in an outer dark?
Life! Life! I cannot die, I dare not die.

Naturally, there are poets who avoid contemporary problems altogether and take refuge in some quiet chamber of the fancy aloof from all such vexatious concerns. And very grateful they are, too, after the fret and worry of things unsettled. Among others there is Miss Lanyon, who practises agreeably a kind of artificial Irish ballad or folk-song, and who strikes out occasionally an unaffected lyric with a little something by no means unpleasant of added modern refinement about it:

For a sword into my hand,
For a sign above my door,
For a word upon my mouth,
For a way my feet before,
For the road and the road's end,
For the work and for the dream,
For the ship with straining sail,
For the harbor-lights that gleam. . . .

For the upward-winding track,
For the shining peaks above,
For all time and for to-day
In God's Name—I take your love.

Mr. Rice, too, in his "Song-Surf," which is republished from a foreign edition of his verse and may not be familiar to the American reader, follows much the track, in his "At Winter's End," "where pure description," in Pope's words, "takes the place of sense":

The weedy fallows winter-worn,
Where cattle shiver under sodden hay.
The plough-lands long and lorn—
The fading day.

The sullen shudder of the brook,
And winds that wring the writhen trees in vain
For drearier sound or look—
The lonely rain.

The crows that train o'er desert skies
In endless caravans that have no goal
But flight—where darkness flies—
From Pole to Pole.

While even more frankly Mr. Dunning takes the part of "presenting the least possible surface to the blows of circumstance by immersing himself in the study of Greek" and producing a tragedy in the general manner of the antique models on the subject of Hyllus, the son of Herakles. To be sure, he sacrifices a certain kind of interest and curiosity in doing so; but if he demands of the reader a corresponding amount of literary detachment, he succeeds in making it worth while. Perhaps the speech in which Hyllus reveals the motive of the piece is as quotable as any, where the business of the play is so closely pursued as to make extraction difficult:

World, O world too wide,
O staring stars upon the moon-blest sea
And wide-winged night upon the waves thereof,
O quiet cove and whispering airs of spring
Abroad upon the sea and blessed land
So fair unto my feet and good to feel:
Faint lights upon the hill-side that I know
And thou, O girl, the body of all these. . . .
How have I prayed thee, being apart and far,
Yea farther hence than many eagle flights.
Where all the home gods end and strange begin
And prayer falls pointless lacking names to call,
I made to thee an altar in a wood
Of holy pines and prayed so, and my prayer
Befell like peace to purge the nights of fear:
Nor any beast grew bold and all wild gods
Restrained their wills from mischief: whence my feet
Trod ever a good ground nor knew a snare.
This fell from but the naming of thy name,
A goddess then: likewise all lesser gods
And Artemis high-souled had honor done.
But Aphrodite was not one of these:
Thou wert mine Aphrodite—unto thee

The white dove bled and higher thoughts rose up
Beyond all flight or spirit of dead birds
Or smoke of incense.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Doctor's Christmas Eve. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co.

When "The Bride of the Mistletoe" appeared a year ago, Mr. Allen announced two sequels to follow, the second of which was to be named "A Brood of the Eagle." His change of the latter title to "The Doctor's Christmas Eve" is indicative of the seriousness with which he takes every detail of his work. The reason for the change is, to be sure, not apparent. In the earlier tale (or study) the "eternal trio" are presented in the persons of a Southern college professor, his wife (the "bride of the mistletoe"), and a country doctor who, in love with the bride, has married another woman. The doctor has never breathed his passion, but it is in some way known to his wife, his children, and his neighbors, as well as to its blameless object. We have here pictured the second generation, which is possessed of an uncanny insight into the secrets and faults of the elder. These are, taken literally, such children as never were, in any age or clime. Their thoughts, like their vocabulary, are such as might conceivably belong to little old men and women dressed in abbreviated garments. But Mr. Allen's persons, for that matter, can never be taken literally. They are emotional apparitions, moving in a plane of intense and strained sensibility, haunted by uneasy dreams of sex. The discovery that her husband has something of the elemental and universal male about him comes to the bride with a shock of insult. The professor himself is ashamed of his normal and healthy instincts. The doctor is wretched for years because he cannot forget the sex of another man's wife. As we have said before, in speaking of Mr. Lane's fiction, there is something mawkish and morbid in the processes of a mind perpetually preoccupied with the "mystery" of the sex-relation. We seem to be eavesdropping at a private confessional, or sharing the dreams of an anchorite. Mr. Allen is very insistent as to the Americanism of his setting and his people. There could be nothing less characteristically American than the quality of his imagination. It is Gallic rather, and decadently Gallic. It is clear that Mr. Allen does not, and cannot, grasp this fact. "The Doctor's Christmas Eve" gratefully lacks those touches of sensual description which occurred in "The Choir Invisible" and "The Bride of the Mistletoe." But the old animus is here, the mainspring of the action is the same. The fact of this monotonous preoccupation—should we say obsession?—is the stranger because this writer does not lack humor of detail. The following bit is worthy of the year which produced "Chantecler":

Then out in the henhouse a superannuated rooster drew his long single-shooter out of its feather and leather case, cocked it, and fired a volley point-blank at the rafters; the sound seemed made up of drowsiness, a sore throat, general gallantry, and a notice that he kept his eye on the sun even when he had no idea where it was—the early Christmas clarion!

But humor denies here its larger protection; and the result is a product labored and pretentious rather than alive and potent.

Not Guilty. By W. E. Norris. New York: Brentano's.

A story which opens with the arrest and trial of a young Englishman of good birth on a charge of murder might naturally be expected to carry one among the intricate paths of detective romance. The first chapter, with its minute account of the circumstances of the crime, seems to offer excellent material for Scotland Yard to bungle, and for the young amateur sleuth, male or female, to make hay with. But Stephen Haverfield's fate lies not in the hands of any inspired grocer's clerk or seamstress. If it were not for the presence of an undeniable adventuress, the tale, despite its premises, might be designated as of the harmless rural British type, bringing together a reformed man about town and a fair country-bred English girl in a pleasant idyll. If the modern novel had sufficiently marked points to be recognized as a breed of literature, we should incline to rate this story as a mongrel. But Mr. Norris has here, as always, so amiable a manner of presenting his tale that the general reader will not be likely to quarrel with him on the ground of its somewhat flimsy substance. It is the "idle hour" type of commodity, and sufficiently good of its kind. The death-bed confession by means of which young Stephen is eventually vindicated suggests the sort of machinery with which the writer is fain to content himself. Thereafter, the idyllic strain is heard without interruption.

The Shears of Destiny. By Leroy Scott. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Henry Drexel is a young American man of business, and Olga Valenko is a young Russian Princess, and it is quite natural that, between the cloth covers of a popular romance, they should find themselves born for each other. More strangely it happens that the fates and destinies and such branches of learning forbid their marriage on the last page: though hopes are thrown out for the future. The Princess Olga's father is Military Governor of St. Petersburg, and she herself is a revolutionary: hence the plot. Into the details of the incidents which press upon one another's heels with the rapidity of the negatives of a biograph, we need not go. Enough to say that the business is managed with a good deal of skill. That is, the story is romantically correct in the sense in which a play is theatrically correct. There are a variety of minor figures, including an American capitalist and an American correspondent; while the scene bristles with Russians of all degrees, from the noble Prince Berloff to "The White One," mysterious leader of the revolutionists. A good time-killer for the indolent reader.

Let the Roof Fall In. By Frank Danby. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The opening chapter of this book plunges one into a state of depression. It is a clever introduction to throw into strong relief the character of Derrick Malone, who suddenly finds himself the unwilling successor to the title and estate of his cousin, Terence, Lord of Ranmore. When Terence, dying and half in delirium, pleads with Derry to make right some great wrong which involves the girl Rosaleen at Ranmore Castle, Derry promises. Derry's loyalty to his promise in keeping Terence's name spotless from the mother and sister, and the obligations under which his promise places him, help to form a plot into which the various types of people and changing scenes are ingeniously introduced. The largeness of Derry's nature and his simple sincerity dominate the whole and are shown in the unselfishness of his love for Rosaleen, as well as in his inability to recognize the feline craftiness of Lady Carry in making him her tool. The climax is reached through her maliciousness. Rosaleen, imagining herself a hindrance to Derry, makes a great sacrifice for him. Through it, however, circumstances force a reconciliation between Derry and his family, condemnations are turned to blessings, and Castle Ranmore is saved from ruin.

The close of the book falls below the standard set in the preceding pages. All obstacles that would interfere with the happiness of the principal characters are fearlessly obliterated. To those whose habit it is to read the last page of a book before they are well into the first chapter, this may be a comfort.

PRAGMATISM.

Pragmatism and Its Critics. By Addison Webster Moore. University of Chicago Press. $1.36 postpaid.

When Professor James died, last August, it may have seemed to those who are acquainted only with the more popular literature of philosophy, that Pragmatism had no longer a representative

in this country who could make the new view both intelligible and interesting. Readers of the more technical journals of course, knew better; and Professor Moore of the University of Chicago, by the publication of his new book, has shown to all who will read it that Pragmatism has still a champion who can defend and expound her doctrines, not indeed with the grace and charm of style of her lost leader, but in a manner that is almost always clear and is often captivating.

The book consists really of two parts, the first (chapters one to five) being in substance the course of lectures on "The Origin and Meaning of Pragmatism," which Mr. Moore delivered at the University of Chicago in 1908; while the second part is made up of a number of papers, written and published at various times, in answer to various critics. These papers are here printed with but little change, and this is unfortunate, for the result is that the book, in spite of its pleasant style, is notably lacking in unity. The first five chapters form a unitary whole and presuppose in the reader little or no previous knowledge of the subject; but the last seven jump from topic to topic in bewildering fashion, determined only by the chance happenings of that external environment of whose influence the pragmatist is, in theory, so skeptical. Moreover, most of these answers to critics presuppose for their thorough comprehension a considerably more detailed statement of the criticisms in question than the limitations of his space allowed the author to give.

Mr. Moore's presentation of Pragmatism differs from that of most of his predecessors in saying relatively little on the threadbare topics of truth and knowledge, and in emphasizing chiefly the three following points: "(1) the historical background of the pragmatic movement; (2) the central rôle of the conception of evolution in the development of pragmatism; (3) the social, or perhaps better, the 'situational' character of consciousness and *a fortiori* of thinking."

The story telling how Pragmatism came to be needed and how it actually arose is among the best things in the book. It all started (what did not?) with the Greeks. Their early ways of viewing things did not "work," and these failures of theirs and their general lack of unanimity, therefore, constituted a new problem. The existence of such a problem led to the view that knowledge was something *an sich*—a special sort of instinct, quite as separate and distinct as the others. Starting with this supposition, the sophists proposed as a solution of the problem their subjective, almost solipsistic view of the individual consciousness. But if the sophists were right, how could there be any such thing as agreement between different "minds"? Hereupon Plato, accepting the sophists' psychology, came to the rescue with his intellectualistic metaphysics, which has been the basis of all metaphysics ever since. This postulated the existence of an absolute and static Reality which should give truth to our ideas and righteousness to our ideals. Unfortunately, however, after this hypothesis had been tried for some few thousand years, with no great success, it became more and more apparent that the assumed absolute Reality gave, and could give, no actual help to either our ideals or our ideas. Hence, at last, the rise of Pragmatism, or that general tendency in modern thought which assumes no static reality (because it finds and needs none), and which points out that there is no datum in our experience which our ideas do not help to make.

For Pragmatism insists that we shall be thoroughgoing with our conception of evolution and not half-way believers. Not only forms and species have been evolved, but the very laws of evolution themselves. In short, according to the pragmatic view, there is not a single part or phase or element of the universe —whether a material being or a moral purpose—which remains eternally immune to change.

The great and determining element in this evolution, so far as we are concerned, is thought. All the reality that we can ever know is influenced by thought; and, conversely, all thought is a way of actively influencing reality. Ideas are not static and representative; they are dynamic, functional, tools for readjustment, "plans of action." Pragmatism is thus a part of the modern advance and a product of the modern spirit which refuses to be dominated by mere brute fact and external authority. "The very essence of modern humanity is the desire and determination to have a voice and a vote in the cosmic councils." And the progress which modern humanity has made has been everywhere through the use of ideas as its tools.

So repeatedly and ardently does Mr. Moore impress upon us the power of ideas in altering reality that the reader is likely to get the impression that this is a newly discovered fact just patented by the pragmatists and denied by every one else. And yet one can hardly suppose that Mr. Moore really thinks any one could be found who would seriously question it. Surely it is not here that the pragmatists and their opponents part company. The crux comes only with the further question, *Why* do ideas work?—or, to be more exact (since all ideas work somehow), Why do some ideas work "in the way they set out to work," while others fail to do so? Is not the only satisfactory answer to be sought in the fact that some ideas are *true*, while others are not? And if you completely identify the truth of an idea with its successful working, have you not made an answer to the above-raised question forever impossible?

In other words, from the very fact that some ideas work so much better than others, it should seem that the conditioning environment, which thought does not make, is of considerably more importance than one would judge on reading Mr. Moore's book. Possibly the influence of thought needed to be emphasized more than that of the environment; but by putting all the emphasis in one place our author has certainly given us a rather one-sided view of the nature of things.

Organically connected with this inability to see both sides is the chronic pragmatic blindness toward the representative nature of ideas, and from this Mr. Moore suffers no less than do his brothers. All will admit that ideas are functional; but are they only functional? In certain relations they may be regarded as "plans of action," but are they not also representative? Is it really good description to call the judgment, "America was discovered in 1492," a "plan of action"? If all ideas are functional, is not representation at least one of their functions? And if so, does not this representation depend for its truth on something more immediate than the question how, later on, they succeed in working?

Doubtless the pragmatist will have his reply to these, as to all other criticisms: "You don't really understand." In fact, after finishing the last seven chapters of Mr. Moore's book, the reader will probably conclude that all but the pragmatists have misunderstood Pragmatism, and that nearly all the criticisms of it rest ultimately on misunderstandings. And he will probably close the book with the wonder why all non-pragmatists should be so dense—or perhaps with the suspicion that there may be something a little wrong with a doctrine which seems so incapable of making itself clear even to specialists, and which only the initiate can comprehend.

But let not these remarks, in their turn, be misunderstood. Mr. Moore's attitude toward his critics is never one of complaint, but is always courteous, self-respecting, and sportsmanlike. He neither whines nor rages, but is ever good-natured and fair-minded. And his critics he everywhere treats not as adversaries, but as co-workers in the search for truth.

Memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino. Edited with Notes and Biographical Index by the Princesse Radziwill. Second Series, 1836-40; Third Series, 1841-50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net each.

These memoirs are the product of no

common pen. Dorothea, Duchesse de Courlande, Duchesso de Dino, Duchesse do Talleyrand-Périgord, Princesse de Sagan, to give her all her dignities, was not merely one of the great dames of her day; she is revealed in these pages as possessing literary gifts of so high an order as to strengthen the suspicion of her share in the composition or alteration of her great uncle's memoirs. She was born in 1792, married to Talleyrand's nephew in 1809, and lived till 1862. When her husband's uncle became French Ambassador at Vienna in 1814, she went with him as mistress of the embassy. When he was sent to London in 1830 she accompanied him in the same capacity. She lived with him till his death in 1838, entirely devoted to his welfare, and she has given us in these pages a picture of the old Talleyrand which is among the masterpieces of memoir-writing. From this connection she was naturally for many years in the very heart of political affairs, as no one was, save perhaps that other Dorothea of the Baltic, the Princesse de Lieven. To great beauty and spirit she added unusual talents, and in the best sense was a great lady of the *haute politique*. The story of the appearance of these volumes is curious enough. Some years ago, it seems, Mme. de Castellane published a book entitled "The Memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino," written in 1822, and ending with her engagement. On these, two years ago, the French Academician, M. Lamy, wrote a series of articles. With this the Princess Radziwill's "hand was forced," as she tells us, and she published, beginning with 1908, the three volumes of the Duchesse de Dino's "*Chronique*," a combination of diary and letters which began in 1831 and concluded in 1850. These in turn appeared almost immediately in the English translation before us, but with the present title "Memoirs," the change being due no doubt to the difficulty of translating "Chronique" otherwise.

Like Humboldt, "at bottom a remnant of the few disappearing elements of the eighteenth century," the duchess was none the less alive to the great changes about her. The railway was just being built and her comments on it are most amusing:

> A vast amount of time is wasted in stoppages at the numerous stations. . . It is certainly a marvellous invention, and the machinery is interesting. All is worked with perfect punctuality and in order, but at the same time it is an unpleasant way of travelling, to my taste. There is no time to see anything; for instance, we passed along the outer walls of several towns which I should have liked to examine; we did not even pass through villages, but went straight across the country, with no other event than occasional tunnels, cold and damp.

Could anything better reveal the gulf fixed between a more leisurely age interested in everything, and our own? It is the same throughout with this great lady of an older time. With all her manifold affairs, she still has time to read—and to write a diary. And it is no mere novelizing. The memoirs of Cardinal Ximénez, Bossuet, de Brosse's "Italy a Hundred Years Ago," Villemain's "Eighteenth Century," Sainte-Beuve's "Port-Royal," at her house in Paris, or Rochecotte, in her travelling carriage, at Berlin, in Naples, or her estates in Germany—she has always a book, and a good solid book. On them, as on the people about her, the comments she makes are shrewd and penetrating. "He is not a gloomy fanatic like Louvel," she says of Alibaud, who tried to kill Louis Philippe, "nor a modern Erostratus like Fieschi, but is merely a beggar of considerable self-possession and badly brought up." Of Balzac, "his face and bearing are vulgar, and I imagine his ideas are equally so. Undoubtedly, he is a very clever man, but his conversation is neither easy nor light, but, on the contrary, very dull. He watched and examined all of us most minutely." The book tempts to infinite quotation. Nor is the light thrown on events less interesting. The real dangers from the radicals which threatened Louis Philippe; the gradual emergence of Napoleon III; the illuminating observation of the fallen Orleanist King, "What would you expect; I thought myself infallible"; and the acute observation on Napoleon III, "the conclusion seems inevitable that there is no one at present to take his place, and he must be endured as he is." These, with notices of Thiers and Guizot, are most valuable. One of the most remarkable portions of the book, to take a wholly different thread of the narrative, is the account of the reconciliation of Talleyrand to the church. It might well find place in the history of religious experience. The curious blend of family affection, religious feeling, and high politics make it at first amusing, but, toward the close, pathetic and affecting. Not the least striking is the apparent inability of the old diplomat to understand that he had done anything to estrange the Papacy, he the ex-Constituant, champion of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, one of the four who consecrated the new hierarchy of the schismatics, ex-bishop of Autun—and married.

It is, in short, an extraordinarily interesting book. Throughout there is scarcely a dull page. If one takes the account of the famous revolution of 1830 in Dessau as related by Max Müller, and the German revolution of 1848 as related here, one can almost understand how modern Germany evolved from that of Frederick the Great. Nor is the interest confined to historian or scholar. They took themselves seriously, these great dames, in a spirit which reminds one of Bagehot's fling at Gibbon that the latter could not distinguish between himself and the Roman Empire. But the most casual reader, tempted from page to page by the clear and vivid style, losing little even in translation, by the brilliant sketches of times and characters, the amusing stories, the clever observations on books and life and individuals, will be ready to grant much to the author of such a fascinating human document, such an illuminating picture of a vanished age.

Bohemia and the Čechs: The History, People, Institutions, and the Geography of the Kingdom, together with accounts of Moravia and Silesia. By Will S. Monroe. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $3.

There is no lack of English books on Bohemia, as Mr. Monroe's ample bibliography shows, but there is a certain justification for his claim that his is "the first general work of travel and description on Bohemia" in our language. Yet it is not a book of travel, nor an authoritative description of the land and its people; but a compilation from many sources which attests the author's interest in the Czech language and literature and his familiarity, through frequent visits, with the country and its institutions. An extreme Slavophile, Mr. Monroe has produced a fairly readable, if one-sided, sketch of his subject, in which the numerous quotations stand out in striking contrast to his own rather commonplace and sometimes even slipshod language. He has been especially wise in drawing on Count Lützow's various standard works on Bohemian topics, as well as on Maurice's painstaking "Story of Bohemia." As for his attitude in approaching the conflicting claims of Slav and Teuton, the following passage is sufficiently explicit:

> It requires no prophet to assert that German dominance in Bohemia is a matter of past history. One need not mourn its demise; for in the centuries the Germans were in power and lorded it over the Bohemians, what contributions, it may be asked, did they make to literature, science, art, or humanity? Who is the German-Bohemian educator that one would mention in the same hour with Komenský, historian with the name of Palacký, composer with the name of Dvořák, or man of letters with Vrchlický? The German-Bohemians, with all the odds in their favor, have never displayed any indications of great talent, and one may well wish the Čechs, with their extraordinary virility and unusual promise, godspeed in their struggles with the acclimated foreigners within their borders.

In his historical summaries, Mr. Monroe follows largely Czech writers, though he also leans on the authoritative Gindely, from whom he adopts the form of "Waldstein." In dealing with Wallenstein's career, the author's lack

of historical grasp is painfully apparent, and he finds it necessary, toward the end of the volume, to remark that "Waldstein, it will be remembered, was the powerful commander of the Roman Catholic forces during the Thirty Years' War." He errs in saying that Wallenstein was assassinated in his palace at Prague, instead of at Eger.

The account of Bohemian Language and Literature, Painters, and Paintings, and Bohemian Music and Composers, is valuable as a convenient summary, though surcharged with superlatives. The following notice of Dvorák shows Mr. Monroe's style at its worst.

> Antonio Dvořák (1841-1904) is the best-known Bohemian composer in America, due not only to the fact that he directed for some years the National Conservatory of Music in New York, and the dedication of a symphony and quartet to the Americans, but also to his recognized rank as one of the eight or ten greatest creative tone artists of the nineteenth century.

Strangely enough, the list of distinguished Bohemian physicians and scientists does not contain the names of the renowned professors Skoda and Rokitansky, whom their native country ought to be proud to claim.

A peculiar feature of the book is the insistent Czech spelling of geographical names, which is unnecessarily bewildering to the English reader, who is far more familiar with the German appellations. "Olomouc" (Olmütz), "Hradčany" (Hradschin), "Vltava" (Moldau), etc., etc., constantly stare us in the face, and no plea of nationalism can excuse the absurd "Mohác (for the Magyar Mohács), or the even more preposterous "František Josef" for the Emperor Francis Joseph. Matthias Corvinus, of Hungary, and Matthias, Emperor of Germade, masquerade as "Matthew," and the Lobkowitzes and Radetzkys have forced upon them a Czech modification of their names which they themselves discarded. Among minor slips are "Auersberg" for Auersperg; "Taafe" for Taaffe, "Baron" for Count Goluchowski, and "Count" Silvio Pellico. Nor was Aehrenthal a "Count" when he "took charge of the unsteady ship of state in 1906." Anton Ritter von (not "Baron") Schmerling was not "an Austrian bureaucrat of the Metternich and Bach school," but a liberal statesman and opponent of Metternich, though a strict German Centralist. The attractive illustrations in the volume deserve a word of praise.

The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome. By William Stearns Davis, Professor of Ancient History, University of Minnesota. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

After a preface which proclaims the purpose "to consider the influence of money and of the commercial spirit throughout the period of Roman greatness," and disclaims any attempt at "exhaustive or original learning," the author of "A Friend of Cæsar," "A Victor of Salamis," etc., opens with a short, crisp chapter entitled The Business Panic of 33 A. D., which is so modern and aggressive in tone, and so suggestive of the columns of the muck-raking magazines, that one immediately feels assured at least of entertainment, and settles to the reading of the following chapters: on The Accumulation of Wealth; The Expenditure of Wealth; Slaves, Freedmen, and Plebeians; Private Munificence; Marriage, Divorce, Childlessness; Why the Roman Empire Fell.

In spite of its many virtues, however—its comprehensiveness, so wide that the author feels called upon to explain that sometimes a liberal interpretation has been given to the term "money power"; its apt grouping of a vast and unwieldy body of more or less fragmentary knowledge, its liveliness of presentation, and its general intelligibility—the book does not quite beget satisfaction. This is due first of all to the nature of the author's undertaking as a whole. It is true, he "makes no claim to exhaustive or original learning," and does not intend the book "to be a critical compendium for the advanced scholar"; it is not for the research worker, and we may absolve it from criticism on that score. But the abounding and skilfully classified material contained in it will nevertheless attract to its use such advanced scholars as teachers and students of ancient history and the classics and archæology, and they will miss the citations and references which serious students of antiquity regard as indispensable for the expansion of their own knowledge and for the critical estimation of their authority. As it is, they may read Professor Davis for such points of view as his book presents, but for real authority they must continue to go to modern critical works, principally in German, and to the ancient sources themselves. Nor will the wider circle of cultivated readers who are drawn to the book by a general interest in financial and social phases of ancient life find it free from objection. For such persons its pages are too densely crowded with facts.

Unfortunately, too, there are other defects. The reader meets with such oversights and actual errors as "Celicia," "Diodochi," "Phiilipus," "Antonius Pius," "Papius Poetus," "quirites," "citzens," "amythestine," "acceed," "cortège," "aserted," "the sacrifices of Horace's father . . . has been mentioned." If the book were not from the pen of a writer of some reputation, all this might be explained as ignorance, or the careless writing of inexperience, or as just an indication of the author's having had a college education. In the case of Professor Davis, however, we must look upon it as the result of carelessness due to inordinate haste.

But whatever the cause, the fact of carelessness raises the presumption of inaccuracy in the statement of fact. We note that Fowler is not, as he states, a biographer of Cicero; that it was Crassus, not Ahenobarbus, whom Marcus Brutus called "the Venus of the Palatine"; that the statement that Cicero had eight large villas is overdrawn; that to speak of the orator's "regular dwelling on the Palatine, and that of his father at Carinæ," leads the reader to think of the Carinæ as at least an extra-mural place; that "bidens" in the passage of Juvenal referred to is not a pitchfork, that the famous *nemo togam sumit nisi mortuus* is hardly to be rendered, "nor have to put on a cumbersome 'dress suit'—the toga—save to go to a burial," and that "the unsophisticated children bawl at the grinning masks of the actors" is needlessly free for

> cum personæ pallentis hiatum
> In gremio matris formidat rusticus infans.

It is to be regretted that Professor Davis did not choose either to make his book really popular, or else to take the time and trouble to go to the original sources for all of his data, as he has done for many of them, and compile a book for which students and teachers unable to possess or use the cyciopædic works of German schoiarship would be genuinely thankful.

The High Court of Parliament and Its Supremacy. By Charles Howard McIlwain. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.

Originally the Central Assembly of England was feudal in its nature. One of its characteristics was that it did not make but declared the law; such law based on custom was fundamental in its nature, and rules inconsistent with it were considered void; there was, up to modern times, no clear division between the different departments of government, Parliament being the highest court, both legislated and adjudicated. The lower courts had legislative as well as judicial powers. As acts of Parliament were analogous to judgments in the inferior courts, such acts were not regarded "as inviolable rules *made* by an external omnipotent legislative assembly, but rather as judgments of another court, which might be, and were at times, treated as no modern statute would ever be treated by the courts today." It is to this historical ground that the author attributes what he calls the "legislative" activity of the courts in the United States, greater here than in England, because it was checked there by the growth of the new doctrine of Parliamentary omnipotence. In Tudor England, however, the government

was one of fused powers, while that of the United States is a system of separated powers, and therefore the precedent is not one to follow slavishly.

As to the soundness of the author's view concerning the little respect which was often paid by the courts to statutes enacted by Parliament, there can be little question. Much the same thing is observed in the development of other systems of jurisprudence. Jhering has given numerous instances where Roman jurists, "while pretending to do reverence to a law, in reality knock it over the head." Yet the very fact that the courts resort to transparent fictions to justify their action, instead of boldly claiming it as a right, shows that legally they consider the statute as supreme. Instances cited to support a contrary view in reality prove nothing; the most that they do is to show that if Parliament should pass a law which is absolutely impossible of enforcement, it could not be regarded as binding. There may be a few isolated dicta which seem to go farther; but no actual decision, based on the bold assertion that a statute on any temporal matter is void if it contravenes a so-called fundamental or higher law, is cited by the author.

It seems, therefore, rather fanciful to attribute the power exercised by our courts to this alleged historical fact. It can be explained by the political theories prevalent at the time of the Revolution, namely, that, as all government is based on the consent of the governed, and all governmental agencies have only limited power, an act of the legislature contrary to the Constitution, to which it owes its origin, is *ipso facto* void, and should be declared so by the courts when it comes before them. While it may be conceded that in practice this theory has vested the courts with what resembles legislative powers, it is none the less true that in their decisions and in theory the courts have disclaimed the possession by them of any such power and have justified their action solely by the unconstitutional character of the legislative enactment.

Grave doubts might be entertained as to the views expressed by the author that the present English doctrine as to the power of Parliament is inconsistent with popular government. Of course, if the doctrine of parliamentary omnipotence is equivalent, as he intimates in one part of his book, to a claim of a divine right vested in the legislature, and if that is the principle grafted on the English Constitution by the Revolution of 1688, it has no place in our age. But no proof for such assertion is given, and it certainly is contrary to the doctrine which was the foundation of the Revolution and of the political action of the Whigs during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They did not see in Parliament the sovereign, but the organ of the sovereign state. It may be that as long as the political education and the political rights of the people were virtually non-existent, Parliament was *de facto* the sovereign. But it does not follow from this that, even where an almost universal suffrage exists, Parliament should not be vested during the term of its existence with the sole and exclusive power to make the law, or why its members should not have the right to exercise their own judgment on the matters submitted to them, or be bound to follow slavishly the instructions given to them by their constituents, as the author intimates. Such representative government may be popular government in the best sense of the word; we are not prepared to assent to the proposition that no government is entitled to be so called unless it recognizes the imperative mandate, the referendum, and the recall.

Notes

In January, Little, Brown & Co. will bring out four new novels: Anthony Partridge's "The Golden Web"; "The Capture of Paul Beck," by McDonnell Bodkin; "Berenice," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and "The Gift of the Grass," by John T. Moore. The same house will begin the publication of the Modern Criminal Science Series, with translations of works by C. Bernaldo de Quiros, the Spanish criminologist, and Hans Grass, professor of criminal law at Graz, Austria. The translations will bear the titles, respectively, "Modern Theories of Criminality" and "Criminal Psychology."

A fifth edition, "revised and enlarged," of Rossiter Johnson's "History of the War of Secession" comes to us with the imprint of Wessels & Bissell Co. The revision and enlargement consist of brief supplementary notes appended to eight of the chapters, and of an additional chapter entitled "The Measure of Valor," chiefly devoted to a statistical recital of losses in the war. Otherwise, the edition is reprinted from the same plates as its predecessor; and even the index, with the exception of one transposed entry, is that of the old edition, pagination and all.

The University of Pennsylvania will publish "The Swedish Settlements on the Delaware, their History and Relation to the English and Dutch, 1638-1664, with an Account of the South, the New Sweden, and the American Companies, and the Efforts of Sweden to Regain the Colony," in two volumes, by Amandus Johnson, Ph.D. The work, which is said to be the result of five years of research in the archives and libraries of Sweden, Holland, England, and America, will be illustrated by above one hundred half-tone reproductions and line cuts of old maps, original sketches of forts, and Indian deeds.

Prof. H. H. Johnson of the University at Rennes will publish with Francis Griffiths a translation of Anatole Le Braz's "Le Pays d'exil de Chateaubriand."

In our note, December 1, on the announcement of "The History of Nations," published by John D. Morris & Co., and edited by Henry Cabot Lodge, we called attention to the misrepresentation of "Volume 21, South America, by Philip P. Wells," as an original work. Mr. Wells desires us to state that there is no such misrepresentation in the book itself, since its relation to Deberle's "Histoire de l'Amérique du Sud" is explicitly stated on the title page and in the preface. He adds, concerning the prospectus: "My contract with the publishers was fulfilled by the delivery and acceptance of my manuscript. I had no control over, or responsibility for, the book-selling methods adopted by them. The statement that I 'delved deeply into hidden sources,' if correctly quoted by you, is unauthorized by me and absurd." We regret that our note gave a false impression of Mr. Wells's part in the transaction.

"Ancient Myths in Modern Poets" (Baker & Taylor), by Helen Archibald Clarke, follows the story of Prometheus from Hesiod to Shelley and Lowell, and that of the sun and moon from the Homeric Hymns to Keats. Although the author does not attempt to solve some of the nicer problems of æsthetic values which her book must inevitably suggest, the mere grouping together of this material serves in a measure to reveal the important difference between the Greek and our newer way of adjusting fable to the needs of artistic presentment. Precisely how far a poet may depart from original outlines and how far safely graft on values symbolic of his own contemporary conditions, still remains a great problem in every variety of art. In the days of an exotic romanticism there was a general tendency to catch symbolic overtones in almost any story, and ancient myths had untold meanings. Something of that condition is still to be seen in the works of Shelley and Keats. Shelley, in particular, furnishes an interesting contrast with the ancient method. Where Æschylus has placed a sturdy reliance upon the main outlines of the Prometheus story, strengthening the gaunt bone and muscle merely, Shelley, whatever else he did, has added a bewildering complexity of surface tints and atmosphere. Yet, despite his profusion, he has certainly not increased the subtlety of his master nor made greater the volume of the human appeal. Other problems of a like nature this book unwittingly presents for reflection.

Redfern Mason's "The Song Lore of Ireland" (Wessels & Bissell) is a detailed account of the progress of Irish poetry from the first beginnings, of which hardly more is known than of the days of the Homeric rhapsodes, down to the early nineteenth century. In the Celtic prime, the bardic colleges of Ireland were the resort of scholars from all parts of Europe. Poets were made, not born, in those days, and Mr. Mason's description of the process makes one wonder what sort of stuff was turned out:

> Early in the morning the students assembled, and, having heard a discourse and been given a subject to work upon, they breakfasted and retired to their rooms. Window there was none; for the ollaves (professors of poetry) believed the light of day and glimpses of the world without incompatible with the concentration necessary for bardic composition. The student flung himself on the bed and gave his mind to poetic creation. Toward the close of day a servant came round with candles, and

each student wrote down what he had composed.

Many of the bards were killed during the Cromwellian invasion, but these academies lingered on until the time of the Jacobites and the penal laws. To us, this method of training poets sounds Alexandrian, but, as the poems were in Irish, we can only judge of their scanty remains at second hand, as Spencer did; he vilified everything Irish, and hoped that the people would "consume themselves and devour one another," yet admitted from what had been translated to him that the Irish bards did not lack "sweete witt and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornamentes of poetrye." What the bards and harpers did was to keep alive the national spirit, and it took five centuries of English persecution to suppress them. Mr. Mason hopes for the revival of the Irish harp, together with the Irish language, and is a firm believer in the neo-Gaelic movement. We owe most of the collection of Irish melodies to the industry of Petrie, who for half a century devoted his leisure to writing down what was orally preserved, and amassed a treasury of no fewer than 2,000 Irish tunes, the legacy of the common people. Though Shakespeare refers to Irish dancing, the literature of Ireland is strangely silent about it. The story of Ireland's poetry and music is inevitably the story of Ireland's wrongs, and this account of it is written with excusable bitterness. But the book ends on a hopeful note in the last chapter, The Dawning of the Day. Its most interesting feature is the numerous musical illustrations, which show the original form or variations of some of the oldest popular tunes, such as the "Coulin," the "Last Rose," and "All the Way to Galway," which is the original form of "Yankee Doodle."

One of the most interesting books on the country of the Nile is Douglas Sladen's "Queer Things about Egypt" (Lippincott). It is not his first attempt in this line, as similar titles in regard to Japan and Persia indicate. He has had opportunities not open to the average tourist, and with notebook and camera he has made the most of them. Much of his observation lies outside the tourist's path and interest, as the servant question, housekeeping, business, and court etiquette, and such places as Damietta, Rosetta, the Fayum, and the great oasis of Kharga.

Prof. Salomon Reinach, who is perhaps the most prolific among contemporary scholars, has recently published what may be regarded as the most remarkable of his productions—his Bibliography. It extends from April, 1874, to January, 1910, and covers no less than 103 pages, including a serviceable and very essential Index of 27 pages. The number of separate volumes published by him is considerably more than fifty, while his monographs, articles, addresses, reviews, and notes in encyclopædias, dictionaries, year books, and periodicals of almost all countries run close to 4,000. The range of M. Reinach's productivity (he has just turned fifty) is as remarkable as its size. Beginning his career as a classical archæologist, he has gradually enlarged his scope until it at present includes the entire domain of ancient and modern art, prehistoric antiquities, the history of religions, and the general development of culture. It is interesting to note in illustration of his wide intellectual interests that the very first volumo published by him (in 1876) was a French translation of Schopenhauer's essay on the "Freedom of the Will," of which the eleventh edition appeared last year, and that in the midst of his busy career he found time to introduce our greatest historian, the late Henry C. Lea, to the French public by preparing a translation of Mr. Lea's monumental work on the "Inquisition of the Middle Ages," in three portly volumes. Reinach's studies in the classics and archæology are represented by an admirable "Manual of Classical Philology" in two volumes. In his "Apollo" he has given the best extant survey of the entire history of art, just as in the companion volume, "Orpheus" (see the *Nation* of August 18, 1910), he has endeavored in the same way to cover the whole domain of the religious history of mankind. In three large volumes under the title of "Cultes, mythes et religions" (1908), he has collected the more important of his articles scattered throughout the periodicals of various countries. His contributions to the antiquities of France are represented by scientific catalogues, and researches on the collections of the wonderful Musée de Saint Germain, of which he is the director; nor should mention be omitted of his most useful series of "Répertoires" of Greek and Roman statuary and of Greek and Etruscan vases. As the editor of *Revue archéologique* in conjunction with Georges Perrot, he has naturally written the bulk of his special articles and notes for this periodical, the enumeration of which alone covers twenty-two closely printed pages. A member of the French Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres—its president in 1907—he has also been one of the most regular and prolific contributors to the *Comptes Rendus* of the Institut. By actual count the number of periodicals and periodical publications to which he has been a contributor is 105—scattered throughout the world and covering almost every subject from volcanoes in France in the *Comptes Rendus* of the Académie des Sciences to medical antiquities in the *Lancet*, and extending to "Ladies' Saddles" in *Notes and Queries*. His articles in the *Nation*, to which he has from time to time been a contributor since 1884, alone number thirty-five.

"The Journal of the Yukon," 1847-1848 (Ottawa: Government Printing Bureau), by Alexander Hunter Murray, has been recently edited by L. J. Burpee. This document, although not recording an original exploration, contains the earliest known detailed description of much of the ground covered. It describes the customs of the Indians of the Yukon at the time when the British first went among them. It contains an account of what might be called the extreme outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company; and it throws light on the policy and methods of the fur trade. The principal object of the journey, the building of Fort Yukon, naturally brought the Hudson's Bay Company men into what was then Russian territory, and into competition with the Russian-American Company. Alexander Murray, the author of the Journal, was born in Scotland in 1818, and shortly after emigrating to the United States entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company as a senior clerk. He was a man of education and taste, as well as a shrewd and successful trader. Not the least interesting feature of the Journal is the series of sketches which it contains. These were drawn under the most difficult circumstances, and with no better appliances than "a few steel pens now going on their third year, and filed down to stumps." The volume is interesting and genuinely instructive, containing, in addition to the narrative, considerable material of a scientific character.

"Highways and Byways of the Rocky Mountains," written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson (Macmillan), is superficial and misleading. The author's understanding of geographical classification is so poor that he includes all the "Great Plains" States in the Rocky Mountain area, and excludes them, in a former book, from the Mississippi Valley. To find Kansas figuring as a Rocky Mountain State is disturbing. Furthermore, his "highways and byways" are mainly along the railways, and his narrative is chiefly made up of conversations with the oldest inhabitants. There is little about the Rocky Mountains, and this is not always correct. For example, he gives the impression (p. 125) that Pike tried to climb the peak now known by his name, saying that "after vigorous attempts to scale the mountain, Pike abandoned the project." Pike did not get nearer than about fifteen miles to what he called "the Grand Peak," and then saw it from another mountain. Pike's Peak was first climbed by Dr. Edwin James of Long's expedition, and Long properly named it "James Peak," but circumstances gradually fixed the other name upon it. In another place he says that Acoma has been in its present place for 700 years, whereas it is only 370 years since Coronado entered the country (1540), the first European to do so, and there is no record before that time. In speaking of the "nutting" expeditions of the Acomas he does not, as he should do, describe the nuts, which are from the Piñon, and are peculiar to a particular belt of country. Again, he says that Santa Fé is the oldest European town in the United States (p. 115), an honor held by St. Augustine, Fla., which was founded in 1565; Sante Fé was founded by Oñate in 1605. The first village started by Oñate was San Gabriel, in 1598, on the site now occupied by the village of Chamita. The book is illustrated by the author with photographs of scenes that are commonplace to the last degree. As a rule, they present the crudest and least attractive side of the places where he went, and they are poor photographs at that.

Owing to the widespread public interest in Spain's domestic crisis, "Spain from Within" (Stokes), by Rafael Shaw, will command attention. Its author has had unusual opportunities for learning the public sentiment of the masses in the peninsula. The task he sets himself is to serve as spokesman for Spain's lower classes, who, like those of Russia, are incapable of making known to the outside world their secret yearnings and aspirations. Unfortunately Mr. Shaw lacks the judicial temperament, and in places his book degenerates into a rabid attack upon Rome. This partisan bias appears throughout, but particularly in the introductory chapters, where are related many scandalous anecdotes which the author has derived from his humble informants. As a sample of the mildest of these, might be mentioned the story of a poor peasant woman who

fell asleep in church, and, awakening after midnight, was surprised to see a company of armed priests going through the manual of arms. The informant on this occasion was a lad who sold fruit to the husband of the witness. Later, the reader is told that during the recent Barcelona riots priestly sharpshooters, stationed on housetops, committed many a murder. More surprising still, Mr. Shaw believes that the bomb outrages which have disgraced Barcelona for so many years are not the work of anarchists, but of the Jesuits; and that the troubles of 1909 (in which, incidentally, forty religious establishments were looted) were started by the *agents provocateurs* of the Carlists acting in unison with the church party. It is difficult to conceive of such extreme Machiavelism. Every traveller hears much of this same talk, but such utterances should be liberally discounted. He greatly minimizes the dangers of anarchy and exaggerates the importance of Carlism. Every one of Spain's evils is attributed to the Ultramontanes. Intelligent Spaniards consider obscurantism and anarchy dangers equally to be guarded against. To them "Black Spain" and "Red Spain" are alike abhorrent. This feeling is well stated by a recent writer in the Barcelona publication, *La Cataluña*, the organ of "Young Catalonia." The writer in question thinks that education is the only remedy for existing evils. Whether 60 per cent. of clericals impose themselves upon 40 per cent. of free thinkers or *vice versa*, the result will be equally disastrous. In either event the national unrest will continue. Education must provide a common ground for compromise. Yet making due allowance for the author's prejudices, the book contains much that is valuable. The chapters on politics and education offer information not readily acquired elsewhere. An excellent feature is the appendix giving brief biographies of prominent Spanish politicians together with an account of the various political parties, and the journals which serve as their organs. Some of the intriguing backstairs methods which form so large a part of Spanish politics, and which are not easily understood by foreigners, are interestingly exposed.

In urging "Common Sense in Politics" (Moffat, Yard) Job E. Hedges seems to imply that the people are too peevish about public affairs, and that they are prone to put upon the politicians blame that more justly rests upon themselves. Graft exists because the people do not choose their representatives carefully, and fail to watch their conduct closely, but, after all, "the most corroding corruption in politics is not money-making, but is the practice of hypocrisy." Therefore, "when the cry of 'stop thief' is raised, it is sometimes wiser to watch the man who makes the outcry than to follow the crowd." Mr. Hedges settles offhand some vexed points of constitutional doctrine. For instance, he says that "every thinking man knows that the President's duty is done when he expresses his opinions in his messages to Congress." And yet the public "doesn't stop to consider ways and means, and gives its approval or disapproval of a President or a Governor, according to his success in forcing action by legislators." Both in the tenor of its opinions and in the oracular quality of its style, the book recalls the essays in which Dr. Samuel Johnson used to pooh-pooh popular discontent with the management of public affairs.

"Heroic Spain," by E. Boyle O'Reilly (Duffield), is a sketchy narrative of an eight months' tour in Spain, varied with pleasant excursions into the domains of history, literature, architecture, and art. The author has not only travelled the beaten path, but describes many nooks and corners not visited by the ordinary tourist. She has much independence of judgment, and fears not to upset old idols. The chapter on literature is not merely a rehash of standard text-books, as has been the case in several recent books of this kind. It evinces wide reading and original thought. She shows sound judgment in minimizing the importance of Galdós and Palacio Valdés, the two contemporary Spanish novelists with whose works English-speaking readers are unfortunately most familiar. In the earlier period she is less at home. A translation which she says is taken from the Romancero del Cid is really from the Poem of the Cid, a very different work. It is also a mistake to describe cloak and sword plays as picaresque, and to state that Lope de Vega was especially noted for his preeminence in that *genre*. But these are minor errors. In general her information is accurate. An introductory chapter gives the prospective tourist much practical advice. The illustrations are unhackneyed and artistic. There are also a few original poems of more than average merit. "Heroic Spain" is by far the best book of Spanish travels which the year has produced.

The new edition of W. M. Sloane's deservedly popular "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" (Century; 4 vols.), which first appeared in 1896, will be welcome. It is more convenient to handle than its predecessor, yet it has also been considerably enlarged, new chapters having been added on the Continental System, the Louisiana Purchase, and the St. Helena epoch, and the portion on Napoleon's youth having been expanded. Space has been saved by a substantial reduction of the illustrations, which were so salient a feature of the earlier edition, and by minimizing the number of authorities and footnotes. While we concur with most of Professor Sloane's dicta in regard to the slight value of references and bibliographical apparatus, we are bound to say that we find it difficult to justify the omission of Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon, the Last Phase" from a general bibliography, which contains twenty-two titles on St. Helena (even though it is mentioned in the list of references at the beginning of the chapter on that topic). It would have been far better, in our estimation, to omit the general bibliography entirely, and restrict the mention of authorities to the lists at the heads of the chapters, unless it were possible (which it is not) to render the former to all intents and purposes complete. The dangers inherent in partial bibliographies—especially those in which the titles are arranged in alphabetical order with no indication of their relative importance—have been demonstrated again and again. The last decade has witnessed the appearance of several excellent general lives of Napoleon, so that Professor Sloane's work no longer enjoys the reputation it once had, of being the sole modern scholarly work which rendered accessible to English and American readers the results of recent minute investigation. Despite this fact, its proportions, arrangement, method, and style are such as make it fill a place which no other history of Napoleon quite occupies. Now that it has once more been brought abreast of the scholarship of the last fifteen years, it will continue to be read and studied with interest and profit.

Benn Pitman, brother of the inventor of the Pitman method of shorthand, and himself the author of various works on the subject, died in Cincinnati, December 28. He was born in Trowbridge, Wilts, England, in 1822.

Samuel Henry Butcher, Unionist member of Parliament for Cambridge University since 1906, died last Thursday. He was born in Dublin in 1850, son of the Bishop of Meath. He taught successively at Oxford and the University of Edinburgh, and in 1904 was a lecturer at Harvard. He was a trustee of the British Museum and president of the British Academy of Letters. Professor Butcher was widely known as a classical scholar. With Andrew Lang he published a prose translation of the Odyssey in 1879, and his own published works include a small volume on Demosthenes (1881), "Some Aspects of the Greek Genius" (1891), "Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and the Fine Arts, with a Critical Text, and Translation of the Poetics" (1895), and "Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects" (1904).

The death is announced of Charles H. Woodman, at the age of sixty-three, the author of "The Boys and Girls of the American Revolution" and "Defence of Turkey"; he also wrote articles for the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Appleton's*.

Julia Arabella Eastman, founder and for eighteen years associate principal of the Dana Hall School for Girls, a fitting school for Wellesley College, died in Wellesley on New Year's Day, at the age of seventy-four. Miss Eastman was the author of a number of children's books, including "Kitty Kent's Troubles," "Romneys of Ridgemont," "School Days of Beulah Romney," "Short Comings and Long Goings," "Striking for the Right," and "Young Peck."

The death is reported of Dr. Bernhard Kahle, professor of northern philology and ethnology at the University of Heidelberg, aged forty-nine. His writings include "Die altnordische Sprache im Dienste des Christentums," "Isländische geistliche Dichtungen des ausgehenden Mittelalters," and "Die Sprache der Skalden auf Grund der Binnen- und Endreime."

Science

Six years ago there began to appear in Germany an extended work with the title, "Krankheiten und Ehe: Darstellung der Beziehungen zwischen Gesundheits-Störungen und Ehegemeinschaft." The editors were H. Senator and S. Kaminer, with the aid of twenty-three collaborators treating special topics. Apparently almost simultaneously an English version was prepared by J. Dulberg of Manchester, which in its completed form is a large work in two volumes, together more than 1,200 pages. Three

years ago an abridged edition was published, and this has now been issued in this country as "Marriage and Disease" (New York: Paul B. Hoeber). The smaller book, 250 pages long, seems to be a really successful attempt to shorten the original, which in some chapters was rather prolix. The more general aspects of marriage itself occupy a little more than a third of the text. The rest is given to a discussion of the influence of various diseases on the married state, a discussion that goes rather far afield and touches a great variety of prematrimonial conditions. Curiously enough, we find no allusion to the deaf-mute. In the present form the book will be helpful to the general practitioner, and in a more limited way to some general readers. Its direct usefulness to those who merely contemplate matrimony for themselves is perhaps more problematical.

A sign of the times is the appearance of "An Introduction to Agriculture," by A. A. Upham (Appleton), a text-book for high-school upper grades. In general this little handbook covers its ground well. We miss in it, as a book for country children, sections on the thinning, grading, and proper packing of orchard fruit, and on the usefulness and simplicity of the split-log road-drag. Space should have been found, even in so short a book, for these in connection with their general subjects. But the book is better than its lapses indicate. We welcome in it the brief chapter on that part of the farm which can be made the most profitable, and where children can learn so much, the vegetable garden. The style is simple and clear; the summaries, questions, and appendices should be helpful in class work; and we believe that the ultimate aim of the author, to prepare pupils to read and understand agricultural literature, will be attained The fact that there is a call for text-books of this kind is prophetic of better times in our agriculture.

The "General Biology" of James G. Needham of Cornell University (Ithaca: Comstock Publishing Co.) is described as also "a book of outlines and practical studies for the general student." It purposes to be a guide for students who can devote but one college year to the subject, and is said to be based on the actual experience of the writer in seeking suitable practical exercises. The result is not convincing. Far too much ground is covered to make it possible to cultivate much of it really well, and yet a number of interesting and valuable matters, particularly matters more strictly physiological, are hardly mentioned. On the other hand, the book contains a great deal of useful material, with many excellent illustrations. Some of this material is very well put together, but in places the treatment is sadly superficial. With a really good teacher an ordinary student might find the book exceedingly useful; without such aid he would become a mere smatterer.

Dr. Willis Goss MacDonald, one of the noted surgeons of this country, died last Friday in Albany at the age of forty-seven. He was born at Cobleskill and attended the Cobleskill Free Academy, the State Normal College at Albany, and the Albany Medical College, and from the last named he was graduated in 1887. He attended the University of Berlin in 1889 and 1890. Returning to Albany, he became instructor of surgery in the Albany Medical College, and shortly after became professor of surgery. He went to the Albany Hospital as assistant attending surgeon in 1902. Since 1907 he had been attending surgeon, as well as consulting surgeon, of Westfield Hospital.

Drama

A book which has for its aim to illustrate the connection between the Latin, Italian, and early Elizabethan stage, is announced by the Oxford University Press, entitled, "Early Plays from the Italian." It is edited, with essay, introduction, and notes, by R. Warwick Bond, and contains "Supposes," "The Bugbears," and "Misogonus."

Henry Arthur Jones has long occupied an undisputed position among the leading modern dramatists of England, and, in skill of technical workmanship, stands pretty nearly at the head of them. And the independent thought, the shrewd observation, and the definite purpose to be found in most of his serious plays compensate largely for the purely theatrical qualities with which they are too often disfigured. But he is addicted to exasperating faults. He is too much given to platitudinous moralizing, to transparent trick, and to drawing wholesale conclusions from specific and abnormal premises. Professedly his latest play, "We Can't Be as Bad as All That," which has just been produced in the Nazimova Theatre, is a satire upon upper middle-class British society; actually, it is a plea, if not for the right of absolute free love, at least for the right of a man and a woman to set legal, religious, and social laws at defiance, if they love devotedly and their union can be accomplished in no other way. He makes the reservation, however, that they must be prepared to pay the price, which is virtually an admission that the common sense of the world is opposed to his philosophy. In his latest play, the one decent female character is a woman who started wrong, and it may be admitted that, in the light of circumstance and of her later conduct, she is justly and reasonably entitled to the rehabilitation bestowed upon her, but it does not in the least follow, as a social law, that any woman falling in love with the husband of another woman is entitled to run off with him. Nora Shard when only a child, fell under the influence of Harold Furnival, a brilliant young statesman, who was most unhappily married. For his sake she surrendered all, and they were on their way to a fool's paradise, when he was instantly killed in an accident. Some years after she became the nurse of a hopelessly sick millionaire, who, before he died, married her, that she might be the guardian of his daughter. As Mrs. Engaine she wins the heart of Sir Ralph Newell, a rich English baronet, who takes her down to the country house of his sister, Lady Carnforth. It is there she becomes the centre of the idle, dissipated, malicious, and worthless set, upon whom Mr. Jones empties the vials of his amusing and vigorous, but not particularly original, satire. Lady Carnforth discovers her identity and threatens to expose her unless she will consent to the marriage of her step-daughter with Lady Carnforth's brother, who is a degenerate and bankrupt blackguard. Nora refuses, in a capital scene, and, in a still stronger one, showing Mr. Jones at his ingenious best, tells her whole story to Sir Ralph—who has just asked her to marry him—though knowing that he had been the bosom friend of Harold Furnival and had always been furious in his denunciation of the woman who had, as he believed, lured him to ruin and death. The situation here is poignant, and the suspense is maintained with great adroitness and remarkable psychological insight. The scene is pure drama, in which the conflict is wholly one of character and conscience. It is worth all the rest of the play put together, and it is played with the rarest restraint, intensity, and naturalness by Nye Chart, a new leading man of first-rate quality, and Katharine Kaelred. Sir Ralph at first is inclined to back out from his engagement, but, in the end, realizes the inherent nobility of the woman—she really is a fine creature, as Mr. Jones has depicted her—and all ends well. It is not necessary to enter into the details of an ingenious, interesting, but theatrical subplot, nor to dilate upon the subordinate characters, which are modelled upon familiar stage types. They are sketched with Mr. Jones's usual cleverness, but the coloring, at times, is somewhat crudely laid on.

There was no especial reason for a revival of A. W. Pinero's theatrical comedy, "Trelawny of the Wells," unless it could be much better done now than it was before. It is a fantastic little piece, with humor and sentiment in it, but no remarkable qualities of literary or dramatic workmanship. At the Empire the present representation is distinctly inferior to the earlier one at the Lyceum. The farcical episodes are unduly exaggerated, and the sentimental passages less delicately handled. Miss Ethel Barrymore has not learned the secret of the rebellious charm with which Mary Mannering invested the part of Rose in the old days, nor can Louise Drew replace Elizabeth Tyree as Avonia Bunn, or Constance Collier fill the place of Hilda Spong in the character of Imogen Parrott. The allotment of the part of the sympathetic Tom Wrench to an actor of the personality of Charles Dalton was a grievous error. Charles Millward furnished some clever acting as Ferdinand Gadd, but was often unpardonably boorish. George C. Boniface was delightful as the mouthing old Telfer, and Maud Milton was excellent as his wife. Charles Walcot, of course, was competent as the choleric and selfish old Chancellor. It is strange how this piece has been talked of as a classic, for it is in many ways a crude bit of work. Its ridicule of the Crummles school of actors is but a feeble imitation of Dickens. Some of these old players were, it must be admitted, more or less legitimate objects of sport, but the worst of them had histrionic capacities of which the modern performer often knows nothing.

Liebler & Company have completed the cast of "Judith Zaraine," the new drama of C. M. S. McLellan, in which Lena Ashwell is to star, assisted by Charles Waldron. John E. Kellerd is to have the part of Col. Pontifex, whose military activities at Minetown

(the scene of the play) provoke the unemployed to violence; Howard Kyle will be Conrad Borinski, the philosophic shoemaker; Gordon Johnstone will be Jack Borinski, the leader of the unemployed, and other parts will be played by Walter Cluxton, Edward Langford, Charles Dowd, and Little Donald Gallaher, who leaves "Alias Jimmy Valentine" to create the part of Carl Borinski, Jack's brother. Miss Ashwell will, of course, be the Judith, and Mr. Waldron the David Murray, the capitalist whose operations have brought on the labor troubles.

A Chinese actress, Madame Chung, has been playing in "The Dragoon of Wrath" in the Little Theatre, London, and creating something of a sensation. A writer in London *Truth* says:

I had heard much of Mme. Chung, but nothing to make me understand how great an artist she is. A plaintive, pathetic, diminutive little person, she has really remarkable gifts of comedy and tragedy, and I have seldom seen finer or more subtle acting in an English theatre. The scene where she accepts one of her lovers, a tall, thin prince, is exquisite; while her death scene, when years afterwards she meets her death at the hands of the discarded lover, is marvellously played.

Sir W. W. Pinero's new comedy, "Preserving Mr. Panmore," will be presented in the Comedy Theatre, London, early in the new year. The cast will include Marie Löhr, Kate Sergeantson, Iris Hawkins, Ada Ferrar, Arthur Playfair, Edmund Maurice, Dawson Milward, and Dion Boucicault.

"The Princess Clementina," of George Pleydell and A. E. W. Mason, which was produced at the Queen's Theatre in London recently, is a bit of romantic melodrama. It tells how a gallant Irishman was sent on a mission to convoy the Polish Princess Clementina from a polite prison at Innsbruck to her bridegroom, the Old Pretender, at Bologne, with what bravery and address he accomplished it, how he fell in love with his charge, but resisted temptation, and finally came out of all sorts of trial furnaces with infinite credit to himself. H. B. Irving has made a marked success as the masterful hero of the play.

Herbert Trench's plans at the London Haymarket are now pretty well settled. Some time in February he will produce Charles McEvoy's comedy, "All That Matters," a study of West Dorset life and character, a field of which the author possesses intimate personal knowledge. His familiarity with it was exhibited in "The Village Wedding," seen recently at the London Coronet. "All That Matters" is, however, a work of larger scope. As described by Mr. Trench, it contains an element of tragic feeling and of passion, affording a strong contrast to the more placid pictures of rural existence. The two leading parts will be entrusted to Phyllis Neilson-Terry, as a farmer's daughter, and to Norman Trevor, who appears as an impoverished squireen. After Mr. McEvoy comes Mr. Rudolf Besier, either with his new play, "Baldwin" or with a dramatization of H. G. Wells's novel, "Kipps." The catalogue does not end here, however. Mr. Trench has decided to present Ibsen's "The Pretenders," a play which very nearly received a production at the hands of Sir Henry Irving.

The Lord Chamberlain has changed his mind with regard to the performance of Sophocles upon the London stage. He has now consented to a production of Gilbert Murray's English version of the "Œdipus Rex," which probably will be taken in hand either by Herbert Trench or Sir Herbert Tree.

Frank Curzon will start at the London Globe, early in January, with the Baroness Orczy and Montagu Barstow's romantic play, "Beau Brocade." Bertram Wallis plays the principal male character, that of an English officer unjustly degraded—the period is 1746—who in revenge takes to the road.

Music

Clara Novello's Reminiscences. Compiled by her daughter, Contessa Valeria Gigliucci. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Half a century ago Clara Novello was as famous among operatic sopranos as Nellie Melba is to-day; "Novello cake" could be ordered in the restaurants, as "pêche Melba" can be now. Forty-seven years elapsed between her last appearance in England and her death, on March 12, 1908; yet her relatives collected nearly a hundred obituary notices that had appeared in English papers. She herself, though born in London, represented a rare fusion of races, her father having been the son of an Italian father and English mother, while her mother was the daughter of a German father and Irish mother. Her early retirement from the stage was due entirely to private and domestic reasons, for her voice kept its charm to an exceptional age. In early womanhood an eminent surgeon had predicted, after examining her throat, that her singing powers would be unimpaired at eighty, should she live so long; she was eighty-three when she sang for others the last time, and even when verging on ninety she amazed those about her by singing snatches of old tunes in a voice marvellously fresh and steady. This preservation of her voice she ascribed partly to the fact that she had always avoided straining it beyond its compass, rejecting from her contracts such composers as she judged to have written unvocally; and partly to her extreme sobriety in eating and drinking. The Novello household was, indeed, noted in London not only for its musical attractions, but as a place where the art of plain living and high thinking was cultivated to perfection, wherefore such men as Keats, Shelley, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, were wont to consult its head on matters affecting their daily life. Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to Clara was that Lamb addressed to her a poem in which, after confessing that the gods had made him "most unmusical," that he hated trills and shakes and, at an oratorio, "only wished the thing was done," he nevertheless paid a cordial tribute to her art.

Of the great composers of the time, there were two, in particular, who took a special interest in her—Mendelssohn, and Rossini. Her sister relates how, on one occasion, when Malibran was present at a social gathering, Clara also sang, and then asked Mendelssohn to play. He complied by giving them a marvellous improvisation in which "he introduced the several pieces Malibran had just sung, working them in with admirable skill one after the other; and, finally, in combination, the four subjects blended together in elaborate counterpoint," doing things which her father felt inclined to declare impossible, even though he had just heard them done. Subsequently Mendelssohn sent for her to sing in Leipzig, where, as he wrote to her brother, "the public became like mad," being "equally delighted with her clear and youthful voice and with the purity and good taste with which she sings everything." To Sterndale Bennett, he wrote (1837):

For years I have heard nothing that has pleased me more than this voice. . . . She was most in her element with Handel amid whose surroundings she has grown up and become great. People asked each other in astonishment: Is that Handel? Did Handel write so? Is it possible? From such a performer the composer himself can learn.

No less complimentary was Rossini, who insisted on having her come to Italy to create the soprano part in his "Stabat Mater" in Bologna. On this occasion she and the other singers daily dined at Rossini's table. After the meal, he made them rehearse, dwelling particularly on the quartet, "Quando corpus," which soon went as smoothly as an accordion, yet was done over and over again, until she said to the composer: "If you rehearse us because you enjoy hearing it, all right, but don't say it can be improved." Rossini had previously assisted her in finding the best teacher; he also composed cadenzas for her, to be used in his operas, wrote her letters of advice, and persuaded her not to deliver any letters of introduction in Milan, to avoid distractions from study.

When she was still a girl, she had the privilege of waltzing to Chopin's playing. But he would only play for her after she had recited "Peter Piper" for him. Liszt also played for her, and once he dined at their house. She witnessed the frenzies of women over him. When he broke the strings of his piano, they rushed on to the stage and fought for them; "and when he left Vienna, fifteen or twenty carriagefuls of these cracked creatures pursued him as far as the first station, where change of post-horses took place." She once saw him play on the piano with his back turned to the instrument. Those were times when even serious musicians indulged

in tricks, to amuse the public. Paganini used to take out a pair of scissors, cut three strings, which hung down, and on the remaining string proceed to play his "Witches' Dance."

Queer things happened in those days in opera houses, as well as in concert halls. One time, when Clara Novello was in Madrid, Queen Isabella kept a crammed house, on a gala night, waiting above two hours before the performance could begin. Of her colleagues, Miss Novello has many interesting things to relate, particularly of the eccentric Malibran, of whom she tells several characteristic anecdotes. What she says (p. 48) about Lablache's wonderful "face-acting" should be read by all opera singers, most of whom do not realize that to this phase of their art they ought to devote as much attention as to the training of the voice. In speaking of Rubini's singing, in "Lucia," she refers to

> his divine voice, tears a component part of his liquid notes, singing as if to himself, in a far away reverie, pianissimo, the entire first part of the soliloquy in the third act—I felt entranced almost to fainting away in ecstasy. In art as in beauties of nature, absolute perfection strikes one dumb, utterly.

In 1842, Miss Novello married an Italian and retired from the stage temporarily, living in Italian rural regions, of her life in which she gives quaint details. She tells also of her sojourn in the cities; in Venice, for instance, where, in those days, the amateur tenors, with guitar accompaniment, had not been superseded as yet by the big military bands. But enough has been said to show that these reminiscences bring before the reader's mind uncommonly vivid pictures of musical life half a century ago. They are all the better for not having been written with a view to publication. After her death, her daughter found them among her papers, as mere jottings. These she arranged in chronological order and connected them with as much explanatory and additional matter as was necessary to make a continuous story. There are several illustrations, besides an introductory memoir by Arthur D. Coleridge.

Claude Debussy is working very slowly at his "Tristan" and his "Fall of the House of Usher"; he has not yet finished much more than the titles.

Mischa Elman will be the soloist at the next two Carnegie Hall concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York, on January 13 and 14.

Liza Lehmann, the popular composer-pianist, and her English quartet will return to New York on Jnuary 7, after a three months' tour to the Pacific Coast and the South. Mme. Lehmann will give her first recital in New York this season on Monday afternoon, January 9, at Mendelssohn Hall. Her programme will consist of selections from "The Golden Threshold," miscellaneous solo numbers by each member of the quartet, "Four Cautionary Tales and a Moral," and "The Happy Prince," which will be recited, with music, by Miss Constance Collier.

Herman Brandt, one of the best-known violinists in the country, and a composer, has died in New York. He was well known in musical circles from here to the coast, and had been a member of the most prominent orchestras in the United States. For a number of years he was first violinist in Thomas's orchestra in Chicago, and conducted in San Francisco the Brandt String Quartet, regarded by musical critics as one of the best string orchestras ever formed in this country.

Art

Colour Printing and Colour Printers. By R. M. Burch. With a chapter on modern processes by W. Gamble. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. $3 net.

While this is not altogether the book on color prints which some of us have been expecting for years, it is certainly a useful piece of pioneer work, particularly from the technical standpoint. Criticism is forestalled somewhat by the author's prefatory statement: "The present volume is not offered to the reader as a complete history of color printing, but merely constitutes an attempt to indicate some of the lines on which the compilation of such a book might proceed." And farther on, we are told that the book "is mainly concerned with English color work, although, of course, references to what was done in other countries could not very well be excluded." We are not entirely unused to this evidence of insularity in British publications. As a matter of fact, the history of color printing cannot be written with reference to England alone. Mr. Burch, who evidently knows his subject well, does, indeed, make frequent excursions into the foreign field, but not always systematically. There are such contrasts as due recognition of F. E. Ives of half-tone fame, and an ignoring of Louis Prang, whose lithographic reproductions of the Walters ceramic collection should have procured for him some mention. And, again, among the many books and periodicals cited, the *Zeitschrift für Reproduktionstechnik*, the late lamented *Monatshefte für graphisches Kunstgewerbe*, and the Japanese *Kokka* are conspicuously absent. On the other hand, the German book on color etching by Vojt Preissig (which appeared also in Bohemian), is noted, but not the English one by Hugh Paton (London, 1909.)

Yet the fact remains that this is a decidedly useful compilation, in which the development of color printing, both typographical and pictorial, is traced from the early block books to the most recent photomechanical processes. This is done, in the main, by critical examination of a very large amount of material, all conscientiously and somewhat dryly recorded, from sumptuous publications, such as the "Alhambra" of Owen Jones or Zahn's folios on Pompeii, to our American Sunday "colored supplements." While the faculty of crisp, clear characterization is shown in the descriptions of various processes, a little too much is occasionally left to the imagination; which is natural, perhaps, for one writing from the standpoint of the printer with his technical knowledge. On p. 251, for instance, it does not appear that Miss Mary Cassatt laid an aquatint ground on her color plates. The account of modern color etchings is meagre, and modern original work in lithography and wood engraving is left out of consideration altogether.

For these reasons and others, there is still a place for a comprehensive, clear survey of color prints, which should deal in a critical, connected manner with the artistic results of the desire to imitate natural colors which showed itself about as soon as pictures began to be printed. The richness of mezzotints, the grace, sometimes feeble, of stipple engravings, the water-color effect of aquatints, the decorative qualities of the Japanese chromo-xylograph, the completeness of effect of Le Blon's efforts, Baxter prints, Debucourt's plates and certain recent etchings, the luscious tints of the lithographs of Lunois and the mere color suggestions in those of Whistler—these are a few indications of the multiple fascination which this art of color-printing has ever had. And this fascination exists quite independently of our opinion as to the result compared with the chaste beauty of the black and white print. Such a review of the whole field the late Sylvester Rosa Koehler, a man of a remarkable acquaintance with processes, had in mind, but never carried out.

"English Costume, from Prehistoric Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century," by George Clinch (McClurg), is popular in form, but contains a great amount of well-ordered information concerning civil, military, official, academic, and ecclesiastical costume. There are more than a hundred illustrations, invariably from original sources. A considerable ingathering of relevant antiquarian and literary matter adds to the readableness of the chronicle. In general, the work is done in scholarly and cautious fashion, but the description of bronze-age costume, pieced together from scattered finds, must naturally be taken skeptically, while the assumption that the Gauls and Britons of Roman times wore virtually the same costume, is more convenient than convincing. Royal portraits and effigies are frequent, and there is complete analysis of the costumes in which Queen Elizabeth was depicted.

More admirable as a person than as an artist, Rosa Bonheur has afforded excellent material to her latest biographer, Theodore Stanton. "Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur"

(D. Appleton & Co.) is a thick book, fully illustrated, and perhaps overswollen by such secondary matter as the personal tributes of the heroine's friends. It is, however, pretty good reading, and fails only where success was impossible in the translation of the slangy "ragging" letters which she wrote to her intimates. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was a light of the St. Simonian sect. After a disastrous trial of the communistic life, the painter settled in Paris, where he worked surrounded by two daughters and a son. The studio in the Rue Rumford was small, but afforded a stall for the animal models of Rosa and Auguste. At twenty-three Rosa had won the gold medal of the Salon. Later she wrote to a friend: "Rewards are much like blisters on wooden legs—they don't effect much." But, as a matter of fact, this brilliant beginning soon made her way easy. A fortunate alliance with the English dealer, Gambart, soon put her in a position to occupy the little Château of By, in the forest of Fontainebleau, where she lived most of her life with her friend, Nathalie Micas. Tame lion cubs played about the house. The menagerie at various times boasted chamois, mouflons, a mare that followed her upstairs, and an Indian pony, presented by Buffalo Bill. Her "old masters" were the Ninevite reliefs in the Louvre. Rosa painted industriously, diverting herself by shooting hares in the forest, and on occasion by sniping Prussian pickets. It never occurred to her to look up certain less famous painters a few miles away, at Barbizon. One divines in her a strong but limited intelligence, an emotional life intense rather than fine, a robust and indefatigable geniality. She said that it would be delightful to be a painter though one produced only daubs, and she meant it. Her zeal for meticulous and literal representation she never seems to have questioned. We suppose she could have seen a horse by Degas without a qualm. Rarely has so great a reputation implied so little artistry. But Rosa Bonheur was the kindest of souls and most faithful of friends. Her memoirs abound in traits of good will and of radiant good sense. Of George Sand, she wrote:

> I venerate Mme. Sand, and have only one reproach to make against her: She was too womanly, too kind, and dropped the treasures of her noble heart and the pearls of her soul on the dung-heap, where cocks found the pearls and swallowed them, without being able to digest them.

A somewhat mixed metaphor, but a sound moral diagnosis. Again, she could not abide the brothers Goncourt, resenting their analytical preoccupation. Of life she had a singularly just sense, but she ordered her pictures framed in garnet plush. Mr. Stanton's book may be dipped into with profit, but it is poorly conceived as a biography. There is no chronological thread. It is impossible without much labor to tell where Rosa Bonheur was and what she was doing in any year. The sheer vitality and interest of the material do something to offset the lack of orderly arrangement.

The death is reported from Berlin, in his sixty-first year, of Prof. Joseph Uphues, the sculptor. One of his best known works is a statue of Frederick the Great in the park at Sanssouci, a replica of which was presented to this country by Emperor William. Other works by him include a Kaiser Wilhelm monument at Düren, one of Bismarck at the same place, a group in the Siegesallee in Berlin, and a statue of Schiller at Wiesbaden. Among his decorations was the Order of the Imperial Eagle of the third class.

Finance

COMING EVENTS.

That the Stock Exchange, in the face of its almost unanimous profession of despondency, should have witnessed during most of the closing week of 1910 a general recovery in prices and should have opened the New Year with a still more vigorous advance, is an incident which, if not fundamentally important, was at all events interesting. The stock market of the past year, in its early and severe declines, may now be said to have rightly foreshadowed the coming relaxation in general industry. But the fulfilment, in trade at large, of the financial market's prophecy, did not come until Stock Exchange prices were themselves recovering; and that makes the question legitimate, how much of the market's later prophecy, in the way of reaction from the low midsummer prices, has been fulfilled.

But a Stock Exchange movement has to do, not only with general conditions, but with specific events, and there are four events of the first importance which will occur in the early weeks of 1911, which have been discussed in Wall Street as controlling influences, and which can hardly fail to leave some mark on the Stock Exchange history of the year. If the steel trade organs are rightly informed, the question of maintenance or revision, on an official basis, of prices in that industry will be settled within a fortnight. If bankers' expectations are fulfilled, another New York city bond issue will seek a market shortly afterward. Some time in February we may look for the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision on the higher railway rates. After probably no very long interval, the Supreme Court will decide the Oil and Tobacco cases. Exactly what will be the outcome, in each of these impending events, is a matter of sufficient doubt. But can anything be assumed beforehand, as to their influence on the market?

If the price schedules should be left unchanged by the manufacturers' conferences, the situation would be just what it was before. If they are lowered, some interesting possibilities would arise, with a bearing on the market. The point at issue, in the steel trade controversy, is whether lower prices will increase outside demands, or not. Manufacturers who are unwilling to reduce prices answer no. But they made the same reply on the eve of the famous "open market" in the steel trade of 1909, supporting their argument very plausibly by the fact that a tariff bill was pending, and the country's plans for trade unsettled by it. Yet when the cut was made, a sudden and unexpectedly large demand for steel appeared from all directions; the industry awoke from its torpor; orders on the Steel Corporation's book rose from 3,500,000 tons in March, 1909, to 4,000,000 in June and to nearly 6,000,000 in December, and the advance on the Stock Exchange which ensued converged with exceptional violence on the Steel Corporation's shares.

A New York city bond issue has often been a landmark in the financial movement of the day. It was so in 1907, when two successive issues failed to find a market, and the coming financial trouble was thus in a way foreshadowed; but it was so in 1908 as well, when a $50,000,000 offer, on February 14, made in the midst of profound after-panic depression and uncertainty, was six times oversubscribed, at an unexpectedly good price, and elicited 1,168 separate bids. It was that incident which marked the distinct turn for the better in the year's investment markets, and which introduced the movement of genuine financial recovery that followed.

Decision by the Interstate Commission, on the question of railway rates, would probably not be awaited with so great concern, were it not for the reckless and inexcusable outcries regarding ruined credit and railway insolvency which were raised by highly interested parties when the sweeping rate advances proposed last June were first held up. The real problem before the commission was obscured by this performance.

That problem was, whether the proposed rate advances were unreasonably great or not. This question the commission is to decide. It may concede all the advances asked; it may grant such as are reasonably proved to be essential; it may refuse them all, if no conclusive proof is forthcoming. The stock market has apparently assumed the third conclusion, but without convincing evidence. If its assumption turns out to be wrong, the response of the Stock Exchange should be interesting.

Six years ago, the Supreme Court's decision in an Anti-Trust case was awaited by Wall Street at this time of year with profound anxiety. If Northern Securities were to win, all would be well on the Stock Exchange; if it lost, the worst was to be apprehended. It lost; the stock market stood silent for a day; then rushed into a violent movement of recovery—under the leadership, Wall Street had good reason to suspect, of a financier most deeply and personally interested in the company. When prices rose, the Stock Exchange applied itself to discovering reasons why the decision was not alarming. But that was an after-thought. The real les-

son taught by the episode of 1904 was that the market, in advance of the decision, had misinterpreted the financial bearing of the Supreme Court's ruling, had greatly overdiscounted even the effect on sentiment of the merger's dissolution, and, had, therefore, when the decision actually came, begun to pay some attention to the real influences at work on the financial situation.

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Allen, N. B. Industrial Studies, United States. Boston: Ginn. 65 cents.
Brierley, J. Life and the Ideal. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
Björnson, B. A Lesson in Marriage: a Play in Two Acts. From the Norwegian by G. L. Colbron. Brandu's.
Brown, F. C. Elkanah Settle, His Life and Works. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.
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Cooke, G. M. The Doings of the Dollivers: Strange Adventures of a Doll Family. Sturgis & Walton. $1 net.
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Decker, F. F. The Symmetric Function Tables of the Fifteenthic. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Donne, J. Letters to Severall Persons of Honour. Reprinted in original form. Edited, with notes, by C. E. Merrill, jr. Sturgis & Walton. $5 net.
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Grinnell, G. B. American Game-Bird Shooting. Forest and Stream Publishing Company.
Harris, W. T. Physical Training In and Out of School. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Haupt, P. The Book of Esther. Reprinted from the American Journal of Semitic Languages, January, 1908. University of Chicago Press. $1.05.
Johnson, M. Bibliography of Mark Twain. Harper. $5 net.
Jones, H. C., and Strong, W. W. A Study of the Absorption Spectra. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Jowett, J. H. The School of Calvary. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents.
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Prolegomena to Theism. A. H. Kellogg Co.
Report of the Commissioner of Education, year ended June 30, 1910. Vol. I. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Ross, H. C. Induced Cell-Reproduction and Cancer. Philadelphia: Blakiston. $4.50 net.
Sorin, S. The Pendulum: A Story. Duffield.
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Stoker, B. Famous Impostors. Sturgis & Walton. $2 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1911.

The Week

The news that President Taft is in full negotiation with Ambassador Bryce for an arbitration treaty with England, to cover every possible difference of opinion, is the very best that could come out of Washington. The Hay treaty, leading to this end, was, it will be remembered, rejected by the Senate, ostensibly upon Constitutional grounds. It is hard to believe that Mr. Taft could begin going ahead with this project without some assurance that the present membership of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations is broader-minded than was that with which Mr. Hay had to deal. With a treaty with one great Power concluded, which would force us to arbitrate every question, whether of "honor" or relating to territory or anything else, a long step in advance would be taken, and it would, we believe, be followed by similar treaties with other nations. Speedily in this way the need for our great armament could be removed and a long step taken toward a permanent supreme court of the nations. Mr. Taft said at the dedication of the Pan-American building at Washington: "I shall not be satisfied until all nineteen of us [American Republics] can intervene by proper measures to suppress a quarrel between any other two." Why should not there be a similar relationship between the great nations of the globe?

Whatever may be the final outcome in the Lorimer case, the country will be spared the disgrace that threatened, of an easy-going acceptance of the white-washing report of the majority of the Senate Committee. A white-washing report it may be called without hesitation, because, whether Lorimer be guilty or not, and whether he be entitled to his seat or not, the report was manifestly lacking in a proper regard for the seriousness of the matter with which it dealt. But the opposition which a few Senators indicated from the first, and which was soon powerfully reinforced by President Taft's hostility to the white-washing programme, has now become so strong that a thorough threshing out of the matter is assured. The activity of the Lorimer lobbyists, it appears, has taken the form of scarcely-veiled threats that, if his election is thoroughly investigated, his friends will take revenge by attacking the validity of the election of other Senators. It does not require an extremely exalted opinion of the Senate to make one confident that resentment against tactics of this kind will hurt Lorimer's cause.

The transformation of the United States Senate has been accelerated by the death of Senator Elkins, one of the few remaining conspicuous members of the majority party in that body who represent the older generation and hold over into the Sixty-second Congress. Besides its effect on the Republican management in the Senate, Senator Elkins's death will perceptibly strengthen the Democratic position there, and accentuate the possession of something like a balance of power by the progressive or insurgent group of Republican Senators. The Sixty-first Congress opened with the Republicans in possession of very nearly two-thirds of the seats, there being 60 Republican Senators against 32 Democrats; the Sixty-second Congress, as at present indicated—though Montana is somewhat in doubt—will have only 50 Republican Senators against 42 Democrats. This is a fairly near approach to equality. Both of the Senators from West Virginia will be Democrats, whereas both were Republicans in the present Congress; the other States in which the Democrats have gained a Senator at the expense of the Republicans are Maine, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Nebraska, and Montana. This represents a wide geographical distribution, and makes a change in the aspect of the Senate such as seldom occurs between two successive Congresses.

In the very interesting statement made by Mr. Crumpacker, Chairman of the House Committee on the Census, concerning the prospective size of the House of Representatives under the new apportionment, the remarks relating to the underlying considerations in the case deserve more than passing attention. Everybody recognizes that the process of enlargement of the numbers of the House must come to an end before it goes very much farther; but Mr. Crumpacker points out an objection to the progressive enlargement of the constituencies which is necessitated by the process of keeping the size of the House within bounds. "If we make the ratio too large," he says, "the personal interest of the voter in his representative becomes less important to him, and we may lose something of the vital strength of our representative form of government." And he calls attention to the fact that our constituencies are already more than three times as large as those of England or France. But there is an essential difference between our case and that of those countries, in the division of functions between the States and the Federal Government. Of the things in which the legitimate "personal interest of the voter" differs in different constituencies, incomparably the greater part are, with us, matters under the control of the separate States; and thus it is only in an extremely minor degree, as compared with England or France, that the question of the size of constituencies for the national Legislature has significance. There is thus to be found, in this mere matter of numbers and practical convenience, a distinct and not unimportant argument for the maintenance of the important functions and powers of the States.

The Supreme Court's decision against the Alabama Peonage law will cause rejoicing North and South. Here was a long step toward reënslaving the negro. Of course, as Justice Hughes pointed out, there was nothing in the law which spoke of a particular race, but, as a matter of fact, it was as directly aimed at the colored man as are the disfranchising laws. Unlike the open attempts at enslavement in peonage camps which were so vigorously opposed in the Roosevelt Administration, this was a legal attempt to meet the difficulties caused by the instability of negro labor. On its face, the law made it a misdemeanor to take advance pay for labor and to fail to work out the advanced money. Practically, by the aid of chain-gang sentences, it meant that if a workingman bound himself to serve, but

found the conditions of labor insupportable, he could be reduced to involuntary servitude by the indirect method of making his failure to pay a debt a crime. Under this law, domestic servants have repeatedly been sent to the chain-gang for alleged violation of contract, the word of the white employer being, in every case, accepted against that of the employee. The Supreme Court's decision will be heartily welcomed by broad-minded Southerners everywhere; for they understand that, vexing as the labor problem is, the solution lies in other directions than involuntary servitude.

President Taft has earned, and will receive, the applause of the nation for his firmness in refusing to relieve from a sentence of imprisonment a rich man convicted under the law against peonage. His action is all the more impressive, and all the more praiseworthy, because it was not taken until after the fullest inquiry and because it was accompanied by a deliberate and unmistakable statement of the reasons actuating him, reasons which apply in a large range of other cases, as well as in that of peonage. "The Government of the United States," says the President, "has been at great pains and cost to suppress peonage. . . . It is a kind of offence that is regarded lightly in some communities. . . . When, therefore, a man of high business standing and large enterprises is convicted of the offence the punishment should be such as to deter others from the practice. Fines are not effective against men of wealth. Imprisonment is necessary." We have got to learn the lesson that if we wish to extirpate an abuse, we must show that the law means business. The President has made good use of an excellent opportunity to teach that lesson.

There is something anomalous in the power of life and death over periodical publications which is conferred upon the Third Assistant Postmaster-General in the decision of questions relating to second-class postage. And when the exercise of that power results in crippling useful societies in their ability to disseminate knowledge, it is high time Congress were making a change of some kind. If the position of the present Third Assistant Postmaster-General in regard to the privileges of societies like the American Forestry Association, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Playground Association of America, and many similar associations, is correct according to the law, then there ought at once to be a change in the law. Clearly, the purpose for which the low second-class rate is established is served by the publications of such societies in fully as high a measure as by the ordinary newspaper or magazine published on a commercial basis.

Gov. Wilson struck a clear note in his speech at Jersey City, the first of the series he is making on the Senatorship question. He put the issue against Smith squarely on the ground of the broad principle of rule by the people versus rule by special interests. Smith of New Jersey represents the "business" idea of politics about as distinctly as any man now before the American people. That he does so is too well known to require argument; all that Gov. Wilson has to do is to keep the significance of the fact to the front, and there is no fear that he will fail to do it. The thing itself is nothing new, but the people have never before been so fully awake to it. The system that Smith and his kind represent is not an invention of modern reformers; its existence has been perfectly known and acknowledged by those conversant with the realities of our politics for scores of years. "Under this system," said Gov. Wilson, "it is just as necessary to maintain and subsidize, if possible, a faithful and subservient minority as a faithful and subservient majority." What is this but Jay Gould's classical statement, in the palmy days of Erie, that in Republican counties he was a Republican, and in Democratic counties a Democrat? But there are two other classical utterances that have gone a good deal out of fashion in these latter days, one from a leading representative of big business, the other from a leading representative of machine politics. "The public be damned" and "what are you going to do about it?" have had their day.

Gov. Baldwin evidently does not feel that either the weight of three-score and ten years or the novelty of his present duties need interfere with his marking out a large and distinctive programme. His message to the Connecticut Legislature covers an extraordinary number of matters, to each of which he has evidently given very close and earnest attention. His recommendations of municipal suffrage for women, of a State Civil Service Commission, of legislation concerning aviation, and of a scheme for transforming the State Senate into a body representative of the people as a whole, are perhaps the most striking features of his message; but he also deals with the questions of a State Public Utilities Commission, a Federal income tax, legislation to provide compensation for accidents to workingmen, and many other topics. In relation to the last-named subject, Gov. Baldwin recommends making automatic provision for compensation in the case of specially hazardous employments, but urges caution as to making the provision too general; and on the income-tax question he seems to share Gov. Hughes's apprehension as to the possible effect upon State securities of the Constitutional amendment now pending, upon which he recommends getting the opinion of the Attorney-General of the State. He advocates election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people; and, indeed, the time seems to have arrived when opinion on that subject has become nearly unanimous throughout the Union.

Mr. Mann of Illinois is a Congressman of parts and of good reputation, but the rôle which he has now apparently assumed for himself is that merely of trouble-maker. He proposes to stand by and throw sand into the gearing of the legislative machinery. His plan is to take advantage of the new rules of the House in order to discredit them. Under the method of giving up one day a week to motions to discharge a committee from further consideration of a given bill, it was expected that useful legislation might be pressed forward; but Mr. Mann got the right of way at the head of the calendar of such motions with a bill to remodel the postal service. This measure is of such portentous length that it would take the clerk three days to read it, yet the rules entitle Mr. Mann to insist that it shall be read entire. And when it is proposed to bring in a new rule providing that bills shall be read on "discharge" days only by their titles, the Illinois

Congressman declares that it will be very easy for him to draft a bill of which the title would cover 200 pages. This is the very whimsicality of obstruction. No individual member can long persist in asserting by technical devices his own will against the wishes of the majority of the House. Mr. Mann has introduced a set of tariff-repeal bills designed to embarrass certain Democrats and Progressive Republicans. They are called "pop-gun" bills. If Mr. Mann is not careful, he will gain for himself the name of a pop-gun statesman.

The result of the Democratic caucus in Ohio is gratifying as a victory for independent activity and progressive politics as against machine domination. In Maine the Democrats have made choice of a man who is regarded as highly qualified for the Senatorship, being a lawyer of great ability and a man enjoying the confidence of the community. The situation in New Jersey would be more satisfactory if the candidate pitted against Smith had higher qualifications; but the crucial significance of a victory for honest government, in a State which has so long been a byword for corporation dominance and corporation abuses, overshadows all other considerations. However, this very fact makes the importance of New York's decision, as affecting the party's standing before the nation, all the greater. New York is in a position to send to the Senate a Democrat who will in all ways be a credit to his party and to his State, a man whose ability and training, equally with his character and public spirit, mark him out as the man we need in the Senate. To fail to choose Edward M. Shepard for Senator would be a monumental blunder for the Democratic party.

The new form of charter prepared for St. Louis by a committee of citizens appointed some eighteen months ago, and now published for consideration of the voters, takes a step toward the simplification of municipal government in large cities, although it does not go so far as to adopt commission rule. In place of the present bicameral legislative body, the committee's charter draft provides for a single council of fourteen members only. Eighteen offices in all are elective, including those of the Mayor, the comptroller, president of the assessors, and the president and members of the council. Departmental heads and all other city officers of importance are to be appointed directly by the Mayor; but there is provision for a municipal civil service commission which shall have power to approve or reject the Mayor's appointees. The working of this system in a city of 688,000 people ought to prove an interesting experiment in municipal government.

"The cause of the classics is equally the cause of the modern languages. The modern languages cannot flourish in an atmosphere where Latin and Greek are asphyxiated." Such, or something like them, were the words addressed to the Modern Language Association by that scholastic recluse, that narrow-minded pedant, that dry-as-dust, ignorant of the affairs of this progressive world, the Hon. Edward M. Shepard. And he actually went on to pronounce the study of the humanities to be the most effective bulwark against the disintegrating power of commercialism. It is not surprising that the assembled professors should assent to the latter proposition; they have traditionally a sour-grapes attitude toward money, of which, poor souls, they have so little. But the applause which greeted Mr. Shepard's insistence on the essential interdependence of ancient and modern letters was neither perfunctory nor born of prejudice. It suggested that the teachers of the modern languages are more and more giving serious thought to the fate that hangs over divided houses. If this is the case, those who, with Mr. Shepard, believe in the high mission of the humanities in modern life may well take heart.

The Luzzati Ministry in Italy is already in troubled waters. Less than a year after taking office with a promise of support from all parties, the Prime Minister finds himself in Parliamentary difficulties. The Socialists were the first to break with him; the Clericals next. The large group of Deputies which ex-Premier Giolitti controls have more and more stood aloof, and the question all along has been whether Luzzati was not simply being permitted to rule on sufferance, and whether Giolitti might not conclude to return to power. Just now the burning question is the law of electoral reform introduced by the Ministry. It proposes a great extension of the right of suffrage—virtually to all who can read and write. The definition, too, is made very simple: in effect, any man who can read his ballot and write a name upon it will be entitled to vote. This pleases the radicals, though not going as far as they desire; but the centre and moderate parties profess alarm at the influx of new voters. Partly to offset that, the law provides that the exercise of the franchise shall be compulsory. Those having it must use it, under penalty of a heavy fine if they do not. This part of the plan is satisfactory to the Giolitti party, which draws its support largely from the middle classes, many members of which have been in the habit of neglecting to vote. By thus doing something for both extremes, it is expected that the Luzzati Government will be able to sustain itself at least until after the coming expositions at Turin and Rome in honor of Italian unification and independence.

Gen. Loynaz del Castillo, a candidate for the Presidency of Cuba, announces that there will be war there only if President Gomez should seek reëlection. We do not think that he very greatly exaggerates. The Gomez Administration has sunk so low that it is openly accused both of corruption and of instigating assassination. Thus, *La Discusión* of Havana has recently said: "It is undeniable that a shivering sensation is passing over the whole country on account of this system of ordering men killed." *La Lucha* estimates the number of mysterious "removals" at twenty-seven within the past year. All of the Havana anti-Gomez newspapers have declared that the offence for which Gen. Pino Guerra was retired from the army was getting well after he had been shot at the President's door by a police lieutenant, whose escape was in no wise hindered. Nobody is punished for crimes of this kind. In brief, Cuba has about the worst government it has ever had, and this must be particularly mortifying because it is to Mr. Taft and to the second American intervention that Gomez owes his office. If some sound Conservative is not elected to succeed him, there are certainly troublous times in store for Cuba, and, we fear, fresh complications for the United States.

SOCIALISM VERSUS DEMOCRACY.

The January *Atlantic* contains an article entitled "Socialism and Human Achievement," by Mr. James O. Fagan, the merit of which it is difficult to define, and yet it is a merit to which discussions of socialism that are far more ambitious, and that are intellectually far abler, cannot lay claim. The effectiveness of the article lies in a certain homely sincerity, in an appeal to the reader's instinct for the truth, rather than in any formal argument, any novelty, or even weight, in the particular facts presented, or any attempt at philosophical analysis. Mr. Fagan feels—as nearly all of us felt only a few years ago—that the growth of democracy, with all its faults and shortcomings, has achieved great things for the people, and he says so. He protests against the "tacit acknowledgment that our individualist civilization is a failure," the basis of so large a part of that easy-going acceptance of socialism by people of undisciplined minds which is so prominent a feature of our time. Nearly every arraignment of existing conditions by radical reformers depicts the present economic system as one in which the condition of the masses is becoming worse and worse; and yet the opposite is evidently true. And besides this false comparison of the present with the past, socialist and semi-socialist reformers are continually painting the present itself falsely; and this by the simple process of picking out individual instances of evil, and treating them as typical of the whole or a large part of the conditions affecting the masses in our time.

That the socialistic movement of our day has a nucleus in purely idealistic conceptions of what society ought to be and in abstract economic considerations concerning what society can be made, no one could for a moment deny. There are noble enthusiasts like Tolstoy whose contempt for prevailing motives and standards, and whose aspirations after spiritual perfection, suffice for an absolute rejection of the existing constitution of society; and there are also economic theorists who, whether adhering to or rejecting the doctrines of Karl Marx, find in their analysis of economic forces an adequate warrant for their gospel of a new earth, if not for a new heaven. But it is not the acceptance of the views either of spiritual perfectionists or of economic doctrinaires that accounts for that spread of the socialist and semi-socialist propaganda among hundreds of thousands of ordinary people of the comfortable classes, which has been so remarkable a phenomenon in the past decade. With the great majority of these people, the hold of the existing order on their allegiance has been chiefly undermined neither by a dominating spiritual exaltation nor by a profound intellectual conviction; they are prepared to accept socialism not because of a well-grounded belief that it would mean the saving of the world, but because of an exceedingly ill-grounded belief that the existing order has meant the degradation and ruin of the mass of mankind. Not to one out of a hundred of them does it occur either to attempt a genuine appraisal of the present, or to make a real comparison with the past.

A heavy responsibility rests upon those whose connection with works of philanthropy and social reform gives to their utterances a peculiar hold on the attention of men and women keenly alive to the distress of their fellow-creatures. In so far as the simple truth, plainly and unsparingly told, may have the effect of giving to their readers a pessimistic view of existing conditions, this consequence must be accepted. But to tell the truth in these large matters requires intelligence as well as good intentions; and only too often one finds not only a want of intelligence but what cannot be described by a term less harsh than irresponsibility, or even bad faith. Two recent instances may well serve to illustrate a thing that is constantly being done. One is that of an article which appeared some months ago in a popular magazine, and was afterwards circulated as a leaflet by an association interested in the welfare of working women. This article presented a terrifying picture of the way in which the high price of food was destroying the vitality of the working girls of America; the central point of it being that girls who used to get a nutritious lunch for fifteen cents were now compelled to confine themselves to lettuce-sandwiches and the like because the price of an egg or meat lunch had gone up to thirty cents. This leaflet was distributed by a society in New York, though its managers might have learned by ten minutes' inquiry, that few if any prices of the kind had been raised here at all. The other instance was a heart-rending story connected with the Chicago garment-workers' strike, taken down verbatim by a professor of economics from the lips of one of the strikers, and published under the title "Bricks without Straw." Whether the individual story was true or not, we cannot undertake to say; but the whole implication of it was wildly inconsistent with all reasonable probability, and yet there must have been hundreds of kind-hearted readers upon whose defenceless minds it passed current as a typical example of general conditions.

Exaggeration, and even distortion and misrepresentation, of economic evils might do no particular harm, if nothing were involved but the remedying of a particular trouble, the removal of a particular abuse. But the habitual painting of conditions in colors darker than the truth warrants, the habitual talking of a part as if it were the whole, the habitual representation of situations as desperate when they have redeeming aspects which a fair observer and clear thinker would recognize—these things have, in our time, consequences that go much farther than the particular matter immediately in question. They are taken, by thousands of immature and impressionable minds, as part of a general arraignment of the existing social order; and before we can say that they are harmless we must decide whether the existing order has outlived its time, and whether the new order to which so many are ready to give a light-hearted welcome would better serve the needs of man. There are still those who believe that the homely virtues of the past—industry, endurance, self-reliance, frugality, sacrifice for mother and father and children—virtues that grew out of the individualist system, and that in large part grew out of the very hardships of the individualist system, are worth preserving. They see no reason to believe that these human qualities could have grown up in any other way, and feel no assurance that they will be preserved when the soil in which they have been nurtured shall have been removed. And they cannot look on with indifference at the spread of errors and delusions which powerfully promote a movement directed to that end.

TAXATION DIFFICULTIES.

The stanchest upholder of the powers of the States cannot deny that for the benefits of our system of local self-government there is paid a heavy price. That the benefits are worth far more than the price, we firmly believe; but that is no reason why we should blink the truth. The lack of any method of procuring uniformity in State laws, in a large number of matters in which uniformity is manifestly desirable, causes a sort of paralysis of governmental function from which a centralized government would not suffer. This is especially true in the field of taxation. The impossibility of a decent enforcement of a general property tax law is due partly to the nature of the case, but also in a great measure to the feeling on the part of the authorities in any one State that rigorous enforcement would drive persons of wealth into other States in which the conditions are less onerous. In the case of the inheritance tax, unless it is made very high, this consideration evidently has less force, and consequently this tax has been instituted in a severe form, and enforced with vigor, in a number of States; but this policy, particularly in New York, has led to the imposing of inequitable burdens in many instances through duplication, or even triplication, of the tax when the decedent's property has been such as to bring it under the inheritance-tax law of more than one State. And to the other aspect of the matter—the tendency of the higher rates on large inheritances to cause men of wealth to change their domicile—the recent report of the State Comptroller drew attention in a pointed way.

The remedy for these various evils and defects is to be sought in the promotion of a coöperative spirit among the States, resulting in uniform methods of taxation and in the proper distribution of taxes. In the case of the inheritance tax, it would be particularly easy to procure uniformity, not only in methods, but in actual rates; for the inheritance tax is in the nature of a supplementary, rather than a primary, source of revenue, and there is no strong reason for one State to adopt a different rate from another, unless for the very purpose of enticing wealthy residents, and that game would, we feel sure, in the great majority of instances, not be found to be worth the candle. It is to be hoped that at the State Conference on Taxation, which meets in Utica this week, and one of whose sessions is to be devoted largely to the Inheritance Tax law, this question of a uniform law for the various States will receive serious attention. At the International Tax Association Conference, held last September at Milwaukee, the draft of a bill for this purpose was reported by a committee which had carefully considered the subject. This proposal follows in great measure the lines of the present New York statute, and varies from it chiefly in making the maximum rate 15 per cent. instead of 25, and in providing against double taxation. It is not to be expected that the adoption of a uniform law will be accomplished without persistent effort, but there is ample warrant in existing tendencies, throughout the Union, for the expectation that such effort would attain success in a fairly near future.

Just what limit considerations of practicability and public policy should set to taxes on inheritances or on incomes is a question requiring careful and sober thought; but the time has gone by when any tax that is objected to by men of wealth can be waved away as absurd by simply pointing out that any State which adopts it will suffer from an exodus of wealthy people. This consideration must be taken into account, of course; but it has no character of finality. It is preposterous to suppose that the people of this country will be content indefinitely to forego the right to impose taxes which the people of other countries find no difficulty in collecting. If an inheritance tax is felt by the best thought of the country to be desirable, if a progressive tax falling heavily on large inheritances is felt to be desirable, the accidental difficulty due to the division of jurisdiction between the several States will be surmounted.

STRIKES BY PUBLIC EMPLOYEES.

Commissioner Tomkins of this city spoke truly and soberly in his conference last week with the engineers employed on the municipal ferries. Referring to the inexcusable and abortive strike the week before, which tied up the service for several hours, he described it both as a breach of discipline and as a failure in loyalty to the city. With every willingness on the part of the authorities to confer with the men working on the municipal ferry-boats, in the hope of removing grievances and adjusting terms of employment, the authorities are bound to give the public a steady and efficient service, and their orders must be obeyed. Commissioner Tomkins does not conceal his wish that municipal ownership may be extended, but he pointed out to the ferry employees that their conduct furnished a strong argument against the city's undertaking further experiments like that of municipal ferries. These are operated, he remarked, "at a serious loss," and if, in addition, the employees are going to indulge in reckless strikes, with cool disregard of public convenience, the effect will be every way disastrous. It was the clear implication of the Commissioner's address to the men that no one of them who struck work could hope to be taken back.

It cannot perhaps be said that they order these things better in France, but the similar French problem is on a much larger scale than our own, and the present Government is attacking it in a resolute and most interesting way. The recent strike on the state-owned railways of France almost threatened the commercial life of the nation. It was firmly met by Premier Briand, and finally broken; but he said at the time that it was incumbent on the authorities to devise legislation which would make its repetition impossible. And in pursuance of his promise to take measures against another such calamitous strike, he laid before the Chamber on December 23 his "projets de loi," the full text of which we now have at hand.

The bills themselves are preceded by a long "exposé des motifs." Premier Briand reviews the development of the economic life of the nation; dwells upon the fact that, in private enterprises, the relations between employers and laborers are now tending to pass from the ideas of war to those of peace—that is, to conciliation and to arbitration of differences; points out that the state as employer is not able, like the individual manufacturer, to resort to the weapon of the lock-out, since the public service must be continuous; and concludes that the régime of warfare, or anything approaching it, must be absolutely done away with on the national railway systems. To effect this is the object of the

new laws proposed by the Government.

They proceed upon the principle of fully recognizing the right of public employees to organize in their own interest. The new legislation would not lay a rude hand upon the existing unions. They are, in fact, accepted as the official representatives of the workingmen, with which the authorities are to deal collectively. Indeed, the first of the proposed laws has to do with the relations between the railway administrators and the officers of the unions, minute provision being made for interviews, for presentation of complaints, and for peaceful adjustment of every difficulty which may arise. In case of persistent differences, the second law of the series will come into play. This covers the question of arbitration, and devises an elaborate system under which arbiters may be appointed to settle any disputes which cannot be disposed of directly. But after having arranged all this, the Government would go further and take a bond against failure of the measures of conciliation and arbitration by making an actual strike of state railway employees illegal. Such it had already been declared to be by the French courts, but they pointed out that no penalties had been prescribed by law. That lack the new "projet" seeks to make good. In Articles 22 and 23, it is forbidden to "every association or union," either to "prompt the railway employees to strike, or to plan or organize a strike." For infraction of this law, any or all of the officials of the union may be prosecuted, and the penalty affixed is a fine of from $10 to $40, or imprisonment from fifteen days to three months. If a strike occurs while any difference is in the way of arbitration, the penalty is a fine of from $20 to $60, or imprisonment from two months to a year. Finally, the individual employee is reached in a clause which provides:

> Every engineer, conductor, brakeman, or other employee engaged in running a train, who shall have thrown up his work while on the road, as well as every employee who has been regularly detailed to replace a man in charge of a train, but who shall, without valid reason, have refused to do so, shall be punished by imprisonment from six months to two years.

The Prime Minister of France found no lack of popular support in the attitude which he assumed toward the railway strikers. It remains to be seen whether the people and Parliament will go with him in his legislative proposals. It must at least be said that M. Briand has shown a due sense of the critical importance of making the government safe from its own employees. If letter-carriers and telegraph-operators, electricians and engineers, in the employ of the state, are free to subvert the ends for which the state exists, there is an end of government. This is just as true in New York as in Paris, and of ferry-boat as of railway employees.

COLLEGES AND HIGH SCHOOLS.

One of the incipient educational rebellions that are muttering through the land is that of high school against the college. We must throw off college domination of high schools, is the cry. It was recently heard again at the State Convention of Academic Principals at Syracuse. Entrance examinations shall be the first abuse to go. The schools, declare the schoolmasters, must be free to try new subjects; and the estimate of the teacher who has wintered and summered the boy shall be the sufficient passport into college. No one who has seen much of the men in charge of the public high schools can doubt their devotion and high level of intelligence. If any large proportion of them demand a reconsideration of the relations between school and college, it is bound to come. The question involves the endowed universities and colleges of the East in a peculiar and perhaps a critical way.

The present stir is in part the effect of a wave which has moved from the West eastward, as one of the results of the splendid successes of the State universities of the West, and in particular of their system of articulation with the high schools of their States. When a boy passes on from the high school into the college by much the same process which a year before carried him into the senior class of the high school, the question of entrance requirements is simplified almost out of existence. Where the system is fully developed, the schools determine their own studies and tests, and the university acquiesces. The right of admission to the university goes back to the right of the embryo citizen to make use of his State university if he so desires, and can show any kind of fitness.

In the East the tradition has been that the colleges were founded for the training of the intellectually select; in earlier times they were thought of largely as places of training for the ministry and the law. Entrance was accordingly guarded by tests designed to keep out those who had not some propensity for learning. Preparation of boys for college tended to be the function primarily of endowed academies or private schools, helped out where necessary by the country minister. The system was distinctly aristocratic, though the aristocracy was wholly one of mental equipment.

This situation in the East has been deeply modified in the last generation or two by the strengthening of the public high schools. A college to-day which had no hold on the high schools would be moribund. Yet the public school men rightly maintain that they must think first of the 90 per cent. of their pupils who do not go to college. This is the difficulty which faces the endowed colleges of the East, and they must find a way out of it, for they no longer are without rivals. The great State universities of the Middle and Far West are surging to the top. When the farmers and miners of the West were convinced by the figures that professors could double the wheat crop and the yield of mines, they began to believe in professors; and now they are willing to hire professors who shall bring their sons and their daughters to the same level of culture as the youth of the East. This liberality is put to effective use by far-sighted university presidents. We need point only to the State universities of Wisconsin, of Michigan, of Illinois, of California, to make clear the menace to undisputed supremacy in scholarship and education which has been held by Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Princeton. The universities and colleges of the East can no longer fall back on the undiscriminating loyalty of graduates. They must face the demand on the part of the high schools for greater independence of the college. How far should they go in answer to this demand?

Not far enough to endanger the old ideal of intellectual aristocracy, if the best interests of the country are to be considered. A country like this needs differentiation of types in universities as in men. Competition between types sharpens that competition between individuals which is the stimulus to mental and spiritual alertness. If the value of a university is to be judged by num-

bers, the future is with the West. For the endowed universities and colleges salvation is through rigid selection for quality. They have strong traditions of the disinterested search for truth and of the obligation of unselfish leadership; and in the eager and generous intercourse of the intellectually alert there is created an atmosphere that is in itself incalculably stimulating. The Harvard Law School and West Point are two examples: each of them has followed the policy of squeezing out the weaker brethren; and each of them has in consequence enormously increased its service to the country. If such colleges as Harvard, Yale, Williams, and Bowdoin will recognize that they are, for the present at any rate, large enough in numbers, and set themselves to raising their standards both before and after admission, they will soon establish themselves securely as the resort of the picked youth of all parts of the country.

There would seem to be right, then, on the part of those college men in the East who hold out for the tonic and selective value of examinations for admission. Yet the endowed universities would be both arrogant and blind if they neglected the public schools, or set up standards which would bar out their boys. Universities exist to raise the level of citizenship; and a university which should be indifferent to the best strength of the country would deserve support from no one. If we may look on entrance requirements as a kind of strainer, the problem for the colleges of the East is to adapt the holes to the product of the public high school, but without so enlarging them as to allow the thicker headed to slip through.

This can be attained only by full and frank conference between the faculties of the colleges and the teachers in the high schools. Experience has shown that there is far less divergence of interest when the parties get together than when they attack each other at conventions in phrases aimed at the headlines in the next day's newspapers. College men cannot afford to pass by the fund of wisdom and experience amassed by the men in the schools; and they owe honest and zealous support to the system of public schools, as to one of the cornerstones of our civilization. A standard of entrance to college which shall insure and strengthen the position of the endowed colleges, and at the same time open their doors freely to the pick of the graduates of the high schools, is the thing to be worked out.

SUMNER'S CENTENARY.

Charles Sumner has not fared well, on the whole, during the past thirty years. His reputation was higher between 1851 and 1870 than it has been between 1880 and 1910. The reasons are near at hand. By the publication of a flood of diaries and letters, we have been given an intimate view of the personalities of the public men of Sumner's day, and his own has suffered not a little under the light thus thrown upon it. We see, for example, that his vanity was enormous. He came to have that kind of insistent and obtrusive egotism which Mr. Howells, we believe, has described in him as well-nigh a personal affront. Sumner's speeches, moreover, have become hard reading. They belong to a style of oratory now overpast. To modern taste, they seem insufferably diffuse and fearfully overlaid with all kinds of learned quotation. Like Theodore Parker, he saluted the backs of his opponents with the whole tree of knowledge torn up by the roots. In his orations we still perceive elevation of sentiment, but we miss in them that directness, that force, that swift progress of logic set on fire by emotion, which alone can make old addresses live for other purposes than those of historical citation. It is not strange, then, that with the body of his works more and more unread, and with his personal defects and peccadilloes thrown into high relief since his death, Sumner should appear to have sunk far below the horizon. Yet this is all the more reason for looking back on the centenary of his birth to the really great qualities which the man displayed.

One notable thing about him is that from early manhood he was absorbed with the greatest moral questions that can occupy the human mind. This was partly the set and circumstances of his generation, but more the native prompting of his soul. A wide and indefatigable student from youth up—Wendell Phillips told how Sumner's lamp burned latest at Harvard—a deeply-read lawyer, a travelled man of fruitful acquaintance in many lands, he poured all his acquisitions and all his fervor into love of humanity and a passion for justice. This from the first was his real eminence among statesmen. It made him stand higher from the shoulders and upwards than all but a few of the public men even of his own striving age, while by comparison with the Senators who have since wreaked themselves on tariffs and patronage, he appears to dwell apart like a star.

It was this possession of moral ideals and their complete domination of him which gave Sumner so wonderful a hold upon the clergy and warm-hearted and intelligent women and aspiring young men. They first heard him at lyceum lectures and college commencements. The addresses which he gave on such occasions were somewhat stilted in language, but they were shot through with the highest moral conceptions and purposes. Our sophisticated college boys to-day might be tempted to smile at an orator who exhorted them to cleave only to Right and strive ever for Justice; but Sumner's commanding personality and transparent sincerity made many an undergraduate's heart burn within him as the discourse ran on lofty themes. Sumner's biographer, Pierce, accumulates the evidence to show how wide and intense was the fascination of Sumner's moral earnestness; so that when the conscience vote of Massachusetts became strong enough to elect a Senator, there was a universal turning to Sumner as the man who would be a Senator with a conscience. On the broader stage of national politics, Sumner went on to new distinction, but it was always a distinction founded upon his intense devotion to human rights and the moralizing of law as between both men and nations.

What Sumner did for the slave and what he did against war had a common root. They both sprang from his innate hatred of cruelty and injustice. In a letter which he wrote before going to the Senate, in answer to an unfriendly critic, he told of the genesis of these ideas of his:

> My name is connected somewhat with two questions, which may be described succinctly as those of peace and slavery. That which earliest enlisted me, and which has always occupied much of my thoughts, is the peace question. When scarcely nine years old, it was my fortune to listen to President Quincy's address before the Peace Society, delivered in the Old South Church. It made a deep and lasting impression on my mind; and though, as a boy and youth, I surrendered myself to the illusions of battles

and wars, still, as I came to maturity, I felt too keenly their wickedness and woe. A lecture which I heard from William Ladd, in the old court-house at Cambridge, shortly after I left college, confirmed these impressions.

Thus the cause with which Sumner began remains to be carried to success all these years after the second one to which he gave so much zeal had its triumph. It is striking, even pathetic, to read Sumner's letters to Cobden more than half a century ago, and find them filled with the arguments and appeals which must still be used: the crushing burden of armaments; the waste of productive energy; the need of an arbitral court of justice between the nations; the demand that responsible statesmen take the lead in seeking agreements to disarm and in all possible ways to prevent the "unutterable atrocity of war."

It is, accordingly, a double function which the celebration of Sumner's centenary ought to fulfil. There is commemoration of what he achieved with reminder of what he left for us to do. The evils of slavery did not die with its formal extinction; the lingering prejudice and oppression remain to be combated. And in the whole question of the relations between countries—especially of providing the means by which wars may be avoided—there is a vast work to be done before we reach a practical embodiment of those principles relating to the true grandeur of nations which Sumner proclaimed seventy-five years ago.

GERMAN STUDENTS IN ENGLAND.

Last summer a company of young men from German universities travelled in England together. They saw what they could of her educational and commercial life, her art and agriculture, and everywhere made a very pleasant impression by the frank idealism of their attitude. Lady Courtney of Penwith was so pleased with the friendly interest of these students in things English that she offered a prize to the one who should, after his return to Germany, give the best account of what he had seen and felt. This prize was won by Richard Hille of Leipzig, who offered merely a series of extracts from his notebook, written in remarkably good English and with evidence of a good faculty for perception and imaginative interpretation.

To give some idea of his quality we cite one or two of Mr. Hille's observations:

England's trees and shrubs seem to have left their flock, the forest. At the borders of the fields they are standing, forgotten by the statisticians, who measure the size of woods by square miles, not by the number of trees. Their rows divide the width of the landscape. This diminishes its grandeur, but makes it more lovely. It gives resting places for the eye, and animates the uniformity of the green lawn by a darker ornament. It is to be considered that the bright green of the English turf has been bought by a good deal of the blue of sky. Nature is just.

From that remark upon nature, pass to one upon man:

Der rücksichtslose Engländer, well known on the Continent, was surely abroad during my English stay. I did not meet him. The politeness at the table and towards ladies, the conduct of policemen and guards, and the good-nature of poor fellows in the streets are worth taking as models. English regardlessness abroad is, I suppose, nothing but the fault of a virtue: the national pride, exceedingly well cultivated.

The absence of anything like prejudice, not to say animosity, in the reports of this German student, is noteworthy. He has his criticisms of English public architecture to record, as of some other things; but the spirit is throughout that of one eager to understand the fact rather than to pick flaws or score points. Herr Hille saw eight dramatic productions while in England. One of them was by Cambridge students, and this their German visitor declares to have been "splendid." Of the others, some of them in the best theatres in London, he writes that, with one exception, they "stood behind corresponding German theatres in the choice of the piece as well as the acting." We suppose that no impartial man, acquainted with the state of the drama in both England and Germany, would question the soundness of the judgment.

It is not, however, so much the opinions of this German university student and his fellows that we would note as the temper which they took with them on their travels. They were manly and patriotic without being bumptious or offensive. They enjoyed their experiences without feeling it necessary to act everywhere as if they were having a roistering good time. Above all, they had the inquiring mind, the observing eye, and the idealistic spirit. They were not ashamed to be intensely interested, to express admiration, to ask instructed questions, and to seek the basis of just comparisons between what was new to them and what was familiar. In a word, these German students went to England with unabashed enthusiasms and a fine abandon which ought not to be in the least surprising in educated youth, but which we all know to be very seldom characteristic of American college students.

We do not attribute all of the difference to faulty educational methods among us. Qualities inbred in the blood have a good deal to do with it. Even young men must wear their "race's badge," and if it means naught in overplus and a careful hiding of the feelings, it cannot be wholly escaped. But the fact remains that there is something in our habits and training which makes our college students suffer by contrast with their kind on the Continent of Europe. Those absorptions and enthusiasms which here go so largely into college athletics, there manifest themselves in devotion to art and music and literature and public life. We may say that there is much that is absurd in the exaggerated pose of French university students, in the premature rush into politics by Russian students, in the love of song and poetry and learning displayed among the young men in German universities, but these are qualities consonant with youth and aspiration and cannot be sacrificed without a loss. Exuberance may be corrected, but what are you going to do with a boy who is blasé? Certainly, so far as it is within their power, our educational authorities should cultivate the fine flower of idealism in their students, so that with us, too, educated youth may have lofty ambitions and cherish high hopes without being ashamed.

THE AMERICAN ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION.

BALTIMORE, January 7.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the American Economic Association was held in St. Louis Tuesday, December 27, to Friday, December 30. The annual meetings of the American Political Science Association, the American Statistical Association, the American Sociological Society, the American Association for Labor Legislation, and the American Home Economics Association were held at the same time and place. The programme of the Economic Association included nine sessions, of which three were joint sessions either with the Political Science Association or with

the Association for Labor Legislation. In accordance with the custom established in recent years the greater number of the sessions were devoted to the discussion of questions of practical and immediate importance.

The presidential address of Dr. Edmund J. James, entitled "The Economic Significance of a Comprehensive System of National Education," was essentially an argument for the nationalization of our system of public education. President James contended that the full economic benefits of public education could not be obtained until educational facilities in all parts of the country were approximately equal, and that this equalization could be accomplished only by national aid.

The session devoted to Money and Prices proved in outcome to be one of the most interesting of the series. The principal papers were read by Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago and by Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale University. Both dealt with the same phenomenon—the rise in prices since 1896. Professor Laughlin attributed the change in prices chiefly to causes other than those connected with the circulating medium. Tariffs, trade unions, Trusts, speculation, and widespread extravagance, in his opinion, have been the determining factors in the rise. Professor Fisher rejected entirely the theory that a change in the price level could be caused by changes not connected with the circulating medium, and devoted his paper to an inductive verification of the quantity theory of money. Starting with the assumption that changes in the general price level are determined by five factors, viz., the quantity of money in circulation, the velocity of its circulation, the quantity of deposits subject to check, their velocity of circulation, and the volume of trade, he showed statistically that the joint result of the changes in these factors corresponded closely with changes in the general price level as indicated by the index number of prices. The method employed by Professor Fisher had already been used by Professor Kemmerer of Cornell University in his "Money and Credit Instruments in their Relation to General Prices," published in 1909, but Professor Fisher's figures showed a closer correspondence, partly because of the use of a new measure of the velocity of the circulation of money.

In view of the fact that the year 1910 was the centenary of the publication of the "High Price of Bullion," the one session on Economic Theory was appropriately devoted to Ricardo. Prof. J. H. Hollander of the Johns Hopkins University and Dr. James Bonar, deputy master of the Canadian Mint, who read the principal papers, gave appreciative appraisement of the work and influence of Ricardo.

The discussion at the session on Railways and Canals covered chiefly the question of governmental versus private operation of the means of transportation and the relative advantages of rail and water transportation. Prof. Emory R. Johnson of the University of Pennsylvania and Prof. E. R. Dewsnup of the University of Illinois read the principal papers. Interest in the discussion was much enhanced by the participation of W. M. Acworth, the distinguished English authority on transportation matters. The session devoted to Accountancy gave to the rapidly increasing number of economists who are interested in accounting methods an opportunity to bring under discussion some of the relations between economics and accountancy. The principal papers were read by A. Lowes Dickinson of New York city and Prof. William M. Cole of Harvard University.

The session on Population and Immigration was marked by the strong feeling in favor of severe restriction on immigration shown by nearly all the participants. Prof. J. Allen Smith of the University of Washington contended that a policy of restriction, if it is to avoid international difficulties, should be uniform in its application to different races. Prof. T. N. Carver of Harvard University argued that the large influx of immigrants who go chiefly into the lower grades of labor tends to decrease the proportion of the product going to such laborers as compared with the share received by the skilled and managerial classes. An extremely interesting paper read at the same session by Prof. J. A. Field of the University of Chicago traced the little-known history of the early Neo-Malthusian movement.

A joint session with the American Association for Labor Legislation on Industrial Accidents and Industrial Diseases was notable chiefly because of the widely different points of view from which the participants approached the subject. The principal papers were read by Miss Alice Hamilton, a medical investigator for the Illinois Commission on Occupational Diseases; by F. L. Hoffman, statistician of the Prudential Insurance Company; by F. C. Schwedtman, chairman of the Committee on Industrial Indemnity Insurance, National Association of Manufacturers; by D. L. Cease, an official of an important national trade union, and by Thomas I. Parkinson, counsel of the Legislation Drafting Association.

At the session on Taxation, Prof. T. S. Adams of Washington University urged that the income tax offered the best substitute for the impracticable personal property tax. Prof. H. J. Davenport of the University of Missouri read a paper on "Land Value and Taxation." At the concluding session, under the leadership of John Martin of New York city, a praiseworthy effort to reach a satisfactory definition of socialism was made.

During the meeting final arrangements were made for the transformation of the *Economic Bulletin*, which has been published by the association since 1908, into the *American Economic Review*. The scope of the *Review* will be wider than that of the *Bulletin*, since it will contain articles as well as notes, reviews, and bibliographies. Prof. Davis R. Dewey of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has been appointed managing editor of the *Review*.

Prof. Henry W. Farnam of Yale University was elected president for the ensuing year, and Prof. T. N. Carver of Harvard University was reëlected secretary-treasurer. The generous hospitalities extended by the citizens of St. Louis and Washington University were admirably designed to facilitate the purposes of the meeting.

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

BALTIMORE, January 7.

The seventh annual meeting of the American Political Science Association, held in St. Louis, December 27-30, bore witness to the rapid growth of that association since its organization in 1903, and to the value of its proceedings and publications. The secretary and treasurer reported an enrolment of approximately thirteen hundred and fifty members and a satisfactory condition of its finances.

Gov.-elect Woodrow Wilson, president of the association, in his address, to which he gave the title "The Law and the Fact," emphasized the peculiar province of Political Science, or, to use the term which Dr. Wilson said he preferred, of Politics, to consider primarily the general as distinguished from the individual welfare—not, of course, that the interests of individuals are without significance to the political scientist, but that the recognition and regulation of these interests should be determined by their relation to the welfare of the social or political whole. The address, which was a valuable one by reason both of its high literary qualities and its elevated moral tone, will appear in full in the February issue of the association's journal, the *American Political Science Review*.

The topics to a discussion of which the various sessions of the meeting were devoted were: Recent Constitutional Developments in Europe, Municipal Government, Judicial Organization and Procedure, Primary Elections, and International Law.

The first of the topics furnished material for an exceptionally interesting series of papers, dealing respectively with pending or recent constitutional

changes in England, Germany, Russia, and Turkey. The various plans for abridging the power of the English House of Lords or reconstituting its membership were described by Prof. T. F. Moran; the political and constitutional conditions which will hinder the development of a true system of ministerial responsibility in Germany, until national particularism has been overcome and democratic régimes established in the individual States of the empire and especially in Prussia, were pointed out by Prof. W. J. Shepard; the progress in parliamentary institutions in Russia, and the means by which the Czar, in violation of his manifesto of 1905, finally procured a governmental control of the third Duma, were clearly outlined by I. A. Hourwich; and the work of the Turkish Parliament, upon which a favorable estimate was passed, was described by Prof. A. H. Lybyer.

At the session devoted to City Government, recent tendencies in municipal charters were summarized by Dr. H. E. Flack; and the value of the present and possible work of the Federal Bureau of the Census in the collection of municipal statistics, and especially of those which will make possible the accurate measurement of the administrative efficiency of city governments, was described by Mr. Meyer.

The session devoted to Primary Elections was especially interesting and valuable, furnishing as it did an opportunity for reports upon the practical working of the direct primaries in such States as Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa. Upon the whole, the judgment one might fairly found upon the facts stated would be that the primary system, while by no means a failure where it has been tried, has fallen far short of realizing the benefits which its more ardent supporters have expected from it. Indeed, to those who are less sanguine of the good to be expected from the system, some ground is furnished for a prediction that, whatever benefits may be derived from it during the first years of its trial, by way of breaking down the dominance of party machines, the final result, when these machines have adjusted their mechanism to the new situation, and when the public interest in the experiment has waned, will be unsatisfactory.

The session devoted to Judicial Organization and Procedure revealed the same condemnation of present conditions and methods of administering justice in this country which has been pronounced whenever thinking and impartial students have been called upon to express judgment. The discussion was, however, rendered especially valuable by the description given by Chief Justice Olsen of the really remarkable work of the Chicago Municipal Court, over which tribunal he has presided since its establishment in 1906; and by the remarks of Prof. John D. Lawson of the *American Law Review* upon the workings of English methods of judicial procedure as commissioner of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology.

But a part of one session was devoted to a discussion of topics within the field of international law and diplomacy. This gave opportunity, however, for an informal address by Theodore Marburg upon the "Methods of Eliciting Public Opinion in International Arbitration," and for a valuable paper by Prof. G. G. Wilson upon the jurisdiction of states over the strata of air above their several territories.

The papers read at St. Louis will be published at an early date either in the *American Political Science Review* or the annual volume of its *Proceedings*.

For the year 1911 the following officers of the association were elected: President, Simeon E. Baldwin; first vice-president, Albert Bushnell Hart; second vice-president, Emlin McClain; third vice-president, Ernst Freund; secretary and treasurer, W. W. Willoughby.

THE ARCHÆOLOGISTS AND PHILOLOGISTS AT PROVIDENCE.

GRANVILLE, O., January 6.

It was predominantly a New England and Middle States audience that listened to the papers of the American Philological Association and the Archæological Institute, in annual session, December 27-30, in Providence, though the sprinkling from various Southern and Western States was large enough to attest the national character of these organizations and the widely-spread interest in their work. As the detailed programme was printed in these columns in advance, it remains only to make some comment on a few of the more important features of the meetings. The usual annual address before the two societies in joint session was delivered by the president of the Philological Association, Prof. Paul Shorey of the University of Chicago, a characteristically witty and profitable discussion of "Classical Philology and National Culture." Space forbids any attempt at analysis, but among the main points were a caution against the too close following of German guidance in philological study, a suggestion that there are profitable lessons to be learned from the French in this field, and an exhortation to an increased measure of genuine independence among American philologists. Many of the papers presented before the Philological Association were rather too technical to be followed with full appreciation and interest in the brief oral presentation necessary to a crowded programme. As these papers almost all find their way into print, either in the annual volume of the association itself or in some of the philological periodicals, it may be questioned whether the committee which arranges the programme, in selecting between papers actually to be presented and others to be read simply by title, should not be guided more rigidly by the ease and general interest with which any given paper is likely to be followed. It must not be inferred, however, that the programme as a whole was devoid of papers of general interest. At the suggestion of Prof. William Gardner Hale (presented by another in his absence), a committee of the Philological Association was authorized to consider, in conjunction with committees of other organizations, the possibility and advisability of a common terminology for grammatical studies in the various foreign languages dealt with in our colleges. The matter was passed without discussion, though it is known that any attempt to commit the association definitely to such a common terminology will meet with very vigorous opposition. Prof. John C. Rolfe of the University of Pennsylvania was chosen as president of the association for the coming year.

The meetings of the Archæological Institute, with its added attraction of lantern illustration of recent excavations, naturally drew the larger attendance. The products of the student's spade in Samaria, Sardis, Crete, Cyrene, Guatemala, and southwestern United States were summarized in a series of papers which reflect great credit upon the institute and its management. Ten years ago, one of the leaders in the work remarked, no such series of papers could possibly have been presented by Americans. A paper by Frank J. Mather, jr., of Princeton University, on Italian Paintings in America, represents an interesting series of papers dealing with the acquisitions of American art galleries and museums and revealing the surprisingly large amount of material for the study of European art available to the American student without the necessity of crossing the ocean. Dr. Esther B. Van Deman, a research associate of the Carnegie Institution, presented a very original study of the technical characteristics of Roman brick-work. This, by the way, was but one of seven or eight papers delivered by women, none of them giving any ground for supposition that scholarly work in this field is conditioned in any way by sex. Another paper of remarkable interest was read by William H. Goodyear of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, dealing with late studies of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The meeting of the council of the institute was well attended, members being present from such distant points as Winnipeg, St. John, Colorado, Kansas, and Missouri. Hereafter the general secretary of the institute will be employed for his full time, which should mean a still further

acceleration of the very encouraging rate of growth maintained during recent years. On the invitation of the American Institute of Architects, the Archæological Institute will take up its national headquarters in the historic "Octagon" in Washington, where the American Federation of Arts is also to have its central offices. Financially, the report of the institute shows gratifying progress, though that fact should blind no one to its great need of a much larger endowment, if it is to achieve results. The American School in Palestine, for instance, which is under the direction of the institute, sorely needs a building, a working library, and an annual income of at least $16,000. Representatives of twenty-four American Theological Seminaries have signed their names to an emphatic declaration of the value, from their point of view, of the researches which the institute is promoting through the Jerusalem school. The School in Athens, through the generosity of Mrs. Sears, is to have hereafter $1,500 for excavation each year. This school, and the one at Rome, have each at present an annual budget of something above $20,000. It will surprise many to learn that the school at Rome, in the sixteen years of its operation, has enrolled students from about eighty different American colleges and universities. This is a fact full of promise for the future, proving as it does that the interest has already gone far beyond the few institutions represented on the committee and faculty of the school. Prof. Francis W. Kelsey of the University of Michigan was deservedly reëlected to the presidency of the institute. Prof. Mitchell Carroll of Washington, D. C., was continued as general secretary, hereafter to give his full time to the work. Dr. George Bryce of Winnipeg was added to the list of vice-presidents, otherwise unchanged. Prof. Paul Shorey of the University of Chicago was made a member of the executive committee. William Sloane of New York city continues to serve as treasurer. The district secretaries are Prof. George H. Chase of Harvard University for the Eastern States; Prof. F. W. Shipley of Washington University, St. Louis, for the Middle States; Prof. H. R. Fairclough of Leland Stanford University for the Western States, and Prof. A. Judson Eaton of McGill University for Canada. The place of meeting for next year was left to depend somewhat upon the question of railway rates. If satisfactory concessions can be procured, the two societies will go to St. Louis, otherwise to Pittsburgh. Certain overtures having been made for a joint meeting of the Philological Association with the Modern Language Association, the matter was referred to a committee for consideration. The proposition is certainly of interest in connection with the recent notes of warning that the onslaught on the classics is endangering the cause of the modern languages as well. It is not to be supposed, however, that the philologists will regularly abandon their present habit of meeting at the same time and place as the Archæological Institute. J.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The sale of the first part of the library and autograph collection of Edmund Clarence Stedman took place at the rooms of the Anderson Auction Company on January 12 and 13, but the catalogue was issued too late for any notice in this column. Part ii of the collection will be sold January 19 and 20, afternoon and evening. This portion, F to O of the alphabet, is, perhaps, principally notable for the interesting series of manuscripts and letters of Eugene Field. The chief of these is a sixteen-page manuscript, written and decorated by Field, having for title "A Lyttle Folio of Proper Olde Englysshe Ballads: ffor Edmonde Clairaunce Steadmann. By Eugen-A-Feld. These ben done att Chicagoe in the yere 1887." A characteristic letter by Field, perhaps sent with the manuscript, says that the verses were "copied from an old manuscript recently discovered in a hair trunk on the North Side, by Ephraim Baggott, our prominent archæologist, excavator, and sewer contractor."

Books and letters of Richard Watson Gilder, Edmund Gosse, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Bret Harte, Lafcadio Hearn, W. D. Howells, Andrew Lang, W. J. Linton, J. R. Lowell, Philip Bourke Marston, S. Weir Mitchell, and other modern authors, English or American, are in this portion.

Correspondence

PENSIONS IN THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of November 17 appeared a review of the United States pension commissioner's annual report for 1909, which referred, also, to the "Confederate veterans," and said: "They have been well inoculated, too, with the pension virus." And again: "In the South, the pension system menaces, as a writer in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* points out, the proper educational and social progress of that section." Such references to Confederate pensions come to an "old Confederate" as the sting of a lash on the bare skin, so gratuitous and unjust do they appear to him. This is particularly true in the case of the present writer, who is one of the survivors of the Confederate army.

In the Southern States, the movements to bestow pensions on the surviving Confederate soldiers in the several States were not initiated by the old soldiers themselves, but were a response to a generous and patriotic sentiment among a later generation, which composes almost exclusively Southern Legislatures. There has never been any clamor for pensions raised by the Confederate veterans; nor has there ever been, so far as I am informed, any formal expression given out by veteran organizations, or Confederate "reunions," appealing for the payment of pensions, or making any allusion to the subject.

It is my conviction that none but the needy and indigent among the "old Confederates" are on the pension rolls; and certainly, within my own horizon, any veteran who possesses even a moderate competence, or who has sons or daughters able to provide for him, would regard it as a humiliation to be offered a pension by his State. I do not number among my personal acquaintances a single individual who draws a Confederate pension; and the question having been put to several of my acquaintances who were Confederate soldiers, the same reply came from each, that he did not know personally a single pensioner. Moreover, the pittances paid to pensioners in most of the Southern States are too small to excite the cupidity of false claimants, and all pension claims are closely scrutinized. The pension law of South Carolina of 1902 contains this provision: "Property sufficient to produce $75 in applicant's own or his wife's name debars him."

The exhibit made below of the number of pensioners and amount of pensions paid in the former Confederate States embodies the information obtained by correspondence with the officials of the several States, the State of Georgia alone failing to respond to inquiries. Information concerning the common-school funds was by inadvertence not asked for, but was incidentally obtained in a few cases. A number of the State officials strongly rejected the intimation that pensions are a menace to educational progress. The figures given are for the year 1909, and it is proper to say that the appropriations for pensions have been since increased in nearly, if not all, the Southern States. Mississippi, for example, appropriated $300,000 for 1909 and $400,000 for each of the years 1910 and 1911.

State.	Pensioners.	Amount pensions.	Average pension.
Alabama	16,969	$822,307.75	$48.45
Arkansas	8,560	462,629.84	54.04
Florida..(approx.)	5,300	719,494.27	135.75
Georgia	15,779	938,559.85	59.48
Louisiana ....(not given)		150,000.00	....
(Common school fund "from all sources," $4,230,535.37.)			
Mississippi	8,647	299,846.40	34.68
(Includes 547 negro servants, $15,743.60, who are on the same basis as the lowest class of soldiers and widows. Pensions returned, $4,194.01. Common school appropriations, $1,424,088 a year.)			
No. Car.....(ap.)	16,000	450,000.00	28.12
So. Carolina.....	9,537	248,600.00	26.06
Tennessee	7,463	475,000.00	63.64
Texas ...(approx)	12,000	500,000.00	41.66
Virginia (approx.)	15,000	425,000.00	28.33

T. G. Dabney.

Clarksdale, Miss., December 21.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter on "Life at the Sorbonne," in the *Nation* of December 15, points out clearly the character of the collegiate inefficiency in the United States. That such inefficiency exists is well recognized by those who compare the intellectual standards of this country with those of European nations. The present writer has attended universities in Madrid, Rome, Geneva, and Paris, and the spirit in all has been that of directing the intellectual pursuits of *men*, who are voluntary seekers in such pursuits. It is the coöperation of student and teacher in an effort after truth;

in which the teacher, unhampered by the joint office of disciplinarian, feels himself in accord with those he teaches. Such an atmosphere is the one rightly identified with a university of any dignity. Compared with these institutions an American university cannot be regarded as more than an overgrown high school. The result of our method can be, and has been, but one: the lowering of the intellectual standard, and the preservation of the high-school attitude in the majority of students. It isn't until after his graduation from college that a man realizes, if ever, the fallacy of the "undergraduate" attitude and of his ideals. He hasn't grown up to the significance of education until after his education is supposed to have been completed.

It is not at all the province of a university to play the part of a school of discipline, or of correction. Its aim should be purely the dissemination of advanced knowledge in the best and most vital way, to those who wish it. There is nothing that increases the sense of responsibility so readily as the assumption by others that it exists. Men disinclined toward education should not be pushed and hauled through a system of fact: cramming, when they are supposed to have arrived at an age of personal responsibility in taste and action. If they have not arrived at such maturity let not the college give cognizance of the fact by dragging them along. Small wonder that college students are immature when the exercise of free judgment is denied them. A university should, and in Europe does, protect itself and its degree by a final examination, but any further surveillance that is not personally solicited by the student is absolutely beyond the realm of the university.

It is folly to assume that American youth is constitutionally incapable of the development and mental seriousness of European youth, and yet it is upon this very assumption that the colleges base their system. That the young American of to-day is relatively behind in his development, and remarkably lacking in intellectual integrity is due, no doubt, to the ideals which insist on "success" at any cost, whether to individual honor or to the overcoming of somebody else, and in a very great measure to the college which does not regard him as a man, and which makes "marks" the premium by which he is to gauge his success.

It seems to me high time to institute a college atmosphere where there is less attention to the letter of discipline, and more to inspiration and efficiency in teaching. Let this be the college's sole preoccupation, and we shall not be long in seeing a change in our intellectual ideals.

E. F. STAFFORD.

Boulder, Col., December 31.

GLADSTONE ON THE CONSTITUTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One thing more should be added to the discussion of "Gladstone and the Constitution." Contrary to Mr. Dawson's statement in the *Nation* of November 24, that Mr. Beard's "American Government and Politics" omits the inevitable and famous remark of Gladstone, it will be found by consulting page 2 of Mr. Beard's book that he does not deserve the unique praise bestowed on him. The familiar old saying is still with us, and the distinction to be gained by its exclusion from our books on American Government, is yet to be won.

D. R. ANDERSON.

Richmond, Va., December 31.

THE CASE OF SENATOR LORIMER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your criticism of the Senatorial report regarding Mr. Lorimer in the *Nation* of December 27 you state that he "should have resigned long ago and gone back to the Legislature for a vindication." You stato in a previous paragraph that Senator Lorimer was not connected personally with any acts of bribery and, so far as known, now, not enough votes were bought really to elect him. Then why should he go back for vindication? If a majority of innocent members voted for him, was that not sufficient to insure an honest election?

I agree with you that he should resign and go back; not for vindication, but for retirement to private life. The situation has become acute; not because his election as Senator is a question of Constitutional law, but on account of the brazen-faced manner in which the Illinois Legislature repudiated the will of the primary and nullified the act of a previous Legislature. Now, why should he go back for vindication? Certainly not to the people who rejected his former candidacy, and who certainly after all that has happened would do so again. Not to the Legislature; for if it was sincere at his former election it would choose him again. Why not? Senator Lorimer has committed no act for which he should stand trial before the term of his office comes to a close. He cannot be held responsible for acts of bribery of which he was ignorant. If the bribery was such that the votes of the majority were tainted, then decency and self-respect would prompt him to procure a vote of vindication.

But Senator Lorimer entered a contest in violation of every code of morality. He was not legally and according to the will of the primary a contestant, but through chicanery and brazen insolence of the members of the Legislature. The same conditions prevail at present in other States, and to prevent a repetition, the United States Senate should, in behalf of its dignity and to retain the confidence of the people, insist that the Legislature shall respect the will of the voters in the primary and absolutely refuse the credentials of those elected contrarily. It is a question of public morality—whether a public officer shall be encouraged to repudiate the wishes of the people, which he morally is bound to respect, even though he may find a legal excuse.

C. H. ALLEN.

Detroit, Mich., January 4.

THE CASE OF FRED D. WARREN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A few years since, three residents of Colorado were indicted for an offence alleged to have been committed in Idaho. Without extradition papers, they were forcibly carried into the latter State. Although eventually proven innocent and released, they first appealed against their kidnapping to the Supreme Court of the United States, which, by refusing to interfere, gave the appearance of sanctioning this forcible carrying out of one commonwealth citizens indicted in another.

A certain editor living in Girard, Kan.—a man named Fred D. Warren—was a friend of these men. He determined to put that seeming sanction to a practical test.

Mr. Taylor, a former Governor of Kentucky, had been indicted in Kentucky on a charge of murder, but had escaped into Indiana, the Governor of which State refused to give him up to the Kentucky authorities. Warren, with no ill will for Taylor, chose the Taylor affair for his test.

On the outside of matter that he sent through the mails, Warren printed an offer of reward for the kidnapping of Taylor into Kentucky, just as Warren's friends had been kidnapped into Idaho. This form of kidnapping had apparently been sanctioned by the Supreme Court, and as for the printing, on the exterior of mail matter, of an offer of reward for arrest, that is in common use by national banks and rural sheriffs. Moreover, Warren submitted his matter to the postmaster at the office at Girard, and was told that its mailing would constitute no misuse of the mails.

Nevertheless, Warren was arrested. Though Taylor, appearing as a witness, swore that he did not consider himself harmed; though no malice was assumed; though the method employed by Warren was admitted to be in general use by national banks and officers of the law, and though a postal authority had been consulted previous to the alleged misuse of the mails, and had given his decision that Warren's action was no violation of the postal regulations, Warren was found guilty, and sentenced to prison under the act of September 26, 1888, which prohibits "the deposit for mailing of all matter, otherwise mailable, upon the envelope or outside cover or wrapper of which is written, printed, or otherwise impressed any language of a scurrilous, defamatory, or threatening character"! Warren's appeal has since been dismissed, and the finding of the lower court affirmed.

Is this miscarriage of justice, the bare facts of which speak for themselves, to be passed over in silence by Warren's fellow newspaper editors?

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

Columbia, Pa., December 30.

MARK TWAIN'S BIBLIOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of December 22 you refer to Mr. Johnson's "Bibliography of Mark Twain" and cite material in two instances which was received by the compiler too late for inclusion. I would call attention to two more titles that ought to be mentioned in a work of this character, and which no doubt will not come to the notice of the ordinary reader. In a periodical published in Liverpool entitled the *Tobacco Plant* there is included in Volume I, page 101, an article entitled "Mark Twain Tells About a Pipe." This is in the Christmas issue for 1870, and in the Christmas issue for the year following there is "The Anti-Tobaccoite: A Sketch from Life by Mark Twain." The former was also printed in America in *The Galaxy* and reprinted in *Memoranda* as "A Curious Relic for Sale."

Mr. Johnson is interested at the present time in a bibliography of Lafcadio Hearn, which he hopes to publish some time within a year. W. H. MINER.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., December 24.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your interesting and otherwise accurate report of the recent meeting of the Modern Language Association, published on January 5, there is an ambiguity in the announcement of the president for 1911, the names of two of our members being fused into a delicious blend that baffles analysis:

Nam mixta duorum
Corpora junguntur, faciesque inducitur illis
Una.

Our president is Prof. L. F. Mott of the College of the City of New York.

C. H. GRANDGENT,
Secretary of the Modern Language Ass'n.

Cambridge, Mass., January 8.

Literature

E. C. STEDMAN.

Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman. By Laura Stedman and George M. Gould, M.D. Illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xi, 604; vii, 688. $7.50 net.

These portly volumes will be of much interest and value to students of American literature, to admirers of Mr. Stedman's verse and prose, and to his personal friends, of whom he probably counted more than any other recent man of letters. Throughout their labors, the biographers have, doubtless, had these three classes of readers in mind, and, given this point of view, it seems only fair to say that they have accomplished their task in a thoroughly loyal and a satisfactorily competent manner. They have presented ample materials for judging Mr. Stedman, both as a man and as a writer; they have chosen those materials so as to shed much light upon the development of American literature in the past half century; they have suffered little or nothing that is indiscreet to mar their pages, except some uncritical enthusiasm that is easily pardoned and some medical lucubrations that may provoke dissent; they have arranged their mass of matter in a form that makes consultation easy and reading not over difficult, and finally, they have provided an elaborate bibliography and a useful though apparently not an exhaustive index. When we add that the publishers have done their work well and that the number of typographical errors does not seem to be large, it is fair to conclude that the work is one which students, librarians, and not a few general and special readers will wish to place upon their shelves.

Whether now, from the point of view of the maintenance or the increase of Mr. Stedman's fame and from that of the interest and profit of the reading public as a whole, the biographers have done well in giving a busy world so elaborate, not to say formidable, a work, is a matter about which opinions are likely to differ. This is emphatically the day of the full length and full dress biographical portrait, and in extenuation of their thirteen hundred pages, our biographers can point to numerous recent works almost as monumental, concerned with personalities of less than profound interest and importance. Would an exuberantly self-conscious and effusive age like ours go back, if it could, to the days when Samuel Johnson compressed into a small octavo volume his "very powerful life" of Richard Savage —to quote Leslie Stephen—and gave Englishmen, and incidentally Americans, the most important lesson they have yet received—and not fully profited from—in the art of biographical writing? It is our opinion, stated with regret, that mere size produces such an impression upon the modern imagination, that gush and sentimentality and delight in personal details and in notoriety have so affected modern taste and judgment, as to make something like an intellectual and æsthetic cataclysm necessary before succinct and restrained books of whatever sort regain their proper place in public estimation. We have no quarrel, of course, with the voluminous and minutely elaborated works with which scholars, in the language of the eighteenth century, "oblige" their fellow scholars and the small group of readers that is interested in the extension of the bounds of knowledge. Our quarrel is with the biographies made up out of old letters, with the aid of the typewriter, the paste-pot, and a pair of shears. As a rule, the letters are rarely worth reading for their own sakes, and what they tell about the subject of the biography might often be given in a couple of lines. And when, in addition to letters, we have slabs of diary—may the phrase be forgiven—and memoranda by friends, and testimonials of esteem from all sorts of persons obscure or not obscure, and clippings from newspapers, and quotations from magazines and books—when, in short, we have the authorized biography, as that fearful and wonderful product is now manufactured, lying on our table—thank heaven, not on our conscience—we are tempted, peaceable as we are, not merely to quarrel with the easy-going public that buys such portentous books, but to protest that, unless we bring our writers of biography to reason, they will bring the reading world to Bedlam. We shall soon be devoting to the memory of every Governor of every one of our forty and more States as many pages as Plutarch gave in his "Lives" to the chief worthies of the ancient world.

Having thus relieved our feelings, we must, in justice to the book under review, hasten to say that, while it is the occasion of our outburst, it is not to an excessive degree amenable to our strictures. It seems to us too long by half, and it illustrates many of the defects we find in the elaborate biographies of the day; but, as has already been said, it is a conscientious and competent and valuable performance, taken as a whole, and it is sure to be of great service to close students of Mr. Stedman's career and of the period of which he was probably the most distinguished poet and critic. One special merit even the most casual reader ought speedily to discover in it. Almost from the start an exceedingly manly, kindly, alert, and engaging personality stands revealed. As one reads on, one may ungratefully chide his copious biographers, or one may wish to relegate to Limbo some of his unreserved friends, but one's admiration for Mr. Stedman himself grows steadily to the very end. His pluck, his rare combination of the practical with the æsthetic genius, his unflinching pursuit of his ideals, his noble capacity for friendship, his loyalty to his fellows of the craft, and in particular his swift recognition and encouragement of worthy young aspirants, his reverence for the beautiful, his glowing patriotism—in short, the qualities that made him "The Friend of Poets," to quote the title of a chapter in his biography—all these features of his character serve to differentiate him from his predecessors and contemporaries and to give him a unique place in the history of American literature. It is chiefly because we have been so impressed by Mr. Stedman's character as a man—his standing as a poet and a critic need not concern us here—that we regret the almost prohibitive size and price of these volumes. May we not hope that Miss Stedman, to whom the task most fittingly belongs, will treat the present work as material from which to construct the succinct, inspiring memorial of Mr. Stedman which his achievements and his fine spirit deserve and without which the world will be the poorer?

Stedman was no exception to the rule that a boy destined to lead a literary life will somehow or other at an early age lay hands on the proper seminal books. Witness his remarks on the topic (Vol. I, pp. 46-57). On the other hand, he could no more than the rest of his contemporaries escape from the provincial literary enthusiasms that characterized the America of two generations ago. Devotion to Tennyson, however, soon displaced admiration for the "majesty" of a certain American poet who shall be nameless, and devotion to Tennyson, whatever growls it may draw from the young poetical lions of our own matchlessly poetical age, was an excellent thing for Stedman, and might

not be bad for some of his successors. Poe, too, whom he discovered in his sophomore year at Yale, and for whose fame he was to labor so unselfishly and effectively, was a writer calculated to stimulate the imagination and the acumen of a youth who was certain from the beginning that he would never sacrifice his own literary ambitions to the desire for pecuniary gain. Stedman could, we believe, time and again have made his fortune had he been willing to abandon his ideals; his putting aside the temptations of wealth is therefore far more to his credit than is the case with most poets and scholars, few of whom have invented a successful cosmetic or displayed, as he did, shrewd judgment in stocks.

We cannot dwell upon his business career, which is fully described in the first volume. Not the least interesting phase of it is his service as a war correspondent and as a clerk at Washington early in the sixties. Some of his letters of this period make instructive reading, and, while they show occasionally that he was not the best of prophets, they prove conclusively that he had an insight into character and a sense for the meaning of events rarely granted to men as fundamentally literary in their instincts as he showed himself to be from the beginning to the end of his career. If any one wishes to test for himself the truth of the statement that Stedman blended in a remarkable way the man of letters, the man of affairs, and the man of the world, let him read in the first volume the acute and sympathetic letter to Mr. Howells on the subject of Landor (p. 508), and, in the same volume, the letter to Whitelaw Reid on the subject of the Beecher Trial (p. 514). This reference to Stedman's admiration for Landor reminds us, by the way, that Swinburne's letter to Stedman on the old poet (p. 492) is a piece of spontaneous criticism which no wise reader will neglect.

The second volume more or less deserts the chronological method of narration employed by the first and treats Mr. Stedman's later career under his volumes of criticism, his editorial undertakings, his club relations, and similar chapter divisions. The result, in our judgment, is not altogether happy, especially as Stedman's own accessible writings are very copiously drawn upon and since the encomiastic utterances of his admiring contemporaries become rather monotonous and unconvincing. It was doubtless gratifying to the poet-critic to learn that four bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church read with keen appreciation his "tribute to the Prayer Book," but such a recommendation will scarcely send many wary readers to the pages of "The Nature and Elements of Poetry." Much more to the purpose are the frank remarks of Mr. Swinburne with regard to the deficiencies of certain famous American poets (p. 100). The "literature of over-power" in the form of gush has been so well represented in our beloved country that it is refreshing to know that Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" did not leave upon Mr. Swinburne's ear—a very acute organ—"the echo of a single note of song." Let us trust that the angels are even now delighting Mr. Swinburne's ear and that such of the four bishops as have passed beyond are not reading Mr. Stedman's tribute to the Book of Common Prayer, with "its singular and felicitous delineations." If, however, the spirit of Lord Tennyson was permitted to read the obituary remarks printed by Stedman in the *Tribune* of October 7, 1892, that erstwhile exigent poet must have been highly delighted. We could spare many of the quotations from Mr. Stedman's books scattered through these volumes, but we would not willingly part with this meritorious waif of criticism. Indeed, we part now with regret even from this overfull second volume, for we are parting from a true poet, a sympathetic and creative critic, and an exceptionally inspiring man.

CURRENT FICTION.

Der Narr in Christo, Emanuel Quint. Roman von Gerhart Hauptmann. Imported by Lemcke & Buechner, New York.

The cry for return to the primitive purity of Christianity, of which Tolstoy was the protagonist, has produced a type of hero that might be called the Nazarene. The man whose attitude towards social injustice and individual self-righteousness is supposed to be the same as that of Jesus in His time, appears more and more frequently in fiction and drama. A notable example is the hero of Gerhart Hauptmann's first long novel, just published.

Those who have followed the development of the poet know that he has for a long time been attracted by this theme. He is a son of Silesia, which has ever been a fertile soil for pietism and mysticism; but he is also the offspring of generations of weavers, and the intimate and direct knowledge of their wretched condition had in early youth roused his social conscience. He read in the soul of the poverty-stricken, physically and mentally starved people that tendency towards spiritual exaltation which breeds Messianic types and fosters in the mass a readiness to embrace any gospel that promises escape from misery. Thirty years ago he wrote a psychological story, "Der Apostel," which is in a way the nucleus of the new work. The hero in that tale went about with flowing robe and sandalled feet preaching against force and homicide and exhorting the people to return to peace through the portals of nature. In Emanuel Quint the type tentatively embodied in the "Apostel" finds its perfection. By his birth he is doomed to stand outside of the social pale; by the unfortunate atmosphere of his home he is forced into isolation. Thus the youth becomes a dreamer and a dissenter, and an alien in the materialistic, artificial, yet inhuman society of his time. But the need of communing with those of his kind is strong in him. He, too, like the "Apostel," has "something to tell his brethren." His sermon in the marketplace of the little Silesian hamlet brings about a collision with the authorities, but being a non-resistant, he is held to be harmless, and is dismissed with a rebuke.

With this début Quint becomes a hero to those who have listened to him, and wins his first disciples. Strengthened in his faith by "Brother Nathanael," who becomes his John the Baptist, Quint gathers about him a motley crowd of men and women in various walks of life, who follow him in his aimless wanderings, eagerly awaiting the miracle, and expecting him to declare himself the Christ. But he simply drifts with the spiritual wave which he has raised, obeying a vague impulse of his visionary nature; and when at last he believes himself to be the long-heralded Messiah and attempts to live up to the part suggested to him, he finds that their fund of faith in him has been meanwhile exhausted and that his followers have deserted him. Acquitted of a heinous crime which one of his converts had committed, he wanders away until the last trace of him is lost in the snow-bound solitude of the Alps —a fitting finale for a tragedy of pseudo-Messianic delusion.

Hauptmann has proved himself an artist not only in the delineation of this character, but also in the logical development of the plot. There is no lack of incident, and there are numerous episodes illustrating his hero's relation to those about him and bringing in a variety of characters no less skilfully portrayed. But there is no break in the continuity of the narrative, the central figure stands out with the sharpness of an old woodcut and always dominates the subordinate *dramatis personæ*. Nor does Hauptmann once forget to maintain the objective and impersonal standpoint of the mere recorder. There are passages in the book when his aloofness is almost too strongly emphasized and when he appears almost too eager to disclaim all responsibility for his hero's idiosyncrasies and actions. Yet though the poet has nowhere formulated the meaning of his life, the figure of Emanuel Quint is felt to be symbolical. For Hauptmann has once more made himself the mouthpiece of the folk-soul. He has consciously or unconsciously replied to two questions that have been repeatedly asked

in our time in no irreverent manner by religious and irreligious people: "What would Christ do were he to come into the world to-day?" and "What would the world do to a Christ to-day?"

Harmen Pols. By Maarten Maartens. New York: John Lane Co.

This superficially resembles a story by Phillpotts with a Dutch setting. The rustic types of Mr. Maartens are closely analogous to the characters of the Dartmoor tales. The central situation is very like that of "The Thief of Virtue"; only with Mr. Maartens, however he may dally with the naturalistic method, romanticism is an instinct. "The Thief of Virtue," for example, is not bitter or sordid, but it is grim: it makes no effort to "turn out right" for the comfort of the reader. In "Harmen Pols" a similar theme is treated with romantic intention. Mr. Maartens, moreover, lacks the restraint of Mr. Phillpotts. His humor is often mere facetiousness, and there is a general exuberance of style which belongs perhaps to the conscious performer in an alien tongue. Harmen Pols is a young Dutch peasant who has reached manhood with much of the child still in him. His father is a small freeholder, a man of grim piety, a hard taskmaster to himself and others. His mother is a still youngish woman of charm and character, with a past. She has married Pols senior shortly after breaking with a former lover, and from the first he has suspected the paternity of the boy. His suspicion becomes conviction, and without letting her know of his feeling, he sets himself to expiate her fault. The presence of the old lover in the neighborhood increases the embarrassment of the situation for Harmen when it all dawns upon him; and his love for the alleged daughter of the man is the last straw. But everything is readily straightened out. Harmen turns out to be the son of his mother's husband, though she confesses to sin through long years in the cherishing of her old love for the other man. The story ends in an atmosphere of forgiveness, relief, and resignation on the part of the older trio, and a prospect of immediate happiness for the young pair.

The real blemish of the story lies in its farcical business of the old aunt and her group of grotesque comforters. They are not more absurd than certain immortal characters of Boz, but it is tolerably clear that Mr. Maartens does not take them seriously, as the characters of true farce must be taken by their creator; and again he pays the penalty of dalliance.

Jim Hands. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: The Macmillan Co.

In this volume the author's studies of New England factory-town types have been collected and strung together. These incidental characters and episodes are in themselves remarkably genuine and interesting, but the scheme for combining them is thin and artificial. By a misapprehension which the impatient reader does not share, the love story of the boss's son and the foreman's daughter is needlessly involved, and tediously protracted. Jim Hands, shoe-factory foreman, is himself a distinct creation, kind-hearted, very human, and "no fool"—the American workman at his best. By using his tolerant fellow-feeling and genial vernacular as a medium, the author has imparted finer values to some rather raw phases of experience.

THE FAR NORTH.

Hunting with the Eskimos. By Harry Whitney. Illustrated with photographs by the author. New York: The Century Co. $3.50 net.

Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness. By H. Hesketh Prichard, F.Z.S. With a foreword by Frederick C. Selous, Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society. Illustrated by Lady Helen Graham, E. G. Caldwell, and from photographs. New York: The Sturgis & Walton Co. $4 net.

The Toll of the Arctic Seas. By Deltus M. Edwards. With illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50 net.

The Great White North. By Helen S. Wright. With illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Dillon Wallace, who contributes a brief introduction to Mr. Whitney's volume, is quite within bounds in the assertion that the author has brought from the Arctic "a remarkable and absorbing narrative of thrilling adventures and unusual experiences," and has made "a distinctive and valuable contribution to the literature of the region." It will be remembered that Mr. Whitney went north with Commander Peary in 1908, intending to procure musk-ox trophies if possible and to return with Capt. Bartlett on the Erik, after the Roosevelt should depart into the polar void with Peary. But the quest for the musk-ox had failed when the day for the Erik's southward journey arrived, and he suddenly concluded to remain with the Eskimos for a year. The carpenter and boatswain of the Erik hastily erected him a ten-by-twelve house from empty provision boxes, Capt. Bartlett replenished his scanty supply of underwear from his own wardrobe, and on August 21 he watched the last vestige of smoke from the Erik's funnels vanish on the southern horizon, and then realized that he was "marooned in the most desolate region of the earth." On the Roosevelt he had had to accustom his nostrils to the presence of some fifty Eskimos in close quarters, plus about three times as many dogs, and on the Erik he had lived for a time in close proximity to thirty tons of whale meat, stowed on the deck under the heat of the July sun to serve as dog food for the coming winter. But as winter came on the forced association with the Eskimos in their ill-ventilated and untidy *igloos* added to the annoyance of disgusting odors the still more painful necessity of having his body constantly infested with vermin, a situation from which the very infrequent opportunity for a complete bath could offer only a temporary respite. A year under such conditions gave to Mr. Whitney an opportunity to observe the Eskimos in their normal habits of life such as the usual Arctic explorer cannot possibly obtain. As compared with the incidental treatment of the same subject in Peary's recent volume, for instance, the picture of Eskimo life and character which one finds in Mr. Whitney's pages is far more detailed and convincing. Peary's heavy drafts upon the natives for assistance made it inevitable that his coming should immediately upset their usual ways of life, and only after his departure could things settle back to their normal level.

Mr. Whitney's final impressions of the Eskimos are more favorable than most of us might imagine possible. Toward one another and toward the stranger within their gates he finds them very kindly in disposition, their family affection surpassing anything he has observed in any other people. Physical punishment of a child is virtually unknown among them, and there seems to be no occasion for it. Their tenderheartedness, however, is limited strictly to the human kind. The doctrine that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast" is as yet above their primitive morality, and they will beat their sledge dogs to death without the slightest compunction. They show a fairly well developed sense of humor. They are honest and straightforward in their dealings. One may surmise that neither Mr. Whitney nor Peary has succeeded in getting sufficiently in touch with their religious rites and beliefs to be able to impart much valuable information on the subject. Mr. Whitney was strongly impressed with the art instinct displayed by some of them, one drawing lifelike representations of animals and incidents of the hunt and another showing an excellent eye for proportion and perspective, though wholly without previous practice. The head and tail-pieces accompanying some of the chapters are apparently samples of the work of these pioneer Eskimo illustrators, though one finds no statement to that effect in the book. But we have forgotten that this is a book which by title deals with hunting rather than ethnology, and we have space left only to add that Mr. Whitney returned to "civilization" with a goodly supply of trophies from such

of the larger forms of animal life as are found in the Arctic.

Mr. Prichard's volume sticks more closely to the quest of game, taking the reader to the pampas of Patagonia for the Guanaco, to the Patagonian Andes for the guemal, the condor, and the wild cattle which trace their origin to escape from the early Spanish settlers on the Valdez peninsula, to Newfoundland, and the Labrador for caribou, to the forests of the St. Lawrence and Gander Rivers for moose, and to the province of Namdalen for the Norwegian elk. A pleasing feature of the book is the author's recognition that in these days the man who kills any wild animal not in itself detrimental to human welfare is under strong ethical obligation to give a satisfactory reason for the slaughter, though not all might agree with him that the collector's desire for a fine pair of horns constitutes such a reason. Mr. Prichard greatly deprecates the killing of horned game to supply the market for trophies, and holds that any successful game legislation must absolutely prohibit the exposure of such trophies for sale in shops, or even their private sale. He is on impregnable ground here, but goes strangely astray in his objection to the prohibition, on this side the water, of the use of the dog in hunting moose and deer. To be sure, it is only the leashed hound, as employed in Norwegian elk hunting, that he would tolerate, but if hunters in our northern forests could lawfully be accompanied by dogs at all, when on the chase, any restriction in the manner of their use would soon be a dead letter.

In Labrador Mr. Prichard was brought into contact with the work of the Moravian mission stations, and he is enthusiastic in his praise of the benefits which they have conferred upon the Eskimos, especially in preventing the introduction of liquor and other harmful features of our more advanced civilization. Peary, in his recent volume, has expressed the hope that no attempt at the introduction of Christian missionary effort among the Eskimos of his field of operations will ever be made; but their situation is somewhat different, since they do not offer so accessible a market to the cupidity of the liquor vendor as those of southern Labrador. In its liberal margins, the quality of its paper, and its excellent typography, this volume is a satisfaction to the eye, though tastes will differ as to the particular tone of its red buckram binding. The drawings by Lady Helen Graham, and the illustrations in color by E. G. Caldwell are pleasing in themselves, but after all, it is the photographic work of the author and of Mr. Geoffrey Gathorne-Hardy which really illustrates the text.

In "The Toll of the Arctic Seas" Mr. Edwards holds his pen down quite closely to the most important explorers, less than twenty in all, from Barents to Peary. It is not a record which one can read for mere entertainment. Many will turn to its pages from a legitimate desire, but only a morbid passion for the horrible could draw any enjoyment out of the tale. Barents, freezing and starving to death in his boat off Ice Point; Hudson, turned adrift by his mutinous sailors in a little shallop, to die amid the icy waves; Bering, crazed with his sufferings, scraping the cold sand in his hovel over his body to ease the pain as his life ebbed away; Franklin, perishing with 129 men, no one knows how; Richardson and Hepburn, members of one of Franklin's parties, obliged to safeguard their own lives by shooting one who had already secretly murdered one of their companions and deceived them into eating his flesh under pretence that it was wolf meat; Capt. Tyson, of the Polaris, drifting for above five months on an ice floe after the loss of his ship, with indescribable suffering from cold and hunger and in constant dread of cannibalism on the part of certain of his comrades—such are a few specimens of the horrors with which the record is filled.

Similar to the volume of Mr. Edwards in its general plan, "The Great White North" includes many minor voyages not noticed in the other. These accounts are too fragmentary in many cases to be of serious value, and the exclusion exercised by Mr. Edwards seems the wiser course. The illustrations in both volumes are too often mere pictures of Arctic life or scenery, with no relation whatever to the part of the text in which they are placed. Under a picture of the cairn erected by Peary in memory of Prof. Ross G. Marvin, the latter volume makes the erroneous statement that the cairn stands over his body. It was erected on land, of course, and Marvin's body was not recovered from the hole through which he went to his death far out on the polar sea. Both volumes have been too hastily prepared.

A DECADE OF GAIN AND LOSS.

History for Ready Reference. By J. N. Larned. Vol. VII, Recent History (1901-1910). Springfield, Mass.: The C. A. Nichols Co.

This work is essentially a catalogue of current happenings. The method upon which it is based—of taking excerpts from periodicals, and of combining a miscellany of such excerpts under a single title—has its undoubted advantages, although unity of treatment is not always one of them. Still, a judicious culling of well-considered opinions upon any large subject, such as Social Betterment or Municipal Government, for example, when the abstracted opinions are arranged in chronological order, makes a very passable substitute for an essay by a single hand. Moreover, the bibliography is always in evidence, and the newspaper man as well as the general reader may find in this up-to-date account of the world's doings—the account extends down to March, 1910—a more serviceable repository of information than in a belated article of the normal encyclopædia type.

An extensive Appendix of eighty pages gives a conspectus of historical courses for study and reading. It is confined to works in English, including translations into English from other languages. Within these limits it is excellently constructed, the aridity of a mere inventory of titles and authors being relieved by sententious oases of illuminating comment, not confined to the works listed, but covering the more general aspects of historical epochs and their great personages. The filiation of the study of general history with this volume's catalogue of current events, however, is rather tenuous.

Among the articles which run to more than the average length may be mentioned those on Combinations, Industrial and Commercial; Railways; Labor Organizations; Science and Inventions; Japan, covering the Russo-Japanese war; India, affording an account of the recent unrest in that country and the overtures of Lord Morley in the direction of an Indian home rule movement; and England, under which title the recent budget is analyzed. The article on Education fails to note the withdrawal of retiring allowances that under the previous provisions of the Carnegie Foundation could be claimed, as of right, at the expiry of twenty-five years of service by a professor in an accepted institution.

A re-survey of the last decade, such as this volume affords, brings into sharp contrast the more pronounced social gains and losses of recent years. To the debit of our common humanity stand such items as Kishenev, Adana, the Atlanta race riots, and the Congo rubber atrocities. It requires all the optimist has of resolution and hope to confront the insidious international growth of the white slave trade. Under the heading of Municipal Government the theme of corruption is the main note in the record of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and San Francisco. The horrors of war were never more pronounced than at Port Arthur and Tsushima, nor were war armaments ever more vast and oppressive than today. Lastly, the Payne-Aldrich tariff makes a fitting climax to the stupid, selfish, and burdensome legislation that has disgraced the world's statute books.

Luckily, there are offsets, and in this array a little child shall lead them. The article "Children under the Law" is a hopeful recital of the establishment of children's courts, of the prohibition or the amelioration of child labor, and of the humanization of the criminal code in various lands as regards the juvenile

offender. Next may well come the extension of the classified civil service in this country. Instead of there being only 11 per cent., as in 1883, there are now 63 per cent. of our civil servants under the ægis of the law. If the war mania grows and rages, and armaments increase, so has the revolt against war grown also. Of this the National Peace Congresses and the Hague Tribunal stand witness. The work of education and research also have received in the past decade princely benefactions, as the names of Cecil Rhodes, Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Kennedy attest. The various workmen's compensation acts and the propaganda for the conservation both of health and natural resources are distinctly on the right side of the ledger. Altogether, it is a tough old world that we inhabit, but fortunately the children of light are still able to give the devil a good brush.

Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul. By T. G. Tucker, author of Life in Ancient Athens. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

With Dill's admirable book on "Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius" on the one side and Warde Fowler's volume on "Social Life in Rome in the Age of Cicero" on the other, Professor Tucker has not had a very clear field for independent work. Mr. Fowler's volume was begun expressly as a companion to Mr. Tucker's "Life in Ancient Athens," and it was apparently the discovery that Mr. Tucker himself was at work upon a volume to answer the same purpose that caused a change in his plans. At any rate, we have two books in the same series, each somewhat narrower in title than in substance, and both covering a great deal of the same ground, since the changes in the social customs of the Romans from Cicero to Nero were by no means radical, aside from such alterations as the political revolution necessarily entailed. In itself, however, Mr. Tucker has given us a readable volume, well calculated to help interest the general reader in ancient life and thought, an end which he unites with Mr. Fowler in regarding as of vital importance to the cause of classical learning.

The chapter on Children and Education would have gained from a liberal use of certain passages in Quintilian's "Institutio Oratoria" and the "Dialogus de Oratoribus" of Tacitus, in which the home and school training of Roman children is vigorously discussed. The statement that the Academic philosophy "disputed everything and held no doctrine to be more true than its contrary" is very far from an accurate characterization. To hold that the human intellect is provided with no absolute criterion of truth is one thing, and to maintain that no doctrine is any more true than its contrary, or in other words that there is no truth, regardless of the ability or inability of the mind to comprehend it if it did exist, is quite another. In the chapter on religion, some of the author's statements are put too baldly to do justice. Religion and personal morality tend too easily to part company in all ages and among all races, but to state that the religion of the Romans had no bearing at all upon their own morality is to ignore the facts of human nature, as well as the evidence of Roman history and literature. The question is merely one of degree. That the official worship of the state "offered nothing to the emotions or the hopes" is also an over-statement. With all the easily demonstrated deficiencies of the Roman faith, it was by no means so dead as such statements would imply, and Augustus was not devoid of his ordinary sagacity in his opinion that it had hold enough on the hearts of the masses to justify his enormous expenditures in repairing the damage done to its temples and altars through the neglect or outrage incident to the civil wars. Mr. Tucker runs, doubtless, with the larger crowd in assuming an entire insincerity in Horace's outward show of respect for this religion, but a reasonable interpretation of the work of the poet's mature years does not justify this position. But we must not find fault with too many comparatively unimportant details in a book which, as a whole, is scholarly, readable, and well calculated to advance the interests of classical culture.

Reminiscences. By Goldwin Smith. Edited by Arnold Haultain. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

To have lived a long and varied life of intense intellectual activity, in touch with the best of the time, is the first requisite of interesting autobiography; and the second is to be able to write in a style that lures and charms. Both these qualifications the late Goldwin Smith had, as this volume alone would be sufficient witness. It is also, unfortunately, witness to the fact that Mr. Smith did not live to complete a full and ordered story of his own life. Sections of it he had written; glancing views he had taken at men and public measures and the political and social developments of his own day: some chapters are, no doubt, very nearly as he had prepared them to appear in print; but as his private secretary and editor, Mr. Haultain, explains, it was largely a series of fragments and sketches which had to be pieced together to make this book. As it stands, it is of great value; but it leaves the reader doubly regretting the accident which cut off the valiant and far-planning old man in the midst of his work. Few autobiographies end on such a tragic note: "That door to a happy and perhaps not unfruitful old age and exit was shut. I received a shock which ruined my intellect, my memory, my powers."

It is probable that Goldwin Smith had written with most care the chapters which recall his boyhood and school-days. His evocation of that far-off time is idyllic in its fresh simplicity. The scenes and people about the "little boy," back at whom the old man looked in kindly detachment, live again under the strokes of Mr. Smith's pen. "Between that state of things and the present, there is only a single lifetime, yet I feel as if I were writing of antiquity." But we soon get away from the idyll. The exciting religious and educational and political questions which stirred the English world of the author's young manhood are here dealt with only hastily, though Goldwin Smith took his part in them all—particularly in educational reform. His reasons for throwing up his Oxford professorship are hinted at rather than given, and his life at Cornell and afterwards at Toronto does not take on body in these pages. One feels that the "Reminiscences" should be followed one day by a "Life," which is, indeed, understood to be in preparation. Not that the present work is disappointing. Its recollections embrace the great literary and political figures of the last half of the nineteenth century, and the wonderful pungency of Mr. Smith's writing marks nearly every page. He emits phrases that stick in the memory. American politics suffers from "fatuous localism." Of associates, who went into holy orders, but did not fulfil their early promise, it is said that their intellects "felt the pressure of the white tie." Baron Parke's talk is thus characterized: "Every sentence he uttered was like a die stamped by a mighty engine." It is such intellectual gleams that lighten Mr. Smith's pages almost throughout.

The editing has been done with intelligence. Mr. Haultain apologizes for making his footnotes so numerous; they are intended to help the "general reader." In them we have detected one or two wrong dates, perhaps misprints, and one rather comic misunderstanding. Of Gladstone, Mr. Smith wrote that he may have had "a tincture of Liverpool." Mr. Haultain takes this as a personal allusion, and solemnly appends his note on the Earl of Liverpool. The reference was, of course, to the city of Gladstone's birth and its supposed contribution to his mental make-up, as implied in the story of the old Whig, who said of him: "Ah, Oxford on the surface, but Liverpool below."

Notes

Henry Holt will issue immediately "Turner Essays in American History." The volumo is dedicated to Dr. Frederick Jackson Turner by the authors, his former pupils at the University of Wisconsin.

In commemoration of the tercentenary of the Authorized Version, S. F. Pells will publish with Simpkin & Marshall "The Great Texts of the Bible and Our English Translations."

The complete body of Henrich Heine's poetical remains, including the two tragedies, "Almansor" and "William Ratclif," has been rendered into isometrical English verse, and will form the next issue of the Villon Society.

Baker & Taylor Company announce the following books for publication this spring: "The Tennessee Shad," by Owen Johnson; "Dan McLean's Adventures," by Frederick Walworth Brown; "The Blue Goose Chase," by Herbert K. Job; "Malory's King Arthur and His Knights," by Prof. Henry B. Lathrop of the University of Wisconsin; "Seeing Europe by Automobile," by Lee Meriwether; "American Lyries," edited by Edith Rickert; "Guide to English History," by Prof. Henry Elson; "Guide to Cities of Western Europe," by Esther Singleton; "Child's Guide to Living Things," by E. T. Brewster, for children from eight to fifteen; "Kindergarten in the Home," by V. M. Hillyer; "A Paradise in Portugal," by Mark Sale; "The Iliad of Homer," translated into verse by Arthur G. Lewis; "The Corpus Christi Pageants in England," by Prof. M. Lyle Spencer; "The Canon in Residence," a novel of cathedral life in England by Victor L. Whitechurch, and "A Poet's Anthology of Poems," by Alfred Noyes.

The list of books which the Putnams will publish early this year includes: "Bawbee Jock," by Amy McLaren; "The Return," by Walter De La Mare, a novel; "William the Silent," by Ruth Putnam; "Later Pratt Portraits," by Anna Fuller; "The Great Infanta: Isabel, Sovereign of Flanders," by Miss L. Klingenstein; "Behind the Screens: an English Woman's Impressions of Japan," by Evelyn Adam; "Songs of Cheer," a volume of verse by Allie Sharp Balch; "Love and Marriage," by Ellen Key, with an introduction by Havelock Ellis; "The Ashes of a God," by F. W. Bain; "The Great Illusion," by Norman Angell; "Incidents of My Life," by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet; "Christ's Social Remedies," by Harry Earl Montgomery, and "A Short History of Women's Rights," by Eugene H. Hecker.

The Putnams, acting as the American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announce the publication of the following volumes: "The Liturgy of the Primitive Church," by Reginald Maxwell Woolley; "English Patriotic Poetry," selected and annotated by L. Godwin Salt; "A Companion to Latin Studies," edited by John Edwin Sandys; "Cyzicus," by F. W. Hasluck, and "Disarrangements in the Fourth Gospel," by F. Warburton Lewis.

The only publications which Frederick A. Stokes Company definitely promises for February are "The Chasm," by George Cram Cook, and "The Vow," by Paul Trent.

George Gibbs's new novel, "The Bolted Door," is announced by the Appletons for January 20.

A second volume of the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature" has been issued by the H. W. Wilson Company of Minneapolis, giving the cumulated entries for the years 1905-1909. Besides a long list of magazines and proceedings a considerable number of books of essays and the like are included in the index. The editorial work has been carefully done by Miss Anna Lorraine Guthrie.

The "Almanach de Gotha," published by Justus Perthes of Gotha, has reached its one hundred and forty-eighth year, an age befitting its theme. Here, as usual, the royalty and nobility of Europe and the diplomatic tables for the world are set before the eye. The two frontispieces present the King and Queen of Belgium.

From Lemcke & Buechner we receive the always welcome "Minerva: Jahrbuch der Gelehrten Welt," now in its twentieth year. The frontispiece is an excellent portrait of Lord Lister. The increase in size and usefulness of the present volume is indicated by the fact that nearly four hundred new institutions and learned societies have been added to its list.

With the regular "Minerva: Jahrbuch der Gelehrten Welt," there now appears the first volume of a "Handbuch der Gelehrten Welt." In this a brief history, bibliography, and constitution of institutions of learning of the world are given, but not the membership of the faculties and other matter contained in the "Jahrbuch." A second volume of the "Handbuch" is in preparation and will give the same information for libraries, archives, museums, and observatories.

The *Bible in the World*, the monthly journal of the British and Foreign Bible Society, announces the publication in the near future of two important works. One is a new edition of the Hebrew Bible, but without vowel points, and in type not smaller than the present octavo edition of the society; the other is an edition of the Greek Pentateuch and Psalter on the basis of the Septuagint. The preliminary work in settling the text of the latter work is progressing rapidly.

The house in Gough Square, London, E. C., associated with Dr. Samuel Johnson, has been purchased and is to be presented to the nation by an unknown donor. It was there that Johnson produced the *Rambler*, and from it that his wife was buried. The house has in various ways been connected with the production of books, having been in turn a type foundry, a printing office, and a book bindery. Fortunately, it still retains internally some traces of its eighteenth century character.

One feels the positive elements in the mind of Anatole France more distinctly in his volumes of criticism than anywhere else in his works. "On Life and Letters" (Lane) is a translation of the first series of "La vie littéraire"—short articles on men and books of the day originally contributed to the *Temps*. M. France entered late upon his career as a journalistic critic, and with the understanding that he was to be allowed to write as he pleased. He did not permit the exigent press to alter the suave and serene informality of his manner. Without elevating his voice he continued in a larger circle his ironical play with ideas, his elegant connoisseurship in the pleasures of letters. He ends a paper on George Sand with the characteristic declaration that all nature seems to have no other end "than to throw two beings into each other's arms, and to make them enjoy, between two infinities of nothingness, the ephemeral intoxication of a kiss." And quite as characteristically he begins the next paper with a set of quotations from "The Imitation"—among them, "Be not familiar with any woman; but commend all good women in general to God." It is easy to think of him as simply the sagest trifler in the world.

There is no denying that this appearance of sovereign irresponsibility has its momentary appeal amid the clamant gospels of the hour. And yet as one follows M. France from Hamlet to Maupassant, from Leconte de Lisle to Zola, from Balzac to George Sand and Idealism in Art, and On Behalf of Latin, one becomes conscious of an unobtrusive but constant element in his comment that is of a positive character. This Frenchman who opens his mind to all things will not open it to intemperance, to brutality, to ugliness. This man whose pride it is to know the latest mood of the world spirit will not wholly surrender to that mood. This unattached skeptic preserves a quite unshaken faith in form and measure, in lucidity and grace, in temperance and beauty. In short, he holds himself responsible to his classical masters in France, Rome, and Greece for the perpetuation of the finer Athenian tradition in life and letters. An assailant of every form of superstition, he is still a devout lover of what the emancipated intellect can regard as "the good and the beautiful." "There is no poetry," he says in his essay on Leconte de Lisle, "except in desire for the impossible or in regret for the irreparable." Truth crumbles insubstantially under his fingers, but her image remains in his mind. No one more swiftly than he recognizes the eternal *ter frustra*—the Elysian gesture of art pursuing the inviolable shade.

Although issued by a party organization, the pamphlet containing three recent addresses by Prof. J. H. Morgan on "The Place of a Second Chamber in the Constitution" (London: National Liberal Club) is by no means to be placed in the class of mere campaign literature. Its author, who holds the chair of constitutional law in the University of London, is the best-equipped British writer on that subject in the generation following Anson and Dicey, and this brief publication gives a remarkable example of his union of learning and insight. He lays special stress upon the fact that most of the advocates of the theory that Upper Houses are a check upon hasty legislation base it upon the assumption that the executive and the legislature are separate. They have in their minds countries where large powers are given to an Upper House with a view to its coming to the support of the executive against a Lower House which has an unrestricted initiative in legislation independently of the ministry. Arguments drawn from such instances "not only do not strengthen," says Professor Morgan, "but rather weaken the case in favor of a strong Upper House where the executive rests on the support of the Lower one." The writer points out that the responsibility of the ministry for legislation is a nineteenth-century development of the British constitution, whereas the foreign constitutions with

which it is often compared are of the British eighteenth-century or even seventeenth-century type. He goes on to maintain that the really important distinction in a comparative study of the place of a Second Chamber in a constitution is not the extent to which the constitution is written or unwritten, nor whether it is unitary or federal, but whether the executive is dependent upon the legislature or independent of it. The historical sketch leads up to the practical conclusion: "Once transfer the power of dissolution from our cabinet to our House of Lords, as in effect you do the moment you concede to the Lords the right to reject money bills, and you have destroyed responsible government in this country. Our House of Lords will become an autocracy as powerful as the German Bundesrath." The pamphlet closes with an analysis of the various proposals for meeting the present emergency. Professor Morgan's own conviction is that the carrying of any such scheme as the government's intended limitation of the Lords' veto will have to be followed by a drastic reform in the constitution of the Upper House. He inclines to the view that an Upper Chamber directly elected by large constituencies and small enough to admit—in case of deadlocks—of resolution into one assembly consisting of two Houses without imperilling the predominance of the Commons, provides the solution that is most easily compatible with the preservation of the cabinet system.

Gilbert T. Stephenson's "Race Distinctions in American Law" (Appleton) embodies in methodical form the results of a painstaking study of State and Federal Constitutions, statutes, and court decisions having to do with race distinctions or discriminations. The period covered is from 1865 to the present time, though earlier legislation is also occasionally summarized. Those who imagine that we have made great progress in assimilating the negro, or, for that matter, other non-European races, may well feel appalled at the extent to which racial distinctions, from the smallest to the greatest, have become embedded in law in this country. Not alone in the more familiar categories of suffrage, education, intermarriage, and travel, but in such matters as labor contracts, apprenticeship, vagrancy and pauperism, and a considerable list of occupations skilled or unskilled, the negro finds himself legally at a disadvantage in comparison with the white man; while beyond the law is the equally potent force of custom. To call a white person a negro is, in some Southern States, actionable; while in at least three counties in North Carolina, and in Syracuse, O., a negro is not allowed to remain over night. A fragmentary mass of evidence (pp. 253-273) suggests an ominous tendency to eliminate the negro as a juror in the South. We know of no book which summarizes this peculiar legal situation so fully or so dispassionately; and the work is of the more value for permanent reference because the author bolds no brief, but confines himself strictly to a statement of the law as it is.

Masuji Miyakawa's "Life of Japan" (Neale Pub. Co.), first published in 1907, reappears in a second edition "completely revised," but still with abundant errors of facts and numerous instances of the peculiarities that characterized the first edition. The author's propensity to quote his well-known "friends" is still conspicuous, as is his trick of self-advertisement. Everywhere his effort is evident to appeal to the prejudices of the classes of the American society whose knowledge of Japan is naturally limited and colored. The book falls into three parts: Old Japan, New Japan, and the Japanese-American Relation. The first part should never have been printed, so frequent and grievous are its errors. One seldom sees the civilization, and especially the history, of an old nation treated by one of its members in a foreign tongue with more levity and greater disregard of sound scholarship. The second part is less careless, and chapter xi, treating of the judicial institutions, has value as a faithful record of facts. In the third part, which the author probably regards as the most important section of his book, there is found an interesting discussion (pp. 230 ff.) of Japanese immigration to the United States. Otherwise, this section is marked by the author's manifest desire to appeal to the patriotic vanity of the American reader. Dr. Miyakawa's main thesis is that Perry was "the national redeemer of Japan," that Japan is "America's foster-child" and pupil, and that her entire population is deeply and "tearfully" grateful for the justice of American diplomacy and the benefit of American friendship.

"Through the Wildernesses of Brazil by Horse, Canoe, and Float," by William Azel Cook (American Tract Society), is a record of the journeys and missionary activities of a Bible colporteur. Ever since the days of George Borrow the possibilities of a book of this character have been thoroughly appreciated. Unfortunately, Mr. Cook has not followed in the footsteps of his distinguished predecessor; for his soul is filled with bitterness against the "pagan Portuguese." He can hardly mention the word "priest" without spluttering. "It is always the priest who poisons the minds of the people respecting the Gospel." "In another district, the priest hired an assassin to slay a certain medical missionary." Another priest "blustered and roared loudly, vomiting clouds of black smoke and a river of lava from his sacred crater." Mr. Cook has seen a considerable part of eastern Brazil, particularly of the state of Goyaz, but his chief observation on the capital of that state is that "five fat, fanatical, French friars reign over" it. Nevertheless, there are very interesting descriptions of the manners and customs of two little-known savage tribes, the Bororós in southern Matto Grosso and the Cherentes on the Tocantins. The publication of such a volume will not tend to increase the number of those who believe in sending Protestant missionaries to Catholic countries. There is no index, and there are many errors, both biological and typographical, but the pictures are good.

Philippe Monnier's "Venice in the Eighteenth Century" (Boston: Richard G. Badger) well deserved translating; for it gives a comprehensive and lively account of a nation in dissolution. The decline and fall of states are among the great topics of history; but no other state was ever like Venice, either in her grandeur or her decrepitude. M. Monnier has read widely in the Venetian memoirs, chronicles, and gossip of the last century of the republic, and in the records of innumerable travellers who visited the world's capital of pleasure. He describes the general life, the conditions and customs of the people, class by class, and then he turns to more specific subjects—to painting, literature, and music—and to several of the chief personages of the time. His chapter on Goldoni is excellent. So too are his essays on Gasparo and Carlo Gozzi, and on that astonishing adventurer, Casanova. He writes discriminatingly of the painters, doing full justice to Tiepolo, the "bastard of Veronese," for instance, but not placing him on the pinnacle to which recent faddists would exalt him. M. Monnier does not harp on the moral aspects of Venetian decadence, but he sees them. Addressing a Parisian audience, he cultivates a sparkling style. His chief defect is that he is often too obviously sparkling. But his substance is both entertaining and valuable; and to be too lively is certainly a venial fault in a world where dulness sometimes predominates. The translation has been well made, although occasionally Gallicisms peep through, and the foreign names are not always spelt correctly. The translator ought to have given an English version of the Venetian phrases. But, after making all due deductions, this is a book which every lover of Venice will be glad to own.

The death is reported of Dr. Samuel Alfred Ort, dean of Wittenberg College, at the age of sixty-seven. For eighteen years he was president of the college and was one of the most widely known Lutherans in the United States.

Brig.-Gen. Edgar Swartwout Dudley, retired, died at his home in Johnstown, N. Y., last Monday, aged sixty-five. For the periods 1876-1879 and 1884-1888 he was detailed professor of military science and tactics at the University of Nebraska. He was assistant instructor in the department of law at the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth from 1889 to 1891. After serving as judge-advocate of volunteers during the war with Spain, and later, he was appointed in 1901 professor of law and history at the Military Academy, remaining there until June, 1909. He received the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Nebraska, and was a member of the National Geographic Society and the American Society of International Law. His book on "Military Law and Procedure of Courts-Martial" is the text-book at the Military Academy.

Science

The announcements of the Cambridge University Press include: Number VII of the Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature, entitled "The Natural History of Coal," by E. A. Newell Arber; "Principia Mathematica," by Alfred North Whitehead, and "Diophantus of Alexandria: a Study in the history of Greek Algebra." (Putnam is the American agent.)

Among the Putnams' forthcoming science books are: "A Shorter Course in Woodworking," by Charles G. Wheeler, and "Neglected Factors in Evolution," by Henry M. Bernard.

In "Neighbors Unknown," shortly to be published by Macmillan, C. G. D. Roberts

has much to say about the bear, caribou, heron, flying squirrel, panther, lynx, and loon.

The *Journal of Experimental Medicine* will hereafter be issued once a month, instead of once in two months, as heretofore. Dr. Benjamin T. Terry takes the place of Dr. Eugene L. Opie as the associate of Dr. Simon Flexner in the editorial control.

The Sarah Berliner fellowship, which grants the sum of twelve hundred dollars for study or research in biology, chemistry, or physics, will be awarded this year for the second time. Applications must be in the hands of the chairman of the committee, Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin, No. 527 Cathedral Parkway, New York, before February 1. This fellowship is awarded every other year; it is open to women who hold the degree of doctor of philosophy or who are similarly equipped for the work of further research.

The Seventh International Congress of Dermatologists has been called to meet in Rome from the 25th to the 29th of September, 1911. The convention will be held with Prof. Tommaso de Amicis of Naples as chairman, and Dr. Gaetano Ciarrocchi of Rome as general secretary.

The bibliography of the geographical literature of 1909, just published by the *Annales de Géographie*, maintains the excellence of the preceding annual issues, of which this is the nineteenth. The editor has had the assistance of sixty-three writers of various nationalities, who have contributed brief, but helpful, descriptive notes of most of the works catalogued. These are 1,153 in number, and include government and scientific society publications. In the index of authors and travellers whose works have been analyzed or cited will be found about 2,500 names.

In a notable volume ("The Geology of New Zealand," Christchurch, N. Z.: Whitcombe & Tombs), Prof. James Park shows that the chief asset of New Zealand, after its genial climate and its fertile soil, is its waterpower, which is already being harnessed, in one instance, at Dunedin, by an American engineer. Its coal-beds are reckoned to hold 1,000 million tons. It is said to possess the only considerable deposits of iron ore on the shores of the Pacific, the Parapara deposits in Nelson province are estimated to contain one hundred million tons. Now that the exhaustion of the iron beds of Europe and America is within measurable distance, the fact, if it be a fact, is important. But even New Zealand's rich stores, Professor Park believes, will not long retard the extinction of the iron age, and the advance of the age of aluminum. Aluminum, in turn, will give way and then, in a couple of centuries, battleships will be beaten into ploughshares, and agriculture will once more be the staple occupation of the people. Meanwhile, the output of the fast shrinking metals, now so wastefully mismanaged, will have to be regulated by law and probably conducted by the State. Of the more exhaustive studies, we may mention those on the genesis of the surface features of New Zealand, the table-topped mountain-ranges of Otago, the non-resistance of the islands to the travel of tangicial impulse, and the consequent perpetual rising and sinking of their masses, the mountain-making on a gigantic scale, and the systems of powerful "faults," which have played an important part in determining the structural features. There is also a brief study of neolithic man as presented in the still living Maori; and the date of the extinction of the moa is declared to be as yet an unsolved problem.

The best-known works of Dr. Wilhelm Meyer, who died recently at Meran in his fifty-eighth year, include: "Spaziergänge durch das Reich der Sterne," "Auf der Sternwarte," "Vom Himmel und der Erde," and "Muszestunden eines Naturfreundes."

Drama

Four Plays of Menander. Edited by Edward Capps. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.50.

The first English edition of the Cairo fragments of Menander's Comedies was published in 1909 by Lord Harburton under the pseudonym "Unus Multorum." This was an amateurish book containing obvious mistakes of interpretation, some bad grammar, and critical notes of no value. It is a good example of the truth that genuine literary appreciation and ability to read Greek do not alone qualify their possessor to translate or to edit. Of the foreign editions Van Leeuwen's (1908) offered a scanty but valuable Latin commentary; Robert's (1908) was vitiated by its headlong and now totally discredited reconstructions; Sudhaus (1909) limited himself to a bare critical edition, now insufficient; Maurice Croiset (1908) published a single fragment, the "Epitrepontes," which he edited with his usual skill and literary tact. None of these can be said to have superseded Lefebvre's *editio princeps* (1907), and it was not till the appearance of Körte's Teubner text (1910) that we could feel that we had anything but tentative editions. Körte enjoys the great advantage over all editors since Lefebvre of having made an independent collation of the MS. The deplorable lack of a facsimile, delayed we know not why, has so far handicapped the rest.

Meanwhile Professor Capps of Princeton University has prepared an edition suitable for schools and colleges, equipped with a full literary and grammatical commentary, and critical apparatus, and with introductions which, though admirable as far as they go, are to be supplemented by a more comprehensive general introduction in a future edition. This is a book that will no doubt hold for a time at least the field for which it was designed. If Mr. Capps had followed the example of Jebb and given a translation opposite the text he would have made a far wider appeal. It seems to us that this might have been done at the price, which is high for a textbook. Nor would it have demoralized the student whom Mr. Capps helps over every least difficulty by translating liberally in the notes. But he evidently did not wish to win every vote, for, besides denying the amateur or general reader a translation, he has vexed the soul of the scholar by placing his critical notes at the end of the book instead of where we should like to see them, at the foot of the text.

We still want what Hertelius said he would give a year of his life to see, a whole play of Menander. The "Perikeiromene," for instance, has been restored to us from three separate cities, Oxyrhyncus, Aphroditopolis, and Antinupolis, and still we have barely half the play. The burning question, therefore, for most editors, is the reconstruction of the plots. There are scenes in the Cairo Menander in which no two editors are agreed over the distribution of the parts or their probable significance for the whole. The awful example of Robert, whose theory of the "Perikeiromene" was demolished by Körte's later identification of a single letter of the MS., should be a warning to sober editors. Mr. Capps quotes with approval Professor White's admonition to be content to be commonplace in the work of restoration. But it is not commonplace to transform a comedy into a farce, as we find the "Samia" transformed in this edition. The plot is complicated enough by the presence in a bourgeois family of an infant which is supposed by the master of the house to be either his own or a stranger's which his wife has persuaded him to adopt (either view is possible for the text), whereas it is really the child of his own son and the son's fiancée next door. Mr. Capps gratuitously imagines that there are two infants in the case, both in the house of Demeas, and that he, not knowing his infant from his infant grandson, falsely accuses his wife of being the mother of the latter. In the scene with Chrysis he thinks the nurse may be carrying both children, and that Demeas only knows that one of the bundles is a baby. To restore Menander to this tune is hardly fair, and to affirm on the strength of such restoration that the "Samia" "reveals Menander in a new light" (p. 230) is not scientific. Moreover, this view involves the assumption (p. 237) that an Athenian father who refuses to rear his own child will consent to adopt a foundling. The same tendency to be over-ingenious is evident in Mr. Capps's theory that Charisius in the "Epitrepontes" has left his own house, and is living in a house which, though it is his father's, and, what is more, is in the country, has been hired by a *leno*. The introduction of this *leno* as tenant of the father and host of the son is designed to support the editor's own conjecture that Charisius is playing a highly Quixotic part in leaving his guilty wife and giving her a chance to recover her dowry without being divorced. But for most of this development of the plot he depends on the St. Petersburg fragment, whereas Körte

stakes his reputation (*quovis pignore spondeo*) that this fragment is from quite another comedy. Mr. Capps may be right, but if so it is by divination, not from the evidence. Just so Patæcus may well be the husband of Myrrhina in the "Perikeiromene" (Körte, less probably, gives her an anonymous absent husband), but we are not convinced by the proof offered in 703 of the play, for the good reason that Mr. Capps wrote that line himself.

The following are conjectures by the present editor which do not seem to us sufficiently colorless. In Perik. 224, he reads σ' ἔδει "will eat yourself," *i. e.*, "wait patiently," a strange use which the passages quoted do not support; at 235 ὅλα in the sense of πάντα which is late and unnecessary; at 271 θρηνεῖς, meaning "whine" or "grumble," a use of the word which is not maintained by the passage quoted from the "Electra," because there the meaning is obviously the normal one "mourn the dead"; at 654 to read αἰσχρῶς προέσθαι is to import the idea that it is disgraceful to expose and abandon an infant daughter, which was not the view of Menander or his contemporaries; at 275 is added to Menander's vocabulary περιττοί = "fastidious," and at 661 ῥεθος = "the face," the latter an epic word which would have given most readers a slight shock if it had really occurred in the manuscript. The same is true of the line "A dragon can't rattle the door," a joke which the editor invents by conjecturing δράκοντος at 885. In "Samia" 120, we see no evidence that Demeas and his son have had a quarrel; in fact that is ruled out by the former's express statement in 60 ff. We observe that on page 175 Sosias is said to be attended by "a couple of ragamuffins," which is inconsistent with the escort of "several peltasts" given him on the next page.

With these exceptions, we have nothing but praise for the notes, the useful discussions of the staging and of the function of the Menandrian chorus, and the complete critical apparatus. There is a good bibliography and a photographic reproduction of part of the St. Petersburg fragment to which Mr. Capps assigns such importance for the elucidation of the "Epitrepontes." He is more scrupulous than Körte in bracketting all restorations. But then Körte gives us a reprint of the manuscript opposite his page, which Mr. Capps does not. The proofreading is accurate and we have noted only "editiorial" page vi, and τοὐπάνιον for τοὐπτάνιον page 245.

The Cairo manuscript should teach us how risky it is to generalize about a dramatist from quotations. The late Churton Collins, for instance, in the "Essay on Menander" which is still the best English estimate of his genius, labelled him a misogynist. But one of the most striking features of these new scenes is the way in which the characters of the women shine out and the men are humbled before them. Collins quoted part of the speech of Onesimus, fr. 174 Kock, to illustrate the theology of Menander. But we now see from the context that the speaker was an impudent slave using the Epicurean jargon of the day, and we have no right to count this as evidence of the views of the poet himself.

If the play which was presented in the New Theatre on Saturday evening had been called "Becky Sharp," it would have been less open to criticism. To call it a dramatization of Thackeray's famous novel is to make a false pretence at the expense of the author's credit. All attempts to reproduce the essential spirit of a great novel in dramatic form are necessarily idle, but efforts to deal with Thackeray in this fashion are especially hopeless. His descriptive, moralizing, humorous, and satiric commentary is so essential to the proper development and comprehension of his characters that it may be said to constitute their chief vitality. The fame of "Vanity Fair" has made it the prey of the adapter more than once, with the general result that all the other principal personages in one of the most wonderful groups of character studies in modern fiction have been virtually reduced to the position of mere feeders to the brilliant and heartless little adventuress. This has been done in the present instance, and there is this justification for it, that Marie Tempest, for whom the piece was originally made, possesses various personal and artistic qualifications which fit the part of Becky admirably. She is past mistress in all the arts of coquetry, knows how to deliver a wicked line with defiant audacity, has the touch of the French manner which Becky could assume so well, and diffuses a general impression of alert and fearless intelligence. She has the graces to allure and provoke a voluptuary of the Steyne type, and to dazzle and control a pudding-headed dragoon like Rawdon Crawley. It might be hinted that she is now somewhat mature for a part in which youthfulness was a most potent attribute, but the ripeness of her art enables her to conceal, in part at least, the flight of years. She still sings with the same skill and dances with the same lightness that long ago won renown for her in musical comedy.

Yet the plain truth is that the piece can scarcely be called a play at all, although it has dramatic moments, as when Rawdon Crawley returns from the sponging-house to surprise his faithless wife with Lord Steyne, a scene whose theatrical effectiveness is sufficient excuse for the variation from Thackeray. Otherwise it is a sort of panorama, with Becky the central figure in each successive picture. There are twenty-six speaking characters, but most of them are but feeble reflections of the originals. Albert Bruning succeeded in expressing some of the savage cynicism of Steyne, Louis Calvert was a sufficiently vulgar Sir Pitt, Olive Wyndham was a sympathetic Amelia, Graham Browne played Rawdon Crawley with comprehension, and Rose Coghlan lent instant prominence to the small part of the warm-hearted Mrs. O'Dowd. Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk played the insignificant character of the Viscount de Truffigny with his accustomed neatness. To the eye the production was a constant delight, the reception at Gaunt House being an especially striking spectacle.

Music

Mistakes and Disputed Points in Music and Music Teaching. By Louis C. Elson. Philadelphia: Theodore Presser Co. $1.50.

Piano Teaching. Its Principles and Problems. By Clarence G. Hamilton. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

Louis C. Elson, the eminent Boston critic and instructor in musical theory at the New England Conservatory, thinks there is great need of a Congress for the Revision of Music and Notation, and he hopes that when America holds its next World's Fair, instead of giving a number of concerts with native and foreign musicians, it will inaugurate such a congress; it might introduce order where chaos now rules, and it would be epoch-making. Music, as a science is as yet far less unified than the other sciences. Among the points which cry loudly for unification are the misuse of the sextolet, the irregular use of the long slur, the use of accidentals, the misunderstandings of long grace notes and turns, the dual use of the word portamento, the irregular methods used in artificial groupings, the fingering in piano playing, the pedal marks, tempo marks, the incorrect use of the word "time," etc. Pending the gathering of such a congress, Mr. Elson has endeavored in his new volume to give information to teachers, in compact form (172 pages), on those points in music on which authorities differ, as well as on those on which there are undoubted popular errors. It is the first compendium of the kind that has been attempted, and it may not only be accepted as authoritative, but the lucidity of its style leaves no ground for misunderstanding in any case.

While the points referred to appeal chiefly to professionals, there is much information on topics of interest to all music lovers. The author holds that if animals are attracted by music, it is chiefly because they come under the spell of rhythm. Bird music he does not consider. As for cats, their contributions to the art are of no particular value, even after death, for there is no such thing as catgut strings in the violin market. Violins themselves do not improve by age alone, but by being well played upon. The belief that a silver cornet sounds better than a brass one has no scientific foundation. An English manufacturer tried to dispel this error by making three cornets, of brass, silver, pasteboard, the result being that no one, when blindfolded, could tell which one was being played—yet the error survives.

Many musicians have laughed at Schumann's directions, in the first move-

ment of his G minor sonata: "as quick as possible," followed, a little later, by "quicker," and, finally, by "quicker still." In this case, however, there was no error, for, as Mr. Elson points out, at each acceleration the composer simplified the passage somewhat, which made it "possible" to play "faster." The author's remarks on tempo are the most important pages in the volume. It is a relief to see the "rubato" question at last treated rationally in a book. The author utters one more protest against the use of the words "time" to indicate the rhythm of a measure (instead of speed) and "bar" for measure (instead of the line that divides the measure), and he calls attention to the fact, which most pianists, professional as well as amateur, ignore, that in the music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries tempo marks should be taken more moderately, the quick movements less quick, the slow movements less slow, than in modern music. Among other points touched on are keys and color, absolute pitch, composers as conductors, American fingering (which is not American at all), piano touch, mispronunciation of names, when a child is musical, etc. One important point overlooked is the word "nasal," erroneously applied to sounds made without the use of the nose as a "sounding board." And there is another similarly misleading term of the use of which Mr. Elson himself is guilty, the word "damper," as applied to the right pedal. That word should really be given to the left pedal, which puts a damper on the sounds, while for the right pedal the adjectives "sustaining" or "coloring" should be employed, because those indicate its main functions.

Professor Hamilton also uses the word "damper-pedal" in the misleading sense (everybody does, for that matter), and he has not got away from the notion, which Paderewski has so amusingly ridiculed, that "tempo rubato" implies repaying of "borrowed" time. In all other respects this new volume by the author of "Outlines of Music History" is most commendable, its 171 pages being crammed with information every teacher and pianist needs. While some of it is elementary, telling teachers how to get and keep pupils, what to charge, how to stimulate their interest, etc., it soon soars into higher regions, discussing points that are ignored or only lightly touched on in the usual "methods." While technic is not ignored, more attention is paid to expression; and herein lies the unique value of this little treatise. Special chapters are devoted to the teaching of the rhythmic element (in which a device suggested on p. 77 is particularly clever) and the melodic and harmonic elements. Timid players will be glad to read that "when lyric melodies are applied to the piano . . . personal expression vies with formal structure, and sometimes dominates it entirely," while all accompanists should read and ponder p. 89, on which attention is called to the fact that a forte in the melody equals a mezzo-forte in the accompaniment, and a piano in the one a pianissimo in the other. In the pages on harmony the most important paragraphs are those which might be headed *cherchez la mélodie*. Mr. Elson might have got a point on p. 111, where the author calls attention to the important fact that a climax does not necessarily mean an increase of tone or speed, because we may desire a climax of restfulness or quiet. "Thus a gradual retarding and softening of the flow of tone, like that possible at the close of Grieg's 'Berceuse,' may waft the hearer from heaven back to earth so gently that he is still left hearing the voices of angels." Excellent remarks follow on variety in emotional expression and the relations to it of various composers. The concluding chapters are on public performances of pupils, various types of pupils, and the selection of music and books. At first sight the interspersed illustrations, such as Rembrandt's portrait of a Rabbi, Raphael's Madonna di Foligno, York Minster, seem absurdly out of place in a book on piano playing; but they are not used to adorn a tale, but to point a pedagogic moral.

It is not generally known that Liszt's orchestral works are performed more frequently than those of Richard Strauss, and as for his piano pieces Chopin's alone vie with them in vogue. In this, his centennial year (he was born on October 22, 1811), the number of Liszt performances will be doubled, if not trebled. Ferrucelo Busoni opened the local campaign on Monday by giving a recital in Carnegie Hall devoted chiefly to Liszt. There will be many like it before the end of the year, but only three other pianists, Paderewski, Hofmann, and Friedheim, will be able to penetrate beneath the brilliant surface of Liszt's music and reveal the treasures of thought concealed there, as Busoni does. Joseffy might, but he is too busy teaching and editing an edition of Liszt's piano works, which G. Schirmer is printing. Busoni is doing the same thing for Breitkopf & Härtel, who are publishing all the orchestral and vocal works, too. Huneker's long-expected life of Liszt, which is to be issued simultaneously in several languages, will also appear in the course of the year.

During the four seasons of opera at the Manhattan the French baritone, Maurice Renaud, was generally considered the greatest of the artists engaged by Oscar Hammerstein. This winter he has been singing with the Chicago Opera Company, and yesterday he gave a song recital at Carnegie Hall, the first in his career of nearly thirty years. Few opera singers appear to the same advantage in the concert hall as in the theatre, and M. Renaud is not one of the exceptions; he is so consummate an actor, and so used to making facial and musical expression go together, that one misses something when he sings outside the scenic setting, just as one does in the case of Wagner's music. Yet his recital was one of the greatest musical treats of the season. No other artist now before the public sets forth so completely as he does the poetic contents of a song, as well as the musical, and from this point of view, as well as in the matter of style, polish, diction, phrasing, his singing was a model for all. He sang fourteen songs, mostly French, but his rendering of Schubert's "Lindenbaum" and "The Wanderer" showed that, like Jean de Reszke, he is also master of the German style.

The fourth Congress of the International Music Association will be held from May 29 to June 3 in London. Its work will be done in six sections, viz.: history; ethnography; theory; acoustics and æstheties; church music and musical instruments; bibliography and organization. The languages of the congress will be English, German, French, Italian, and Latin. Announcements of papers will be received by the secretaries in London, No. 160 Wardour Street, London, W., until the end of February.

Angelo Neumann, who died about the middle of last month in Prague, where he was director of the German National Theatre, had published his "Personal Reminiscences of Wagner," in which is related his difficulty in obtaining, in collaboration with Dr. Förster, the right to present the "Ring" outside of Germany. Neumann was seventy-two years of age.

The death is reported from Hampstead, England, at the age of seventy-seven, of Joseph Goddard, author of "The Philosophy of Music," "The Rise of Music," and of the forthcoming work, "A Comparative View of the Development of Opera in Italy, Germany, France, and England."

Art

In "The Herkomers" (Macmillan) the successful painter, Sir Hubert von Herkomer, tells of his parents and of his own rise from the position of artisan. His parents were of humble position, the father a wood-carver, but of unusual character and wisdom. German emigrants, they tried their fortune in both England and America. The elder Herkomer encouraged the boy in art, and put him through a peculiar and useful discipline of concentrating upon memories until he could actually visualize them. Young Hubert had his hardships, supported himself long by illustration, but is able to say that he was never rejected and never badly hung. At twenty-six was painted The Last Muster, military pensioners at chapel, and from that time the young painter was famous. He had grounded himself upon the discreet sentimentality of Frederick Walker, painted rather better than the average R.A., was free from baffling eccentricities. Sir Hubert admits a few lapses into "purpleitis," and tells how once he manfully retrieved an empurpled picture of his from a protesting owner, and consigned it to the flames. Sir Hubert's activities as teacher, engraver, decorator, and portrait painter are so well known that we need merely say that his own account of his career is

both frank and modest, and very agreeable reading. We quote one or two characteristic traits. Of so versatile a talent it is odd to read:

I was not a sketcher; I had deliberately avoided acquiring that facility. . . . I could not, and cannot to this day, sit down and make an irresponsible sketch. "Make a picture of everything you do" was the Walkerian shibboleth; and from habits of thought and work it has soaked itself into my nature.

Once having occasion to paint a gander, and despairing of sketching him in motion, the painter had recourse to a device suggestive of artistic limitations:

I bought a fine bird from a peasant, had it killed, and then strung it up in its walking attitude with innumerable pieces of string that were attached to the roof of the model house. There it stood, strutting proudly towards me, real and natural. With such a quiet model I was enabled to get both drawing and texture of the feathers.

These things are a parable of much modern art, from Britain and elsewhere. One of Sir Hubert's most famous portraits is The Lady in White. He cites for mastery of the use of white on white Bastien's portrait of Bernhardt, forgetting Whistler's White Girl of earlier date. Sir Hubert characteristically evaded the specific difficulty of the problem by making the white background an actual photographic screen which received cast shadows. But the interest of this book is less artistic than personal. It reveals a stalwart, serviceable character, adequate in many emergencies, successful whether in making an exhibition or in erecting a memorial tower to a mother's memory. It is possible that certain self-revelations in this autobiography will tend to diminish the artist while exalting the man.

"The Art of the Munich Galleries" (L. C. Page & Co.), by Florence Jean Ansell and Frank Roy Fraprie, is an average piece of bookmaking, and, in accuracy, below the level of the series to which it belongs. Passing rather tangled phrases and bad spelling of names, there are considerable inaccuracies of statement, and obviously the best authorities have not been consulted. For example, Botticelli's Entombment is certainly not the picture described by Vasari, and is regarded as a school-piece by many critics. Documentary evidence has long since shown that Vasari's account of Filippo Lippi's amours and of Filippino's parentage is correct. Since there are many excellent guides to the old Pinakothek, the rather limited value of this book must lie simply in its independent criticism of modern paintings in the new Pinakothek and the Schack Gallery. There are about fifty illustrations.

In his new "Life of George Romney" (Scribner) Arthur B. Chamberlain's contribution of novel facts or opinions is very small, but the book justifies its existence by good sense and general readableness. The author has reproduced for the first time from the original paintings a number of Romney's important works. The social side of the man is naturally made much of, and the Emma Hamilton incident is treated with exemplary frankness and tact. Skilful use is also made of contemporary criticisms. We cannot agree with the author's estimate of Romney's position in art. His qualifications seem to us the slenderest. He transcribed with a rather shallow facility the obvious prettiness of women and children, and one's liking for his subjects is too often counted for real accomplishment. In his life, Romney was a perfect exemplar of the eighteenth century ideal of the man of feeling. A capital essay might be written about him from this point of view. That *sensiblerie* which is the rather shaky basis of his art finally degenerated into morbid fear of persecution. Earlier it had made him suspect foes where none were, and sadly limited his contacts and outlook. Mr. Chamberlain falls into a consecrated misuse of language when he speaks of classicism in Romney. If it is to be classic to like lanky girls in simple clinging drapery, then English art from Romney to Walter Crane has been Hellenic to the core. The mere statement of the case shows its absurdity. Romney shows at their apogee the defects of the English portrait school, and by way of compensation illustrates also certain almost artless merits. To capture the fine flower of bonniness in a sketch was his ideal, in which, occasionally, he succeeded admirably; but he lacked the rich, temperamental balance of Gainsborough, the probity of Hogarth, and the culture of Sir Joshua, and at best must be regarded as a diminished and Anglified Greuze. Whoever resents this opinion will find the corrective in Mr. Chamberlain's entertaining volume, where he will also find the pictorial material for forming his own judgment.

Finance

THE WORLD'S GOLD OUTPUT IN 1910.

Last week the Director of the Mint gave out his preliminary estimate on the world's gold production of 1910. Three districts nowadays yield three-fourths of this annual output—Southern Africa, Australia, and the United States. Of these three localities, it is estimated by the Mint that Africa yielded last year about $4,000,000 more than in 1909, Australia $5,400,000 less; the United States, $3,600,000 less. This estimated five millions decrease in yield of the three great producers is offset by slight increase over 1909 in such countries as Russia, Japan, China, and India; but the estimated product of $454,874,000 for the whole world in 1910 is only $852,000 above the total of 1909. On this result, the Mint director ventures the comment that "any possibility of an embarrassing over-supply of gold, with the attendant rise in prices which economists predicted to go with it, has been passed."

This is an interesting view. The Mint estimate has not gone unchallenged, for the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, chiefly because of a much higher estimate on last year's Russian output, reckons $9,800,000 increase over 1909 for the world at large. Nevertheless, the government figures point to the tendencies of the day in gold production. Except for the period when the Boer War blockaded the Transvaal gold fields, none of the twenty past years has shown an increase of less than $10,000,000 in the world's annual gold output. The usual rate of increase during the period has, indeed, been much larger than that figure. Between 1890 and 1899, it rose from $118,848,000 to $306,724,000, an average annual increase of $20,800,000, with one year, 1898, gaining no less than $50,800,000 over the year before. Dropping to $254,576,000 in 1900, when the Boer War blockaded the South African gold fields, production rose again to $327,702,000 when the Transvaal mines reopened in 1903, and reached $454,422,000 in 1909—an average annual increment of $21,000,000.

A decided halt in this long-continued rate of increase would doubtless again direct attention to the theories of volume of gold production as an influence on prices and prosperity. It can hardly be said, however, that knowledge of such conditions in the gold market would be equivalent to advance knowledge of industrial conditions. The world's gold output decreased in each successive year from 1878 to 1883—a period of booming prosperity and rising prices. It increased very rapidly in each successive year from 1891 to 1897—a period of falling prices and industrial reaction. Increase in gold output over the preceding year was greatest, not in such periods of financial exaltation as 1901 and 1906, but in 1898, when not only did the ratio of increase far surpass all other years of the present generation, but when the actual expansion in the product, as compared with 1897, was greater than in any other year but one in the world's history—that one year being the twelvemonth when the richest surface deposits of the California gold fields were first turned up by the pick of the forty-niners.

People of different shades of economic opinion will interpret differently these various facts, and will draw different conclusions from the estimates of slackening increase during 1910. Those who ascribe to the volume of annual gold output all the phenomena of the period-

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ical upward or downward swing of commodity prices, would probably argue that increasingly rapid annual additions to the existing stock of gold do not operate instantaneously on prices—from which fact it would no doubt be reasoned that the economic effects neither of the decreased rate of output between 1878 and 1883, nor of the increased rate after 1891, could normally have been felt until after a lapse of several years. Those who hold that the quantitative theory of value is closely circumscribed and limited by other economic influences, would probably object that eight or ten years is a good while to wait before the results of a changing rate of gold production, under the quantitative theory, are visible. They would probably point out that the one sure and tangible way in which such new gold (or the lack of it) will influence prices is through the increase in gold reserves of the world's great banking institutions and the consequent enlarging of the limits allowed to credit operations, and that this result of a rapidly changing rate of gold production is immediate. The cables tell us, every Monday morning, exactly what bank and what market gets possession of the $5,000,000 or so in newly-mined and newly-assayed gold delivered in London by the Cape Town weekly steamer.

Perhaps the truth of the matter lies midway between the two opinions. At all events, the world's very recent experience has taught us that the facilities for expanded and continuous credit, provided by an unusually large movement of newly-produced gold into bank reserves, are utilized, as a rule, for such extravagant undertakings in capitalization and speculation as will repeatedly run beyond even the supporting power of the bank reserves, increased though these reserves may have been by unprecedented gold production. If the rate of annual gold production were hereafter to increase no further, the world's markets might return as a consequence to a normal situation. Not only might the economic embarrassments referred to by the Director of the Mint be mitigated, but the riot of reckless promotion and speculation, which has made up so much of our financial history of the decade past, might give place permanently to sober and serious finance.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1911.

The Week

"Democratic tribulations" are just now a source of great comfort to Republican newspapers. They take up gracefully and as by second nature the rôle of Cassandras to their rivals. Consider how the Democrats are split in New Jersey, shaking in the wind in New York; how Harmon is already called a "traitor" in Ohio, and Foss is making himself disliked and laughed at in Massachusetts. In fact, by a little deepening of the shadows here and there the Democratic outlook can be made to appear so gloomy that Republicans may be exhorted to take heart—and that, of course, is always the main object of gloom in the other party. The Democrats have for fourteen years gloated over the unhappy condition and impending break-up and defeat of the Republican party; and they can scarcely grudge their opponents now a taste of that rather barren consolation of which they have so long had a monopoly.

The pension ring scored another victory last week when the House passed, by a vote of 212 to 62, the Sulloway Pension bill, which, it is estimated, will entail an additional expenditure of $45,000,000 within a couple of years. There were the usual scenes. The Speaker left his chair and delivered, so the dispatches report, a speech characterized by amazing "fire and force." "Whirling around and around on his feet" like a dancing dervish, and waving his arms, he uttered the familiar sentimentalities and drove his sheep before him. Fully forty Democrats joined in the scramble. Why not? Was the bill not certain to pass anyway? And so self-interest and cowardice, with a slight intermingling of sentimentality, carried the day as it has so many times before. This $45,000,000, if really authorized by law, would, of course, completely undo every effort of President Taft to cut departmental estimates. All the savings his Administration can make in the next two years will be swallowed up by this one bill. Already 72 cents in every dollar spent by this great Government go towards wars, past and future. This additional $45,000,000 will take several more cents out of every dollar from the development of the country in the direction of commerce and the arts of peace. It is a bill eminently calling for the veto.

But little attention was given in the press to the speech of Senator Crawford of South Dakota, last week, on the bribery charges against Senator Lorimer. It was, however, both strong and convincing, being one of those demonstrations of willingness and ability to undertake a disagreeable public service which we too easily pass over when we fall to talking loosely of the decadence of Congress. What he did was simply to apply a trained mind and legal skill to an analysis of the testimony in the case, going over the record with the utmost care to discover what was the actual truth disclosed by it. With great power he effectually disposed of the plea too lightly accepted by the Senate sub-committee—namely, that the confessed bribe-takers in the Illinois Legislature were unworthy of belief. Doubtless, argued Senator Crawford, they were all scoundrels, but if there was a mass of unimpeached corroborative testimony and undesigned coincidences bearing out their evidence, then we are forced to believe it true.

There is in the Standard Oil case a matter of fact upon which the two sides are apparently agreed, though they give very different interpretations of its significance. In his argument for the prosecution in the Supreme Court, Mr. Kellogg admitted the truth of the statement made by Mr. Milburn, counsel for the Standard Oil Company, that in recent years the independent oil men had been growing in numbers and importance. But, said Mr. Kellogg, "they have grown because the Standard Oil Company has ceased its methods of persecution through fear of the law." The fact that competition has been able to grow, put forward by the defence as a reason for letting the Trust go on undisturbed, was thus held by the Government to be a reason for further asserting the power of the law. In answer to a question by Justice McKenna, intimating that the Standard was acting like a good Trust, Mr. Kellogg declared that if the power of the Trust is not abused now, it is because of the very proceedings now pending. "But dismiss this suit," he exclaimed, "and I venture to predict that there will not be an independent refiner in the United States within five years."

A broader issue, and one that has more of an economic than a juristic character, is involved in this matter. A chief support of the pro-Trust or pro-monopoly argument in economic circles is the doctrine that in certain great lines of activity monopoly is inevitable as a result of natural conditions, and that any attempt to obstruct this natural process by governmental interference is mischievous. The fundamental answer to this is that such governmental interference as takes the shape of simply giving competition a fair chance will not prevent the monopolizing of an industry to any extent to which the truly natural conditions make monopoly advantageous. The very test whether an industry is marked out by nature for monopoly or not is avoided if we permit the nascent monopoly to enjoy, over and above the advantages inherent in the case, those other advantages which reside in unfair practices. Now, if it be a fact that during the last few years—in other words, during the time that fear of the law has been an active factor in the situation—independent concerns have been showing an increased ability to hold their own against the most powerful Trust in the world, this general argument against the fatalistic position of the pro-monopoly people is vastly strengthened by specific experience.

There is apparently in the minds of those responsible for the resolutions of the National Tariff Commission Association some haziness in regard to the scope which the functions of the proposed Tariff Commission should have. One of the resolutions passed by the Association last week demanded the creation, at the present session of Congress, of a commission "having functions and compensation analogous to those of the Interstate Commerce Commission." Nevertheless, President Taft, in his speech at the dinner given by the Association, took occasion to put an interpretation

on the resolutions as a whole which is very different from what would be drawn from these words. He said:

> You do not desire, if I understand your present resolutions, that these men should fix tariff rates or recommend rates to be fixed. You desire only that they should furnish the correct information upon which the body constitutionally charged with fixing tariff rates may properly act, so that the public may have the truth from the Tariff Commission, and then advise itself how Congress shall have acted with respect to that truthful presentation of premises for its action.

In other words, the President, while strongly in favor of a permanent Tariff Commission, gives no countenance whatever to the idea that any such device can take the tariff out of politics. The tariff is a political question, and it has to be decided by the people, or by those to whom the people entrust the decision of questions of public policy.

Within the limits set by this fundamental consideration a properly constituted Tariff Commission may be made highly useful, especially as a safeguard against the worst abuses of protection. But the idea of its being an instrumentality for settling tariff questions by the routine application of a fixed rule is simply chimerical; and this not only because the acceptance of the rule itself will always be a debatable question of national policy, but also because in the application of the rule there is room for enormous latitude. This talk of difference in cost of production between the United States and other countries sounds very smooth in platforms and campaign speeches, but when it comes to specific instances the thing bristles with difficulties. With what foreign country shall we compare—the one that produces most cheaply or the one that comes nearest to our own conditions? And what conditions in our own country shall we compare with—those that are most favorable or those that are least favorable, or something between? Mr. Taft is quite right in saying that the only thing the Commission could be asked to do is to give information as to the facts—and that itself will be sufficiently difficult.

There was something like a thrill throughout the entire State of New York, when it was known, Tuesday morning, that twenty-five Democratic Senators and Assemblymen had refused to go into the Senatorial caucus controlled by Murphy and Sheehan. Such a display of manhood and independence has not been seen in New York for a generation. The tyranny of the caucus has been so long unbroken, and has been so steadily the sure bulwark of the Platts and Crokers and Murphys, that people had come to think that it never could be shattered. But these Democrats have now shown what can still be done in the exercise of the divine right of bolting. It is to be taken for granted that these men will stand firm to the end against Sheehan. The midnight plottings and secret bargainings of the two or three men who undertook to make plunder of the Senatorship, and to force upon the party a candidate whom his apologists cannot defend without damning him in the act, and whose election would smell to heaven, have been brought to naught by the legislators who would not walk into Murphy's trap.

Woodrow Wilson's inaugural address on Tuesday as Governor of New Jersey will be widely read, not only for his skill and force in expression, but for the grip and sweep of the ideas which he has to express. Confined as it is to State issues, which it discusses with directness and pungency, there is in it a breadth of political philosophy which has the widest applications. Gov. Wilson addresses himself with great plainness to the problems of corporation regulation, but speaks with as much sanity as vigor. People are not to be frightened at great chartered companies with enormous capital. Neither are they to be driven into political insincerities by them. They are, after all, creatures of the State, which is bigger than the biggest of them and can control the work of its own hands. If it has made sad mistakes, and Gov. Wilson frankly says that New Jersey particularly has made sad mistakes, in allowing grants of too great and too unregulated power, these can be corrected. The need is to be clear-eyed about it, to discriminate between things that differ, and to move forward steadily in the effort to safeguard the rights of the people and assert the full power of the State.

The suit brought by the State of Pennsylvania against the politicians who stole six millions of dollars was settled last week for $1,485,000. This probably ends that whole sordid chapter of Quay politics. Aside from the architect, five high officials of the commonwealth were directly concerned in the theft of this money. William P. Snyder, a former Auditor-General, and James M. Shoemaker, Superintendent of Public Grounds and Buildings, are in the penitentiary. Mathues, the State Treasurer, died while on bail, pending an appeal from his sentence to jail. Frank G. Harris, another State Treasurer, and E. B. Hardenburg, a former Auditor-General, who escaped criminal charges through the ever useful statute of limitations, were included among the defendants in the civil suits just settled. The contractor who profited by the corruption is dead. Of $1,485,000 recovered, $187,000 was in warrants which William H. Berry refused to pay when he became State Treasurer. Mr. Berry is entitled to the greatest praise of those who have labored to redeem the State's good name and convict the rascals, but Gov. Stuart also deserves credit for backing up vigorously the prosecutions. Indeed, it is said that every effort was made to settle the case before the new Governor, Tener, took office.

A story comes from Columbus that the leaders of the Ohio Democratic machine, angry over their failure to nominate Chairman Hanley for the Senatorship, are furious with Gov. Harmon and threatening to block the reformatory legislation in which he is interested. There seems to be no evidence that the Governor took any decisive part in the contest, though we imagine that the charge of favoring Mr. Pomerene over Hanley is not likely to do him any harm with the voters of Ohio, even if it should be proved. Still less can he be hurt by any attempt of disgruntled politicians to take vengeance by opposing his efforts to introduce common-sense business methods into the conduct of the business of the State. Any such fatuity is pretty sure to be followed by a procession of would-be Democratic bosses into the same political oblivion which now conceals one Harvey Garber, who came here to New York a year and a half ago and poured forth a tale of woe about the ruin which Gov. Harmon was bringing upon his party by refusing to make appointments desired by the bosses. As a matter of fact, the Democratic majority in the Ohio Legislature pulled itself through, not on its

known merits, but by hanging to the coat-tails of a Governor who had won popularity through his independence. If the majority thus obtained is not wholly devoid of a natural desire to perpetuate itself, the Finleys and Hanleys and Garbers of the machine will have but slight influence with it as against the known wishes of the Governor.

A project that holds out the promise of extraordinary benefit to the colored people is that which has been entered upon by Mr. Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, in the offer he has made through the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. Convinced that the provision for colored boys and young men of such facilities for education and recreation as are furnished by the Young Men's Christian Association organizations in our large cities is an essential need of the race, Mr. Rosenwald offers to give $25,000 toward the providing of an institution of this kind in any community on condition of $75,000 additional being raised, the total of $100,000 to be used for the purchase of land, the erection of a building, and the provision of the necessary equipment; the officers of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association being first satisfied of the ability of the local organization to carry on the institution when it has been established. The negroes have not as yet, says Mr. Rosenwald, "in their own ranks a sufficient number of people whose means would enable them to establish and adequately equip such institutions, and it is, therefore, the duty of the white people of this country, irrespective of their religious beliefs, to evidence their interest in the welfare of these, their neighbors, by assisting to supply this need." The influence of such a place for physical, mental, and moral improvement, and for recreation and social development, is something which the colored people, in their present situation, peculiarly need and for which they are very far from possessing any substitute.

The American short story has come into its own in Germany. It is interesting to note that this achievement was brought about by what, in Germany at least, must now be regarded as the official method. First, the Kaiser was interested, but not, be it noted, by any specific short story. It is not on record that he has yet read one. But what interested him was the inaugural lecture of Professor Smith about American literature. Next, the German newspapers began the publication of American short stories, starting with O. Henry and Richard Harding Davis. If these prove popular, a regular supply will be arranged for "from among the countless good stories that have already appeared in the United States," but which are "quite new" to the German public.

An early complaint of high prices was uttered by Lord Chesterfield in 1766, when he lamented the increased cost of seats in Parliament. There had been a boom in trade, and rates had advanced. Chesterfield was ambitious for his son, and, on the failure of Chatham's promise of a seat, he went into the market. Here, however, he was unable to find a single bargain. "I spoke to a borough jobber," he wrote to his son, "and offered five and twenty hundred pounds for a secure seat in Parliament, but he laughed at my offer, and said there was no such thing as a borough to be had now, for the rich East and West Indians had secured them all at the rate of £3,000 at least, but many at £4,000, and two or three that he knew at £5,000. This, I confess, has vexed me a good deal." It is a little difficult to decide whether a seat in Parliament for a Chesterfield is to be classified as a luxury or a necessity. In either case, the method sometimes adopted in other fields of forcing down the price by finding a cheaper substitute was doubtless as impossible for a noble lord of the eighteenth century as it is unnecessary for an ignoble politician of the twentieth.

The latest diplomatic flurry in Europe does not seem to contain the promise of long life. It was based upon the fact that Germany and Russia had come to a good understanding, especially as regards certain questions in the Orient. The German Government is to agree to the dominance of Russian "influence" in North Persia, while the Czar's Government is to make no opposition to Germany's railway plans in Asia Minor. On the strength of this, we were told that the *entente* between England, Russia, and France had been broken to pieces by German diplomatic wiles, and that the peace of Europe was endangered. But the statement of the French Foreign Minister to the Chamber went a long way towards dissipating these exaggerated fears. M. Pichon said that France had been kept fully informed about the whole negotiations, Russia having frankly disclosed every step in it to her ally. The same thing was doubtless done in the case of England. Moreover, from Berlin comes the intimation that Germany is as well disposed to come to an understanding with the British Government, as respects Eastern questions, as she was with Russia. It would be easy and natural to obtain German acquiescence in the English sphere of influence in Southern Persia. In that connection, it is of interest that the British note of October 14, requiring the Teheran Government to take measures within three months to secure travel over the southern roads, has not been literally carried out. An extension of time has been granted.

Some surprise was expressed that, at the opening of the Prussian Diet last week, the Chancellor had nothing to say about the reform of the suffrage in Prussia. At the time of the failure of the unsatisfactory Government bill on that subject, seven months ago, it was semi-officially stated that the question was one requiring mature consideration. "It is more important for both the Government and the country," so ran the statement, "that the solution of the problem should be lasting than that it should be speedy." This was taken to imply that a new and better law would be proposed at this session. But it is now suggested that the whole thing must go over until after the expected election of a new Reichstag next autumn. What has that to do with a purely Prussian question? So ask the newspapers that are impatient for the beginnings of this urgent reform. The answer given them is that the Chancellor must wait till he sees what will be the balance of parties in the Empire after the general election. It was a combination of the Conservatives and the Centre against him in the Diet which defeated his last year's measure; but that may be broken up, or changed, if the result of the election is to show, as everybody expects, great gains for the Social Democrats. Yet one cause of their growing strength, as of the general dissatisfaction, is the gross inequity of the Prussian suffrage laws.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION.

One hears little nowadays of the possibility of amending the Constitution of the United States. It used to be that when anybody suggested getting over the income-tax difficulty by a Constitutional amendment, for instance, or introducing direct election of Senators, he met with a supercilious reminder that in the course of our history there had been scores, or hundreds, or perhaps thousands of proposals of Constitutional amendments, but that not a single amendment had been made since the first years of the Republic, except those written into it through the arbitrament of the sword at the close of the civil war. That any attempt to procure an amendment was foredoomed to failure, and was worthy only of doctrinaires and dreamers, was the conclusion confidently drawn from this fact, and asserted with an air of superiority and finality. But in the last two or three years there has been a great change; in the face of the rapid progress manifestly made by the income-tax amendment and the direct-election amendment, mere vaticination based on the fact that nothing of the kind had hitherto happened can now make little impression.

The favorable report of the Senate Judiciary Committee on the amendment providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people, promptly followed, as it has been, by a discussion of the resolution on the floor of the Senate, marks an advance for this proposal beyond what the most sanguine hoped for a few months ago. The amendment may fall through at the present session of Congress, but, if so, its adoption in the near future by a two-thirds vote of both houses, and its confirmation by three-fourths of the States, would be in the highest degree probable. This is so not only because of the character of the Senate as it will be constituted after March 4 next, but also because of the almost unanimous opinion which the country has come to hold on the subject. When the change first began to be seriously agitated, it soon became apparent that, in addition to the normal difficulties belonging to the amending of the Constitution, this particular proposition was going to meet with peculiar obstacles owing to the intense attachment of the Senate to its own traditions and preferences, and also owing to the difficulty of getting Legislatures to vote away their own prerogatives. But both of these obstacles have been steadily giving way to the pressure of public opinion; and as to the latter, especially, it is safe to say that few Legislatures would think for a moment of taking the consequences of rejecting the amendment, in the face of the overwhelming sentiment in its favor.

Nor is the growth of this sentiment due to anything like a wave of popular excitement or emotion. In fact, there has not been at any time any commotion or passion about the matter. It has been simply a case of repeated and flagrant demonstration of the evils of the existing method, and the almost total absence of any reason for ascribing to it counterbalancing benefits. Advocates of the existing system have been driven to the necessity of supporting it either on the ground that it possesses some intangible or symbolic virtue in the way of an embodiment of the idea of States' rights, or on the ground that the amendment is unnecessary because the same end can be reached by a practical nullification of the Constitutional requirement, analogous to what has taken place in the matter of Presidential electors. But it should be noted that nothing short of absolute nullification —such nullification as is provided in the Oregon plan, under which the members of the Legislature are regarded as bound simply to register the popular choice—would serve to get rid of the deep-seated evils. And it is a sound national instinct that prefers straightforward amendment to deliberate nullification.

In addition to the inherent merits of the change, the adoption of an amendment providing for direct election of United States Senators, or one empowering the Federal Government to collect a tax on incomes, would have great value simply as a demonstration of the possibility of amending the Constitution by the method which the instrument itself provides. The extreme form which the doctrine of amendment by interpretation has recently assumed has derived no small part of its vogue from the widespread, though perhaps tacit, acceptance of the view that the people had no other refuge from the restraints of an iron-bound instrument. That a certain amount of change of interpretation must necessarily go on with the change of times no reasonable person will deny, but when it comes to a clear-cut departure, the doctrine that this should be made in any other than the Constitutional way is in the highest degree dangerous. The plea that such a course is dictated by imperious necessity never had any substantial basis. To show that a thing is impossible, or impracticable, it is necessary to be able to say not only that it has never been attained, but also that forces as great as any that could ever be expected have been applied in vain to its attainment. But as a matter of fact there has never been a great national movement in favor of any Constitutional amendment, unless it be these two that are now well advanced on the road to success; and there is more than one matter of mere legislation the attainment of which has involved far greater exertions than have gone into either of these two Constitutional movements. It ought to be a rare and difficult thing to change the organic law of our country; and as long as to do so in a Constitutional way is within the reach of reasonable effort and reasonable unanimity of public opinion, no other method should be tolerated.

FORTIFYING THE CANAL.

Six sound and unanswerable reasons for not fortifying the Panama Canal have been advanced by such men and women as John Graham Brooks, Richard Olney, President Jordan of Leland Stanford University, Ida Tarbell, Jane Addams, and many others, including one of the ablest of our United States judges, George C. Holt. The first alone ought to convince the country that to expend millions for guns and forts at Panama would be a criminal waste. It is a simple reminder that under the laws of war, as fixed by the Hague Conference in 1907, unfortified coast places cannot be bombarded. Warships could not lie off Panama and Colon and shell these towns, because to do so would be to place their crews in the category of those who poison wells and deliberately kill women and children—acts expressly forbidden to the troops of all civilized nations. Lack of fortification would thus of itself become a protection to the canal zone.

The signers of the protest then point out that it was the original intention to

prohibit the fortification of the canal, and this pacific intent was not affected by the failure to mention it in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Nor was the Panama Canal proposed primarily as a military undertaking, although the voyage of the Oregon in the Spanish War did focus public opinion upon the desirability of building the inter-ocean waterway. The Suez Canal was neutralized by England, the nation which built it; the Strait of Magellan is neutralized, and the very important Inter-Parliamentary Union declared itself only last year in favor of the neutralization of all inter-ocean waterways. Moreover, as the protestants point out, we have pledged to England by the most solemn treaty obligations that the Panama Canal shall always be open to British warships in times of peace or of war. Again, the whole spirit of fortification is against the modern tendency of settling matters by international arbitration and makes a mockery of President Taft's "impressive declaration that he sees no reason why any question whatever should not be arbitrated." As for the cost, as Congressman Foster has pointed out, it will in all probability be not less than fifty millions of dollars with an annual cost of maintenance of at least five millions.

Naturally, the signers of this remarkable statement do not overlook the question of the denunciation or violation of treaties made both for arbitration and other purposes. This is a stock argument of those who believe in fortification. "Why," they ask, "do you put your faith in treaties when almost every war has been preceded by a violation of treaties? If you fortify the canal, you do not need treaties, and you are safe for all time." To this the reply is that if an international agreement for neutralization should carry with it the penalty of non-intercourse with the offending nation by all the other signatory Powers, there would be an effective check upon any attempted violation of the treaty. Again, that treaties have been broken is no more a reason for refusing to make new ones than the fact that some men and women violate the marriage law is an argument against the contract of marriage. If some treaties have been violated, many others have stood the test of time, notably that far-sighted agreement with England which prevented the erection of fortifications and the housing of large garrisons along our Canadian boundary. What vast sums would have been wasted along that line if the militarists had had their wish!

In his splendid address at the peace meeting in this city on Friday, Congressman Foster, who occupies the highly important position of chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, laid stress upon what we owe to future generations in this Panama matter. We are placing upon them, as it is, the duty of paying for the canal, and now some propose to put upon them, too, the cost of fortification and the standing army that is to be banished to the Isthmus. Again, as Mr. Foster put it, to fortify the canal, after having given assurances to Great Britain and the Republic of Panama before ever a spade of earth was turned up there, that the canal would be neutralized, "would be equivalent to saying to a foreign government, You have bound yourselves to observe our rules of neutrality, but we do not trust you, and, therefore, beware of our guns." As for neutralizing and fortifying, too, when has a neutralized territory been violated? Not Switzerland, certainly, amid all the upheavals in Europe; and plainly the excellent militia which Switzerland has was no deterrent in 1870-71. Why is it that such repeated proposals are made for the neutralization of Holland, except that the neutralization of Belgium has so successfully protected that little country from all fear of annexation by either Germany or France? It is unthinkable that any nation would dare in these times to violate neutrality—least of all in the case of such a great work of man as the canal at Panama, which is primarily for the benefit of the commerce of the entire world.

But, whether there is or is not such a danger, the policy of fortification is the policy of reaction and retrogression, and therefore particularly to be shunned by a forward-looking nation like the United States. It gives the lie to our avowals of a desire to be let alone and to live in peace. It means that when the times comes, as come it must, for an appeal to the nations to neutralize the Philippine Islands, we shall be met with suspicion and distrust and contemptuous references to our policy in Panama. In the direction of neutralization and non-fortification, we can only repeat once more, lies the path to fame and glory, as well as humanity, both for Mr. Taft and for his country.

INTERCOURSE WITH BOSSES.

At the funeral of the late Robert Davis of Jersey City a week ago, there was a great outpouring of eminent men. Gov.-elect Wilson was present, as were also many citizens of New Jersey of high position in business and in the professions. One would have supposed that they were paying tribute to the passing of a great man—at least, to one distinguished for philanthropy or for some kind of high attainment or public service. Yet Davis was nothing but a political boss. In private he was doubtless a likable man, kindly and generous and easy-going, but the power in political life which he had, and in recognition of which he was publicly mourned, was won by the ordinary machine methods. During the years of his boss-ship he displayed the usual qualities of his type—cunning, unscrupulousness, the use of offices merely as "plums" and of nominations as a system of rewards and punishments, all to the building up of his own organization and the enriching of himself and his friends.

We refer to the incident only because it suggests some of the difficult questions as regards personal intercourse with bosses. It is obvious that we have to make a distinction between the attitude of a private citizen and that of a public official. The former may feel it at once a duty and a pleasure to testify in every way his abhorrence of a boss. He may absolutely refuse to meet the man personally; and decline to go to a dinner where a Murphy is present just as promptly as he would spurn an invitation to sit at table with a burglar. But, after all, that is a sort of satisfaction which only the individual as such can enjoy. Put him into any kind of official or public relation, and he will have to look at the matter differently. The power of a boss is a fact. We may like it or we may hate it, but it is a thing to be reckoned with. Suppose, for example, that a man is a director of some charitable institution, or deeply interested in a work of public utility or beauty, and that it is necessary to procure some favorable action which can be had only by appealing to a boss—would he refuse to go to see him? Hard-

ly. He would sink his personal feelings in what he would consider the exigency of the cause. His thought of the boss would be just what it was before, but he would stand ready to utilize for good what he believed an evil power, if he could do it without at all compromising his position, or obligating himself to refrain from attacking the evil power on every fit occasion.

This helps us to see how the thing works out in the case of a Mayor or a Governor. Such public officers cannot cut themselves off from all dealings with a boss. He is a part of their problem. He is one of the tools with which they have to work. Approve of him or not, his power is a thing which they cannot blink. So it is that Roosevelt had to have interviews with Platt, Wilson with Smith and Davis, Gaynor and Dix with Murphy. It is possible that a boss might so outrage public decency, or be guilty of so flagrant a betrayal, that an Executive ought to refuse ever to see him again; but under ordinary circumstances, no such duty is indicated. It is not in the mere fact of meetings between elected officials and a boss that there is ground for suspicion or alarm. Such conferences are inevitable, things being what they are; the only question is where they are conducted and in what spirit.

Mr. Roosevelt, when Governor, used to come to New York to see Boss Platt. Their "breakfasts" together became famous, not to say notorious. The explanation given was the Rooseveltian "directness." He would go straight to his mark, even when that mark was in the room of a boss. Besides, it was said, he did not want Platt hovering about Albany. That had a bad look; so he would go to New York and arrange everything with Platt in person—though this, to many, had a worse look. They did not like to see a Governor going to call upon a boss. In Mr. Dix's case, the process is reversed: the boss goes to call upon the Governor. Yet even that may be overdone. It was a suggestive rumor from Albany last week that Murphy's presence there, with his announced purpose to stay on the spot until the Legislature was organized and a United States Senator elected, is not wholly pleasing to Gov. Dix. He seems to feel that it is only of the county of New York that Murphy is boss, not of the whole State, and that it would be better for him to stay within the bounds of his own kingdom.

The question is thus raised of the reciprocal obligations of the boss. Ought he not to cultivate a finer courtesy in his relations with Mayors and Governors? If his presence at any particular time or place is distasteful or awkward, it should seem that he ought to wrap himself in his virtue and retire. Nor should he exact mere formal and ceremonial deference in public, since he can complacently assure himself that the real power is his, whether it is officially recognized or not. And the example of Boss Davis may assure him on one point: in life he may not be honored, but in death he will be. At the funeral, whether political or physical, of a boss, some of us might not care to be present, but we could all say with the New Englander in the story: "No, I was not at the funeral, but I approved of it."

"CORRECTING THE RECORD."

At the present gratifying rate of progress, all the patriotic deserters of the civil war will shortly be provided with the rewards which a grateful republic bestows upon those who are able to pull the right wires. This raises the question how much longer those many other individuals are to be kept waiting for justice, whose past has happened to lie in a field less susceptible to Congressional sympathy. There is, indeed, the sign of a beginning in this direction in the resolution dealing with the fondness for special trains of a public man who was himself not averse to doing what correcting came in his way. Then there is the record which has risen, most untimely, to confront so good a man and so successful an attorney as our Mr. Sheehan. There is just time for the Legislature to set this annoying matter straight. It could pass an act barring all records before 1893, which would be regarded as charity, even if not justice. The most promising attempt in this direction, however, has met unexpected lack of appreciation, and it may be doubted whether the correction that is finally made in the record of Senator Lorimer will be any more pleasing to him than the picture of it which a few cruel men have been making in his very presence.

How much the moral value of the lives of literary men would be increased by this same process, we need only suggest. Why should innocent boys and girls be compelled a single day longer to read of the time so wofully common in the youthful history of Burns, for instance, when he loved, not wisely, but too well, not to say too many? Will any person of intelligence deny that the reasons for such a course in these cases are as cogent as in those which make so successful an appeal to our logic-loving Congressmen? Who can tell how much sooner Poe would have been invited into the cosy precincts of the Hall of Fame if his record had been corrected in the proper way? The consideration gains in force when we reflect upon the possibilities, not merely in the lives of such men, but in their works. For some years Homer's literary repute has been under a cloud. Merely because the legislators of his day possessed the usual amount of knowledge of legislators concerning the institution of copyright, he was prevented from giving to his productions that seal of authenticity which would have effectually precluded the spreading of insinuations regarding their entire originality. We commend to the next meeting of the American Institute of Arts and Letters the gracious task of making the suitable adjustments in Homer's record.

The case of Bacon and Shakespeare is even worse. It is generally agreed that both of these eminent Elizabethans stand in the direst need of this process. Shakespeare's trouble lies mainly in the earlier part of his life, Bacon's in the later part. All that is required for the former is a little correction about a bit of deer-stealing, which no man with red blood in his veins could think for a moment of refusing, and such further items of information as will establish the playwright in London at the proper times and places; and, for the latter, such evidence as will a little more conclusively demonstrate to over-obstinate doubters his ability as a writer for the stage. When one contemplates that this procedure will add to the list of English men of letters another dramatist of the very first rank, one can hardly fail to be filled with enthusiasm for the plan. We would also suggest, as delicately as we may, the need of another application of the process to a part of Bacon's record which it would puzzle even a politician's friends to explain away without this handy means of correction. Something might be done, too, for Dr. Johnson. In

the light of the outcome of the revolutionary war, his pamphlet, "Taxation No Tyranny," is not one upon which his friends can look with pride. To put the matter bluntly, he was on the wrong side, and emphatically and overbearingly so. Surely, no lover of liberty could interpose an objection to having this part of Johnson's record subjected to such correction as would put him right with history. His "Rasselas," moreover, is not so popular as it once was. Would it be anything more than just for some bright young writer of our more gifted day to correct its record? We feel sure that its appearance in the lists of best sellers a few times would restore to it all its old vogue.

The widest use to which correcting records can be put is in the case of letters a man is sorry, for one reason or another, that he has written, or, at least, has mailed. The number of broken friendships that a simple correction of this sort would restore is beyond calculation. In such a cause anything is justifiable, and we accordingly urge upon the very early attention of the Post Office Department at Washington some means by which a letter may be disavowed by its writer. A start has been made in this direction by the business men who are so thoughtful as to append their signatures to typewritten missives only when they are endorsed "Dictated but not read." This, however, strikes us as a little clumsy. There is too much of a suggestion of anticipation about it. In short, it lacks that noble vindication which resides in the legislative phrase, "correcting the record," the final triumph of which will be achieved when the body to which it owes its origin applies the process to parts of its own past.

THE GERMAN MILITARY BURDEN.

In Germany military and naval expenditures are settled for five years by a *Quinquennat*, instead of by an annual appropriation bill. Thus there has just been before the Reichstag a military proposal covering each of the years from 1911 to 1915. It gives no promise whatever that the burden the German peasant is carrying may be reduced within that period of time. Nobody has ever heard in these days of a military man who talked retrenchment. Hence the proposal of the Minister of War involves an additional expense of $2,207,980 for the year 1911 as contrasted with 1910, together with an increase of $4,021,000 for the navy and $332,222 for pensions, or a total increased expense of, roughly, $6,500,000. More than that, according to Col. Gädke, now the foremost writer on German military matters, the permanent increases called for by the bill will amount to $5,450,000 a year by 1915, while the sum of $20,600,000 will be spread over the five years in meeting temporary or non-recurring expenditures.

These increases are chiefly to be credited to actual enlargement of the number of military organizations and naval units. Thus there are to be 108 new machine-gun companies, two more airship battalions, and one automobile battalion, or an increase of 5,479 men, giving a total for the army of 644,000 on paper. But Col. Gädke insists that with the growth of the population the increased number of men available will actually bring this figure up considerably, so that with the navy there will be no less than 714,000 men withdrawn from the pursuits of peace. Startling as these figures are, they seem to be most carefully compiled, and have not, so far as we are aware, been successfully challenged. They include, of course, civil employees and semi-military officials employed by the military establishment, as in the pension department. But the fact remains the same: a great army of men is living in industrial idleness at an expense to the whole nation in 1911 of $355,915,140. For this vast outlay there is nothing of productive value to show. It is "insurance" for national safety, the military men say, and they glory in the fact that if war should be declared, 4,800,000 trained German soldiers could at once be recalled to the colors; and, with all possible reserves, 6,064,000 could confront the enemy. Beside this fact, is it, they ask, of any importance that the German Empire finds itself in grave financial difficulties, without even a well-thought-out plan by which to extricate itself?

For the German public, however, it is highly significant that the peace army of 1871, numbering 401,659 men, has grown in forty years of peace to 714,000, and that apparently there is no possible way of stopping that growth. The increase of population does not lessen the peasant's burden; the army keeps step with the nation's expansion, and the growth of the great navy increases disproportionately the financial cost. Where is it to end, is the question. Germany has long since outstripped France, which cannot by a full million call out as many trained soldiers. Yet her extreme militarists are demanding that her army shall by itself be able to meet any possible combination which may be brought against it, just as the British jingoes insist that their fleet must be on a "three-Power" or "four-Power" basis. They cannot see that already the life-blood of the nation is being drained by the colossal expenditures. As Col. Gädke puts it: "An administration which would seriously urge such a policy ought to be locked up in an insane asylum; for its adoption would mean the certain collapse of our national strength because of exhaustion and anæmia." Even this believer in a great army admits that the German military and naval authorities have neither adequate conception of the necessity of backing up an army with sound finance nor a knowledge that the social, industrial, and economic development of the nation is of more importance in the long run than the steady reinforcement of the army and navy.

If we compare Germany's conditions with those of her allies in the Triple Alliance, we can see even more clearly how heavy is the German burden. Austria and Italy have to-day respectively 379,000 and 256,000 men under arms. Together their troops, in time of peace, number 635,000, in comparison with Germany's peace army of to-day—about 644,000 men. But the average per capita cost in Italy and Austria is but ten marks or $2.50, against twenty-one marks or $4.25 in Germany. Austria and Italy, if they were to withdraw proportionately as many men as has Germany for military purposes, would have together a force of 855,000 men. All in all, this curse of militarism is a form of modern slavery. Men are taken from their homes for one, two, or three years, because the state asserts that some day it may need their lives as forfeits for the ambitions, or desires, or blunders of its statesmen. The whole moral tone of Europe is lowered by its being transformed into armed camps, as every physician and every student of morals knows. Yet there are actually men like Lord Roberts in England, who would fasten similar shackles upon their own coun-

try, while we hear from Washington that our War College students are convinced that we, too, must have universal military service unless we are to be subjugated by "barbarians" in many respects more civilized than ourselves. Hence, it is really refreshing to find a note of protest in so influential a writer as Col. Gädke, or at least a realization that there are other aims in life than preparing to kill. But then he is only a retired officer; the good red blood of the soldier must be thinning in his veins.

A COLLEGE COURSE IN PRINTING.

If, as might appear logical, the arts were rated "fine" in strict accordance with the percentage of those able to understand their technical principles and appreciate their calculated effects, printing would perhaps have to be recognized as nearly the finest of the fine arts. For every hundred who can intelligently look at a painting or listen to the performance of a symphony, there is probably but one who can turn the pages of a well-made book and pass a criticism upon its typographical appearance, and the quality of its paper and impression. Printing, for most persons, and for persons of acknowledged taste at that, is taken for granted, and printed matter, of what sort soever, so long as it is sufficiently legible to serve its primary purpose as a medium of communication, receives scarcely a moment's attention or consideration for its own sake. Much of this same indifference is, it must be confessed, shown by the majority of printers themselves.

Yet printing has a splendid history and a proud record of achievement. Even in this country it had a classic period during the middle of the last century when the books of some American publishers challenged not unfavorable comparison with those of Pickering, who loved to style himself "the English disciple of Aldus." To-day fine printing is largely confined to certain very special purposes, on the theory that well-made books appeal to only a limited class, though we are inclined to think that if the publishers were willing to do a little more pioneer work, this public might be greatly extended. At all events, there is great room for improvement both among the patrons and the practitioners of the art, and in the general taste of the community. It is for this reason that we find interesting and significant the official details of the course in printing at Harvard University.

It is the first course of the kind offered by any higher institution of learning in the United States, and is, we believe, partly the result of the determined effort made for some years by the Boston Society of Printers to procure recognition of the need for the regular education of the members of their own craft in its technique and in the principles of design as applied to it. The plans, however, appear to have been shaped in a broad spirit to apply as well to the needs of the ordinary student as to the specialist in printing. Thus we read of one course offered by the department of fine arts. It consists of lectures on the history of printing. One cannot help thinking with regret of what Harvard's great professor of fine arts, who was an ardent collector, bibliographer, and connoisseur of printing, might have made of such a course with its infinite possibilities for suggesting the relation of typography to allied branches of taste. A more important course falls within the new Harvard Graduate School of Business, and covers history, materials, design, and practice. The technical instruction will offer to the student a "survey of the materials and processes connected with printing—ink, paper, type, printing machinery, etc.—each division of the general subject being in charge of a professional expert." For the second of the two years' course—this, it may be noted, is subsidiary to the general business training—there will be advanced instruction in business practice in printing, involving visits to plants, reports, etc., and probably also in the application of the principles of design to printing—its architectonic, in other words.

Much will depend upon the taste, knowledge, and ability of the instructors in these several branches. But well conducted and harmonized, the combined courses ought to give the student a thorough grasp on his subject as a whole, and fit him to undertake the practice of his craft in an intelligent and enlightened manner. We regard as a good sign the emphasis laid upon the practical aspect of printing, and the acceptance of modern commercial conditions. William Morris viewed with ill-concealed distaste the spectacle of his pressmen with their sticky sheets, and thought longingly of the mediæval scribe with his bottles of red, blue, and black ink. But Morris was a mediævalist, and printing belongs to modern times rather than to the Middle Ages. He also defined the ideal book as one fashioned without regard to the exigencies of commerce. It is doubtful, if we accept this definition, whether an ideal book has ever been conceived, much less executed. Certainly Mr. De Vinne, in his Grolier Club book, "Notable Italian Printers of the Fifteenth Century," showed clearly that those printers sought to conform to the tastes of their contemporaries in a way that would render their enterprises profitable, though they often enough failed in this, and were ruined. Even Morris could hardly have carried on his work at the Kelmscott Press if he had not happened to please others than himself; while the shortcomings of his books prove that, even under the favorable conditions of his experiment, it may be disastrous to enjoy too much freedom from the commercial demands which are often a corrective to extravagant personal eccentricities. Both commercially and mechanically, the best printers that England produced in the nineteenth century, the Whittinghams—men incomparably closer to Morris's craftsman idea than was Morris himself—were not only the leaders in typographic taste and fineness of impression, but in business capacity and in inventive ingenuity as brought to bear upon the mechanics of printing, paper-making, and the rest.

If the Middle Ages left printing the legacy of a noble artistic ideal, the Renaissance emphasized its mission of utility. The two ends which printing may, therefore, with historic justification attempt to serve are beauty and usefulness. These are by no means incompatible; and if at times they have seemed so, this is due in part to the ignorance of the ordinary printer and of his public, but largely also to those revivers of the art who have not been satisfied to draw their idealism from the Middle Ages, but have sought to restore the precise forms of that period as well, without reference to modern standards and needs. It is only through the mastery of a medium and of the current means of production and merchandising, that excellence in any art becomes general.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

LAWRENCE, Kansas, January 6.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the American Historical Association, held at Indianapolis, December 27-30, was, on the whole, one of the most successful of recent years. The registrations, including those of the allied societies—the North Central History Teachers' Association, the Ohio Valley Historical Association, the Mississippi Valley Historical Association—very nearly or quite reached the three hundred mark; and, while there was a smaller number present from the East than could have been desired, the attendance was representative of all sections of the country. The cordial hospitality of the people of Indianapolis contributed much to the success of the meeting. Gov. Marshall was himself present Wednesday evening.

It was, perhaps, peculiarly fitting that the meeting should have been held in the Middle West, inasmuch as the presidency of the association for the year fell to Professor Turner, whose name is so closely connected with the study of the West and with a brilliant interpretation of national history from the point of view of the frontier. And this fact was marked, on the opening evening of the meeting, at a dinner given in his honor, by the presentation to Professor Turner of a volume entitled "Turner Studies in American History," composed of special studies by certain of his former students dealing with aspects of western history. The volume, indeed, might be called a symposium on the frontier.

While his students are still occupied with the old frontier, the inaugural address of Wednesday evening might seem to indicate that Professor Turner has himself already taken a new point of view. The address, entitled "Social Forces in American History," maintained that the close of the nineteenth century marks a turning point of fundamental importance in American history. Until after the war, the primary fact in American history was the existence of free land, and the consequent expansion of population into the unoccupied area. The opportunity which free land gave furnished the economic basis for the practical equality which existed, while at the same time it fostered the doctrine of liberty, and contributed to the formation of the peculiar type of aggressive individualism that prevails in America. The ideas of liberty and equality have, therefore, been hitherto inseparable, and have seemed not incompatible. But the exhaustion of the public land, together with the unrivalled natural resources of the country and the rapid application of machinery to industrial processes since the war, has resulted in an unprecedented concentration of wealth and consequently of economic power. The old pioneer society, in which individual liberty was the very condition of economic and political equality, is thus rapidly transforming into a society in which individual liberty works out a separation of classes with divergent interests, unequal opportunities, and unequal possessions. The nation is therefore entering upon a period of conflict between classes which is bringing to light the fundamental opposition between the notion of liberty and the notion of equality; the economic and social revolution now in progress is undermining the traditional conceptions upon which our democracy is supposed to rest; the times, somewhat out of joint, call for a new organization in the realm of practical fact and for a new criticism in the realm of theory. It is significant, however, that in the new alignment of classes both parties profess to hold to traditional principles. The great captain of industry, with his hundred millions, regards himself as the true descendant of the old pioneer; as the back-woodsman exploited the wilderness, he, too, has exploited the unknown resources of his country, and has, by means of an initiative, a resourcefulness, a masterful individuality even greater than that of the back-woodsman, achieved great things in the face of great difficulties. On the other hand, those who seek to control corporate wealth by law are appealing to a tradition equally strong on the old frontier—the tradition of equality of opportunity—and so far from renouncing the doctrine of individualism by timidly appealing to a power outside themselves for protection, they are seeking to use an instrument which they themselves have created—the government and the law—for the preservation of fundamental American principles. This opposition of principles and interests, although now for the first time fundamental, goes far back in American history, and Professor Turner maintained in conclusion that a most fruitful and illuminating interpretation of American history is yet to be made from this new point of view.

It was not forgotten that it is now just a half-century since the beginning of the civil war, and two important morning sessions were devoted to commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of secession. Professor Fish, in a paper entitled "The Decision of the Ohio Valley," exhibited the economic unity of the valley as explaining why the Northwest finally sided with the East. The paper complemented one on the following morning by Professor Dodd, who discussed the effort of Southern leaders to hold the Northwest to the Southern alliance. Professor Corwin, in a closely reasoned paper, maintained that Justice Taney was justified by precedent in entering into the general Constitutional question raised by the Dred Scott case, but that his argument, on his own premises, was ill-reasoned. Professor McLaughlin, in conformity with his well-known views on the nature of the Constitution established in 1789, maintained that the doctrine of secession was at least not older than Webster's doctrine of coercion, and that it developed only in response to the economic and political interests of the South. The Friday morning session was opened by Dr. Angell, who gave, in his usual charming manner, some recollections of a horseback ride through the South in 1850. Professor Thomas showed why the non-slaveholding classes sided with the planters, Professor Boyd discussed the conditions in North Carolina on the eve of secession, and Professor Gerson presented new evidence with respect to the calling of the Montgomery Convention. In the conference of Wednesday afternoon, devoted to American diplomatic history, Professor Callahan produced new material showing that the Southern leaders in 1859-60 were working to obtain additional territory from Mexico, and Mr. Sears discussed entertainingly trade conditions in South America, pointing out that ignorance on the part of American commercial houses put them at a disadvantage as compared with European, and notably German, houses in procuring the markets of that country.

Less time was devoted to European history than to American. At the general session of Thursday evening there was a detailed paper, based upon archives at The Hague, by Professor Catterall, on Anglo-Dutch relations; a suggestive paper by Professor Hazen on De Tocqueville and the Republic of 1848, and one by Professor Larson in which he developed his views with respect to the Danish influence in the Anglo-Saxon period of English history. Prof. Morse Stephens discussed in his entertaining way the historiography of the French Revolution, incidentally apologizing for having been rash enough, in extreme youth, to attempt a history of that great event himself. The three conferences that were held on European history were productive of much fruitful discussion. At the Modern European Conference, Professor Andrews, in a careful and thoughtful paper, presented the advantages and the difficulties confronting American students who expected to offer doctors' dissertations in that field. Those who discussed the paper admitted many difficulties; but seemed to think that Professor Andrews had emphasized them more than was necessary. Those who took part in the mediæval history conference were of opinion that there were still many inviting opportunities in that field, and Professor Haskins pointed out that certain periods of English history were particularly available for American students, inasmuch

as there existed in print a fairly complete body of source material which was easily accessible.

One of the most interesting sessions was that of Friday evening, at which Professor Robinson of Columbia University read a paper on the "Relation of History to the Newer Sciences of Mankind." He prefaced his paper by saying that in what he had to say he was voicing a merely personal dissatisfaction which he had felt for some years with the traditional method of interpreting history, and that he wished to express to others the way in which considerable attention to the "newer sciences of mankind," such as anthropology and comparative psychology, had transformed his conception of history. He understood the great value of much of the work that had been done. He had no wish to transform history into sociology, or to discredit the notion that history must be based upon an accurate knowledge of the past. But he felt that historians were somewhat blindly refusing to profit by the results of other sciences that deal with man, so that historical interpretation was becoming, or was in danger of becoming, scholastic and barren of profitable results. Historians, as a result, were, in a sense, the least historical of scholars; professing to deal with man in the past, they were somewhat open to the charge of knowing much about the past but little about man. The two most important facts about man established in the nineteenth century were the fact that he is descended from the lower animals, and the fact that he has lived on the earth for countless ages; it was significant, he thought, that historians contributed nothing, and, by their method, could have contributed nothing, to this discovery.

Prof. William M. Sloane was elected president for the coming year, Theodore Roosevelt was elected first vice-president, Prof. William A. Dunning was elected second vice-president, and Professors Woodburn and Fling were elected to the executive council in place of the retiring members, Professors Hodder and Farrand. The Justin Winsor prize was awarded to Dr. Edward R. Turner for his essay on the Negro in Pennsylvania. The next meeting of the association will be at Buffalo.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION: CENTRAL DIVISION.

St. Louis, December 30.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Central Division of the Modern Language Association of America occurred at St. Louis during the Christmas holidays. The members in attendance were the guests of the faculty of Washington University and most of the sessions were held at the university buildings. Though somewhat overshadowed by some of the other learned societies that met at the same time in the city and listened to such addresses as that of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, this year's meeting was, nevertheless, interesting and important.

To one who has attended these gatherings year after year, certain changes in the personnel of the attendance and in the nature of the discussions become clearly apparent. One notices, first, the increasing preponderance of young men at successive annual meetings. This is to be accounted for, not by supposing that the teaching positions among the colleges and universities of the Middle West are falling into the hands of immature men, but by the fact that the younger men are more alert than their elders to seize the advantages offered by an opportunity to meet their fellow craftsmen. Secondly, one notices the greater emphasis which is now placed in the discussions upon matters purely pedagogical. Whereas, ten years ago, all the papers read at these meetings were scholarly in the sense that they dealt exclusively with problems of interest only to the scholar, three out of nineteen of the papers read at St. Louis dealt directly with the teaching of modern languages. The address of the chairman, for example, discussed the question whether the standard of efficiency of modern language instruction in the secondary schools can be raised. This was a detailed study of existing conditions, based upon answers received to queries addressed to individuals throughout the country.

Similar questions occupied the attention of the English, Germanic, and Romance departmental meetings that met on Thursday afternoon. Particularly interesting was the report presented to the English departmental meeting by the committee of five appointed last year to investigate the conditions of English composition teaching, in the schools and colleges of the country, with special reference to the amount of written work required, and the handling of it by the teachers. The committee's investigation has been thorough. Letters of inquiry were sent to all the colleges and universities in the country, as well as to the one hundred representative high schools. The answers indicated that the teachers of English composition throughout the country are toiling in a kind of educational sweatshop.

The newly appointed chairman of the Central Division is Professor Hubbard of the University of Wisconsin. Since next year's meeting will be a union meeting with the Eastern section and no separate business meeting will be held by the Central Division, Professor Hubbard will serve for two years.

E. C. B.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The third part of the Edmund Clarence Stedman collection, which will be sold by the Anderson Auction Company on January 24 and 25, afternoons and evenings, contains more of value than either of the two preceding parts. In the Poe material are two very interesting letters, one to Dr. Snodgrass of Baltimore, editor of the Baltimore *Visiter*, and the other to Joseph M. Field. There is also a rolled manuscript of Poe's, sixty-four lines, defending him from a charge that he had plagiarized Keats's "Endymion" in his "Ulalume," and quoting stanzas from the latter and from "Lenore." Among the Poeana are several volumes by that curious master of rhythm, Thomas Holley Chivers, and two poems in his manuscript. A series of six fine letters of A. C. Swinburne, written to Mr. Stedman, in which he freely criticises the poetry of Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, and Whittier, is notable. The series of books of James Whitcomb Riley is a long one, and almost all are presentation copies, several having inscriptions in verse. The Whitman collection begins with the rare first edition (Brooklyn, 1865) of the "Leaves of Grass," and includes a number of presentation copies and several manuscripts. Undoubtedly the rarest book in the library is Richard Henry Stoddard's "Foot-Prints" (New York, 1849), his first volume of verse, the entire edition of which, with the exception of six copies, is said to have been destroyed by the author. This copy was one presented by the printer, in 1888, to Mr. Stoddard, who in turn gave the pamphlet to Stedman. The autograph manuscript of James Thomson's "The City of Dreadful Night," written on sixty-two pages, in two memorandum books, is another notable item. Long series of the writings of William Sharp (both under his own name and that of Fiona Macleod), William Watson, William Winter, Professor Woodberry, Dr. Van Dyke, Charles G. D. Roberts, Stephen Phillips, Sir Gilbert Parker, and other contemporaries of Stedman, many with inscriptions or letters, are included, as is also a large number of Stedman's own books and manuscripts.

On January 23 the Anderson Auction Company will sell a collection of autographs, among them two of Robert Burns's letters to Clarinda, signed "Sylvander"; twenty-two letters from Charlotte Brontë to Miss Nussey; several letters from Hawthorne to Zachariah Burchmore; a fine Dickens letter, etc.

On February 9 to 16, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge will sell the collection of the works of George Cruikshank made by Capt. R. J. H. Douglas. This collection is, perhaps, the finest ever brought together, surpassing those of Mr. H. W. Bruton and Dr. Truman, the first sold by Sotheby in June, 1897, the second in May, 1906. The books are, for the most part, in the original covers, Capt. Douglas having given great attention to state and condition. The set of Grimm's "Popular Stories" (1823-26) is in the original boards, uncut, with labels and correct advertisements. Ireland's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" (1823-28) is in the sixty-four original numbers. There are two sets of "The Humourist" (1819-20), one in the original boards, described as the finest copy known; the other in morocco. "The Holiday Grammar" (1825), an exceedingly

rare item, is said to be the finest copy in existence, and a similar claim is made for the set of Comic Almanacs, 19 volumes (1835-53), which in ordinary second-hand condition is comparatively common. The first editions of Dickens's "Sketches by Boz" and "Oliver Twist" are in cloth, as issued, but the much rarer later issues in parts of these two works are also included. The collection of separate prints, caricatures, lithographs, wood-cuts, broadsides, etc., 367 lots comprising the last two days' sale will first be offered as a lot; but, if the fixed upset price (not given in the catalogue) is not obtained, the lots will be offered separately.

The Howard Willets collection, destroyed by fire a few years ago, was probably the most extensive collection of Cruikshankiana ever brought together by any American collector. A very remarkable collection of drawings and prints (extracted from books, but generally without the text) was that of John B. Gough. This is now in the library of M. C. D. Borden. The more famous works, as well as the works of famous writers embellished with Cruikshank's plates, are sought for by many collectors, but few, like Bruton, Truman, and Douglas, attempt to procure every book or pamphlet containing an illustration by Cruiksbank or every separate print which he made.

Correspondence

MILTON AND DU BARTAS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of Dr. Baskervill (*Nation*, December 8), comparing certain passages of Milton's "Lycidas" with some in Skelton's "Colin Clout," reminds me that the Rev. Charles Dunster published a little volume in London in the year 1800 giving instances of what he regarded as reminiscences in all Milton's early poems of his previous reading in Sylvester's translations from Du Bartas, and the other verses printed in the same volume with "The Devine Weekes." The parallels noted by Mr. Dunster in the case of "Lycidas" and elsewhere are not suggestive of plagiarism, but of the way in which mental impressions of childhood may work out in later years. The "Lycidas" examples are as follows:

Ivy never sere—"Lycidas."
Bays never unleaved—Sylvester ("Eden").

Some melodious tear—L.
(To the Universities) Lend your learned tears—S. ("Monodia").

Opening eyelids of the morn—L.
See th' eyelids of the morning—S. ("Job Tri.").

Ay me! I fondly dream—L.
Ay me! that Death o'er virtue, etc.—S. (Mon.)

The fair guerdon when we hope to find—L.
The guerdon of his glorious pains—S. (3d Day)
Bears in itself itself's rich guerdon—S. (4th Day.)
Smooth-sliding Mincius—L.
Smooth-sliding floods—S. ("Eden").

(Cam's) mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge—L.
(Jordan's) flood lay'd on his mossy bed,
And pensive leaning his flag-shaggy head—S. ("Captaines").
(Of two keys) The golden opes—L.
She (Nature) wears a golden key—S. (Capt's).

The iron shuts amain—L.
Charging poor mankind amain—S. ("Furies").

That dread voice is past That shrunk thy streams —L.
His dreadful voice did cleave the . . . deep —S. (3d. Day).
Swells and shrinks the seas—(Same Day).

Flowrets of a thousand hues—L.
A semi-circle of a hundred hues—S. ("Ark").

Mild whispers use Of . . . gushing brooks—L.
The stream's mild murmur as it gently gushes —S. (3d Day).

Mr. Dunster also comments upon the employment of the word "use" in the last of the above examples, asserting that it was not employed in the sense there given it by any other predecessor than Sylvester, in whose verses it is often to be found.

It occurs to me likewise that Sylvester's apostrophe to England, inserted by him in "The Devine Weekes," Second Day, is a probable inciting source of St. Peter's address in "Lycidas." At any rate there is more than a resemblance of spirit and tone between them. Wanting some lines at the ending of the apostrophe, it is (except the word "of" in the 15th line, corrected from "if") *literatim* as follows:

And wanton England, why hast thou forgot
Thy visitation, as thou hadst it not?
Thou hast seen signs, and thou hast felt the rod
Of the revenging, wrathfull hand of God.
The frowning Heav'ns in fearfull Sightes forespoke
Thy Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman yoak:
And since (alas!) unkinder wounds then those,
The Civill rents of thy divided Rose:
And, last of all, the raging Wolves of Rome,
Tearing thy limbs (Christs Lambs) in Martyrdome.
Besides Great Plagues, and grievous Dearths which (yerst)
Have oft the Sinnews of thy strength reverst.
But thou, more faulty, more forgetfull art
Then Boyes that fear but while they feel the smart:
All this is past; and Thou, past feare of it,
In Peace and Plenty, as a Queen doost sit,
Of Rods forgetfull, and for Rest ingratefull
(That, sottish Duiness: This a sin most hatefull)
Ingratefull to thy God, who all hath sent;
And thy late Queen, his sacred Instrument,
By whose pure hand, he hath more blessed Thine
Then yerst his owne Choyce-planted Hebrew Vine:
From whence he look't for Grapes (as now from thee);
That bore him Crabs: Thou worse (if worse may be):
That was destroy'd, the wilde Boar entred in.
England, beware; like punishment, like sin.
But O! what boots, or what availes my song
To this deaf Adder, that hath slept so long,
Snorting so loud on pillowes of Security
Dread-less of danger, drowned in Impurity;
Whose senses all, all over-grow'n with Fat,
Have left no door for Fear to enter at?
Yet once again (deer Countrie) must I call:
England repent; Fall to prevent thy Fall.
Though thou be blinde, thy wakefull watchmen see
Heav'ns Irefull vengeance hanging over thee
In fearfull signes, threatning a thousand Woes
To thy Sinn's Deluge, which all over-flowes.
Thine uncontroll, bold, open Athëism:
Close Idol-service: Cloaked Hypocrism:
Common Blaspheming of Gods Name, in Oaths:
Usuall Profanin' of his Sabbaoths:
Thy blind, dumb, Idol-shepheards, choakt with steeples,
That fleece thy Flocks, and do not feed thy Peoples:
Strife-full Ambition, Florentizing States:
Bribes and Affection swaying Magistrates:
Wealth's Mercy-less Wrong, Usury, Extortion:
Poore's Idleness, repining at their Portion:
Thy Drunken surfets; and excess in Diet:
Thy Sensuall wallowing in Lascivious Riot;
Thy huft, puft, painted, curld, purld, Wanton Pride
(The Baud to Lust, and to all Sinns beside)
These are thy sinnes: these are the signes of Ruin.

Theron Wilber Haight.

Waukesha, Wis., January 2.

AMUSEMENT OF COLLEGE STUDENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The relative drawing-power of various forms of amusement was recently tested at the University of Illinois. The statistics were not at all startling, until a resourceful reporter, by supplying imaginative references to the Bard of Avon and chorus girls, and the decadent taste of college men, touched up the plain tale with varnish of a certain shade. The original statement, though less diverting, may be worth an accurate record.

Questions were submitted to 948 students, about one-fourth of whom were young women. Patronage of the regular drama was checked on a list of nine plays, virtually the entire autumn offering of both syndicates in the local theatres. The list included the names of J. E. Dodson, Otis Skinner, and Maude Adams, and the titles of popular successes like "The Fourth Estate." None of the plays was more antique than "What Every Woman Knows," and all belonged, as the students themselves would say, to the "classy," rather than the classic, school. Nevertheless, 35 per cent. of those questioned had attended no one of these plays.

Musical comedy in some form had drawn nearly 60 per cent. About the same number had more or less regularly visited the local vaudeville house. Moving-picture shows had attracted but 35 per cent. Fifty-nine students only, or one in every sixteen, had indulged in no form of theatrical entertainment during the present season; while two in every three professed hearty interest in the theatre. That the great popularity of high school theatricals is fostering this interest is suggested in the fact that 60 per cent. of the students have themselves appeared in plays.

By way of comparison, the questions tested recent attendance on certain other forms of diversion or education. The results: Dances, 53 per cent.; concerts, 51 per cent.; lectures, 63 per cent.; sermons, 75 per cent.; athletic contests, 80 per cent.

These figures, which speak for themselves, seem a fair indication of our students' taste and interest. The degree of interest in the theatre suggests the amount of influence brought to bear upon college men and women by this medium. The direction of that interest is, perhaps, a more important educational problem than is generally recognized.

T. H. Guild.

Urbana, Ill., December 30.

WILL AND SHALL ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Most school grammars, and some more pretentious works, declare, as an ultimate fact, that the English future indicative is formed with the auxiliary *shall* in the first person, *will* in the second and third. At best, this seems capricious, and hard to parallel elsewhere. Certainly, the reasoning mind asks for causes, for origins. As a matter of fact, shall and will never change, or exchange, their well-defined meanings. Each has one clear force in all persons.

Let us begin with a bold paradox. English has no future indicative. No language should have one. The mood of positive statement has no real contact with the fu-

ture—the realm of the utterly uncertain. Past and present tenses (do, did; tut, tat; facit, fecit) are rational distinctions of present and past realities: future realities swim not within mortal ken.

Many languages show a consciousness of this truth. In Homer the future is frequently indistinguishable from a subjunctive. The first person remained so in Attic Greek. Exactly the same is true in Latin for most verbs (regam, audiam, faciam), while the favorite and seemingly accurate "future perfect active," in every verb of the language, is five times out of six identical with the perfect subjunctive. Fecerit is "he is going to have it done," or "he *may* have it done"; no one can decide which. There is, in truth, no difference. Our vision stops at present expectation. Again, futures are noticeably perishable. Such common verbs as "I eat, I drink, I come," had none in Attic Greek, using instead older present forms. In modern Greek all forms of the future have fallen out: and curiously enough the subjunctive formation substituted for it gains an important logical distinction, which Plato's speech never attained. One Attic verb, at most, could distinguish a specific action, in future time, from a repeated or habitual one. But every peasant now feels the difference between θέλω νὰ φάγω, or νὰ φάγω (I'm going to eat a certain meal), and θὰ τρώγω (I am going to continue the eating habit).

English has lost an extremely useful verb, the German *werden* (become, get to be). Its last dying breath in our speech is perhaps Scott's "Woe worth the chase," which might be rendered "Weh werde der Jagd." The loss is painfully felt when we try, first, to express the passive voice. The interminable wrangle over "This house is being built," the attempts to substitute "is a-building," etc., make us sigh for the curt clear "Dies Haus *wird* gebaut," perfectly distinct from "*ist* gebaut" (is already builded).

So again when we attempt to face in full confidence the future. We have entirely lost the German device "Ich werde lieben" (I am getting to the loving). The safest and most accurate form really is: "I am going to love," expressing present tendency or progress in the given direction: (Amaturus *sum*).

What, then, are will and shall (wollen and sollen)? The original meaning of each is clear. They do not encroach on each other. Neither is equivalent to the lost *werden*. *Will* indicates desire, *shall*, compulsion. *Will* states the mental attitude of the subject, his readiness for any action proposed: usually *wish* (to) is a close synonym. *Shall* (I am obliged, it is required of me) indicates a resistless pressure, presumably of moral or cosmic force, from some source outside the subject. Thus, "I shall die," confesses the power of a universal law acting even upon the ego, the organism that perceives the law and defines its application. "I will die" indicates cheerful assent, if not active aid, to the same result. Now, it happens that we occasionally wrest both from their proper functions, misapplying them to a mere future or expected occurrence. Under these conditions only a plea in mitigation can be offered: choose along the line of minimum error, of least misunderstanding.

"I will die," declaring the willingness of the ego to be destroyed, contains a maximum of misstatement, and that in a matter on which ego is better informed than any other. Hence "I shall die" is less misleading, though "I am to die," "I am going to die," "I expect to die" is far more accurate.

Conversely, "thou shalt die," "he shall surely die" has inevitably, ever since Cain's day, a most dangerous connotation. Each man knoweth best his own heart. Hence the grim hint is also heard, that the speaker is inclined to help out the inexorable law, to enforce it on the other man. That is, "Abel is to perish by a force outside himself" instantly suggests allusion to that force most familiar to the speaker: viz., his own heart and hand. So I say, more safely, "he will die." Probably that is untrue. Abel, presumably, wishes to live; but meantime he can speak for himself, and this pronouncement is less dangerous than the other. A wiser reticence, a keener logic, would stop at "he is (*going*, or *about*) to die."

The unlucky foreigner who, sinking, cried: "I will drown, no one shall help me," did not mean "I wish to drown, nobody is permitted to help me." But neither did he mean "I am destined to drown, no man is willing to save me": though that is what we bid him say in amendment. ("I shall drown, no one will save me"—Ich soll ertrinken, niemand will mich retten.) Better far if he uttered his sincere conviction: "I'm going to drown, nobody's going to save me" ("Ich werde ertrinken, niemand wird mich retten.") That is, having lost *werden*, it is slovenly of us to use *wollen* or *sollen*, knowing that neither is right.

We have, then, no colorless and positive future, and should have none. *Will* and *shall* have one meaning apiece, which they never interchange. But the loss of *werden* is the severest our language has suffered, enfeebling and bewildering our logical faculties as to two large categories: passivity and futurity.

If a practical rule for the actual use of these auxiliaries be desired it is: Use *shall* and *should* for *actions* not controllable by the subject's will; *will* and *would* for actions under his control. When in doubt use going to, about to. Thus in an "impersonal" idiom. "It shall rain" *e. g.*, is, of course, absurd. "It will rain" was right, logically, as long as "it" was felt to be "the Divine power," just as the early Greek said, "Zeus rains, lightens, thunders," etc. It can now only be explained as a reminiscence, and is slightly incongruous, because the word *will*, whether verb or noun, implies, always, a conscious subjective activity.

WM. C. LAWTON.

Scranton, Pa., January 4.

THE SOURCES OF "IVANHOE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Your correspondent who, in his report of the meeting of the Modern Language Association, comments on Dr. Wolff's paper, uses too strong a term in calling Scott's numerous but infinitesimal borrowings from Sidney's "Arcadia" for his "Ivanhoe" an offence. The incidents borrowed from the "Arcadia" concern mostly the events at Torquilstone Castle, and the actual amount borrowed does not compare with that borrowed by Shakespeare, for example, for his "Romeo and Juliet." It would be a rash man who should call the dramatist's act an offence.

It is also worth while to point out, since the fact seems to have escaped notice, that what is perhaps the most thrilling incident of the siege of Torquilstone—the fall of the castle through a traitor's setting on fire a heap of fuel within the castle, the description of the spread of flames and smoke, and the desperate struggle of the besieged against fire within and foes without—is taken not from the "Arcadia" at all, but from the siege of Kildrummy Castle in Barbour's "Bruce" (iv, 85-158), a work which five years before "Ivanhoe," Scott had used as the source of his "Lord of the Isles." In both cases, the besiegers are aware of the treachery, but the besieged learn of it in the midst of the fight. In both cases, the besieged rally, defend themselves stoutly against their perils, and for a time succeed in beating back the assailants. What appealed to Scott's imagination must have been the graphic description of the fire itself, and the picturesqueness of it. I will not beg space to insert a "deadly parallel"; but only quote Barbour:

> Na mair may na man fire sa cover
> Than low or reik sall it discover;
> Sa fell it here, for fire all clear
> Sune through the thick burd can appear,
> Ferst as a sterne, syne as a moyne,
> And well bradar thair-after soyne,
> The fyre out syne in blasis brast,
> And the reik rais richt wonder fast.
> The fyre o'er all the castle spred,
> Thair micht na fors of men it red.

If we compare this with Scott's "smouldering and suffocating vapor, eddying in sable folds," and his account of the spread of the flames, we shall see how easily the vivid picture of the "Bruce" may have remained in his mind for five years, to be used as need required, along with the "Arcadia" and an infinity of other "sources," in what was essentially an original transmuting into life in the great novel.

In an age when "The Divine Fire" appears unchallenged within a few years of "The Story of an Untold Love," it is worth inquiring against what Scott "offended" in borrowing a situation from the "Arcadia" as a portion of a skeleton frame upon which to mould his living characters.

Finally, it is only fair to Dr. Wolff's predecessor in this field, to call attention to an article in *Modern Language Notes* for May, 1907, pp. 144-146, by Robert T. Kerlin, then graduate student at Yale, now professor at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va. His paper, "Scott's 'Ivanhoe' and Sidney's 'Arcadia,'" anticipated most of Dr. Wolff's parallels.

H. N. MACCRACKEN.

New Haven, January 5.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE ILIAD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In your issue of December 1, the reviewer of Cumming's recent translation of the Iliad says that it "is hardly such as to warrant a hope that it will not take its place with the forty or so unsuccessful attempts at hexameter translations which the author tells us have already appeared in print." That this is a statement far wide of the mark, so far as the number of hexameter English translations is concerned, is shown by the following list of English translations of the Iliad, only four of which are attempts at the classic hexameter, and one other which is a sort of

nondescript hexameter in rhyme. The list, with the meter employed in each, is as follows:

George Chapman, 1612, rhymed iambic heptameter; John Ogilby, 1660, heroic couplet; Thomas Hobbes, 1672, rhymed iambic pentameter—alternate lines rhyming; Ozell, Broom, and Oldisworth, 1714, heroic couplet; Alexander Pope, 1715-1720, heroic couplet; James Macpherson, 1773, prose; William Cowper, 1810, blank verse; A Member of the University of Cambridge, first six books only, 1828, prose; William Sotheby, 1834, heroic couplet; A Graduate of the University of Oxford, 1841, prose; T. S. Brandreth, 1846, blank verse; William Munford, 1846, blank verse; W. G. T. Barter, 1854, Spenserian stanza; Charles W. Batcman and Roscoe Mongam, 1862, prose; T. S. Norgate, 1864, blank verse; Earl of Derby, 1864, prose; Philip Stanhope Worsley, 1865, Spenserian stanza; Ichabod Charles Wright, 1865, blank verse; J. Henry Dart, 1865, hexameter; John Stuart Blackie, 1866, rhymed iambic heptameter; Sir John Herschel, 1866, hexameter; Charles Merivale, 1869, rhymed iambic heptameter; W. G. Caldcleugh, 1870, blank verse; Thomas Foster Barham, first book only, 1871, hexameter; J. G. Corderey, 1871, blank verse; Francis W. Newman, 1871, unrhymed iambic heptameter hypercatalectic; William Cullen Bryant, 1886, blank verse; C. B. Cayley, 1877, hexameter; H. Hailstone, 1881, prose; Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf, and Ernest Myers, 1883, prose; W. C. Green, 1884, blank verse; Arthur S. Way, 1886, rhymed hexameter: John Purves, 1891, prose; Theodore Alois Buckley, 1893, prose; Samuel Butler, 1898, prose; Edgar Alfred Tibbetts, 1907, rhymed iambic hexameter, the third foot having an extra syllable.

To this list should be added the great name of Dryden, who translated the first book in heroic couplets.

From this it is seen that the proportion of hexameter translations to all the others is pitifully small; and may we not add that it ought to have been even smaller, seeing that English hexameters seem to be impossible?

The above list is complete so far as my own knowledge of the subject extends. It may very well be that others can be added to it. EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

San Francisco, December 14.

"NICKNAME GOD'S CREATURES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The able paper on "Spenser and the Earl of Leicester," by Prof. E. A. Greenlaw of Adelphi, in the current (September) number of the *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, suggests a plausible solution of a crux in "Hamlet." In Act III, 1, 151, Hamlet, attacking through Ophelia the follies of Court ladies, exclaims: "You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and *nickname* God's creatures." The italicized word is rendered "give wrong names to" by Clark and Wright; "miscall," by Rolfe; "misname," by the New Dictionary. None of these renderings seems to the most recent editors, such as Sprague, to satisfy the demands of the context; nor does the Variorum offer any solution.

Professor Greenlaw shows that at Elizabeth's court it was a whimsical custom to give courtiers the names of animals. The Duke d'Alençon wrote himself the Queen's "ape," Leicester was the "lion"; Burghley, a "fox"; Hatton, her "sheep." The complete code is given in "Hatfield House Papers," II, p. 448. No doubt this affectation, given the august sanction of the Queen, was followed to its extremity by those that had only got "the tune of the time"; and must have excited the disgust of Shakespeare. Interpreted in this light, the passage would mean: "You misuse the names of God's creatures (*i. e.*, in your affected Court speech)."

This interpretation accords well with the only other occurrence of the word in Shakespeare ("Love's Labour's Lost"): "You nickname vertue; vice you should have spoke." B.

New Haven, December 20.

TOM PAINE'S NOSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If it is not too late to renew a trivial subject, I should like to add the following to the lore of noses displayed some weeks ago in the *Nation*. In the first of the "Salmagundi Papers" the author has had occasion, because of the likeness of color, to join together Mr. Jefferson's breeches and Tom Paine's nose. Here is the note:

As for the proboscis of Paine, "I shall secure him to a nicety," said Jarvis, when he was about to take the bust of Paine, now in the New York Historical Society, "if I can get plaster enough for his carbuncle nose." Dr. Francis, who relates the anecdote in one of his interesting historical sketches which he has given to the public, also furnishes a couplet sung by the boys in the street:

> Tom Paine is come from far, from far;
> His nose is like a blazing star!

WM. H. POWERS.

Brookings, S. D., January 1.

Literature

A NEW TRANSLATION OF DON QUIXOTE.

That Imaginative Gentleman, Don Quijote de la Mancha. By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Translated into English by Robinson Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Some twenty-four years ago, when an English translation of "Don Quixote" was known to be in preparation by A. J. Duffield, Father Sbarbi, the genial collector and author of the "Refranero General Español," devoted one of the volumes, the sixth, of his great collection to proving the "untranslatableness" of Cervantes's work. Unfortunately Sbarbi's volume did not convince Mr. Duffield, whose laborious version appeared in 1881, and has never been reprinted. More successful were the translations by Ormsby (1885) and H. E. Watts (1888), and now comes Robinson Smith with the fourth of the modern translations.

There have been six other more or less independent English translations of "Don Quixote," besides a large number of abbreviations and *refacciamenti* of previous versions, among which may be classed Miss Smirke's (1818), to accompany her father's illustrations, and E. Ward's translation (1711) into Hudibrastic verse. Those by John Phillips (1687) and Charles Henry Wilmot (1774) have deservedly never been reprinted. The four that are left have gone through many editions and constitute the stock versions. The poorest of these, Motteux's (1700), has been the most popular and has recently received a new lease of life by being included in Everyman's Library. Jervas's (generally written Jarvis, 1742) is much better than Smollett's (1755), which owes much to Jervas's and can hardly be regarded as an independent translation. Owing to the fame of the author, Smollett's version long enjoyed an undeserved popularity. The first English translation (1612, and, second part, 1620), by Thomas Shelton, is still the most interesting, and is the only one that is itself an English classic. It is fairly accessible, being included in the Tudor Translations, Macmillan's Library of English Classics, Harvard Classics, and in the edition of Cervantes's complete works in English now in course of publication at Glasgow and London.

Robinson Smith's translation, in the one handy and beautifully printed volume, is brought within its present compass by large omissions. The omissions in the prose are: the two intercalated stories of the first part, five chapters in all; the episodes growing out of the story of the Captive, four chapters; the story of the goat-herd, Eugenio, one chapter, and of Cardenio, more than two chapters. There are also some minor omissions caused by the above extensive ones. The dedications of both parts are omitted, as well as the prefatory verses of the first part. Nearly all the poetry of both parts is omitted, and where it is absolutely necessary to render it, a condensed version is given. The translator says in his preface: "The short stories in Don Quijote, which prove a stumbling-block to many readers and which Cervantes himself practically acknowledges (II. 3, 44) interfere with the unity and flow of the main narrative, have been omitted, together with some of the poor poetry, but the translation is not therefore to be considered abridged or expurgated. Rather it may be contended that here the reader will find the true consecutive narrative for the first time." Something might be said for the omission of the story of the "Curioso Impertinente" (referred to by Mr. Smith as "The Impertinent Paul Pry"); but the story of "The Captive," while not autobiographical, throws so much light on Cervantes's life in Algiers that it is a pity to lose it. In regard to the episodes in general, it may be said that they are absolutely characteristic of the fiction of the time and that a "Don Quixote" without them is incomplete and incorrect. The omission of the poetry (unless possibly the prefatory verses) is even less excusable. Cervantes was not a great poet, but his verse is at least as good as that of most of his contemporaries, and, besides, like the episodes, is characteristic of the work.

Far more serious for the reader is the entire absence of explanatory notes. "Don Quixote" is the most national and local of all works of fiction; but, like all great classics, the most cosmopolitan. It is filled with innumerable references that are absolutely unintelligible to the reader without a note. Sometimes, but very rarely, Mr. Smith inserts the meaning into the translation: p. 44, "It isn't difficult to find such an interpreter there, and had I sought one that could speak the older and better language of Hebrew, I shouldn't have been disappointed." The word "Hebrew" is meant, but is not expressed in the original. Sometimes the literal translation is unintelligible: p. 537, "or do I but break my head?" (Shelton, "or do I talk idly?"). Sometimes the similar word conveys no meaning, as "catholic" on pp. 577 and 597, "catholic in health," "Rocinante not very catholic."

Mr. Smith's text is that of the Academy, 1819; but he follows Hartzenbusch in transposing the theft of Dapple in the first part from the twenty-third chapter, where it is found in the second impression of 1605, to the twenty-fifth chapter. In the difficult passage, I, 19, the excommunication speech is put into the mouth of the bachelor (as in the first impression of 1605), but the translator is still obliged to rearrange that text by omitting one of the departures of the bachelor and the words, "Olvidabaseme de decir," as well as some others. It would have been much simpler to follow the text of the second impression, 1605, which puts the excommunication speech in Don Quixote's mouth and involves merely the omission of the bachelor's second departure. As to the unseemly rosary of I, 26 (first impression, 1605), we like to think that the author himself corrected the text in the subsequent editions. Mr. Smith prefers the "shirt-tail" rosary.

In regard to the translation itself a few points of general interest may be mentioned first. Mr. Smith is, we believe, the only translator who turns "ingenioso" into "imaginative" and makes his title read, "That Imaginative Gentleman," etc. This is undoubtedly nearer to the true meaning than the idea embodied in the English word "ingenious," but this term has been consecrated by long usage and may well be kept, especially when a Spanish scholar like Sbarbi professes his profound ignorance of the meaning of the original. Mr. Smith's "Knight of Sorry Aspect" is more correct than Shelton's "Ill-favoured Face," or Smollett's and Ormsby's "Rueful Countenance," and more pleasing, we think, than Watts's "Rueful Feature" (in its old English meaning). We should have preferred the form Don Quixote throughout the work; it was the original Spanish form, and it is a pity it was changed. The new translation is also marred by the excessive use, outside of conversation, of the colloquial contractions he'ld hadn't, couldn't, wouldn't, didn't, won't, etc., and by the forms 'twere, 'twas, etc. There are three styles in Don Quixote: that of the ordinary narrative and large parts of the knight's conversation in the prose of the period and with few archaic forms or words; the imitation of the style of the romances of chivalry; and Sancho's colloquial and proverbial style. There is no need of using in the first category an antiquated English style, but this has been the pitfall of the translator; here Duffield met his doom. Mr. Smith, too, has erred in this respect, as may be seen by a few examples of many: p. 5, "brook no tarriance" (no quiso aguardar mas tiempo); p. 14, "leech" (maestro); p. 19, "since it sorted to thee" (te cupo en suerte); p. 23, "stories that sorted with his situation"; p. 21, "swinges" (palos) and "swinging," which are favorite words with the translator; p. 25, "greater cantle of the world" (en gran parte de la tierra); p. 35, "shan't fault through me" (por me no falte); p. 110, do me not this scath" (*sic*) (non se me faga tal desaguisado), another favorite word.

The translator is generally correct in his rendering of individual words, but in one instance, at least, is most unhappy. Don Quixote was mad, but not idiotic, yet Mr. Smith many times (pp. 151, 153, 318, 345) translates "loco" by "idiot," "locuras" by "idiotic pranks," and "locura" by "idiocy"; once he uses the archaic English "fondness." Not infrequently he employs, very needlessly, colloquial expressions and slang: pp. 16, 546, "slating a peasant neighbor of his," "slating him for that post"; p. 64, "rib-roasted (aporreado); p. 143, "pebble-tattoo," (el golpe guijarro); p. 151, "head-raps," "head-knocks" (calabazadas); p. 157, "kicked his hands in the air" (dió dos zapatetas); p. 157, "see you throw a fit or two" (que vea siquiera una locura), etc., etc.

The proverbs and proverbial sayings of Sancho are, in general, excellently rendered. It is a pity that Mr. Smith on the famous occasion of the adventure of the Fulling Mills translates Sancho's "Peor es meneallo" by "Talking will only make it worse"; on the other hand, when the same proverb is used again, p. 215, we have "Stirring will only make it worse." One or two other matters may be mentioned in conclusion: the "buttons," p. 197, were the wooden plugs or corks in the wine-skins which the knight took for giants; Cervantes in the first edition of 1605 has the basin (*alias* Mambrino's Helmet) broken to pieces by the galley-slave, and Mr. Smith correctly translates "'till 'twas nothing but bits"; but as the basin later turns up simply dented, the edition of 1608 corrects "la hizo casi pedaços," and it would have been better to adopt this reading.

The introduction consists of an interesting examination of some of Cervantes's literary sources. The writer's pen slipped, however, when he speaks of "the second part, written ten years after the first and when the age of our author bordered on fifty." Cervantes was sixty-eight, when the second part appeared in 1615. The translator cites Morel-Fatio's article on the mysterious "duelos y quebrantos" (rendered "paunch and penance" by Mr. Smith), but apparently has not seen the exhaustive discussion of the question in Don Clemente Cortejon's great critical edition (Vol. III, Madrid, 1907, pp. xxlv-lxx), where it is suggested that "duelos" is a popular disguise of "dólichos" (dólicos), a kind of bean. The book is beautifully printed in type which it is a pleasure to read. But there are too many misprints, a number of them in proper names: Astriada (Austriada); Caroles (Caroleas); Circongílio (Cirongílio); Gónzalo (Gonzalo), and many others. There is no index, properly speaking, but lists are given of the adventures, incidents, letters, stories, subjects, and persons. It may be of interest to know that in the exhaustive list published by Soravilla in the *Revista de Madrid*, 1876, six hundred and sixty-nine persons are registered, of whom only sixty-two are women.

CURRENT FICTION.

Jean-Christophe: Dawn, Morning, Youth, Revolt. By Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The six hundred pages of the present work are presumably little more than half of the French edition, in which there are three additional parts. It is also stated that "Jean-Christophe," if the public so desires, will be followed by two more works with which to round out a trilogy. Hence this English translation may be regarded as a sample asking for a specially serious judgment. The book will probably be taken, at first sight, for a very full realistic account of a musical genius from the day of his birth to the time when, at twenty years of age, he is compelled by an act of rebellion against the military to flee from his country; he is last seen taking the train for Paris, where his experiences are recorded in the three parts not yet translated.

The plot is not worth mentioning, since the action is fragmentary and episodic, with only that slight unity which must result from following the thread of a single life. Sheer artlessness this method, we believe, has been pronounced in France, which, confident of a mission, disarms and possesses. The method needs to be examined. It differs entirely from what is generally

called realism, in that it never presents anything like a full cross-section of the hero's life at any given time, and also in the fact that character and action are not related to each other in a natural way. These peculiarities can be illustrated best together. Although the setting remains almost constantly the same, new persons keep appearing, and old ones, when once they have served the author's purpose, disappear for great stretches of time, if not forever. Even of Jean's two brothers we get no accurate picture. The younger returns momentarily from oblivion to steal away the hero's mistress when it is desirable that this chapter in Jean's life shall close. Previously the youthful Frau Sabine, whom the reader has seen but a moment, is stricken dead of a trivial cold after she has stirred Jean with first desire. And Uncle Gottfried, the peddler, passes like Pippa and changes events with a word. A student of Tolstoy, M. Rolland has failed to grasp Tolstoy's way of editing. He presents a series of incomplete scenes, which are all too obviously created to carry and crystallize spiritual action; action does not grow inevitably out of character and setting.

The result is what might be expected. Robbed of a natural framework, the inner life, no feature of which seems to the author too trivial to mention, loses any real meaning and sorely lacks interest. Imagine this method applied to the intangible realities of Becky Sharp or Diana, and the futility of Jean-Christophe becomes apparent. The author is not a novelist, he is a psychologist, though it must be said that he has uncommon power to phrase the most transitory sensations. On this spiritual side, the hero's relentless search, in defiance of all conventions, for what he conceives to be the truth, carries one back to the early days of German romanticism.

The Rules of the Game. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

It is the day of the forest ranger in Western fiction. That glamour which once surrounded the prospector, and later the cowboy, has now shifted to the hero of conservation. We have not yet noted the arrival of this picturesque figure upon the boards of the practical stage; but that apparition is to be expected at any moment. Mr. White disclaims anything actionably photographic in the events and characters of this story; but he frankly admits that "Plant and Baker and all the rest are only to a limited extent fictitious characters. What they did and what they stood for is absolutely true." The action takes place at the time when the work of the forest ranger had not yet been transferred from the Land Office to the Bureau of Forestry. The objects of a real forestry service were only beginning to be apprehended by a few citizens. Dishonesty and idleness were the rule among the rangers: a condition of affairs for which the spoils system was chiefly responsible. Here and there, however, throughout the rank and file of the service, were men who felt the dignity of their task in guarding the public domain. That part of the Sierras in which the action takes place is under the jurisdiction of a corrupt supervisor —cousin of a magnate at Washington, and therefore free to use his local authority for his own gain. A few of the rangers under him have a real feeling for their work, but they do their best without encouragement.

Into his region comes the hero of fiction, the young Yale halfback without whom civilization and romance would nowadays labor under a sad disadvantage. His father owns a huge tract of woodland in these mountains. Bob Orde is sent there to learn the lumber business, but does not know that the land is to belong to him some day. He is singularly ignorant at the outset, not only of lumbering, but of Western methods in general. There is trouble at once with the corrupt supervisor of forests, Plant, and Orde conceives a contempt for the service which is shared throughout the region. But conditions change. Plant is killed by one of his victims. Soon after the Forestry Bureau is given in charge of the rangers. The upshot is that Orde is converted, enters the service as a ranger, and after much stirring adventure becomes a private citizen again only in order to take charge of his father's lumber-tract in the name of good forestry. Orde, in spite of his thews and feats, is a little wooden throughout. The most real and striking figure in the story is in some ways the most preposterous—Baker, the water-power magnate—with his extraordinary dialect, his complacency, his unscrupulousness, his incredible, and yet not unparalleled, skill at the money game. The tale is told in the most leisurely fashion, and drags a little now and then; but it is one of the best among recent American stories of its type.

Second String. By Anthony Hope. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This story of brilliant Harry Belfield's fall from the pedestal on which the people of his native Meriton had always placed him, is told with the interest of plot, character-drawing, and clever dialogue which we expect from the author. There is just enough psychological analysis to gratify the modern craving for scientific truth, and not enough to dull the zest of the narrative. The variety imparted to the tale by the several groups of personages in it, touching one another at only one point, gives it a largeness of movement that is one of the marks of far greater novels. The little world of Meriton, long Harry's; that other world there, in which Jack Rock, with his hearty loyalty to Andy Hayes, is the centre, the gay London sets, with their glimpses of Meriton through the eyes of Harry and Andy, until they, or part of them, come into more direct acquaintance with it: all these are vividly drawn, and without violation of essential unity, form the many-sidedness of the story. There may be more of romance than of reality in the details of the associations among the individuals of these diverse social classes, but the audience for which the book is intended will not quarrel with that.

The Spread Eagle. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Morris is about the neatest and cleanest of our short-story writers, and the present collection is in his best vein. He is not concerned with the tragedies of poverty or wealth, or with the sentimentalities of a morbid pity. But he knows the honest things of life, and its prizes of affection and its pains of loss. "The Spread Eagle" is a story of international relations which ends on a note of hilarious Americanism. The other stories are all just good amusement.

LAFCADIO HEARN IN JAPAN.

The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. Edited with an Introduction by Elizabeth Bisland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

We have already, in reviewing the "Life and Letters" published by Mrs. Bisland in 1906, expressed our high regard for Hearn's correspondence, and this third volume, giving the letters to Basil Hall Chamberlain, with a few to W. B. Mason and Hearn's Japanese wife, fills out what was the weakest part of the earlier volumes—the impressions of Hearn in Japan. Hearn was a romantic, and a good many readers will still think that the truest expression of his romantic nature is to be found in the letters written from Cincinnati and New Orleans. But these Japanese letters are extraordinarily interesting. Here we see that strange mixture of scientific metaphysics learned from Herbert Spencer with the most fantastic interpretation of the Japanese belief in the ghostly indwelling of the past in the present—a mixture that at first seems strange, although it is, in fact, a perfectly legitimate synthesis of the two divergent tendencies, springing from a common source, that went to make the scientific and the romantic spirit of the nineteenth century.

Besides the main philosophical theme of the letters, which in itself well repays consideration, there are innumerable striking bits of description, or literary criticism, or native psychology,

or biographical reminiscence. The style still shows some uncertainty in regard to the use of "will" and "shall" and other niceties of language; this uncertainty clung to him from earliest associations and from his life in America; but otherwise he possesses a marvellously flexible instrument of expression. In criticism the most notable passages have to do with the various books of Pierre Loti, and with Hearn's perception that these books, and indeed the whole school to which they belong, were a product of the nerves:

> You remember what I wrote you long ago about my belief that his genius must expire with that natural blunting of the nerves which comes with the passing of youth. He says so himself touchingly in his little preface—"*déjà autour de moi, tombe une sorte de nuit.*"

With this should be coupled the keen *aperçu* in regard to the romantic identification of truth and beauty. "They [the romanticists] all sowed a crop of dragon's teeth," he says. "Preaching without qualification the gospel of beauty—that beauty is *truth*—provoked the horrible modern answer of Zolaism: 'Then truth must be beauty!'"

In description the most notable letter—a really extraordinary piece of writing which will be remembered from its appearance in the *Atlantic Monthly*—is that (March 6, 1894) in which he comments on the beauty of various racial tints and on the contrast between the Oriental and the Occidental eye. We must give a few lines from this latter contrast, though they may already be familiar to the reader:

> The eyelid is so very peculiar that I think its form decides—more than any other characteristic of the Far Eastern races—the existence of two entirely distinct original varieties of mankind. The muscular attachments are quite different, and the lines of the lashes—indeed, the whole outer anatomy.
>
> One might ask mockingly whether to Japanese eyelids could be applied the Greek term *charitoblepharos*. I think it could. There is a beauty of the Japanese eyelid, quite rare, but very singular, in which the lid-edge seems double, or at least marvellously grooved, and the effect is a softness and shadowiness difficult to describe.
>
> However, it seems to me that the chief beauty of a beautiful Japanese eye is in the peculiar anatomical arrangement which characterizes it. The ball of the eye is *not* shown—the setting is totally hidden. The brown, smooth skin opens quite suddenly and strangely over a moving jewel. Now, in the most beautiful Western eyes the set of the ball into the skull is visible—the whole orbed form and the whole line of the bone socket—except in special cases. The mechanism is visible. I think that from a perfectly artistic point of view, the veiling of the mechanism is a greater feat on nature's part. (I have seen a most beautiful pair of Chinese eyes, that I will *never* forget.)
>
> I don't mean to make any sweeping general rule. I only mean this: "Compare the most beautiful Japanese or Chinese eye with the most beautiful European eye, and see which suffers by comparison." I believe the true artist would say "neither." But that which least shows the *machinery behind it*—the osteological and nervous machinery—now appears to me to have the greater charm. I dare say such eyes as I speak of are not common; but beautiful eyes are common in no country that I have ever visited.

Of Mrs. Bisland's introduction to the present volume we can speak only with reserved praise. It contains many admirable things in regard to Hearn, and the general intention to counteract the influence of the book "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn," published in 1908 by one whom Hearn himself calls "a smart Yankee doctor in Philadelphia," is eminently proper. The tone of that book was deplorable, and its argument was, in part at least, utterly misleading. The thesis that Hearn's character and literary style depend almost entirely on his visual defects is demonstrably absurd, as a little knowledge of literary history and, indeed, as the fragment quoted above will show. But in attempting to remove the mischief of that book Mrs. Bisland falls, we think, into the opposite extreme. The opening pages of her own earlier volumes, "The Life and Letters," give no such impression of an "atmosphere of wealth and refinement" as she would now throw around Hearn's childhood. In her endeavor to lend stability to his character she goes, in our judgment, too far in denying his vacillating attitude toward the Japanese. "Having written two volumes of his first impressions and delights in the land of his adoption," she says, "one sees the enthusiast stretch himself after the long, cramping task, and exclaim with whimsical heartiness, 'D——n the Japanese!'" As a matter of fact these letters corroborate the view that Hearn, despite his insight into the imaginative life of the people, never felt at home in Japan, and vacillated constantly between a personal attraction and repulsion. Toward the end the note of weariness and the desire for change become very strong. The romantic nostalgia was, in fact, deep-rooted in his nature, and he could never anywhere have been anything but restless and ill at ease. Mrs. Bisland, moreover, goes far beyond the bounds of editorial partiality when she speaks of these letters as "greater than the self-revealment of Rousseau's 'Confessions.'" They may indeed "be valued as one of the great human documents, one of the great human portraits of literature"—although even such language as this seems to us a little too strong—but they contain, it need scarcely be said, no such greatness, whether angelic or diabolic, as has made of the "Confessions" a power in history. But let the last word be one of praise. We have here a volume of letters of unusual interest, a book that must be read for years.

The Battle of the Wilderness. By Morris Schaff. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

Gen. Schaff, at the time just out of West Point and holding a staff position in the Army of the Potomac, had the best preparation and opportunity for witnessing the battle he here describes. He was at close hand in many critical moments, always a keen and intelligent observer and active participant. His memory of what he did and saw is clear, and his narrative is absorbing and instructive. We must say that the form of Mr. Schaff's presentment is a marvel, discursive to the last degree, mingling things small and great, fact and poetry, and exuberantly tropical. Grant and Lee advance, and, lo! the ghost of Stonewall Jackson also walks and talks at length, a perambulation which we think the official records do not authenticate. Weird spirits are in the camps and on the firing-line, in particular a "cowled and gloomy figure, the spirit of the Wilderness," which takes a hand in the game, to the perplexity of the flesh and blood players. A corps advances to attack, and we are on tiptoe for a great manœuvre, but Mr. Schaff's friend Smith on the skirmish line has his cap knocked off by a scrub-oak. We wait to hear what Smith says to the scrub-oak, and what the oak says to Smith; for scrub-oaks, dog-woods, and azalias talk to one another and to the soldiers. The huckleberry bushes ring bells, now for joy, now for requiem. Mine Run and the Rapidan gurgle articulately to the sentinels and to each other; and far away in the North and South, rivers, hills, and stretches of country are equally sympathetic and vocal. There are indeed tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones.

As to important strategic conceptions, there is only one to which we take exception. "The cowled and gloomy figure," the Wilderness, has, it seems, a high moral sense, and is troubled because Gov. Spottswood, in pre-revolutionary days, employed slaves in mining and timber operations within its area, an offence which the South continued. To punish the South the cowled figure inflicts two stabs, the first at Chancellorsville, where the Wilderness arranges that Stonewall Jackson shall be struck down by his own men at the moment when, as the spirit conceives, he is about to bring Hooker to destruction; the second stab a year later, when Longstreet, about to destroy Grant, is struck down in his turn in the same place and manner. Thus the Cowled Figure imposes upon the South grewsome discipline for desecrating its area. Now as to all this, we doubt whether the Wilderness had a right idea of how things were going those May days in '63 and '64. We have heard a high military authority argue that Stonewall

Jackson, when struck down, was on the point of involving, not Hooker, but Lee, in destruction. The course of his charge would have carried him presently against the First and Fifth Corps, under Reynolds and Meade, veteran and well-commanded troops eager for an opportunity—when, outnumbered as he would have been, with his divisions in great confusion, Jackson could only have encountered disaster. The Cowled Figure perhaps would have done better to let Jackson alone as he rushed onward. So too as regards the second stab: it is a very gratuitous "might have been" that Longstreet, if unwounded, would have hurled Grant back across the Rapidan, to which perhaps just as good a "might have been" could be opposed. All together, taking Mr. Schaff's showing, the Wilderness does not appear well in this transaction. A high-purposed and wide-awake American jungle ought not to have so botched its work. What the South got out of it was in Chancellorsville a splendid victory, and a year later the brilliant initiation of that extraordinary campaign through which Lee so long kept Grant out of Richmond. Indeed, we suspect our author has been imposed upon, and that the Cowled Figure all the time was a warm Southern sympathizer.

However, Mr. Schaff's estimate of men and events is in general excellent. While his fancy is a bit riotous, we believe we like it all. We applaud the writer who, while framing a military treatise, can at the same time make it a new "Alice in Wonderland." The gentle reader (and we are of the gentlest) confronts with serenity these swarming tropes, as Alice confronted the mock-turtle and the jabber-wok. More than this, the reader again and again finds his soul kindled by the grace and power with which a most tragic event is pictured. A broad, impartial sympathy enfolds foe as well as friend. We are scarcely less concerned for the one than for the other. There was a momentous point in doubt and it had to be fought out. South and North were perhaps at their best in the Wilderness, and their virile prowess finds here a kindly and competent celebrant.

Lion and Dragon in Northern China. By R. F. Johnston, M.A. (Oxon.). With map and illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

The author of this volume has so well fulfilled the expectation aroused in his introductory chapter that we are willing to forgive its romantic and rather meaningless title. What that title denotes is the leased region of Wei-hai-wei, where the lion has consented to lie down for a time and take charge of the dragon's property. Not much is said of the lion's business there, though it is frankly acknowledged to be anomalous. The British, having disbanded their Chinese regiment, govern it without friction, the people being persuaded that their Emperor has for reasons of his own

> temporarily entrusted the administration to some English officials, and will doubtless decide in his own good time when this arrangement is to be rescinded. . . . The long and the short of the matter is that the Chinese of Wei-hai-wei acquicsce in British rule because their sovereign, as represented by the Governor of Shantung, shows them the example of acquiescence; but if diplomatic troubles were to arise between Great Britain and China, and the command, direct or indirect, were to go forth from the Governor that the British in Wei-hai-wei were no longer to be treated with respect, a few days or weeks would be sufficient to bring about a startling change in the direction of anti-foreign feeling among the inhabitants of the leased territory. Incessant troubles, also, would suddenly and mysteriously arise on the frontier; the magistrates of the neighboring districts, notwithstanding all their past friendliness, would become distant and unsympathetic; difficulties internal and external would become so serious and incessant that it would be no longer possible to administer the Territory without the presence of an armed force.

The main value of the book lies in its studies of the social organism of a typical community of old China, as yet untouched by any of the Western influences that are quickening life in her great commercial centres. As a magistrate, Mr. Johnston naturally turns first to the topic of litigation. In the courts of Wei-hai-wei no lawyers are allowed, and cases are pleaded by their principals, as elsewhere in China. It would appear from this account that, so far as procedure is concerned, justice is generally obtained, the main difficulty in native courts being the corrupt judge. Litigants tell their story with ability, while the freedom allowed in conducting a cause supplies some dramatic effects unknown in Western law courts. Informal scenes transcribed from the author's note-book reveal clearly the moral and intellectual qualities of the people, and afford useful data for an estimate of national character. They emphasize, it seems, abstract ideas of justice and reason, obedience to parents and the authorities, and an attitude of docility and weakness before acknowledged authority. As to the charge of falsehood commonly brought by Europeans against the Chinese, the author has this to say:

> What constitutes one of the gravest difficulties from a European point of view in settling civil disputes between Chinesc is that the plain unvarnished truth is seldom presented, even when a recital of the bare facts would be strong enough to insure a favorable judgment. Yet I am far from wishing to imply that the Chinese are naturally liars. An inaccurate statement unaccompanied by an intention to deceive does not constitute a lie; and many such statements habitually made by Chinese do not and are not intended to deceive other Chinese to whom they are addressed. That they often deceive a European is no doubt a fact; but the fault lies with the European's want of knowledge and experience of the Chinese character, not with the Chinese, who are merely using forms of speech customary in their country. Why should a Chinese be expected to alter his traditional way of saying things merely because it differs from the foreign way? I am not convinced that a Chinese intentionally deceives or tries to deceive his own countrymen—that is, lies to them—much oftener than the average European deceives or tells a lie to his neighbor.

This is rather a nice point—for argument. But we are not convinced from anything Mr. Johnston tells us that the Chinese ever try and live up to an ideal of perfect truthfulness. He bears witness to their well-known integrity in business transactions, and advances the interesting theory that their commercial honor is based upon the accountability of every individual to his family. Repudiating a debt involves no sense of sin, in the Christian sense, but a "loss of face" that may cause the debtor the anguish of alienation by his clan—a more effective guarantee of rectitude than the loftier ideal which is professed but not always attained in the West. There, as elsewhere, a wholesome custom does more than the code to make for honesty, for "Chinese law does not and could not indeed go as far as local custom in settling questions that directly or indirectly concern the honor of a family." Mr. Johnston bases his conclusions in this matter upon instances drawn from a peasant community, and peasants are pretty honest wherever there is an old and stable society; but it is also a fact that the rich and educated in China appear to be just as scrupulous as countrymen about their commercial integrity, though they may be masters of deception in other ways. The probable explanation, we think, is found in a shrewd perception of the value of credit in business transactions, and their knowledge, gained from centuries of experience, that in order to maintain credit promises must be invariably observed.

The contrast between the family and the individual as bases of society is shown by comparing the conditions of land tenure with our own. China is not communistic, as is sometimes stated; her system seems to stand between the two extremes of agrarian communism and individual proprietorship. Land there is owned just as it is in America, but a whole village may be in the possession of a single family, no member of which is able to use or dispose of his property regardless of the wishes of his relations. If one desires to sell his lot, he must perforce accept any bid offered by an influential relative which is regarded as fair by the clan after open discussion, the theory being that it is contrary to the interests of the family that any part of its real estate should pass into the hands of an outsider. It

follows from this that a son cannot easily be deprived of his inheritance, and that freedom in bequeathing property is severely restricted; but whatever its hardships, the author is convinced that the system makes for order in society and accounts for the complete absence of pauperism in the region where he lives. Yet he cannot have failed to observe a welter of paupers in other places in China where he has been. They abound in all the great cities and in every region where famine or floods may have pushed the agriculturalist over the starvation line—a fate from which their patriarchal system does not save them.

But while differing from him in some of his conclusions the American reader who knows anything at all about China must recognize in Mr. Johnston's book a great advance over the ordinary work on that country, and in some respects a real contribution to our knowledge of Chinese institutions. There are chapters on women, folk-lore, burial customs, and religion which are full of carefully sifted information obtained at first hand by a broadly-read observer. His evident dislike of the Christian missionary propaganda suggests the explanation that, like Lafcadio Hearn, he may have himself become a convert to the faith of the people whom he so admires. If so, it is probably because he is determined to see only the best side of the national character; but whatever his prejudices there is abundant justification for his attempt to show that there is "much fundamental soundness in many of China's social institutions, much that it is to the interest of China herself and of the whole world to respect and conserve."

My Memoirs. By the Princess Caroline Murat. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75 net.

Joachim Murat, son of an inconspicuous innkeeper, for services rendered on the memorable 18th Brumaire, received the hand of the youngest sister of Napoleon in marriage, commanded the cavalry at Marengo, became grand admiral, Prince of the Empire, Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves, and finally King of Naples. Suffering disastrous defeat at the hands of the Austrians in his ambition for further power, he lost his army and his throne, was captured and court-martialed by order from Naples, and executed on the 13th of October, 1815, after obtaining his last request, a bath perfumed with a bottle of eau-de-Cologne. A son of this football of fortune, Napoleon Lucien Charles Murat, drifted in his exile to the United States, where he married Miss Carolina Georgina Fraser and established his home at Bordentown, N. J. Here, in 1833, was born his daughter Caroline, the author of this volume of memoirs. The downfall of Louis Philippe, in 1848, ended a happy American girlhood by calling the family back to France, a journey of nearly a month, since a sailing vessel was chosen to obviate the greater expense and uncomfortable crowding of "one of Mr. Cunard's paddle boats." Her father was soon chosen to the legislative chamber from the Department du Lot, and in 1849 was sent as Ambassador to Italy, a position which did not prove pleasant and was soon abandoned, possibly, his daughter thinks, because of his latent claim to the throne of his unfortunate father at Naples. Upon his return he was disgusted and annoyed to learn that (in his daughter's own words), "I had allowed myself, and had been allowed, to dance myself into an engagement with the Baron de Chassiron." But it was easier to overcome her father's objections than to comply with the necessary legal formalities. The records of her birth in New Jersey had unfortunately been burned in a great fire at Trenton, and it was only after two witnesses had been brought from America that she was sufficiently identified to allow proceedings to go on. Still another than her father did not approve this marriage. Miss Howard, mistress of Louis Napoleon, remarked to a friend: "This little fool would have been Empress of the French if she had had the good sense to wait—the only unmarried princess in the family. And such a match would have had my approval."

From 1848 to 1870 she found the pleasures of life many and sweet—"the years when I really *lived*, when each day brought some new pleasure, some fresh excitement, a wished-for jewel, a sentiment, or a caprice. The days when the first thought in the morning was, 'What shall we do to-day to amuse ourselves?' the last thought, 'How shall we amuse ourselves to-morrow?' In a word, the days of the Empire—days of glory, of luxury, of love, of folly. . . . Who thought of a future? Who dreamt of a reverse? . . . Who could foresee 1870?" But 1870 came, with its rude shattering of all this gayety, its rough-and-tumble flight to England, followed by the death of her husband in 1871, her marriage with Mr. Garden during the same year, and then more than thirty years of a life which, in its separation from the scenes and companions of her former happiness, was never other than a bitter exile. "Thirty long years have passed over my head since then," she writes, "bringing great blessings, great joys, great happiness; sorrows, too—grief for the loved ones lost; yet through them all, deep down in my heart, night and day, there is a voice that whispers with a sadness that knows no words, and I stretch out my arms as if they were wings and could carry me over the seas, back to France and years that can never return." Had there been no revolution of 1848 she might easily have grown up into a happy and loyal American woman, but her English marriage came too late for her to adapt herself to English modes of thought and feeling.

It was at the suggestion of one of her few English friends, Robert Leighton, that she undertook, late in life, to put the memories of this varied career on paper for future publication. She was a woman of strong impulses, and the thoughts of her heart, bitter as they sometimes were, were not softened in their transition to the written word. Her own death came before arrangements for publication had been made, and Mr. Leighton, who prepared the manuscript for the press, did not feel at liberty to tamper with the text, notwithstanding his conviction that if she had seen her own words in the printer's proofs, certain unduly harsh and unkind criticisms would have been softened or omitted. In expressing this opinion, however, he specifically excepts her bitter statements concerning the Empress Eugénie. "I doubt," he says, "if she would willingly have withdrawn or qualified any of them."

She was not by nature a politician, and the reader will find his interest in her memoirs along social rather than political or historical lines. The Frenchwoman's characteristic inability to withhold a good story because of its unconventionality, is not wanting, and her own friends, such as her aunt, the Princess Mathilde, are occasionally the victims.

The volume is a beautiful piece of book-making. Among the illustrations is a picture of the old Murat home at Bordentown, reproduced from a painting by Princess Caroline herself. A reproduction from Giraud's portrait of the Princess Mathilde is another. The index is so incomplete as to be a mere annoyance rather than a help.

Essays Modern and Elizabethan. By Edward Dowden. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

The essays in this volume are as follows: Walter Pater; Henrik Ibsen; Heinrich Heine; Goethe's West-Eastern Divan, with many original translations; Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea; Cowper and William Hayley, from unpublished sources; An Eighteenth-Century Mystic, based on a manuscript autobiography of Charles Hector, Marquis St. George de Marsay; Some Old Shakespeareans, from the manuscript notebooks of Isaac Reed; A Noble Authoress, based on an unpublished manuscript of the Countess of Winchilsea's poems; Is Shakespeare Self-Revealed? a counterblast to Sidney Lee; Shakespeare as a Man of Science, light on Elizabethan science for the special benefit of the Baconians; Elizabethan Psychology, in-

structive discussion of a pseudo-science; The English Masque, and Elizabethan Romance.

Some fifteen years ago in the introduction to his "New Studies in Literature" Professor Dowden quoted Sainte-Beuve's perplexed remonstrance with the Zeitgeist for transforming the old-fashioned epicure of culture, "who inhales the spirit of things, and takes only what may suit his taste," into the conscientious, laborious, and exhaustive natural historian of letters. "Epicurism of culture," Sainte-Beuve had exclaimed, "how much I regret you, even while I combat you, and while I forswear you." Mr. Dowden's temperamental epicurism in letters is tempered by a sense for certain responsibilities. Like Arnold, he considers it the critic's business to keep a current of fresh ideas circulating freely from nation to nation. He is concerned, too, with the evolution of critical form and method. And the various papers in this volume drawn from unpublished material suggest that he has felt the latest breath of the time-spirit. In the main, however, he has always thrown his influence on the side of the epicures of culture. He belongs to that elder generation of scholars who did not look upon the Bower of Bliss as a botanical garden, but as—in short—a bower of bliss; who were book-lovers rather than bibliographers; who thought of their quartos and folios as constituting their library, not their laboratory. University professor though he is, he has remained untouched by the prevailing scientific asceticism.

It is the virtue and the defect of the interpreter to identify himself with the object interpreted. Professor Dowden seldom speaks with the peculiar illumination and suggestiveness of a convert who has become an apostate. While he is speaking, he is usually a convert. Frequently he conveys his feeling about a work of art, rather by a chameleon-like reproduction of its charm than by an analysis of it. The essay on Pater, for example, with which the volume opens, is extremely sympathetic; so sympathetic, in fact, that one can scarcely tell where Pater ends and Dowden begins—the tone, temper, vocabulary, phrases, are Pater's. In the chapter on Elizabethan romance this assimilative gift is perhaps more legitimately exercised. Professor Dowden attempts to give in two pages a taste of the voluminous fictions of the Euphuists and Arcadians:

> For my own part, were I in Arcady, I should sigh with longing despair for some vanished princess, who had bought her a neighbouring cottage and a flock of sheep; her tresses should be like the honey-colored hyacinth, her brows like the mountain snows that lie on the hills, her eyes like the gray glister of Titian's gorgeous mantle, her alabaster neck like the whiteness of her flocks, her face, need it be said, like borders of lilies intermixed with roses; and I should swear there is no benign planet but Venus, no God but Cupid, no exquisite deity but Love.

Professor Dowden's interpretative virtue, however, is best displayed in his three essays on German subjects—Heinrich Heine, Goethe's West-Eastern Divan, and Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea. Here again one cannot always be sure whether the "good things" are Dowden's or only his skilful paraphrases of Goethe's and Heine's. The point of departure for the first of these papers was Matthew Arnold's famous epigram—"that smile was Heine"—"a graceful fantasy," comments Dowden, "but no true criticism." Since Arnold's memorable strictures on the "Life of Shelley," now nearly a quarter of a century ago, Professor Dowden has let no occasion slip for setting the elegant and august arbiter right. Revenge here takes the form of a study of Heine, with the thesis that "it is Heine's special characteristic that he expressed a multiplicity of the moods of the world-spirit." "He was a nightingale that had made a nest in the old periwig of Voltaire"; his romantic egoism was held in control by his irony, by his sense of artistic form, and by the playing off of one faculty against another.

Our higher institutions of learning recognize by "information courses" and "research courses" two aims in advanced literary study, though most of them express in divers ways their conviction that devotion to the asceticism of scientific research is the nobler aim. At the University of Dublin, a third aim is apparently recognized and defended by Professor Dowden—not to accumulate old facts, nor to discover new ones, but to enrich and develop the whole character by appropriating eclectically the experience of which literature is the record. A vigorous revival of the Goethean ideal in this country would greatly enliven the discussion.

Notes

The first volume of "The American Year-Book" is promised by D. Appleton & Co. for publication February 1. The work aims to provide a record of the events and the progress of the preceding year in every department of human activity, with special stress on American affairs. It is prepared under the supervision of S. N. D. North, recently director of the American census.

"Cliff Castles and Cave Dwellings of Europe" is a book by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould on the rock-dwellers and troglodytes of Europe, which is to be brought out shortly by Seeley & Co.

Kegan Paul is issuing extracts from G. K. Chesterton's prose and verse in the form of "A Chesterton Calendar."

Fisher Unwin is publishing in his Modern Travel Series a cheap edition of E. J. Banfield's book, "The Confessions of a Beachcomber."

The Yale University Press will hereafter publish the following five volumes of Yale lectures on the Responsibilities of Citizenship, which hitherto have been in the hands of the Scribners: "American Citizenship," by David J. Brewer; "The Citizen in his Relation to the Industrial Situation," by the late Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D.; "Freedom and Responsibility," by Arthur Twining Hadley; "The Citizen's Part in Government," by Elihu Root, and "Four Aspects of Civic Duty," by William H. Taft.

The same press will issue shortly: "The Making of America," by Lyman Abbott; "Industry and Progress," by Norman Hapgood, and "The Records of the Federal Convention of 1787," edited by Prof. Max Farrand of Yale.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will bring out in the spring "The Origin and Growth of the American Constitution," by Prof. Hannis Taylor.

Allan F. Westcott, instructor in English in Columbia University, discovered last summer, in the British Museum, a manuscript containing more than sixty poems by James the First, King of England, not half of which have yet been printed. A number of the unprinted poems refer to political events in Scotland; others are sonnets and lyrics written to Princess Anne of Denmark at the time of her marriage. Mr. Westcott expects to publish the manuscript with notes and an introduction.

Georges Ohnet has entered the field of the historical novel. He is about to publish his "Pour tuer Bonaparte."

The author of several works on the Jews, Baron David de Gunzburg, died recently at St. Petersburg, at the age of fifty-three.

The city of Louisville has decided, by a recently passed ordinance, upon the fixed policy of appropriating $25,000 annually for the establishment and maintenance of an academic department in the university of that city. The university is stiffening its entrance requirements, and in general its standard of education. To remove its public school system from under the influence of politics, Louisville has also procured the adoption by the last Legislature of a new educational charter.

The English "Who's Who" for 1911 has come to us from the American agents, Macmillan, in the sixty-third year of its issue. With only four pages of obituary and with a gain from last year in the grand total of pages of nearly one hundred, it is clear that the progress of fame is much more than holding its own.

For the first time in fully a quarter of a century there is an increase in the number of graduates of the secondary schools of Germany who propose to devote themselves to the study of theology. Notwithstanding the phenomenal growth during these years in the university enrolment, there has been a dearth in candidates for the ministry. Now the "Blätter für Gymnasialwesen" reports that of the 1,498 graduates of the secondary schools during the year 1909-10 there will be 369 students of theology, 213 of medicine, and 211 preparing for the army. Owing chiefly to the warning of the minister of justice against

the crowding of the legal profession, the law department in the universities will be much smaller than usual.

"The Story of Gösta Berling," translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf by Pauline Bancroft Flach, has been reissued by Little, Brown & Co., now eleven years since the first edition, handsomely illustrated with twenty-nine pictures from drawings by Georg Paul.

We have allowed six volumes of Scribner's Memorial Edition of Meredith to accumulate on our desk. These are: Volume XXI, containing "Farina," "General Ople," and "Tale of Chloe"; Volume XXII, containing "The House on the Beach," "The Gentleman of Fifty," and "The Sentimentalists" (the last-named being a comedy written, in part, probably forty years ago, and now arranged, but not otherwise changed, by J. M. Barrie); Volume XXIII, "Miscellaneous Prose," including the famous essay "On the Idea of Comedy"; Volumes XXIV, XXV, and XXVI, "Poems." The illustrations include a portrait of Meredith at the age of sixty-eight, several reproductions of pictures that appeared in first editions, and photographs of the various forests from which the poet drew his inspiration. There remains only the critical and bibliographical volume to complete the edition.

"Hawthorne's Country," by Helen A. Clarke (Baker & Taylor), is emphatically a gift-book. Bulky and handsome, adorned with a very pleasing frontispiece in color, somewhat more garishly reproduced on the decorative cover, and profusely illustrated with rather commonplace photographs, it appeals chiefly to the eye. The text consists of many extracts from Hawthorne's novels, tales, and note-books, pieced together with amiable comment and so arranged as to emphasize consecutively the various localities associated, now with his life, now with the scene of some one of his works.

The Putnams have done well to reissue separately the essay on "The Authorized Version and Its Influence," by Prof. Albert S. Cook, which was written for Volume IV of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," and to which the *Nation* has already devoted some space in its account of that volume. The essay as it now appears has been slightly extended, as well as freed from the curious punctuation adopted by the editors of "The Cambridge History." The opinions which are advanced in it on the literary value of the Bible have not failed to arouse some discussion both at home and abroad. Since the author has bestowed more attention upon the study of the Bible than most scholars who are not professedly engaged in Biblical criticism, the quality of decision in his utterances will probably continue to challenge the interest of various classes of readers. His note of optimism regarding the necessary continuance of the appeal of the Bible to the English-speaking race will bear comparison with the tone of the essay in which Prof. Henry B. Swete makes a synthesis of the Cambridge Biblical Essays.

It is a land of contradiction and confusion which Irene A. Wright describes in "Cuba" (Macmillan). In her ten-year residence on the island, part of the time as newspaper correspondent and special agent of the Cuban Department of Agriculture, she gathered valuable material concerning social and economic conditions, which, however, is presented in the form of disconnected impressions. Of the people in general she says:

> No attempt at a nation could be more inadequate than this one; weak, corrupt, vacillating, and shortsighted, and yet, in its component individuals these very vices become urbanity, generosity, leisurely nonchalance toward essentials of the present and possibilities of the future—restful and charming qualities that please, in acquaintances and friends.

Miss Wright believes that Americans made a mistake when they provided the Cubans with a ready-made government and left them to their own devices. She asserts that fully three-fourths of the soil of the island is owned by foreigners, resident or absent, who, by payment of high import duties upon merchandise, support "the most expensive government on earth," and pass the burden over to the consumer, who, "although he is Cuban in part is not in the majority the Cuban office-holding class. He is instead the Cuban of the country, the petty planter, tobacco grower, charcoal burner, pig herder, perhaps, and humble wage-earner in hamlet and small town, in whose name that fabric of government stands which is crushing the life out of him." She gives a fairly dreary picture of the guajiro (the countryman), who has no incentive to exert himself and no market for his products, even if he were to cultivate the idle land. Her remedy for his and other of Cuba's ills is a closer economic relation with the United States, which, she believes, must involve a "thorough change in the shape of Cuba's government."

Joel Cook's "The Mediterranean and Its Borderlands" (The John C. Winston Company; two volumes, illustrated) is a superficial compilation. The Albaicin, at Granada, that extraordinary gypsy quarter, is mentioned merely as a poor quarter, the Generalife, with its lovely villa and unique view, is barely mentioned. Tiberius lords it criminally over Capri in approved legendary fashion. We hope nobody will take the Amalfi road hoping to go nearly to the end of the Sorrentine peninsula. These omissions and commissions are typical.

In the year 1900 Bertram Dobell announced the discovery of the poems of Thomas Traherne, and in 1903 he published them in a volume which, with the companion volume of "Meditations," forms one of the most notable additions to literature of recent years. Now, in the British Museum (Burney MS. 392) there has been found the "Poems of Felicity, containing divine reflections on the native objects of an infant ey, by Tho. Traheron B. D., Author of the Roman Forgeries and Christian Ethics." This has been provided with a few notes and an introduction by H. J. Bell, and literally reproduced in a slender volume by the Clarendon Press. The manuscript is in the hand of the poet's younger brother Philip, and was evidently prepared for the press, though, for some reason, not printed. A considerable number of the poems are in the manuscript used by Mr. Dobell, and present variations of form which offer rather a neat problem. Do these variations represent corrections made by the poet or by his brother Philip (who was himself a poet in a small way), or do they go back to an older text from which Mr. Dobell's was a correction? Mr. Bell is of opinion that Philip, in preparing the volume for the press, did not scruple to alter the text, especially in the direction of "correctness," though by so doing he sometimes substituted a tame conventional word for one more daring. Perhaps the comparison is easiest in the poems in heroic metre, and in these Philip's text shows omissions of couplets that depart most radically from the newer taste of Queen Anne's time (Philip lived into the eighteenth century), and displays a tendency also to diminish overrunning and multiply the full stops at the end of couplets. Of the poems now printed which are not in Mr. Dobell's volume, none is of the first importance, or adds essentially to our knowledge of Traherne. Lovers of Traherne will treasure this addition to his works, but, knowing how much greater he was in prose than in verse, they will wish it might have been a reprint of the rare "Christian Ethics."

The fortieth anniversary of the Third Republic was a fitting occasion for a general survey of what has been done in France by the present régime ("France Under the Republic," Scribner). For such a task Prof. J. C. Bracq had a special advantage. A native Frenchman, who has lived out of France since 1871, he has been better able to follow its progress from the perspective of a foreign residence. On the other hand, he has been slightly hampered in his endeavors to be objective by national and religious prepossessions. The first part, however, with its statistical and documentary information on the material advance and expansion of the country, will be found very valuable for reference. As a résumé of France's intellectual, artistic, and literary contribution to the world's output during the last four decades, the second part is acceptable, even if the lists of names and works are far from exhaustive. But the author's special interest centres obviously on religious and social problems, which he has treated fully, and to which he has brought frankly his republican and Protestant points of view. While the conditions and circumstances leading up to the anti-clerical campaign of the Republic are set forth with great detail, some of its extreme consequences might have received a more complete and, perhaps, a severer treatment. The chapter on the teaching of moral and metaphysical principles in the public schools needed as a counterpart a full account of the recent developments of neutrality, as shown in the debates of last winter. It is amusing, also, to note how M. Bracq, in order to emphasize the foolishness of the church's hostility to disestablishment, paints in blackest colors the despotic features of the Concordat to which, nevertheless, French Catholics seemed cheerfully resigned. Although some of the author's statements, judgments, or temperamental outbursts may draw a smile, his accent of sincerity will inspire confidence. Still, the polemical character cannot help weakening such a book of information: Why attribute Waldeck-Rousseau's resignation to the abuse of his enemies, when his quick demise showed how much his health was then undermined? Why repeat the conventional untruth about "justice" being the supreme

concern of *both* parties in the Dreyfus case? Again the uninformed reader is led to infer that the clergy was alone to enjoy a reduction from military service, whereas all university graduates shared the exemption. As for the list of office-holders, which is given as 440,000 in 1906, it might have been fair to add that, with the municipal and departmental officers and the officers of the army, the total reaches 915,000. While Gallicisms in such a book are unavoidable, slips in French proper names are not; they are far too numerous. As for the index, it could easily have been made more complete. In spite of these flaws, M. Bracq's book fills a real want, and ought to supplement or correct the metaphysical dissertations on the French nation already on the market, as well as serve as an elementary text-book for the benefit of news gatherers, foreign editors, or special correspondents.

The investigations of Haddon and others in New Guinea are supplemented by Dr. C. G. Seligmann in his "Melanesians of British New Guinea" (Putnam). This region is a closely packed jumble of dialects and customs. The basis of the population is held by Seligmann to be Papuan, on which has been superimposed a Melanesian immigration, the latter element being the superior. Of the two sections, the Eastern and the Western, the latter is the more advanced, having some agriculture and a tribal organization with chiefs; the Eastern has no tribes, only small groups, with a peculiar system of "linked" totems (four or five totems in every group), but no ceremony for increasing the supply of the totem object. Throughout the region there is some artistic decorative work; there is the usual apparatus of magic and sorcery, with vague spirits, but without gods proper and with no visible worship; souls are recognized, and in some places there is veneration of heavenly bodies. The people appear to belong in the lowest stratum of known humanity. Seligmann states that he has set down only what he has himself observed, or what he has heard from persons familiar with the natives and believed to be trustworthy authorities. His volume of 750 large pages gives a great mass of details that will be useful for working up the history of the obscure Papuan peoples.

Like Nuremberg's, the hand of the Scottish Border has gone through every land, and to write its history means the history of all Scotland and of a great part of England. It is "A land of romance" for Jean Lang (Dodge Publishing Co.), and for every Scot beside. Its stubborn race has made good in the wide world even as they kept the border in the old days for the king and for themselves and left a record of blood and flame and tears. It was no beautiful life but a strong one, one whose mortal things must touch the mind, and of it all this book tells the tale. It is a telling of singular candor and fairness and with open eyes for all the changing tides of history. If its Arthur is the Arthur of the Eildon Hills and wins his twelve battles between Tweed and Forth, the coming of Hadrian and the holding of the great Wall by the legionaries are more sober history, and the saints who came later left a far deeper imprint; St. Ninian is even yet commemorated in the bit of apple ringie which the old Scottish countrywoman still often picks on Sunday and carries to church in her Bible. After the saints came the monks—and strangely companied with them we have the wizards, Michael Scott of Balwearie and Thomas of Ercildoune—and then a centurial hatred was opened and a type of life fixed with the war of independence. But the astonishing fairness of the book is greatest in the yet later days when Montrose and Richard Cameron, the reivers and the Covenanters, all have their meed of praise. Perhaps this had to be that the glory of the Border folk might not be abated, for all were good men of their hands. So ballads of the riding days, of Mary and of Charlie, of Otterburn and Philliphaugh, ring through its pages beside the moorland wail of Martyrdom and the later lament of Stevenson and of all other Scots in exile, "Blows the wind today, and the sun and the rain are flying." It is a book to be read gratefully, full of gallant dreams and old memories, and its six photogravures have all the magic of the round gray hills and the dun waters.

Prof. A. H. Tolman's "Questions on Shakespeare" (University of Chicago Press), promises to be, not only one of the most comprehensive, but also one of the best, manuals of its sort. Of the two volumes already completed the first consists of an introduction to Shakespearean study in general as well as to this particular set of studies. It contains a summary of Shakespeare's language and versification, together with a carefully selected bibliography of texts, editions, commentaries, biographies, and the like. The second volume, with which the proper object of the work actually begins, covers the earlier histories and comedies and the poems so-called, exclusive of the sonnets. The questions are of several varieties: general questions, intended to bring out a broad appreciation of the play in its more literary and human aspects; questions on the particular acts and scenes, intended to awaken an understanding of special points of importance; and finally questions on the several characters, on the sources, on the text itself. On the whole the questions are singularly free from the pedagogical twang and the scholastic triviality which too frequently characterize this kind of literary inquisition. Further, they are interesting; and at the same time that they require the student to do his own work, they put him in the way of all necessary information and material.

Prof. Gustav Wustmann, who died recently at Leipzig in his sixty-seventh year, was a philologist and historian; in his "Allerhand Sprachdummheiten" he tried to simplify the German language.

The Rev. James Anderson of Dyce, Aberdeenshire, died a fortnight ago. Under the name of "Fergus MacKenzie" he wrote "Cruisie Sketches," "The Humours of Glenbruar," and "Sprays of Northern Pine."

The death is reported of William Baker, for many years head master of Merchant Taylors' School, a writer on the Church of England, and a translator of the classics.

The Rev. Joseph Elias Hayne, D.D., M.D., a colored minister, physician, and author, died last Saturday, aged sixty-two. He was born in slavery, in Charleston, S. C., and served all through the civil war as commissary sergeant in a regiment of volunteers on the Union side. After the close of the war, he graduated from Atlanta University, and later studied theology at Harvard. He was the author of "The Negro in Sacred History," "The Black Man in Natural History," and other works.

The death is reported, in his sixty-sixth year, of Henry Burr Barnes, head of the publishing firm of A. S. Barnes & Co., and for some time editor of the *International Review*.

Science

The Sub-Antarctic Islands of New Zealand: Reports on their Geo-Physics, Geology, Zoölogy, and Botany. Edited by Prof. Charles Chilton, and published by the Philosophical Institute of Canterbury (Christchurch, N. Z.)

The four or five groups of small sub-Antarctic islands belonging to New Zealand might seem too insignificant to reward scientific research. Yet a number of expeditions, isolated or collective, have landed on these unpromising isles since Dumont d'Urville initiated the work of exploration. He was followed by Commander Wilkes of the United States Exploring Expedition (who, however, landed on only one of the groups), and he again by Sir James Ross of Antarctic fame. Since then single individuals, like T. W. Kirk and Dr. Cockayne, have been dropped on one or more islands and have reaped a harvest of new biological facts. The latest expedition, thoroughly equipped with a large staff of qualified scientists and handsomely subsidized by the Government of New Zealand, visited every one of the islands so recently as November, 1907, and the results of their observations have just been embodied in two admirably got-up and profusely illustrated volumes in large quarto. They are the work of more than a dozen naturalists, who felt that such inquiries must be pursued on the spot by the study of living specimens, but they have been supplemented with the disquisitions of eminent European specialists. Edited by Professor Chilton, the various monographs and discussions have been coordinated, and the different lines of investigation brought to a focus, in a manner that will command the attention of all who are interested in the problems that circle round the distribution of species.

The work is fittingly introduced with an historical sketch of the islands by R. McNab, lately Minister of Lands in New Zealand, and the highest living authority on the subject. Mr. McNab relates how old officers of Capt. Cook, such as Bligh and Vancouver, made the earlier discoveries, and that they and the rest were successively placed on the map between 1788 and 1810 by the captains of the small sealing-craft (many of them American, whose logs Mr. McNab has

examined in the archives of the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass.), which, in the early part of the nineteenth century, scoured the ocean to discover seal-rookeries.

The primary object of the expedition was the extension of the magnetic survey of New Zealand to the sub-Antarctic islands, but it has made considerable additions to our knowledge of both the flora and the fauna of the islands. These have been described in a valuable series of monographs, where the notable results of the dredgings, especially in the Foraminifera, are carefully recorded. Three of these monographs particularly strike the reader. A masterly and exhaustive study by Dr. Cockayne opens up to naturalists a new world of trees. The late Sir James Hector was perhaps the first to bring back an account of the extraordinary rata forest of the islands. Now we have it minutely described and vividly illustrated. It consists of three species, which reveal a remarkable adaptation to the environment in their semi-prostrate habit of growth and their network of aërial roots. Seen from a distance, the forest is close and homogeneous, with a dull-colored top covering the whole, and indeed it resembles rather a mass of shrubs than trees. As one gets nearer one observes that the flat or undulating roof is pierced by upward-growing branches. Seen from within, the massive prostrate or semi-prostrate trunks of the southern rata, or *Metrosideros lucida*, sometimes travel closely along the surface of the ground, while others form natural bridges over the deep depressions of the forest-floor. From these spring branches distorted in every conceivable way, often twisting themselves into a complete tangle. Ultimately, out of this rigid mass certain branches shoot upwards like normal trees and rise to a variable height. Each of these has its network of twigs and leaves, which furnish scarcely a glimpse of light, as they come together and form a flat, continuous roof. The sensations of the explorer the present reviewer can judge of from the remembrance of the feelings experienced in a bit of dense virgin forest in New Zealand, where the absence of light and air and the smell of decay engendered an oppression that enabled him to understand the religious awe of the Romans or the old Germans in the primitive forest.

The "geotropic tendency" thus singularly shown is found elsewhere, as in certain willows on the west coast of Wellington province in New Zealand. In fact, it is not a geo-tropic tendency at all, but is the natural result of a moist climate (there is daily rain in the sub-Antarctic islands) and constant high winds. Nowhere is the direct action of the environment, so dear to Herbert Spencer, more plainly exhibited.

We might follow these explorers of new ground up the mountain-side, and perceive the same law of adaptation in operation. Only on the flat is the weird rata forest to be seen. Higher up is the mountain scrub, which is only the rata forest reduced to insignificance by the more extreme conditions, especially the greater wind-pressure. Higher still, the Danthonia meadow thrives where even scrub will not grow.

Some instructive excursuses delineate characteristic features of the sub-Antarctic flora. We note the greater wealth of coloring than in the New Zealand flora, the selective power of water-saturated soil on the formation of bogs, and the influence of animals on vegetation. The effect of the occupation of the ground by penguins is the complete or partial destruction of the plants growing there. Then the penguins abandon the spot, and the richly manured soil is ready for fresh plant-colonization. A rapid growth of successive species ensues.

A monograph by T. F. Cheeseman, *facile princeps* of New Zealand botanists, reviews the bearings of the plants brought from the islands on the problems of distribution, and gives an exhaustive analysis of the sub-Antarctic flora. In its characters and affinities he sees nothing more, in the main, than a repetition of the New Zealand flora, as modified by long ages of isolation, and (he forgets to add) the persistent influence of a peculiar environment. But he cannot deny—he expressly states—that there are two other elements not thus accounted for, an endemic and a Fuegian element. Whence did these come, and how? He admits (with all of the monographers) a former land-connection with New Zealand, belonging to far-back geological ages, when there was a succession of immigrations from the northern islands. He is disinclined to allow the existence of an Antarctic continent, or, at least, he affirms that it is not necessary to assume that there was any land-connection between that continent and the sub-Antarctic islands; and he altogether disbelieves in a land-connection with any part of South America. How, then, did the Fuegian element arrive in sub-Antarctica? Drifting sea-weed, carrying seeds, will, he thinks with Schenck, explain the comparatively few plants of foreign origin.

Professor Chilton, on the other hand, considers, with Beddard and Benham, the former existence of an Antarctic continent, with a northward and eastern extension, to be almost demonstrated, and that not in the Jurassic epoch, as Hutton maintained, but perhaps in Eocene times. He rejects Dahl's "relict" theory, according to which the unexplained elements in the flora are the surviving remnants of species developed in the northern land-masses, but driven south by stronger species, and there preserved. He believes that the greater elevation of the land in the Auckland Isles, in comparatively recent times, would suffice to establish a land-connection, leaving a distance of only 550 miles of comparatively shallow water between Cape Horn and Graham's Land. The geological observers come in aid of this view. They have discovered that the Auckland Isles passed through a glacial epoch, and they have there found rocks that belong to a continental area. Even in the earlier stages, they conclude, the great basaltic outpourings of which the chief mass of the Isles is formed were never submarine.

The Scribners have surrendered to the Yale University Press the right hereafter to publish the Silliman Lectures, viz.: "Electricity and Matter," by Prof. J. J. Thomson; "The Integrative Action of the Nervous System," by Prof. Charles S. Sherrington; "Radioactive Transformations," by Prof. Ernest Rutherford, and "Experimental and Theoretical Application of Thermodynamics to Chemistry," by Dr. Walter Nernst.

Mexico occupies the larger part of the *National Geographic Magazine* for December, and to many readers the description of the marvellous ruins of Mitla, product of the Stone Age, with the beautiful illustrations, will be a revelation. There is also an account of a trip across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and an interesting statement of the rich agricultural possibilities in the tropical part of the country. The general manager of the Associated Press, Melville E. Stone, shows convincingly the present danger arising from race prejudice in the far East, and Guy E. Mitchell gives noteworthy facts in regard to the growing industry of making briquets out of coal dust—an industry which virtually creates something out of nothing.

The seventh annual meeting of the American Breeders' Association will be held at Columbus, O., February 1, 2, and 3; the association will be the guest of the National Corn Exposition.

Drama

"Judith Zaraine," by the American dramatist, C. M. S. McLellan, which had been awaited with a certain amount of sanguine expectation, proved a great disappointment in the Astor Theatre on Monday evening. It is a purposeful piece, dealing vigorously though rather confusedly with the relations between labor and capital, and preaching a sound message of mutual good will. But it is so overladen with talk that the characters themselves seem mystified by it, while the action is delayed and obscured beyond all reason. Judith is a strong and well-drawn personality. She is an enthusiast, who believes that a future Utopia for the working man may be obtained by the self sacrifice of existing sufferers. She knows that the rebellious strikers in Minetown—over whom she has gained a strange ascendancy—are suffering through no fault of their own, having simply been thrown out of work by the success of a rival con-

cern, and she knows that they must be obliterated in any conflict with the military sent to subdue them, but she nevertheless exhorts them to resistance to the bitter end, that their slaughter may provoke public sentiment in behalf of the feeble poor against the powerful rich. David Murray, the capitalist originally responsible for the whole situation, visits Minetown as a reporter, and soon learns to sympathize with Judith with regard to the substantial injustice with which the rebels have been treated. But he perceives also that they are hopelessly wrong in the eye of the law. He devotes his energies, first to inducing Judith to persuade the men to lay down their arms—promising that they shall be righted—and secondly, to preventing a military attack, which he effects by threatening a public exposure of the private history of the Colonel. After some violent and cheap melodrama he succeeds in restoring peace and prosperity in Minetown, but is repelled by Judith, who still holds to her views and regards him simply as an opportunist, who has used his power to benefit the few but has done nothing to help the race. In the end, however, he converts her by arguing that her true duty is to abandon ideals which can result in no immediate benefit at all events, and to unite with him in working for such practical benefits as are within the reach of his power. Reduced to this skeleton the plan of the piece appears tolerably plain and direct, but in actual representation, meaning and action and characters were involved in perpetual fogs of harangues and discussions. Lena Ashwell furnished a strong, impassioned, and consistent sketch of the ardent Judith, but the other players were not able to distinguish themselves.

Percy MacKaye's play, "The Scarecrow," was presented in the Garrick Theatre on Tuesday evening, and was received with more favor, perhaps, than might have been expected. It is not at all representative of his best work. Originally described as a tragedy of the ridiculous, it is now entitled "a fantastic romance," which is also a misnomer. Fantastic it certainly is to a somewhat excessive degree, but it is neither tragic nor romantic. The conspicuous weakness of it lies in the illogical effort to impose a serious and sentimental issue upon a foundation of fantastic and satirical farce. There is good fooling, with amusing satire, in the first act, in which the witch's familiar demon animates the Scarecrow, which she hopes to use as the instrument of her revenge upon her old seducer. The piece might have been conducted coherently and merrily along these lines, but the whole thing becomes grotesque and futile, when it is assumed that the mannikin may be capable of independent emotions and of acquiring a soul by virtue of self-sacrifice. The play collapses from the moment that it begins to hint at some more serious purpose than a little fun with the humors of witchcraft. The quaintness of the story and the ingenuity of some of the stage apparatus may win temporary popularity for the representation, but the piece will add nothing to Mr. MacKaye's reputation.

The centenary of Alfred de Musset's birth was celebrated at the Comédie Française with a success which proved that, in spite of what has been said to the contrary, it is not true that he has gone entirely out of fashion. Three performances were given, including six of his plays and what amounted to a recital of the four "Nights." These last naturally do not lend themselves to the stage, and the illusion produced was far from complete. Still, Albert Lambert fils, in the "Nuit de mai," expressed, in a manner perfect in its simplicity, a good deal of the poignant sincerity of Musset's feeling. Some of the other impersonators of the poet—including even the great Mounet-Sully—spoke the lines in a fashion that might almost be called ranting. They certainly gave one the impression that they were declaiming the poetry, instead of merely thinking it aloud, as they were supposed to be doing. If Madeleine Roch, the Muse of the "Nuit d'août," had been cast with Lambert, the result would have been extraordinarily good. Their conceptions of the spirit of the poems were identical; and she, besides, was a Muse radiant enough to tempt any one to rhyme.

Of their kind, it would be difficult to find anything more perfect than two or three of the best of Musset's little plays. It is curious to note that the first one he wrote was an utter failure. It was given only once, at the Odéon, amid much hissing. He then resolved to do nothing more for the stage, but continued to write plays for his own amusement. After some time the Comédie Française discovered them, and they were produced "almost against his will." His philosophy is not profound, if indeed he can be said to have any at all. What there is of it is summed up in "On ne badine pas avec l'amour," where Perdican says that, however false and vain men and women may be, however base the world, there is still one thing worth while: love. How much sympathy the French have for that ideal, how close it comes home to them, was evident from the sudden, violent burst of applause that followed this speech. The same idea is expressed in the "Caprices de Marianne"—the price one pays for trifling with love, and the bitter lot of those who disregard it. Marianne, a sort of angel of indifference, has nothing but the coldest rebuffs for her lover, until it is too late, and they are both lost. The final scene is almost Shakespearean in its sudden, complete inevitable tragedy.

Music

The Art of Singing. By William Shakespeare. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $2.

Opera Stories. Henry L. M. Mason, author and publisher. 50 cents.

Instead of contending, as most writers of vocal instruction books do, that he has discovered a new way of teaching the art of song which will make the works of all his predecessors obsolete, Mr. Shakespeare wins the intelligent reader's sympathy at the outset by declaring that his aim has been not to write anything new, but simply to make an intelligible and useful record of the old truths concerning this art. He hopes that his remarks may result in bringing his fellow professors of singing more generally to the discussion of questions in a natural way—to the study of that which is absolutely known concerning the human voice—in place of debating those difficult physiological problems in relation to which there are few settled facts to go upon. Not that he overlooks the physiological side entirely. There are in his book pictures of the chest and ribs, the vocal cords, the muscles of the tongue, to illustrate some of his directions for correct singing; but he avoids those anatomical details which burden a student's memory without helping him in any way.

The pages on the management of the breath are models of lucidity and contain many valuable hints, including suggestions of exercises for acquiring the best method of respiration. No less clear are the explanations of defects responsible for such shortcomings as "throaty" "nasal," "frontal," and "colorless" singing. The last named, which results in sounds of a bleating and silly character, is caused by the corners of the lips being pulled back and down, and by the general rigidity of the lower lip, tongue, and jaw. Sometimes the "colorless" or "white" voice (*voix blanche*) thus produced "is not unlike the utterances of the half-witted, and the face of the singer assumes an inane smile."

To this connection between the appearance of the face and the sound of the voice Mr. Shakespeare recurs in several places (pp. 22, 28, 42), and they constitute probably the most important paragraphs of his book in these days, when almost as much is expected of operatic artists in the way of facial expression as of singing. Patti used to sneer at the idea of practising before a mirror, which, she maintained, resulted only in grimaces (*singeries*); but she was wrong. Lamperti used to speak of the eye as "the mirror of the voice," and Mr. Shakespeare, after referring to the eye-muscles and their uses, remarks:

> Thus by its extreme sensitiveness the expression and mobility of the face may be said to depend on the method of using the voice, for a soft expression of the eye can never be accompanied by a hard expression of the voice. . . . The pleasing appearance observed in the folds of the lower eyelid is brought about by raising the cheek; this adds joy to the smile initiated by the raising of the corners of the upper lip. Rigidity of the vocal organs on starting or changing a note is often betrayed by the blinking of the eyelids. All this proves the wisdom of the old masters in recommending the use of a mirror during practice. . . . The expression considered by the old Italian school as the highest test of the freedom of the face, tongue, and throat, was that of a smile. The voice should be capable of conveying a smile. . . .

More than one-half of the 201 pages of this volume are devoted to exercises in musical type, and there are some concluding observations answering questions that constantly present themselves to pupils, such as how best to practise, how long a time and how many times a day, what range of voice,

and what degree of force should be used in singing.

To the important matter of distinct enunciation Mr. Shakespeare devotes less attention than it deserves. Operas as well as song recitals would be much more popular if the audiences could hear the words distinctly. It is largely because they cannot that there is such a surprising demand for books containing the plots of operas. Every year there is a new volume or two of the kind, while the older ones appear in new editions. The latest collection comes from Boston. Mr. Mason's "Opera Stories," however, though a home-made by-product of the Boston Opera, can be used without indiscretion in other cities where opera flourishes; indeed, it is likely to have more readers in New York than in Boston, where the operatic repertory is comparatively slender and ill-proportioned. Mr. Mason gives the stories not only of all the standard works in the Metropolitan list, but of the novelties. "The Girl of the Golden West" is here, and so is "Königskinder." "Ariane et Barbe Bleue," "Ysobel," and Victor Herbert's first grand opera, "Natoma," are included, actually before their production. Cincinnati is not forgotten, with its "Paoletta," nor Rome, with "Malbruk," Leoncavallo's latest. Why "Alceste," "Don Carlos," "Elaine," "L'Etolle du Nord," "Messaline," "Les Troyens," "La Vie du Poète" are in the list is not clear. Mr. Mason's laudable desire to use as few words as possible sometimes (notably in the case of "Königskinder") results in inaccuracies; but most of the "stories" are well told, and this collection may be commended to all who, having no time to read the libretto, wish to gulp down the necessary information in condensed form.

John Lane has published "The Oldest Music Room in Europe: a Record of an Eighteenth Century Enterprise at Oxford," by John H. Mee.

Fred. S. Converse's symphonic poem, "The Mystic Trumpeter," is presented this week at Queen's Hall, London, by the new Symphony Orchestra.

Art

In "Porcelain and How to Collect It" (Dutton) Edward Dillon furnishes a scholarly manual drawn from his larger work on porcelain. Technical lore of the potteries is set forth at greater length than in many similar manuals for collectors, the information concerning the chemistry of the glazes of various periods being particularly copious and valuable. Mr. Dillon is a partisan of the limited palette of metallic oxides, with which the Chinese porcelain makers created their world of brilliant and harmonious colors. He holds that "of the additions made of recent days only one is of any great importance to us. This is the green made from chromium." His statement concerning the kilns at King-te-chen, that "What we know of the manufacture is chiefly derived from the admirable letters (1712 and 1722) of the Jesuit missionary, the Père Entrecolles," should certainly be modified, now that Dr. Bushell's translation of the "Tao Shuo," or "Description of Pottery," by Chu Yen, has been published. Personal acquaintance with American museums and private collections, which Mr. Dillon regrets he has not yet made, might conceivably lead to his altering or amplifying certain statements, as, for example, those about the porcelain of Korea which, doubtless because so little of it is seen in England, is rather summarily dispatched. In the main, however, Mr. Dillon's researches have covered a wide range very thoroughly. He avoids—no doubt wisely—any explanation of the decorative motives of the Oriental porcelains on the ground that such exposition is meaningless if the reader does not already understand the religions, history, and social life of the far Eastern nations, and needless if he does. The relative inferiority of the Japanese in porcelain, which all must admit, is interestingly shown to be due to the circumstance that it was only the older Chinese whom the potters of Hizen and Imari thought it worth while to follow. "What is less generally understood," Mr. Dillon says, "is that as a whole this imitation is confined to the artistic work (this applies to literature also) of the earlier Chinese dynasties. With the fall of the Ming dynasty the history of China closes in Japanese eyes." The chapters devoted to European porcelain cover familiar ground without marked originality of treatment.

"Hand-Loom Weaving, Plain and Ornamental," by Luther Hooper (Macmillan), is severely practical, a text-book of workshop processes. It is the seventh of the admirable series of technical handbooks edited by W. R. Lethaby. The primary object is "to inform the student of hand-loom weaving of the best methods of preparing warps, fitting up looms, and making or selecting the various appliances necessary for the work, as well as inventing, planning, and weaving plain and ornamental webs." Valuable instruction in the treatment of design as an essential part of good workmanship is also included; the author believes heartily in proper ornamentation "as a language addressed to the eye; it is pleasant thought expressed in the speech of the tool." There is, obviously, place for such a manual in this country, as well as in Great Britain, where, in various districts, hand-loom weaving is still an important industry. Learners at our textile schools, as at Philadelphia, Lowell, and New Bedford, might certainly profit from so thorough-going an exposition of the ancient processes by which the most beautiful of all textile fabrics have been produced. Amateur weavers are likewise becoming numerous. Ancient hand-looms have been withdrawn from garrets, set up, and oftentimes reproduced for use in schools, colleges, social settlements, and institutions for the neurasthenic, insane, and blind. For the purposes of the teachers and students of this revived art, whose educational and artistic possibilities are now under exploitation, Mr. Hooper's book is singularly well timed. It has technical perspective. It goes far beyond the very simple processes which underlie the interesting but somewhat amateurish weaving seen at current exhibitions of the arts and crafts, and unfolds in a precise, easily intelligible fashion the methods of weaving elaborate damasks, brocades, brocatelles, and other fabrics which were well made long before the invention of the Jacquard loom took commercial weaving out of the class of handicrafts. Mr. Hooper is an enthusiastic student of old textiles, in his own and other people's collections. Many examples of these he has personally reproduced on the hand-loom with evident skill and good taste.

"The Orestela of Æschylus as Illustrated by Greek Vase-Painting," the thesis presented by Hetty Goldman, the successful candidate for the Charles Eliot Norton Fellowship in Greek studies for 1910-11, has been issued as a reprint from the "Harvard Studies in Classical Philology." Miss Goldman's thesis, both in firmness of grasp and minute scholarship, belies the view as to male sovereignty in this field, which is still conventionally held, in spite of the fact that, nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, Madame Dacier wrested classic laurels from her eminent husband. We can only point out here that Miss Goldman attempts to appraise the part played by imagination in Greek vase-painting, and especially to ascertain the extent to which Greek artists, after the middle of the fifth century, clung in their Æschylean vases to the scenes of the trilogy. The "Choephori" and the "Eumenides" alone offered, in her opinion, stage pictures that tended to impress themselves powerfully upon the imagination of the vase-painter, although she regards it possible that archæological search may disclose the existence of vases dealing with the story of the "Agamemnon." She maintains that the vases that have so far come to light served mainly ornamental purposes in the homes of the wealthy, and that there is nothing to suggest that the vase-painter had witnessed a performance of the play he was asked to illustrate, though he doubtless knew of it in a general way. That "the treatment of a myth by a popular dramatist may cause the vase-painter to identify certain general types with the particular story," and that "some such thing happened in the case of the scene in the 'Choephori' in which Electra and Orestes meet at the tomb of their father," are among the contentions of the thesis, which in all its parts is supported with much spirit and ingenuity. Miss Goldman is now pursuing her archæological studies in Greece.

Knighthoods have been bestowed upon Sidney Colvin, George Frederic Warner, and George Laurence Gomme.

In the past few weeks a number of French artists have died. Gustave Colin, who lived to be eighty-three, was a pioneer in setting forth the artistic possibilities of the Basque country, and was a member of the Barbizon School. Eugène Jean Boverie, the sculptor, is dead at the age of forty; he will be remembered for the monument of Camille Desmoulins in the Palais Royal. Paul Lucas, painter, was a member of the Société des Artistes Français; he was eighty years of age. Ernest Paul Brigot, aged seventy-four, had painted landscapes

and still-life subjects. Edouard Lœvy was in his fifty-fourth year; he was a book illustrator and miniaturist.

Miss Mary Kollock, landscape painter, died in this city a week ago, at the advanced age of eighty-eight. Her chief productions include Black Mountain, Lake George; Road to Mount Marcy; Old Woman Spinning; Road in Normandy; Italian Brigand; Early Morning in the Mountains; The Old Fiddler; Under the Beeches, and Glimpse of the Catskills.

The death is announced of Joseph Bishop Pratt, the mezzotint engraver, who was born in 1853.

Finance

SENATOR ALDRICH'S BANKING PLAN.

In the personal note, transmitted on Tuesday to the Monetary Commission along with his proposal of a plan for new banking legislation, Senator Aldrich himself points out that the plan is thus far purely his own, and not an official proposal of the Commission; that it is tentatively submitted as a basis of discussion, and that he does not expect the immediate approval of it, or "that any formal action will be taken upon it." Formal and final action by the Commission would indeed be scarcely practicable at this time, and action by this Congress is out of the question. The Commission as a whole has not yet officially considered the problem. It has not yet begun its public hearings of bankers, business men, and economic experts, and will probably not begin them for several weeks. Meantime, there remain barely six weeks more of life to the present Congress, whose attention will be abundantly occupied with pressing routine legislation during that time.

Mr. Aldrich has nevertheless taken the wise course in the matter. It has for some time been obvious that nothing at all could be done until some definite proposal was before the Commission, and the Commission's chairman was the proper person to submit it. With such a plan before the commissioners and the public—not as a vague and general proposition, but as a scheme worked out in detail—it is possible for discussion, both of underlying principles and of particular provisions, to begin. Even if the plan were to be disapproved as a whole, it would at least be known exactly what was disapproved and what was the natural alternative.

Mr. Aldrich's plan has been described in the dispatches as abandoning the Central Bank expedient; but this hardly states the matter rightly. The name of Central Bank is carefully avoided; but the "Reserve Association of America," the title given to the proposed central organization, is endowed with the usual powers and responsibilities of a European Central Bank. It differs from foreign institutions of the sort in the provisions for ownership, control, and administration, and in this respect embodies a compromise between the Central Bank theory in its usual form and the so-called theory of "zone administration," whereby banking operations in a given geographical district would be supervised and facilitated by independent organizations of the national banks in that district. Senator Aldrich would mark out fifteen of such districts in the United States, in each of which the national banks of that district, members of the Association, would choose a board of directors for that particular branch association. Each of these boards would choose one member in the directorate of the national association, and as that directorate would number forty-five, this vote would select one-third of the national directorate.

These directors, together with six fiscal officers of the government (including the elected governor and deputy-governors of the Association), and with twelve other members chosen by branches on the basis of stock holdings by individual banks in the national association, would constitute a full majority of the central board. The remaining directors would be chosen by the board itself from the business men of the country. The executive committee of the board (which would naturally conduct the organization's affairs) would consist first of the governor and the two deputies, all to be chosen by the President of the United States from names submitted by the board, next of the Comptroller of the Currency ex-officio, and then of five other members named by the board.

This scheme of organization is the salient feature of Senator Aldrich's plan. In other respects, it follows the well-known lines of the Central Bank expedient. For the Association's capital, something like $300,000,000 is suggested. National banks are to subscribe for it and hold it. Dividends are to be 4 per cent., with equal division of surplus profits between the Association and the government. The central organization is to hold the national government's cash balances and accruing revenues; manage all government disbursements; rediscount commercial notes and bills for national banks; fix and publish for such rediscount, from time to time, a rate uniform throughout the United States, and, in general, perform the functions usual to a Central Bank. It will accept no deposits save from the government and the banks, and will pay no interest on those deposits.

Such, briefly outlined, is Mr. Aldrich's proposition, which touches only in a very tentative manner on the banknote circulation problem—merely suggesting that the central organization take over surrendered national bank circulation, and that it may issue, under certain tax limitations, circulating notes of its own, covered, one-third by lawful money and two-thirds by United States bonds or commercial paper subject to discount under its other charter provisions.

As thus outlined, Senator Aldrich's plan would undoubtedly provide machinery for the work performed by European central banks in regulating the money market, allaying convulsive movements in the field of credit, and relieving actual panic, with the tendency of such times towards money hoarding, bank runs, and exhaustion of reserves. The question to which the Commission and the outside business community must now address itself is whether the machinery described will operate most effectively and advantageously, or whether there are alterations or substitutes which will better perform the task. There is practical unanimity of opinion, in competent quarters, regarding the need for better organization of our banking system.

The Central Bank is the simplest form of such organization, and we are able to study its workings in other markets and communities. In all such communities the power of the central institution and of its immediate management is very great; it would possibly be greater in this country than in any state of Europe. If the American people can be convinced that this power will be exercised in all respects independently of the selfish machinations of politics and finance—that the central banking organization would, like the Bank of England for example, be quite as much a restraining influence as a co-operating influence in the money market—the plan for an institution of the sort would undoubtedly meet with a large measure of public favor. The problem in this regard, indeed, is not so much one of control through ownership or voting power as of domination through financial pressure and outside banking influence. The application of Mr. Aldrich's proposal to these considerations will no doubt engage the attention of the Commission at its public hearings.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America. Publications Vol. I. The Society, E. C. Pickering, president (Cambridge).

Book of Light Verse. Edited by R. M. Leonard. Frowde.

Campbell, G. L. Industrial Accidents and Their Compensation. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Clough. Poems of Clough. Edited by H. S. Milford. Frowde.

Compendium of Philosophy. Introductory notes by S. Z. Aung. Revised and edited by Mrs. Rhys Davids. (Pali Text Society.) Frowde.

Cornish, V. Waves of the Sea and Other Water-Waves. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

De Maistre's La Jeune Sibérienne. Edited, with exercises, by C. Fontaine. Boston: Heath. 30 cents.

Dixon, T. The Root of Evil: A Novel. Doubleday, Page.
Dugdale, R. L. The Jukes: A Study in Crime, Pauperism, Disease, and Heredity. Fourth ed. Putnam. $1.50.
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Mackereth, J. A. A Son of Cain. (Poems.) Longmans, Green.
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Meldola, R. Evolution. Herbert Spencer Lecture delivered December, 1910. Frowde.
Meredith, G. Memorial edition. Vol. xiii. Miscellaneous Prose. Scribner.
Moore, B. The Dawn of the Health Age. Philadelphia: Blakiston. $1.40 net.
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Report of the Comptroller. For year ended September 30, 1910. Albany, N. Y.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1911.

The Week

President Taft's speech on the fortification of the Panama Canal shows how even such a man as he is can be overcome by the military obsession which infects the air at Washington. The original idea of an Isthmian canal is now in danger of being entirely forgotten. It was to be a great highway of commerce, a new triumph and pledge of peace; but suddenly it has become exclusively a part of our coast defences, a military instrument, a thing to fight over. From the single fact of the Oregon's voyage from the Pacific in 1908 we are to infer that our entire national conception of the canal, up to that year, is to be thrown over, and that we are to think of it as simply a site for guns and the scene of battles. And how do the militarists meet the argument that the neutralization of the canal in peace and in war can be effectually guarded by solemn international treaties? Why, by cynically replying that such treaties are not worth the paper they are written on; that every nation, including our own, stands ready to violate its plighted faith! Such is the view of human nature, such the idea of national honor, which militarism would make our daily food. It will next be telling us that every member of the Hague Tribunal ought to have a knife in his boot, and a revolver handy, so as to be fully "prepared" when the throat-cutting and the shooting in the back begin.

"Abuse of the power of political organizations in the past has resulted in a popular distrust of them and of those in authority in them, particularly of those wielding their centralized power to such an extent as to earn the characterization of 'bosses.'" This cold and philosophical statement on the boss system as a whole occurs in Attorney-General Wickersham's recent address to the State Bar Association at Syracuse; and it was entirely proper in the connection in which it occurred. But at the same moment there was going on in Albany an exhibition of boss rule which makes such a sentence seem more like a quotation from some historian writing a hundred years after than from a contemporary. Not "distrust," but disgust and indignation, is what honest men feel when they think of the power of Murphy and his detestable machine. To break that power, to fight unremittingly and uncompromisingly for the wiping out of the disgrace of it, is the paramount duty of every citizen of New York.

Secretary Nagel, at the dinner of the American Hebrew Congregations, spoke with great earnestness and with evident sincerity of the need of better provision for dealing with individual cases of immigrants whose right to enter the country is challenged. For the hardships, often amounting to cruel injustice and inhumanity, inflicted on so many of these people, the Secretary said he did not blame the immigration officers personally, but the defectiveness of the system. The officers are overworked, they are often completely overwhelmed by the crowd of arrivals, and they have to dispose of the cases mechanically. "We need," said Mr. Nagel, "competent boards and enough boards, who can, as a good judge should, be appealed to by the individuality of every alien instead of falling into the rut of merely asking the specified questions." The cases disposed of by a mechanical enforcement of sweeping rules, in instances where every consideration of humanity and good sense alike cries out against their application, are a reproach to our Government as well as a grievous and cruel wrong to the individuals concerned.

Senator Cummins took on Saturday a splendid stand about the latest proposed ship subsidy. The pending bill he declared to be "based upon an unsound principle applied in an unscientific and unintelligent way." This could hardly have been put better save by saying that it is a scheme to make all the American people pay the deficit in operation of a commercial enterprise, which, however sentimentally desirable, is economically not to be justified. Senator Cummins was not to be headed off by the bugaboo of foreign labor on American ships from wisely advocating the abolition of the antiquated registry laws Grover Cleveland denounced three decades ago. Like Mr. Cleveland, he would have foreign-built ships admitted to American registry, even if manned by foreigners. Of course, this was rank treason to Senator Gallinger, who is careful to forget that all our yachts and many of our merchant vessels are largely manned by foreigners. But Mr. Cummins stuck to his guns, pointed out that no American laborer would lose his place by what he proposed, and again blurted out the truth by saying that most Americans cannot be induced in any way to go to sea, there being much more profitable work to be had ashore. The world does, indeed, move when a Republican from a rock-ribbed Republican State has the courage to puncture the good old party subsidy fallacies.

Those Republicans who had been getting so much comfort out of Murphy had their own "dose" on Saturday. The election of Boss Barnes of Albany to the Chairmanship of the Republican State Committee kicks over the entire campaign of the party in this State last year. The heroic struggle with the Old Guard and the appeal for support on the ground that the old corrupt methods and leaders had been definitely cut loose from, are abandoned in a twinkling. And there was not even a fight against the reënthronement of the Republican boss. Oyster Bay was dumb. No talk of a bolt against this Republican "regularity." Barnes's election was made unanimous, even though the *Tribune* is frank to say that "more than almost any other Republican, Mr. Barnes has been distrusted" by the independent voters. The result is manifestly as disheartening to decent Republicans as is the swinish rush of Murphy for the spoils to decent Democrats.

Senator Root's eminence in the profession will lend great weight to his clear-cut and radical pronouncement on the subject of the present overgrown code of procedure in New York State as one source of the intolerable delays of justice which have in recent years attracted so much attention. And, as the following extract shows, Mr. Root did not hesitate to carry his criticism to its logical conclusion:

We have been pursuing the policy or at-

tempting to regulate by specific and minute statutory enactment all the details of the process by which, under a multitude of varying conditions, suitors may get their rights. Such a policy never ends. . . . I submit to the judgment of the profession that the method is wrong; the theory is wrong, and that the true remedy is to sweep from our statute books the whole mass of detailed provisions and substitute a simple practice act containing only the necessary fundamental rules of procedure, leaving all the rest to the rules of court. When that has been done the Legislature should leave our procedure alone.

But whatever benefit might be gained by the abolition of an unwieldy and overloaded code, the needed radical improvement will not be effected unless a judicial tradition is built up that makes for the obtaining of substantial justice by reasonable and expeditious methods. To the attainment of this end nothing is more essential than the procuring of high ability and absolute independence in the judges themselves.

That the controversy in the American Museum of Natural History has been settled by the peaceful retirement of Dr. Bumpus to accept another position is a cause for congratulation. The situation there was intolerable from several points of view, and the long-existing friction under Dr. Bumpus has done considerable harm—more, perhaps, than the managers realize. We are well aware, of course, that the museum has gone ahead; that under the recent supervision of the acting director, Mr. Townsend, the attendance has been the greatest in the museum's history, and that in the department of anthropology some of the heavy losses caused by Dr. Bumpus's control have in a measure been made good. It is also true that the future of the institution is brighter than before, for, as we understand it, this episode has caused a reëxamination of the rights and duties of the scientific staff as well as of the officers from president down, with the result that much of a clarifying nature has been accomplished. The fact remains, however, that a great deal more must be done to obtain the full confidence of experts, particularly in the anthropological field, for they have seen men of national renown lost to the museum by reason of regrettable friction and methods of administration which have been scientifically indefensible. We sincerely hope that that is all over now; that the time is near at hand when rich anthropological collections will no longer go to other cities and other museums because their owners, citizens of New York, would not entrust them to the Natural History Museum or to its scientific staff.

Vermilion County, Illinois, is achieving the kind of notoriety that has made Adams County, Ohio, infamous. The statement that 2,500 of the 7,500 voters in Danville, the county seat and residence of Speaker Cannon, have been regularly purchased, would be incredible if it did not come from the State Attorney's office. For there is no such explanation here as there is for the Ohio community. Danville has long been a railway centre, with its full share of industrial and financial enterprise. Nor is it possible to place the blame upon the hordes of ignorant coal-miners, who are an important part, numerically, of the county. They doubtless contribute their part of the corruption, but in the Speaker's own "silk-stocking" precinct a member of the Republican organization is quoted as saying that there are seventy-five purchasable votes, including that of a minister. That the Soldiers' Home is "the first place a candidate heads for" is more painful than surprising. In one respect the Illinois community is behind the one in Ohio. There seems to be little disposition upon the part of the prosecuting officers to go a step farther than they are forced to go. It is to be hoped that they will be compelled to change this attitude. Finally, the cynical observer will note that the chief reliance for putting an end to the traffic seems to be, not law or public sentiment, but only the fact that it is becoming too expensive an operation.

The vote in the New Jersey Senatorship contest showed that ex-Senator Smith was so hopelessly beaten that his withdrawal was no great surprise. In New Jersey, too, it would be infinitely better if the State should be but half-represented in the Senate than misrepresented by a corporation Senator of his type. Such fighting in the open as Gov. Wilson forced on the Senatorship is a very demoralizing procedure for a politician of the Smith type. If he cannot arrive on the scene of action with the votes he needs in his pocket, he is all at sea—his arguments usually being of the kind best suited to midnight conferences. Being destitute of anything except a selfish purpose, he knows not how to adjust himself to a situation which calls for something else than bargaining, swapping, and the pledge of future rewards. Gov. Wilson has every reason to be pleased over the result. His rousing of the conscience of the State made Smith's defeat possible.

Senator Lodge's reëlection was primarily due to the fact that no Republican of prominence could be got to stand against him for the Senatorship. One after another begged to be excused. Up to the last moment it was evident that Speaker Walker could have defeated Lodge, had he permitted the use of his name. But he refused it. Then, too, the campaign against Lodge by Gov. Foss plainly had the effect of consolidating the Republican vote in the Legislature. Members were artfully plied with the argument that it would never do to let a Democratic Governor dictate to Republicans. The fact that two Democrats finally voted for Lodge was not in itself decisive of the result, but indicates the resources of the Lodge machine. The result is, of course, a great triumph for Senator Lodge, but also a serious warning. No Massachusetts Senator ever had so plain a proof forced upon him of the unpopularity both of his personality and his methods. There is a tacit recognition of this in the very statement that Lodge has issued, in which he promises hereafter to strive to render "service to the country and to the State which they will deem worthy of a Senator from Massachusetts."

A new standard of modesty, and of scientific balance of mind, is set for spiritual media—or is it mediums?—by Mrs. Gove of Boston. She is apparently on the eve of giving the world the most important information it has yet received of the nature of the future life, and yet she warns us that in regard to the actual source of that information she cannot give an absolute guarantee. That the phenomena are "genuine," she tells us, "there is absolutely no question"; but she is not "sure as to their origin." Some hidden force moves her fingers, but possibly that force has some latent spring in her own mind. It is a thousand pities that this uncertainty should

exist, for the revelations we are about to get through Mrs. Gove's trances would be of priceless value if, in addition to their being "genuine," we could be quite certain that they emanated from the spirit of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy. Beginning with the statement that the departed leader now finds that, while in the flesh, she was mistaken about many things pertaining to the future life, the subsequent communications ought to be of surpassing importance. However, we shall be thankful for even these semi-guaranteed revelations if they but fulfil the condition of being interesting.

Indications are multiplying that the old-fashioned way of becoming a poet by reading Blackstone, or of entering the church by the stage-door, is to be so far superseded that the coming generation will feel only scorn for such wavering. Harvard is to offer in its Summer School a course in choosing a vocation. Now, for the Vocation Bureau in Boston, whose chief is to conduct the course, we have nothing but praise, knowing that it has helped many a poor fellow to see within himself an undreamed-of capacity for profitable, even pleasurable, employment. We approve, too, of the lectures on the professions which were given by representative men last year in the Harvard Union. It is possible that this new course is to be confined to the Summer School, where it will unquestionably be of much value. But we fear the worst—that in some form or other it will soon find itself in the regular college curriculum, and that boys disillusioned prematurely by the humdrum to which they must look forward will refuse to make choice of any career whatsoever. Let science rub off the glamour from the past if it can; to tamper with a boy's vision of his future is perilous.

It is probably too early to say that the result of the decision in favor of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the "Jim-Crow" car matter disposes of this kind of race discrimination. Judge Sanford of the United States District Court in Tennessee has simply decided that the Commission may compel interstate carriers to furnish the same accommodations for the same money to blacks as to the whites. That this was already done was claimed by railways and papers in the South—until the Commission ordered that it must be. Then the railways admitted that there was discrimination in accommodations by attacking the right of the Commission to issue any such order. Now, the Commissioners say that if the railways do not obey their order, they will be compelled to do away with the Jim-Crow car altogether. Indubitably, the railways will carry the case to the Supreme Court; if there the decision should be against them, they will doubtless be compelled by public sentiment, in the present temper of the South, to give the accommodations ordered and thus preserve the Jim-Crow car. We heartily wish it might be abolished for all time, as a manifestation of prejudice and racial hatred utterly out of place in a democracy. The true remedy for what are obviously trying conditions is the establishment of the European system of several classes of accommodation at varying rates, just as there are now Pullmans and day-coaches. No one who has not had to travel in the ordinary Jim-Crow car can, we are sure, have any conception of what decent colored people have to suffer every day at the hands of Southern railways.

Poetic justice has triumphed in the Senatorial contest in Tennessee. Not only is Mr. Lea, the Senator-elect, a lawyer of repute, but he is the leader of the Fusionists and the founder and publisher of the *Tennesseean*, of which ex-Senator Carmack was the editor when he was killed. By taking the gavel at the critical moment in a disorderly convention, Lea brought about the nomination of Gov. Patterson, only to break with him subsequently on the prohibition issue. It was the outcome of that struggle, the murder of Carmack, and the pardoning of his assassin by Gov. Patterson, with unconcealed contempt for the Supreme Court of the State, which brought about the upheaval in the November election. The victory of the Fusionists seemed to be in peril of losing its finest fruit, however, when the Legislature went into a deadlock, first over organization, and then over the selection of a Senator. But Mr. Lea's election brings the wheel full circle.

Alderman and university professor, Charles E. Merriam, who is the head of the Chicago Commission on City Expenditures, in announcing his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Mayor, issues a platform. Its most notable feature is the declaration that "systematic and persistent attempts to secure economy and efficiency in the public service would save the city millions of dollars and result in vastly improved service." The so-called Merriam Commission has shown widespread waste, inefficiency, and corruption, and has pointed out appropriate remedies. "If I were Mayor of Chicago," Professor Merriam declares, "I would put these recommendations into effect, and would devise and execute ways and means for securing a better return than is now obtained for the public money expended." He urges the creation of a bureau of public utilities for putting into effect the provisions for the protection of the public in the city ordinances relating to gas, telephone, electricity, and traction service, together with the conferring upon the city by the Legislature of additional power over public service corporations. Chicago will choose her Mayor in her own way, but it is pleasing even to read of a candidacy based upon something like principles.

The Paris *Temps* comes out squarely for the admission of women to the Institute. It recognizes the conflicting elements of the problem: on the one side, regard for tradition—"where would tradition find its last refuge if not in the Institute?"—and, on the other, love of progress and of justice. But it proceeds to point out that the "immutable tradition" which it appeared to the Institute "altogether discreet" to respect even while it left to each of the five Academies the liberty of electing its own members, would, if maintained rigorously, be sufficient to deprive an unquestionable genius of a legitimate sanction. No considerations foreign to pure scientific worth, it contends, ought to find asylum in the Institute, at least in the Academy of Sciences. Claims of candidates ought to be examined without prejudice of sex or of political opinions. It is a noble example that a free thinker like Berthelot, a skeptic like Renan, a believer like Brunetière, and *un religieux* like Father Schell, should be able to be neighbors in all liberty. On the day when passions and parties take possession of the illustrious company, warns the *Temps*, it will have lost its prestige.

THE REPUBLICAN PROGRESSIVES.

In the list of eminent Republicans who on Monday signed the declaration of principles of the newly organized National Republican Progressive League, one is at first surprised not to find the name of the most eminent of them all. It might have been expected to lead all the rest. But a little reflection will show why Mr. Roosevelt did not openly join the movement. In the first place, it is almost avowedly anti-Taft. That is instantly recognized by the Administration. But Col. Roosevelt would not wish to array himself against the President, as do the others. Furthermore, it may be that he was not even asked to do so. These Western Republican Progressives have shown every disposition of late to set up for themselves. They do not feel that they exist by grace of Oyster Bay. If it is a question of a leader, they are fully confident of being able to produce one—or a half-dozen—out of their own number. Even so, we should think that they would have been glad of a statement from Mr. Roosevelt to the effect that he was heartily with them in so far as their proposals were patriotic and feasible, and provided that they did not take on a sectional and futile aspect, it being always understood that, while not going too far, they yet displayed courage tempered by common sense, and were neither foolishly rash nor timidly prudent.

There can be no mistaking the political significance of the new League so long talked of and now actually launched. It means that the nine Senators and thirteen Representatives, with the five Western Governors, who have signed the declaration of principles do not propose to acquiesce in President Taft's renomination without a fight. This injects an unexpected element into next year's Presidential contest. There is, of course, no talk of a split in the Republican party, or of a possible third-party movement; these Progressives all call themselves Republicans, and doubtless intend at present to abide by the will of the majority as expressed in the National Convention. But they will not suffer the contest to go by default. Under either Senator Cummins or Senator La Follette they will make a vigorous canvass for the nomination, and the President's friends will have to get out and go to work for him. That this will be done, the Washington dispatches make wholly clear. The situation in 1912 may not be unlike that in 1892. In the latter year, President Harrison at first took the position that he would accept a renomination if it came to him as a matter of course and without a struggle, but when the time came he was found ready to make an eager fight for the control of the National Convention. It appears now that the friends of President Taft will be forced to do something of the same kind.

Just why this new movement within the Republican party should be so frankly anti-Taft does not lie on the surface. Ostensibly, the President is for most of the things that the Progressives stand for. The members of the League would not, of course, admit that they have any personal animus against Mr. Taft. They would not have the impression go forth that they are acting as they do simply because they do not like Mr. Taft, though the reason why they cannot tell. Their objection goes deeper. Conceding, as they must, that the President has expressed sympathy with most of the policies which they advocate, and has done much to further them, they would probably say, if they told the whole truth, that what they desire is not merely support, but support in a radical spirit. These men are all radically-minded. They are working for something like a political revolution. But a revolution requires fervor and noise and a willingness to smash things; and President Taft, though he has done many radical things, is not a radical man. It is his placid conservatism of disposition that, no doubt, chiefly repels these Western disturbers of the party peace. They do not find Mr. Taft a kindred soul; his aversion to many of them has not been concealed. Hence the inevitable break.

Turning to the programme of the Progressive League, we find it occupied partly with the machinery of politics. It would have popular election of United States Senators. The direct primary it would extend even to the nomination of delegates to the National Conventions. In the States, at least, it would see the initiative and recall established, and thoroughgoing laws against corrupt practices put upon all the statute-books of the States. These measures are all described as aiming to restore, or at all events purify and enlarge, "popular government." But progressive "legislation" is also in the minds of the Leaguers, though here they are pretty vague in their account of what they seek. For example, "the revision of the tariff in the interest of the producer and consumer" may be interpreted Progressively, but it may also mean simply the old humbug over again. We should like more precision. Will Senator Cummins, for instance, commit himself to the statement that the duty on wool and woollen goods is outrageously high, as well on the "producer" of wool in Iowa as on the "producer" of clothing in Rhode Island? On these and other matters, the Progressive League will have to be much more definite when issues come to be really joined; but as their movement stands to-day, it has in it the possibility of exciting political changes and also of great public good.

MORE MILLIONS FOR RESEARCH.

Mr. Carnegie's latest gift brings the endowment of the Carnegie Institution up to the magnificent total of $25,000,000. The annual income of the Institution will therefore be a million and a quarter—an amount which, at a date not very far back in the past, was regarded as quite adequate to form the entire endowment of an ambitious university. With this great sum at its disposal, the Institution is in a position to encourage research upon a scale that, only a few years ago, seemed beyond the dreams of those interested in the advancement of knowledge. How far we have gone along this path in a short period can best be realized by recalling one or two circumstances.

It was about the year 1870 that the need of greater encouragement and more material support for scientific research began to attract marked attention in England and this country. In neither of the two great English-speaking countries were the universities organized in such a way as to make research an important feature of university activities, except in so far as it was carried on by a few individual men of genius or of exceptional energy or devotion; but the splendid progress of science that marked the third quarter of the nineteenth century had aroused an enthusiastic and general interest in science. In the early issues of the English journal *Nature*, which was founded at this time, there were many

pleas for the "endowment of research"; and on this side the water many will remember the interest that attached to the generous gift made by Tyndall a few years later, when he devoted the proceeds of his American lecture tour to the foundation of a fellowship in physics. From that $15,000, the income of which was to help some budding scientist to train himself as an investigator of physical problems, to Mr. Carnegie's $25,000,000 is a far cry; yet there was less than thirty years between the establishment of the Tyndall fellowship and the founding of the Carnegie Institution. In the interval, however, besides the enormous acceleration of the pace in general, and especially of the scale of expenditure upon this as upon other objects, there had taken place a radical change in our university system; the creation of the Johns Hopkins University in 1876 had introduced into this country the idea of the university as an institution in which, as in the universities of Germany, teaching and research go hand in hand. Scattered all over the country there have now been for a number of years universities in which, in every department of knowledge, investigation is being carried on upon a generous scale; and when Mr. Carnegie, about ten years ago, undertook to supplement the country's resources in this direction, he decided not simply to add one more institution to those already in existence, but to supply something that the universities could not undertake.

Broadly speaking, there are two main channels into which, from the beginning, it has been designed to turn the fructifying stream that was to flow from the new Institution. Undertakings of such character as to require the expenditure of larger sums of money than are otherwise available, or as to require considerable expenditure continuously for a long series of years, were to be made possible by it; and men of exceptional gifts, for whose special encouragement the arrangements of universities offer no natural or no adequate provision, were to be discovered and enabled to carry on their investigations. For many reasons, it is natural that the development of the work of the Institution has been mainly along the former line. It is comparatively easy to find specific objects well worth pursuing, and requiring for their pursuit more abundant equipment than has hitherto been supplied; it is a task of great uncertainty, and attended with many embarrassments and even drawbacks, to single out exceptional personal merit and trust to this to justify the promotion of effort in a direction marked out by the individual's aspiration or insight, rather than by any preconceived purpose of the authorities of the Institution. As a matter of fact, therefore, the Institution's resources have been chiefly expended upon the systematic promotion of a certain number of great lines of research, and upon the publication of extensive works which, but for its aid, could hardly have seen the light. Of the large undertakings that have been carried on by it, and through which there have already been made highly important additions to the sum of human knowledge, the most notable are those in astronomy and geophysics, and the magnetic survey of the earth carried on by the non-magnetic ship Carnegie; but the scope of the continuous work carried on by various permanent departments of the Institution includes subjects as various as botany and experimental evolution on the one hand, and economics and history on the other.

The impetus which such powerful aid must give to the promotion of knowledge in itself and of its practical applications requires no dwelling on. The example set by the Carnegie Institution, and by the somewhat kindred establishment founded by Mr. Rockefeller for the promotion of medical research, has, within a few weeks, been taken up in Germany upon the initiative of the Emperor, and will there assuredly bear rich fruit. But it should not be regarded as a word out of season to refer to that factor in the advancement of knowledge which holds an indefeasible preëminence over all apparatus, however costly, and over all organization, however perfect or far-seeing. There are obstacles to human vision, whether physical or mental, which cannot be removed without the expenditure of vast amounts of ordinary labor, and that labor cannot be had without a corresponding expenditure of money; but the cardinal advances must still be made, as they have always been made, through the agency of superior minds. It is still to the devotion of single-minded lovers of the truth, the untrammelled development of individual talents, and the insight of a great genius making its appearance from time to time, that we shall have to owe the penetration of the deeper secrets of nature and the illumination of the profounder problems of human society. All honor to those who help to remove the ever-increasing difficulties that the huge complexities of modern research place in the path of the scientist and the scholar; but let us not forget that it was not by superiority in apparatus, but by something quite different, that a Copernicus or a Galileo, a Newton or a Faraday or a Pasteur, wrested from nature her great secrets.

FRANCIS GALTON.

Of men that die at a very advanced age it is often remarked that they have survived themselves; their death being to all but a small circle the first intimation that they had still lingered on the stage. In the case of Francis Galton precisely the opposite is true. So fresh do his more recent contributions to scientific thought and general discussion appear, and so active had he been to the last in his distinctive province, that it is difficult to think of him as close to his ninetieth year. He was more than sixty when he brought out his work on "Human Faculty," which was packed full of interesting and novel suggestions and investigations, which introduced the word and the idea of "eugenics," but which perhaps left its widest impression on the popular mind through its invention and utilization of the idea of composite photography; and he had passed the age of three score and ten when his work on "Finger Prints" led to the general adoption, for purposes of criminal identification, of this remarkable method, the origination of which, however, he never claimed. The human interest, as well as the originality and fertility of his ideas, gives one an instinctive feeling that they belong to a man who has not passed the meridian of life. In reality, however, Galton was one of the last survivors of the Darwin-Wallace generation—of that extraordinarily impressive group of scientific men which includes the names of Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall, and of whom Wallace alone now remains.

From a biographical standpoint what would strike one most about the career of Sir Francis Galton would be the re-

markable variety as well as duration of his activity. He made his first contributions to knowledge, and won his first distinctions, in the field of African exploration. He was honored with the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society as early as 1853; and his story of his African observations and experiences not only furnished important physiographic and meteorological data, but contains one of the most interesting accounts of savage life in the English language. But while his interest in travel and in what may be called the descriptive side of the observation of mankind never failed, yet what gives special interest and by far its greatest importance to the work of Galton is not its variety, but the unity of all of that long series of writings and researches of which his "Hereditary Genius" was the beginning. In that work he marked out for himself, and for a fairly numerous and very able school of followers, a special province in the great field opened up by his illustrious kinsman, Charles Darwin; and, whether related or not to questions of evolution or inheritance, all of his work since that time bears the same stamp. Precision is its keynote; it was almost the source, and was the first important exemplar, of that host of investigations which has brought under the sway of mathematical measurement and mathematical theory so many questions of human faculty that had previously been largely abandoned to vague conjecture.

When "Hereditary Genius" made its appearance in 1869, there must have been many upon whom its fascinating pages produced something like the effect which Buckle's brilliant generalizations had exercised on young and ardent minds at a somewhat earlier time. But the impression was more lasting, because the foundation was more solid. To find a question like that of the distribution of rare personal endowments capable of truly scientific discussion on a mathematical basis was a refreshing surprise; and to those who, with a little knowledge of mathematics, read the appendix, the revelation of the agreement between observed anthropometric facts and the predictions of mathematical theory must have given a thrill of romantic delight. This, to be sure, was merely a reproduction of the results obtained by Quetelet; but, taken in connection with the intensely interesting subject matter of the book itself, it acquired quite new significance and gave promise of rich developments. Of these developments Galton's own works, especially the "Natural Inheritance," have given a fine example; they are to be found in a mass of other investigations, among which those of Karl Pearson are the most remarkable.

While it is only specialists who can be expected to go into the refinements of these methods, it might possibly have been hoped that the spirit of works like "Hereditary Genius"—which in the main can be read with facility by any intelligent person—would to some extent raise the general level of thinking upon subjects of like nature. And it may be that such a consequence has, in some measure, taken place; perhaps, after all, there are fewer people who go to either of the two false extremes in regard to statistical questions than there were half a century ago. The majority of mankind, however, are probably as prone as ever either to regard a question of great complexity as capable of settlement by the citation of half a dozen figures in a statistical table, or incontinently to reject any conclusion based on statistics because "you can prove anything by figures." And it must be confessed that in another aspect there is danger that researches of the Galtonian type, however meritorious from a strictly scientific standpoint, may actually be the breeders of serious error in minds insufficiently trained to the proper consideration of the largest questions of human life. We refer particularly to the doctrine of eugenics, which bids fair in some quarters to run a course not unlike that which the doctrine of the conservation of energy and the doctrine of the survival of the fittest went through when the tree was green. The lesson that the average mind finds it so hard to learn is that science has reached the limit of its domain when it has said that such a cause tends, and in such a degree, to produce such an effect. That this knowledge may be most useful in the guidance of conduct none would assert more strongly than ourselves; but to forget that it is only one factor in that guidance is to incur danger and encourage folly. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers; and science without wisdom is a delusion and a snare.

HARVARD'S NEW ENTRANCE TESTS

It was certain that when Harvard decided to attack the problem of adjustment between high school and college, the solution, however partial or tentative, would receive careful attention. The question was whether the university would choose to give ear to the chorus of complaint and protest going up from those who had among their tasks that of preparing candidates to meet whatever might lie in wait for them at the university portals. For, to Harvard, unless numbers were to become a motive, the problem could hardly loom so large as to the head of a school who found himself with a boy or two on his hands, looking to him to get them past the entrance requirements. Two considerations, nevertheless, have come to be of such weight that, for her own sake, the university has altered her system of entrance tests. While she may not have been losing large numbers of students in the abyss that has been widening between college and the public schools, those whom she has been keeping out are of the type for which she particularly exists, and, as a most undesirable counterbalance, many of the sort which have no business within any college walls have found it easy to creep in.

The present system of entrance requirements prescribes that a candidate must pass examinations in subjects which will give him a total of twenty-six "points," each of about thirty subjects offered for his selection having its weight in those terms. Now, unless a given high school course has been planned with the specific object of enabling its students to procure the twenty-six "points," a very good student may find it impossible to get into the university except with a handicap of "conditions." And if a parent, unversed in modern educational arrangements and somewhat aghast at a threatened waste of years of ambitious effort, asks why the preparatory school course has not been planned to avoid such a catastrophe, he will be met with the reply that the school must shape its course for the majority of its pupils, who are not going to college. This leaves the faithful student in precisely the same category, in reference to his college education, with the loafer. The latter can, as he has demonstrated, resort to any one of a

number of efficient "cramming" institutions, which will do for him, in their own peculiar way, what the public or private school has not done.

The new Harvard plan strikes at the root of the difficulty by taking into consideration the candidate's record in his preparatory school. It "goes behind the returns." The prospective freshman must present an official statement from his school, showing in detail the subjects he has studied, with the ground covered in each, the amount of time he has given to each of them, and the quality of his work. Such certificates will be accepted only from secondary schools whose course has been approved by the college. An approved course must extend over four years and concern itself mainly with languages, science, mathematics, and history. What this provision will do for the loafer, or for the student of small mental calibre, is as obvious as is its justice for the other kind. The second half of the admission requirement is a series of examinations, not, as now, chosen from a total of about thirty, but fixed at four: English; Latin for candidates for the A. B., French or German for candidates for the S. B.; Mathematics or Science; and one other, at the option of the candidate, from a short list, including, if not already taken, Greek, French, German, History, Mathematics, Chemistry, and Physics. This simplification in the scope and "weighing" of the examinations, however, is not their most radical or important alteration. For the devisers of the new system have been so acute and courageous as to attempt to lay hands not only upon the student but upon those who sit in judgment upon him. Not only are advanced questions to be given, in order that the student may tell how much as well as how little he knows, but the marker must have before him a copy of the candidate's school record, and, *mirabile dictu*, give, not merely a grade, but a full statement of his opinion of the paper! The candidate's final record will thus be made up, in part, of the written opinions of four men. The committee on admission, a new body taking the place of both the present committee on admission and the committee on admission examinations, will then satisfy themselves, from the record as a whole, whether the candidate is desirable.

In the entire arrangement, there is no more significant provision than the final one:

> To make certain that the examinations reasonably meet the conditions of course of study and instruction in the high schools, there is to be a committee of three school teachers for each subject in which examinations are held. These committees will be asked to present in writing each year their criticisms of the examinations set in the year before, and to make suggestions regarding methods and standards of marking. To facilitate this advisory action, they are to be allowed to look over marked examination books.

With this provision, it really matters little whether the rest prove satisfactory or not. The oldest university in the country has officially recognized the desirability of a *rapprochement* between the forces of secondary and higher education. If these particular requirements do not meet the situation, some can be devised that will. On their face, however, the new regulations are admirable. There is no "letting down of the bars," but, on the contrary, a simplification without sacrifice that is in thorough keeping with the new insistence upon high scholastic attainment.

MEDIOCRITY IN LITERATURE.

The successful manager of a newspaper syndicate, a part of whose business it is to purvey serial stories, was asked not long ago what were the qualities that found favor in the eyes of his public. He made various answers, but finally, when pinned down to the question exactly what was the indispensable element, the very quintessence that must never be missing, his reply was brief and to the point. "Mediocrity," he said, and no word more. And he meant it, too. Nor did he consider it a hard saying, as one who should confess that the taste of the middle classes was middling bad. The first thing to bear in mind is that he was speaking of fiction; and sad experience shows that in that there are worse things than mediocrity. In a time when so many daring ventures are tried in novel-writing, so many extremes of brutality and lubricity attempted, there may be a sort of comfort in discovering that the majority of readers feel that they go safest *in medio*.

Nor does it follow that those who read commonplace books have commonplace minds. Tell me what you read and I will tell you what you are, has not yet been erected into an axiom. It is true that university extension lecturers and literary hortators urge us to read only the world's great books, so that our minds may in the process become great. But there is always a serious doubt whether even these counsellors of perfection take their own advice, and it is certain that they do not expect others to do so. They probably give it on Goethe's theory that the safety of offering advice lies in the certainty that it will not be followed. It is all very well to tell us that we ought to spend our nights with Plato and our days with Dante, but life is not wholly made up of heights and abysses; we all of us like a good macadam road to travel on occasionally, and the mediocre books furnish it.

"What are the young people of England reading?" lately asked the Headmaster of Eton. He might also have asked what their elders were reading, and one answer would have pretty well fitted both questions. The same queries put to the young men and women in American colleges would have yielded much the same result. No tremendous amount of reading is done at all, and the bulk of what is done consists of current newspapers and periodicals, novels temporarily in vogue, with now and then a venturesome dash into poetry or drama or biography. But does this prove that the minds of the readers are hopelessly dull, and never will pass on to better pasturage? Observation answers no. A great deal of this perfunctory and rather low-grade reading is done for the sake of information: finding out what is going on in the world, getting some idea of the work of science and invention, following social and political developments, and discovering what people are thinking about and writing about. A course of magazine reading may not be very elevating, intellectually, but it is instructive. The habit of reading the novels of the day may not furnish a training in style or taste, but it at least gives one an idea of what are the tendencies in romance. And if one is able to ride swiftly over this macadam road without letting his mind become macadamized in the process, he may bear away a certain amount of useful knowledge, with a sense of having touched elbows with the world about him, while all the time having a surplusage of energy where-

with to bend his faculties to worthier and more fruitful reading.

There is a perpetual interest, but there is always a danger of drawing fallacious inferences, in asking what college boys are reading. As a rule, and leaving out their "prescribed" reading which they usually hate, it will be found that they read contemporary writers. Lucky boys who had Thackeray and George Eliot and Lowell and Holmes for contemporaries! Lucky, too, those later ones who had Meredith and Stevenson and Howells. If to-day it is Chambers and London and Oppenheim who catch the eye of undergraduates, blame them not overmuch. As old Thomas Fuller said that he would have praised God more melodiously if God had given him a better voice, so the college youth of to-day might say that they would read less mediocrity in literature if the literature of their time were not so mediocre.

We hold no brief for mediocrity in letters or anywhere else, but it is well not to blind ourselves to its uses. If it be cynically said that the chief usefulness of mediocrity is in showing us what to avoid, the reply may be made that, in thousands of cases, mediocrity has the precise effect of driving its votaries to better things. Even mediocre reading may create the habit of reading, and then there is no telling where it will strike out. A certain kind and amount of mediocrity will spell satiety, and thereupon the wearied mind, seeking variety, will use the now acquired instinct of reading to explore literature of more value. From overmuch reading of newspapers, it will pass on to magazine articles; from those to books; and from cheap and dull books to those which feed the intellect and lift the spirit. This, at any rate, is the observable experience of many who begin in mediocrity but early graduate from it. At first, the commonplace writer appeals and is popular because, as John Hay said of J. G. Holland, no ideas are advanced except those that are familiar to the average reader and he greets them in print as old friends whom he is mighty glad to see. But the desire for new acquaintances and wider experiences is strong in the heart of man, and the little that he has learned of mediocrity may spur him on to excellence.

FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, January 16.

The Goncourt Academy of Ten and the women's academy that has gathered around the illustrated review, *La Vie Heureuse*, are by way of influencing French literature, in particular French fiction, by their prizes. Both seek for their prizes in the year's novelties, which means that the prizes go to the young to whom the world is still new.

The women have given their prize this year to novelty in matter, "Marie Claire" (Fasquelle), by Marguerite Audoux, a self-trained sempstress, whose book bears all the marks of self-revelation. It is copy from the real life of a pensive soul with eyes to see the world around her. It was sure to be novel, having all the qualities of news for the general reading public, which does not easily think and see for itself. The wit who is kept by the one-cent *Matin* newspaper to hit off the daily foibles of Parisians—who ought therefore to utter the thoughts which arise in the ordinary man—sets down "Marie Claire" as a *complainte somnifère*. He would probably say the same of any and all the touching annals of the poor. In reality, the book is lucid, delicate, full of right reason, and, as Octave Mirbeau, who discovered and imposed it, says, with the style of great authors running through it. If the women had not given it their prize, the Ten, among whom one woman, Judith, daughter of Théophile Gautier, has just been seated, would have given it their own reward. The friends of the author sempstress exalt her musical ear. It is not wonderful that she should catch up that fast disappearing glory of French writing—language rightly sounded—for Cicero, who dealt in it, puts the source and criterion of all eloquence in the impressionable ear—*Aurium judicium superbissimum*. It is worth knowing that the favorite authors of Marguerite Audoux are Chateaubriand—"Atala" and "René," both of which are *vieux jeu* for the Jeunes who do not win prizes—and Maeterlinck, because he loves mystery. Whether the Paris sewing-girl, who awakes to find herself famous, will be able to utter herself again remains to be seen. "My first feeling was like a great criminal—I had become celebrated too quick." The money of her prize allows her to rent another room next her single attic chamber, where she will have more facilities to write.

The women's academy, with its usual cautious conservatism, has chosen in past years for its laureates writers who had already received safe recognition. The Goncourt Ten have not been so wary. Of all their prize-winners, none has yet earned a sure place in literature; and the public has regularly learned of their existence from the prizes suddenly bestowed on them. This year the Goncourt prize goes to Louis Pergaud, a primary school teacher of the provinces, for a jungle book of the French forest, "De Goupil & Margot" (Mercure de France). Goupil is the Fox and Margot is the Magpie; and between them are Nyctalette the Mole and Fuseline the Marten Weasel, and many others, including Miraut the Dog, with all their comedies and tragedies due to imperious loves and hates and famine and the general struggle for life. The stories are not from La Fontaine, nor yet from Kipling, but, like Br'er Rabbit, from the humane fund of a primitive people touched by French romance. The author has observed closely Nature red in tooth and claw with ravin; but his scientific reading has not trained his ear and taste as well as the authors of the sempstress. His Mole "shudders beneath the formidable hand of instinct"; his Weasel "sees with all the sub-conscious energies of her being"; but both have more human interest, more literature, than their formulas.

Two other of the new books by the young which were considered for the Goncourt prize are stamped with the mark which the Goncourt brothers endeavored to impress on their academy. "Par Aventure" (Bernard Grasset), by Léon Lafage, uses the hypersensitized Parisian mind of its author, with its lasting background of his native south, to build up a French novel from the rival loves for a Paris actress of two boyhood friends. One has made a name as a Parisian playwright; the other has lived on in his ancestral lands with his mother, far from the Parisian crowd. The latter wins the lady, because he is the more substantial man; but she will act the title rôle of the other's new play in that Gallo-Roman amphitheatre of Orange where much of the book's scene is laid, where the two men had nourished their youth sublime.

"Nono" (Plon), by Gaston Roupnel, is nearer to the jungle. It is told largely in the rough talk of the Burgundy peasant who, with others of his kind, thinks and is articulate only when he drinks or is upset by other elementary emotions. This book, too, bears the marks of patient, loving observation. The scanty dialect is French, and easily followed. Custom, which is the second nature of all men, guides and controls curiously the thoughts and resultant feelings of these crude humans in their morals and immorals, with natural feeling on the right and charitable side, devoid of Puritanism, while in such a primeval world survival there could be no place for Pharisaism. The three generations of women, guilty, innocent, and simply selfish, who successively do their best to break Nono's heart—his wife, daughter, and granddaughter—are all upborne by him when the vital struggle becomes too harsh for them. Their accounting reaches deeper than man's

judgment. When the inarticulate mountaineer refuses to remain with the company that derides the fugitive wife before her abandoned husband and little daughter, who begins to understand; when the woman, aged and in want, reappears in the village—Nono decides his case of conscience for himself. "Will that woman always stay here now?" demands the motherless granddaughter. "Yes," answers Nono peacefully, and to the woman who weeps—"Don't cry. See, we have everything to be happy—the little girl, wood in the shed, pork in the barrel, wine in the cellar—and our love will be surer than when we were young. Don't cry—we haven't suffered in vain."

Of course, America is not France, where only married women read novels. Some of these animals, like the peasant Nono, like all "Latin" peoples whose utterance follows sense without delay or reserve, speak of things which, as Rowland Hill's young Welsh preacher said of damnation, it is not polite to mention. The Latins, like the older preacher, say the word and "ask no pardons." From the literary point of view, that of human interest, the rude talk of Nono, and the Fox balked of his love by the bell which cruel men have attached to his neck, and the romantic dreams of the sempstress, are all on a higher plane than the sharp, clean-shaven, strained expression of Léon Lafage, the most Goncourtized and least successful of the four writers: "The air is thin, the oblique light analyzes Mount Ventoux."

With "Malencontre" (Calmann-Lévy), by Guy Chantepleure, we turn from the new to the perennial light of gentle, everyday romance. It is now sixteen years since this writer, a man, had his first book, "My Conscience in a Pink Gown," crowned by the French Academy; and his second, "Betrothed in April," had the same honor. He has not written too much in these years; this is his ninth book; all have reached the more than moderate success of a dozen or a score of editions, more enduring than the hundred thousand of sensational best sellers whose public vanishes with the sensation. This new volume is the journal of a woman of refined nature, whose love did not run smooth, until she saw clearly through all misunderstandings, which, of course, are a little loftier than those which we of the middle-class majority are in the habit of encountering along our life's way. "Au Vent de la Vie" (Calmann-Lévy), by J. d'Or Sinclair, is obviously from a French naval officer like Loti; but he has read a deal of English, although his book realizes many English ideas about the French novel. With the true love that holds him to his native land, there is the sailor's wife in every port, which would not be much as reading if it were not for the minute descriptions of sea-going life in between. The book ends with the hero's last thoughts as he is washed overboard and drowns.

"Au Pair" (Armand Colin), by a quite new writer, H. Celarié, has for its subtitle "A French Woman in Germany." Her first experience is in German Poland; her second in Mecklenburg. The stories are pleasant and suited to all readers. They really form, in their relation of the intimate details of daily life, a very high class of travel-book, far superior to Marcel Prévost's "Monsieur et Madame Moloch," which also tried to present the impressions made by German life on a French mind and heart. In this case the impressions are kindly, charitable even, yet brought out in delightful relief in the clear language of a society woman whom chance has obliged to look out for herself. The book is worth putting alongside Miss Thackeray's "Story of Elizabeth," wherein some of us learned, in a past age, something real about real French men and women.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The story of the illustrators of the first edition of the "Pickwick Papers" is well known to collectors—how the work was begun by Robert Seymour, who, after etching the seven plates contained in the first two numbers, committed suicide; how he was succeeded by R. W. Buss, described by the publishers as "A gentleman already well known to the public as a very humorous and talented artist," but with so slight a knowledge of etching that the two plates which he made for number III were suppressed and appeared in only the earliest issue of that number, and, lastly, how Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz") was employed to make substitute plates for the discarded ones by Buss, and to continue the work.

In 1849 Mrs. Seymour printed privately "An Account of the Origin of the Pickwick Papers," full of bitterness and containing many false statements, but contending, and with some justice probably, that the series of "Papers" were actually originated by her husband. The original of this pamphlet is exceedingly rare. A reprint was published in 1901. That Buss prepared an account of the affair, giving his grievances and a defence of himself, is not so well known. The original manuscript of this document was acquired some years ago by Frederick R. Halsey of this city, and through his kindness we are permitted to describe it. It is a quarto blank book, bound in half leather, and containing 125 pages, including a number of drawings and photographs. It is dated on page 114, "1872, March 2nd," and signed "Robert Wm. Buss." The manuscript begins:

> Many years ago, in fact at the commencement of Dickens' brilliant career as a novelist, it was my misfortune to be temporarily in connection with Messrs. Chapman & Hall and through them with Charles Dickens.
>
> In justice to myself I feel called upon to explain the whole affair, as some few points for the first time are spoken of, with which, not merely the publishers, but Dickens himself as well as the public were and are unacquainted.

The narrative begins with an account of Seymour's early life. Buss's statements as to his parentage do not agree with those given in the Dictionary of National Biography, but this is of small moment now. He was without book education and his knowledge of drawing was picked up by himself. By 1836 he had acquired a considerable reputation as a humorous illustrator, and was doing work for many publishers, among them Chapman & Hall. In the words of Buss:

> He repeatedly spoke to them about a scheme he had for a long time had in his mind that was to publish these cockney scenes he had prepared and to work them up as a "Club of Cockney Sportsmen," while the illustrations were to be tacked together with some comic letter-press, so as to form a book.
>
> After considerable time and frequent mention of the subject, Chapman & Hall paid some attention to Seymour's suggestions and looked over the collection he had made. Upon this, Messrs. Chapman & Hall considered the matter as settled, and began to think of some author who would accomplish their object satisfactorily. The work was proposed to Leigh Hunt, and declined by him, and then to other known men who wrote light articles for the magazines, but not one of them seemed to enter with cordiality upon the proposal.

Buss then tells of the purchase by Chapman & Hall from the assignees of Macrone, of the remainder of Dickens's "Sketches by Boz," and continues:

> On Seymour's next visit to the above publishers, they bearing in mind the "Cockney Club," presented a copy of the volume to him and asked him to read the book and give them his opinion as to the capability of the author, Charles Dickens, then only heard of under the nom de plume of "Boz" to work up the idea he had so long entertained.
>
> Upon Seymour's return home he found a party of convivial friends to whom he read aloud selections from the "Sketches by Boz." They were unanimous in their opinion that the author of those stories was the man to write the text for Seymour's pictures. Arrangements were therefore made for the publication of the sketches and text, and the first number, with four plates, duly appeared. Then Seymour shot himself in the head with his fowling piece, leaving three etchings ready for No. 2. "At the time," again quoting Buss, "it was a very difficult thing indeed to find a designer of humorous subjects capable of etching them on steel. With the exception of George Cruikshank, there was really no artist-etcher of his own designs to be found, for the style of illustration was, with the single exception alluded to, a novelty, in fact, the range or fashion for etching had not then set in." To fill the want, John Jackson, the wood-engraver, recommended Buss to Chapman & Hall and Mr. Hall visited him and urged him to undertake the work. Then, in Buss's own words:
>
> Taken by surprise at the application, I told him I had never in the whole course of my life held an etching needle in my hand, and that I was entirely ignorant of the process of etching as far as etching was concerned. He assured me it was very easy to do, and that, with my talent, I was sure to succeed. On my hesitation he urged me still more to try and help them in the hour of need, hinting that, of course, due consideration would be shown towards the want of practice in etching. Situated thus, urged by Hall, feeling complimented by my friend Jackson, and sharing the public sympathy in poor Seymour's fate, besides which was my great admiration of the talent shown by Dickens, whose work as Boz I had from the first sketches in the *Morning Chronicle* held in great esteem,

I consentod to put asido my picture, and devote my whole time to the acquiring the peculiar touch for etching and getting practice in biting-in the design on the steel plato.

Mounted in the book before us are upwards of a hundred pen and ink sketches, some slight, others more elaborate, done at this time by Buss to acquire facility in the use of the etching needle. Also, in the book is inserted his first attempt at an etched illustration. The volume once contained the original drawings for several Pickwick illustrations, but these are now replaced by photographs.

Drawings of the two plates by Buss which were published in No. 3 were submitted to Chapman & Hall and declared to be satisfactory. On account of the limited time and his lack of experience, the two illustrations were etched on the steel plate by an "engraver friend" and a pencil memorandum in the margin suggests "Mr. Adcock." For these two illustrations, Buss received "the wretchedly ridiculous sum of thirty shillings for the two designs, the etching, biting-in, finishing, the steel plate, and the cost and trouble of proving." Mr. Hall assured him that this sum was what they had paid Seymour, and Buss adds: "I can only say that I do not wonder at Seymour or any other unfortunate devil of an artist blowing out his brains, if he had any, after such an experience of publishers' pay." Buss had intended to continue the work until "a curt note from Messrs. Chapman & Hall informed him that they had placed the work of illustrating Pickwick in the hands of Mr. Hablot Browne."

There is much more of reminiscence and complaint, with some commendation of other publishers for whom Buss had worked. It is well known that among the artists who made application for the position of illustrator for "Pickwick" was W. M. Thackeray. With Buss's account of Thackeray's capabilities as an illustrator, we shall close our extracts from his interesting manuscript:

Thackeray had practised etching for some years, he having taken lessons of my friend, William Rae, an engraver and print seller, at Cambridge, while Thackeray was an undergraduate. Thackeray's style of design being founded upon a study of the works of Bunbury, an amateur caricaturist of a past generation, had no originality whatever, and was quite unsulted to succeed in the steps of Seymour, for the great popularity of Pickwick had introduced a fashion, for popular art has its fashions much the same as bonnets and gowns, and this fashion began with Seymour and, after a time, scarcely any book was published without light touchy etchings of subjects founded upon actual scenes and actual men and women.

Correspondence

THE INCOME TAX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Now that the political hurly-burly's done and the battle's lost and won, and this year of grace is at its last gasp, may I crave your indulgence for the airing of a question which greatly troubles my spirit? The question, tersely put, is this: Has New York in general gone clean daft, or am I the sole surviving fossil of a palæozoic age? And the point which marks this regrettable parting of the ways is the proposal to amend the Federal Constitution, in order to enable Congress to levy an income tax. From the absence of all mention, one might infer that our country had never been blessed with such a tax. Yet we had one in the sixties and seventies, voted in the direful stress of the civil war. After lingering ten or fifteen years, it expired by limitation, passed into oblivion, along with such other curios as the one-cent stamp on matchboxes and *carte-de-visite* photographs; the photographs may still be seen in rural albums. And verily no one wasted tears over the demise; on the contrary, it elicited a subdued but heartfelt "Thank God!" For of all forms of extracting money, an income tax is the most oppressive, the most inquisitorial. Was not I, in those youthful days, when I barely earned my weekly board, summoned before a deputy collector and put to oath that I did not enjoy an income above—was it two thousand, or was it three? *De minimis non curat lex.*

And now, after forty years of constant prosperity, of peace unbroken, save by the brief episode of the Spanish fight—one can scarcely call it war—we are asked to vote for an income tax all over again, and this time to stay and be a thorn in our sides forever. Whether the war tax was passed upon by the Supreme Court, I do not remember. I believe it was not. At any rate, it was a war measure, taking its place by the side of the suspended habeas corpus writ. In such a war, many measures were inevitable. But the proposed new tax is to be formally voted constitutional. The powers of Congress are to be declared unrestricted.

Our forefathers studied taxation thoroughly. The War of Independence was fought, in the main, upon questions of taxation. The makers of the Federal Constitution disliked and *distrusted direct Federal taxation,* for they knew that it would *impair the resources of the individual States and throw the door open to sectional legislation.* Hence the personal restriction which we are asked to abrogate.

The new income tax proposal has all the earmarks of sectional and class legislation. It is a manifestation of the rankest Bryanism. It is aimed by the South and Southwest against the Eastern and Middle States, because they are "capitalist." And it is a crude attempt to "get even with the rich."

I am not eager to defend the rich; they are quite able to take care of themselves. I have known many a millionaire who evaded the war tax, just as the opulent citizens of Ohio are at this day skilful in dodging the tax on personal property. Besides, we are to remember that an income tax is not restricted to the very rich, not even to the rich. Every income tax ever invented hits all persons above the grade of weekly or monthly salary. It bears hardest upon teachers in the large cities, upon college professors, clergymen, and, in general, upon all who live by fixed incomes. The practising lawyer and doctor may escape, in part, at least, for their incomes are scarcely to be determined with exactness. And can any collector determine the income of a stock-broker or a banker? But the salaried men and women cannot escape; their income is a matter of public record.

Am I indulging in imagination? Nothing of the sort. I am speaking out of direct personal experience of the war tax. How many professional men, my own father among them, struggling with the high prices of those days, were mulcted of a fraction of their pittance, while rich acquaintances, flitting from hotel to hotel, absent on yachting and other trips at well-chosen seasons of the year, went scot free!

No, spare us the inequity, one may even say the iniquity, of an income tax. Better consider the experience of England. For over a century Parliament has "simplified" its budget problems, has tided over each threatened deficit "by adding a penny to the income tax." The measure has passed into a proverb. Only now, it is no longer a penny, but a shilling! The fixed-income classes are on the verge of degradation, for they are completely at the mercy of a "collective wisdom" which—in Carlyle's shrewd metaphor—mistakes the "rudder of government" for the "spigot of taxation."

In sober truth, we Americans appear to be shutting our eyes to the first principles of finance. We appear to believe that the more we expend through taxation, the better off we are. We ignore the very nature of taxation, which is at bottom nothing more nor less than taking away a man's money. True, there is always supposed to be some compensation or equivalent for the money. Well, *is* there any equivalent for this tax upon income?

By way of answer let us consider the record of Congress for the last twenty-five years. In vain have Democrats and sober-minded Republicans protested against growing extravagance. Each session has outdone its predecessor, until the billion-dollar Congress has become a matter of course. Nothing could be sharper than the denunciations of Republican extravagance by our Governor-elect in his recent campaign. Yet in the same breath Mr. Dix proclaims himself in favor of the income tax. Were his denunciations, then, aimed at Congress in general, or only at a Republican Congress? For both parties have shaken hands in this depletion of the national treasury; witness the pension bills, the army and navy appropriations, the river and harbor bills, the defeat of the parcels post service. Alas, the question is not one of a Democratic Congress versus a Republican, it is a question of any and every Congress. Our representatives have ceased to be lawgivers, and become money-spenders. For example, my representative (?) in Congress during his service of eight years has introduced three post office building appropriations, upwards of one hundred private pension bills, and there his record ends. Yet he has been reëlected and his services lauded *ad nauseam.* This is a big country of ours, therefore, let the outgo be bigger and bigger. At the very moment when a most conventional Republican President calls halt and threatens veto, the Pensions Committee is gravely pondering a fresh bill swelling the mad debauch to the tune of uncounted millions. Verily, men may come and men may go, but pensions go on and grow on forever!

I have mentioned our Governor-elect. The candidates for the national Senatorship are not a whit more consistent. Listen to Mr. Shepard:

I am [in favor of the income-tax amendment]. Whether or not at a given time

an income tax should be actually levied *depends upon the financial necessities of the government.* I should never favor levying any tax where the money was not needed—where *the result would merely be to swell the treasury surplus* and to encourage extravagance, jobbery, and demagogy. I should hope, however, that tariff burdens on the industries of the country might be so reduced as to make an income tax proper.

Now for Mr. Sheehan:

I believe the Federal government should have power to impose an income tax, for at times it may be essential to our preservation as a nation, but we should be *wary of the attempts* that will be made to make such a law a *cloak for further governmental and political extravagance.*

The italics are mine. Of course, one is loath to cast a slur upon two such candidates, one prominent in theoretical, the other in "practical" politics. Between the two men, my sympathy—on this point, not on any other—goes out rather to the "practical" man, for he seems to have a clearer glimpse of the "nigger in the woodpile." But are not both utterances ingenuous after the manner of Simple Simon? Who is to decide upon the *financial necessities?* Congress. Who is to be *wary* of making the tax a cloak for extravagance? Congress. The same Congress that has needed no cloak for extravagance in the past quarter century. We are to check Congress, forsooth, by placing within the grasp of Congress the most effective instrument of boundless extravagance. Neither Mr. Shepard nor Mr. Sheehan can name the Congress (since the days of President Cleveland) that has evinced the feeblest desire to economize, the Congress that has not gone from bad to worse. If Congress is ever to learn economy, it will learn the lesson only through the *curtailment* of its powers of taxation. As soon as our "collective wisdom" discovers that it has only seven or eight hundred millions to spend, just that soon it will cease to talk of billions. Were an income tax created, two-thirds of the sum would be collected in the city of New York, with Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago thrown in as feeble seconds. Why then should the Legislature of New York so much as consider the measure? Above all, why should any man feel it his patriotic duty to devote any portion of his income, be it large or be it small, to the well-being of deserters and bounty-jumpers, of wily widows and drunken camp-followers and mule-drivers? Or even for the magnification of an army that can scarcely preserve its vitality, of a navy whose ships after ten years are fit only for the junk heap or for target-practice?

It surprises me inexpressibly to observe that not a single Democrat of eminence has raised his voice against the income tax as an additional encroachment of the Federal power upon the State. I was brought up in the belief that the Democratic party was founded upon the clear demarcation of rights. Yet now Democratic foxes vie with Republican wolves in howling in the wilderness. This is one more proof how deeply Bryanism and Rooseveltism have infected all parties. What is the sense of protesting against Federal interference while heaping up the means of interference?

At any rate, let us rest assured that with *decent economy* there will be enough money for all rational expenditures, even should the *tariff be pruned severely.* The assumption that an income tax is the only means to tariff reform is the crassest sophism ever flaunted. And as to future wars and future patriotism, let the future take care of itself. Not a nation in the world dreams of touching this republic, so mighty, so self-supporting. The only true preparation for war is home thrift. X. Y. Z.

December 31, 1910.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The unfortunate controversy over American Rhodes scholars at Oxford started last fall by the *Daily Mail* has been echoed widely in the American press. On the whole, the arguments unfavorable to the scholarships have been fairly met, and most critics who have any first-hand knowledge of Oxford agree that the Rhodes men from America have benefited by their stay at Oxford, and that Oxford in turn has been benefited by their presence. The controversy is none the less unfortunate because it has disseminated much misleading information, and has emphasized rather the difficulties than the opportunities of Americans at Oxford. Difficulties there undoubtedly are. The newly arrived Rhodes scholar feels that no one understands him. Worse, that no one cares to understand. Soon, however, he realizes what the American papers have failed to realize, that his difficulties have nothing to do with the fact that he is a Rhodes scholar or an American. Colonials, Germans, Scotchmen, even Englishmen who have not come from one of the big schools in close touch with the university, are all just as friendless, lonely, perplexed, and neglected in their first few weeks. If an American wishes to make friends at Oxford, he must not expect people to try to understand him; he must make an effort to understand them, joining in their games, making himself familiar with their ideas, and, without unduly thrusting himself forward, seize every opportunity of making himself one of them.

As to the opportunities which Oxford offers, very few Americans realize how many subjects are taught, and taught well. They know that Oxford is famous for the classics, but not that the Classical School, or "Greats," as it is called, includes not only Greek and Latin literature, but ancient history and philosophy; nor that the History School, though newer, is quite as good as the classical and quite as popular; nor that there is excellent instruction in countless other departments, including such unexpected subjects as forestry, anthropology, and Oriental languages. The range of subjects is wide, and each department is in itself elastic. The student is not bound by courses; he may develop his field in the direction of his tastes. Instruction is individual, not collective, and therefore much freer and more personal. The great value of Oxford education, especially to an American, depends, however, not so much on the excellence or variety of instruction as on the attitude toward scholarship. For high attainments are recognized not only by the faculty, but by the undergraduates and the public. There is none of the feeling so common in America that university standards are not a true criterion of intellectual ability. It is not necessary for English professors to write articles proving by statistics that excellence in studies increases the chance of success in after life. In England the relation between scholarship and later success is so obvious that no one questions it. Consequently it is looked upon as not only admirable, but normal, that men should try for honors; all kinds of men compete for scholarships and prizes. Scholars are not specialists, a class apart. There is no contrast between student and athlete, "grind" and "sport." The man who works hard is not cut off from his fellows, but shares fully in their ordinary activities and sympathies. For this reason the life of the research student is far more agreeable than at an American or a continental university.

Another advantage of Oxford over the universities of other countries is its close relation to public life. It is assumed in England that men who have enjoyed a university education are peculiarly fitted for politics. Oxford and Cambridge are directly represented in Parliament by two members each, elected by resident masters of arts, and the House of Commons is very largely recruited from university men. It is not at all uncommon for men to be elected to Parliament within five years of graduation, and many undergraduates take an active part in Parliamentary campaigns, canvassing and making stump speeches. In the last election among the Oxford men who stood for Parliament were the present senior proctor and an undergraduate at Jesus College. The greatest men in England are glad to speak at the Oxford Union or at the dinners of university political clubs.

Whatever else an American Rhodes scholar may learn in his three years at Oxford, if he grows to understand and adopt the English attitude towards scholarship and public service (one might add, parenthetically, the English attitude toward sport), his time has been well spent. F. S.

Balliol College, Oxford, January 9.

THE HERRING FISHERIES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The absurdities and incongruities of the American protectionist tariff are palpable enough, but they have never yet been shown in such a humorous way as this last solemn decision by the General Board of Appraisers in New York, that the winter herring fishery carried on in Newfoundland's inner waters by British fishermen in British boats and with British nets is an American fishery. The only thing about it American is the fact that the fish are paid for in American money. This is the text of the decision:

While none of these fish were actually caught by the manual labor of Americans, still the opportunity, funds, place, and appliances necessary for the operation to be carried on were furnished by an American with American money. The whole enterprise was conducted and carried on by an American who was responsible for the operations. The law was intended, in our judgment, to favor operations carried on by Americans in this way and to encourage the taking of fish in the treaty waters. We are of the opinion, therefore, that this plant, carried on, fostered, and maintained as it was, should be held to be an American fishery, the products of which should be admitted to the United States free of duty under the existing law. The protests are therefore sustained.

The Americans who come down to the

west coast of Newfoundland every autumn and winter, sixty-five to seventy sail, are all short-handed, having crews of only seven or eight men. They are simply fish carriers, not fishermen. They never catch a fish, but moor in the harbors and buy their herrings from the Newfoundlanders. They are treated as any other foreigners. They have to enter and clear at the Colonial Custom House and pay duties. These same herrings carried in British vessels have to pay the enormous duty of three-quarters of a cent per pound—far more than the intrinsic value of the fish. It is monstrous that over ninety millions of Americans should eat dear fish for the sake of a few Gloucester men whose fishermen are nearly all foreigners. Two large American fish firms are going to erect establishments in the colony for the handling of our products; they evidently anticipate reciprocity in the near future. D. W. PROWSE.

St. John's, Newfoundland, January 17.

BACON'S SPIRIT SPEAKS THROUGH THE NATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You publish in your correspondence columns this week (page 61) a communication of supreme significance to all genuine Baconians, like myself. Will you permit me the space to draw attention to this discovery, by noting its chief features, every one of which is important in settling the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy favorably to us?

(1.) The communication was upon a difficult line in Shakespeare's "Hamlet," in which the extremely curious phrase "nickname God's creatures" occurs. I need scarcely point out how significant this passage becomes when we realize that Bacon here means to imply that he is writing under his "nickname" or pseudonym, Shakespeare.

(2.) The communication was not only mailed from New Haven, a significant place, and the cradle of Baconian theory, but it was signed by the single but significant letter B.

(3.) At once we ask ourselves, "Can there be an acrostic concealed here?" What do we find? The very first word of the communication proper is SIR, the first part of Sir Francis Bacon's name, as we all know.

(4.) Starting from "Sir," and selecting the most difficult acrostic method of all, namely, spelling downwards in either direction on initial letters of words, we spell FRANCIS, beginning at "follies" and ending at "sheep." Both of these words are of the utmost significance. For of course Bacon could not but look on such trifles like "Hamlet" as mere "follies" and a waste of time from his own really important work in life, namely, the career leading to the Lord Chancellorship, and the seat on the woolsack, or "sheep." Hence the double reference to Bacon's life here is not only significant, but prophetic.

(5.) But this is not all. Continuing to spell downwards from "sheep" on all initials, either right to left or left to right, we spell, as we should, NOCAB, or Bacon backwards; and we arrive with the last letter at the B of the signature of the writer. The acrostic is, therefore, perfectly keyed, and upon significant words. Any reader of the *Nation* may prove the truth of all this.

VERULAM.

New York, January 19.

HAWTHORNE'S SMOKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps some of the students of Hawthorne have been curious to know how much of a smoker the famous romancer was. I, for one, being more or less addicted to the habit—and always having hoped that he was one who allowed himself a similar pleasure—was very much surprised when, long ago, I read in Julian Hawthorne's "Hawthorne and His Wife" (Vol. I, p. 87) that "during his lifetime he smoked something like half a dozen boxes of cigars."

In a forthcoming auction sale there is to be sold a letter of Hawthorne's that proves Julian Hawthorne's statement entirely erroneous. The letter, dated April 7, 1851, reads in part:

> Do you [Zachariah Burchmore] deal in cigars? If you meet with any good ones, at a reasonable rate, I should like to have you reserve a quarter of a thousand for me. . . . I smoke occasionally, and the above mentioned quantity would be about a year's supply.

DANIEL EDWARDS KENNEDY.

Chestnut Hill, Mass., January 12.

Literature

TOLSTOY.

The Life of Tolstoy. By Aylmer Maude. 2 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $6 net.

In order to interpret adequately for English readers the greatest writer of Russia, a genius who was intensely national in the type of his mind and yet cosmopolitan in his sympathies and catholic in his appeal, a biographer would need a rare combination of various talents. He must be a literary critic, familiar with the great novelists at least of Russia and of England, for, whatever else he may have been, Tolstoy was a supreme master of prose fiction. In order to view Tolstoy's philosophical, æsthetic, ethical, social, and religious teachings in something like a correct perspective, he must be familiar with the general tendencies of modern European thought and able to discuss them independently. For, original as were Tolstoy's opinions, and whimsical as his contradictions of established doctrines sometimes appear, he was a man of wide culture, familiar with the thought of Germany, France, and England. The biographer must further have a special knowledge of Russian literature and of the streams of speculation that swept over the country in the central years of the last century, when Tolstoy was in his formative period. And, finally, he must have some skill in literary construction, so as to present in clear, unified form the details of his excessively complicated and difficult subject.

Tried by these standards, Mr. Maude's two bulky volumes are found sadly deficient. Their author shows small reading in fiction, whether Russian or English; one searches in vain for any illuminating comparison of Tolstoy with other great writers of imaginative prose. In his vast work of more than 1,100 pages Mr. Maude labels one chapter, of twenty-three pages, "Works: 1852-1878," and in it discusses, partly by means of quotations from other critics, "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth"; "Sebastopol Sketches," "The Cossacks," "War and Peace," and "Anna Karenin," to say nothing of minor stories and sketches, while he devotes a chapter of thirty-six pages to Tolstoy's brief career as a schoolmaster, and one of forty-six pages to a summary, with incidental comment, of his short book, "What Then Must We Do?" He mentions Tolstoy's enthusiasm for different European thinkers, such, for instance, as Rousseau and Schopenhauer, but gives us hardly a hint of what Tolstoy's own doctrines may owe to his reading. He glances in the most perfunctory way at the philosophy of history that is incorporated in "War and Peace," though it is not only interesting in itself and in relation to the novel to which it is attached, but is decidedly important for a full understanding of the ethical and social theories that, next to Tolstoy's own remarkable personality, are the chief subject of this whole biography. Russian literary influences on Tolstoy fare little better. The biographer says truly (Vol. II, p. 9): "No one who studies the matter can help seeing how deeply and permanently his [Tolstoy's] trend of thought has been tinged by Slavophil ideas and feelings," and remarks that "some one will no doubt some day write an essay" on this topic; but he himself attempts no more than a short paragraph. Mr. Maude's whole book is extremely diffuse, abounds in digressions on his own rather commonplace views of the world in general, and is saved from chaos mainly by a fairly strict adherence to chronological order.

Yet, despite all these drawbacks, this "Life of Tolstoy" is a valuable and in many ways an illuminating biography. Mr. Maude is an Englishman who received part of his education in Moscow and who lived for more than twenty years in Russia. Hence he has a native appreciation of the general contrasts between Russian and English society that enables him to understand sympathetically many of Tolstoy's ways of thought which might seem strange to foreign critics of far wider literary training. In all his work he rightly emphasizes the note of the following passage:

> The detachment from the real business of

life in which young Russians grew up, and the comparative isolation in which they lived on their country estates, explain the extremely radical conclusions often arrived at by those of them who wished to make the world better. Chain a man to the heavily laden car of social progress, and he can only advance very slowly, though any advance he does accomplish represents much effort and is of practical importance. Detach him from that car, and he may easily and pleasantly fly away on the winds of speculation to the uttermost realm of the highest heaven, without its producing any immediately perceptible result on the lives of his fellow-men. . . . It was because he [Tolstoy] grew up in a detached and irresponsible position that the state of his own mind and soul were [*sic*] to him so much more important than the immediate effect of his conduct on others, and the same cause led him to remain in ignorance of lessons every intelligent man of business among us learns of necessity. [Vol. I, p. 56.]

Mr. Maude, while resident in Russia, fell under the spell of Tolstoy's religious teachings, and in 1887, according to his own account, became personally acquainted with his master, with whom he always remained in the most friendly relations. He became a member of the Brotherhood [Tolstoyan] Colony at Purleigh in Essex, did good services as a translator of important works by Tolstoy, and aided in the migration of the Dukhobors to Canada. Under the stress of actual experience, his confidence in the Tolstoyan doctrines as a force that would regenerate the world weakened and disappeared. Yet, though his faith in his prophet declined, his love and admiration for his friend continued in full force. Hence in this book he partly compensates for his lack of philosophy by many shrewd and common-sense comments on the Tolstoyan system as applied to practical life, and he more than atones for his inadequacy as a literary critic by the understanding with which he portrays Tolstoy's personality. Even in his style, he has learned much from his master; he writes with ease and simplicity, and with a delightful abundance of concrete illustration.

Mr. Maude has apparently drawn on all the available Russian sources for the facts of Tolstoy's life. Considerable portions of his work have been revised by the Countess Tolstoy or by Tolstoy himself, so that its accuracy may be generally relied on. In his later chapters he gives copious accounts of his own acquaintance with Tolstoy and his family, and so furnishes an independent source of information. In dealing with the difficult subject of Tolstoy's family relations during his later years, he displays real tact and delicacy. One may hope that in a later edition he will add a chapter dealing with the closing days of Tolstoy's life and with the tribute paid to the great man by the Russian nation.

The great charm and excellence of this biography, that which will give it a permanent place in literature, whatever more penetrating studies of Tolstoy's work may later appear, is its powerful, sympathetic portrait of Tolstoy the man, with his bubbling enjoyment of life around him, with his passionate temperament, which, in youth, led him into all sorts of excesses, with his haunting Puritan conscience, with his scorn of compromise, which was apt to pass into cantankerous opposition to established institutions and accepted ways of thought, with his quick, child-like sympathy for each individual man and woman, with his eagerness to serve his fellow beings with the very best that was in him. This personality Mr. Maude reveals not so much by direct exposition as by extracts from letters and diaries and by countless personal anecdotes. We quote, in conclusion, sentences from the writer's final estimate:

> Tolstoy is an example, and a very splendid example, of the knight-errant type that trusts alone to God and to its own right arm. If we are not able, and perhaps do not even wish, to revert to that type, . . . let us at least recognize its heroism and its beauty. . . . There are few great men whose lives it would be possible to lay bare before the public, with such full assurance that by perfect frankness one will not diminish the respect and affection in which they are held by mankind. . . . His genius, sincerity, industry, courage, endurance, and tenacity; his marvellous intuition, extraordinary capacity for observation and artistic reproduction; his devotion to the service of truth and goodness; his self-abnegation; his concentration upon the most vital branches of human thought, and his unparalleled capacity for making his meaning plain and his feeling attractive, mark him out as by far the greatest and most interesting man alive. Of modern men who have stimulated the thoughts and consciences of their fellows . . . Tolstoy is so much the first, that one forgets to ask who is second. [Vol. II, pp. 648-650.]

CURRENT FICTION.

Round the World in Seven Days. By Herbert Strang. New York: George H. Doran Co.

It is farewell indeed to the glories of Jules Verne, who only a generation ago was held to be the most delightfully absurd of dreamers, in his "Round the World in Eighty Days." That record has been many times beaten, in fact, and is now dismissed to the limbo of imaginative feats outdone by this new forecast. Our age is in the habit of (more or less perfunctorily) rebuking its own pride of progress by the reminder that there is nothing new under the sun. But there is one department of human activity in which our progress has been more than a history repeating itself—the department of rapid transit. Thousands of years ago two legs gave way to four legs. After that the world made no advance till a short century ago. It is the mail coach, with its stupendous pace of fifteen miles an hour, which typifies for De Quincey the Glory of Motion. A few years later Mrs. Carlyle gasps at the speed of her train, traversing England at thirty miles: "It is more like flying," she cries. During the next half-century the speed of the locomotive was pushed up to sixty and seventy miles an hour. Then, so few years since, the motor-car arrived, and carried the speed limit of the race another twenty or thirty miles an hour toward the elimination of space. We recall Henley's triumphant apostrophe of his Mercedes, as the incarnation of speed. And now it seems not unreasonable to suppose that within a few years the aeroplane will establish a new standard. Will that, too, be merely a new starting place?

The writer of "Round the World in Seven Days" has anticipated the next step. He has but to fancy an aeroplane with an engine so powerful and durable that it is able to make and hold a speed of two hundred miles an hour; a machine so perfected as to be in no more risk of disablement than the best modern automobiles. This once imagined, the journey round the world in a week is a mere matter of geography and arithmetic. The author's difficulty has been to make the feat more interesting than so many laps round a track. He has had the discretion to avoid the time-worn impulse of the wager. The hero, a lieutenant in the British navy, undertakes the journey on the spur of the moment, in order to rescue his father, a geologist, who has been cast away among cannibals in the Solomon Islands. Smith is on leave from his ship, and must report in a week for duty. By dint of bringing his hero to the earth's surface now and again, the author succeeds in infusing something of variety into the performance of a feat which would otherwise be fairly monotonous. A conflict with some African gun-runners, a narrow escape from ambush by pigmies, the rescue of a maiden from a burning ship, are breaks in the itinerary.

Tales of the Tenements. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Co.

The reader will be relieved to find that the title of this book does not mean that Mr. Phillpotts has again achieved the relatively unsuccessful in straying abroad for his material. The "tenements" of the present sketch are the familiar peasant holdings under the tors of Dartmoor. The persons are of the peculiar rustic type which now is as well known to us as the Scottish rustics of Barrie, or the Wessex yokels of Hardy. Some old names reappear. The action, as usual, shifts from cottage to tavern and back again. But the writ-

er is more successful than heretofore in dealing with the comic aspects of his Dartmoor life. The humorous discursions in his longer tales have not seldom seemed irrelevant and even impertinent—episodes deliberately introduced for the purpose of lightening the strain of the sombre main narrative. In short, the real humor of Mr. Phillpotts has seemed to abide in the loftier ranges of the Comic Spirit. Several of the present sketches handle the material of broad comedy with lightness and spontaneity. In "The Wise Woman of Walna" and "I'll Do It If You Will," the fun is particularly dry and droll. The latter tale has to do with an old couple whose perpetual quarrelling culminates in a suicide pact, their common breach of which brings about a reconciliation. The delightful whimsicality of this and most of the other stories in the collection is due largely to the fact that they are all told in that moor-country speech, of which this writer is a master—as if the story-teller were a crony of his *persona*. An unusual number of volumes of short stories have been published this season, but we do not recall one of them which can fairly be compared to this in the qualities which distinguish sincere work from mere sale-work. The book deserves a place on the shelf beside "The Whirlwind," "Children of the Mist," and "The Three Brothers."

Alongshore. By Stephen Reynolds. New York: The Macmillan Co.

In "A Poor Man's House," not long ago, this writer recorded one of those experiences undertaken in a spirit partly sociological, partly adventurous, partly literary, which during the past half-century has brought close to us peoples and modes of life blandly disposed of fifty years ago by the polite as "low." Borrow and Melville and Josiah Flynt are milestones along the way. Mr. Reynolds has been making a study of the English 'longshore and its human beings, with the heightened self-consciousness of our day, yet in a spirit not unworthy of Lavengro. His subject, all one as he feels it to be, is here treated from a somewhat fresh angle. "In 'A Poor Man's House,'" he says, "the sea was a background for people; here people are in the background; are a part, so to speak, of the scenery." The people are chiefly the same—Jim and Tony, the fishermen, and old Benjie, the real 'longshoreman; and it must be confessed that they are still of chief importance to the reader. In such chapters as Tides and the Beach, Winds and Waves, and the like, Mr. Reynolds is successful in suggesting the peculiar atmosphere of his chosen scene. This is the shore of an obscure east-coast fishing village, a village without harbor, where the boats must be small enough to be hauled up on the beach, or even to be lifted clean over the sea-wall in heavy storms. Fishing in such craft is an antiquated and uncertain means of earning a living. The difficulties of marketing even a good catch add to the fisherman's troubles. Mr. Reynolds lived with these people as an equal, and shared their labors with the usual reward of discovering very much in them to admire and to love. If his attitude toward them is self-conscious, it is quite free from condescension. Even the shiftless beachcomber is found to have his virtues. The writer's best merit is to have succeeded in catching, and in the main sharing, the point of view of his shore-folk. He is not without his dreams of improving their economic status. He has his theories as to the means of procuring better market conditions; and in an appendix is printed a paper describing a style of motor-boat designed for use by harborless fishermen. Luckily, he is content to leave his people their 'longshore customs and morals.

Everybody's Lonesome. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

A fanciful and pretty story with a moral which is embodied in the title. The heroine, Mary Alice, is a shy and not particularly attractive country girl, with dreams. She has a city godmother—a travelled and cultivated godmother who rescues Mary Alice in the nick of time, takes her to the city (the author has a low opinion of rural life) beautifies her, and endows her with a secret which transforms her from a shy, awkward country girl to a self-possessed young person of social charm. At the moment of her transformation she meets a young man—*the* young man. He is something of a personage, but she does not know it, and is attracted to him by his evident loneliness. He goes on his way. Mary Alice and the godmother fare to London, where the girl is happy (social success involving happiness), and where she tells the King her secret out of pity for him. But when she presently meets the young man, she will not tell it to him. Of course she does in the end.

"The more you live," she cries, when the fit hour arrives, "the more everything helps you to believe the secret and to feel the brotherhood it brings."

He looked guilty. "I don't deserve to know the secret," he said. "But——"

"But I'm going to tell you," she declared, "so when you're far away from what you love most, or when you're with people you think are different from you and don't understand, you can remember . . . and you've no idea how it helps until you've tried—that *everybody's lonesome.* That's the Secret."

ROMAN IMPERIALISM.

The Roman Empire: Essays on the Constitutional History from the Accession of Domitian (81 A. D.) to the Retirement of Nicephorus III (1081 A. D.). By F. W. Bussell. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 2 vols. $9 net.

"The forms of government which are commonly classified as absolute monarchies," says Professor Bury, in his notable lecture on the Constitution of the Later Roman Empire, "have not received the same attention or been so carefully analyzed as those forms which are known as republics and constitutional monarchies. There is a considerable literature on absolute monarchy considered theoretically, in connection with the question of Divine Right, but the actual examples which history offers of this kind of government have not been the subject of a detailed historical study." At the very moment at which these words were spoken, Mr. Bussell's work, which rendered them at once obsolete, was on the point of appearing.

Our author has apparently had some trouble in finding a suitable name for his essays. That which appears as a page heading throughout the two volumes—Constitutional History of the Roman Empire—has been rightly dropped from the title page. No one must expect to find here constitutional history in the ordinary sense of the term. What we really have is Reflections on Imperialism Suggested by the Study of the Last Thousand Years of Roman Government. The central purpose of Volume I appears to be to note the relations successively established between the Roman emperors and the expert or permanent officials by whom they were surrounded. The dominant idea of Volume II is to trace the long drawn out conflict between the civil and the military authorities for the control of the autocrat. The method followed in the former is, in the author's definition, subjective or didactic, in the latter objective; and on page 18, he maintains that "the *objective* and the *subjective* treatment of history form two essentially separate departments of the scholar's activity; yet they should be united in the enquirer, though they must not operate at one and the same time." It is possible that the "general reader and modern politician," for whose use "these essays and the retinue of appendices" were written, will find this separation of data and comment satisfactory. But this class of readers in America will be well-advised to begin with Volume II—omitting part ii on Armenia and its Relations with the Empire, which would be more properly at home in the *Byzantinische Zeitschrift*—and to proceed to Volume I only when the facts there enumerated are well in hand. Indeed, it is to be regretted that Mr. Bussell has

not given his hypothetical reader a chance to begin with a third volume containing not so much the common measure of "the four great English historians—Gibbon, Finlay, Bury, and Hodgkin"—as a new, modern conception of the political, social, and economic history of Byzantium. The professional historian, who is likely, in our opinion, to pay most attention to this work, will be greatly annoyed to find that Mr. Bussell has omitted deliberately what he not inaptly calls the "leaden sediment of footnotes."

"Historians of Byzantium," says a caustic, modern critic, "write with ink not blood in their veins." Those who have labored over Schlumberger and the late lamented Krumbacher will appreciate the point of this deadly epigram. It all but reaches Mr. Bussell. In his writing, adjectives fall like snowflakes at the beginning of a storm. True they always land fairly and squarely on substantives, but these are jarred by the impact and blurred by the accumulation. What saves him is "the signal merit of British historians—a large canvas and sympathetic if subjective coloring." He is qualified to interpret the Roman Empire with understanding and insight by wide knowledge of actual government and a critical attitude toward modern visions and expedients. For universal suffrage, representative institutions, parliamentary or "debating society" procedure, the regimen of expert commissions and permanent officials, the socialistic conception of public control, the shams of democracy, he has no enthusiasm whatsoever. His sole positive belief seems to be in the "good nature, the honesty, and the kindliness of the average man" now and at all times. The most hopeful institution of the present is the kingship. It was the only possible order of the state in the thousand years of which he treats. As the Senate of Augustus decayed, the bureaucracy grew. The Romans demanded that their emperor should actually rule. Hence, when at the time of the later Severi he became a puppet in the hands of women and officials, they struggled till they put a real ruler in his place. A conflict was inevitable between stability and efficiency of government. The device of a *shogunate* was tried later on, but the result of the military *patriciate* in the West was the destruction of the state altogether, and the opening of the field for the mediæval struggle of the army and the church. In the East, the civil order, with its corollary, the reign of law in public and private affairs, survived, and first in the time of Justinian, and again and again thereafter, asserted its authority over both the clergy and the soldiers. Eventually, in the time of the outgoing Macedonian dynasty, resort was again had to a *shogunate*, in order to preserve the hereditary family from its own incompetency, but all the while the feudal idea of government was working its way into Asia Minor and Constantinople from Armenia, till finally with the family of the Comneni the civil state was eliminated and the condition of western Europe prevailed in the East.

Mr. Bussell has given us a very important work. It can be neglected by no one who would comprehend the historical significance of Rome and the real life of the Byzantine Empire.

Panama and the Canal To-day. By Forbes Lindsay. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $3.

A comparison of this book with the book Mr. Lindsay produced on the same subject four years ago affords evidence that the canal is actually approaching completion. His former work was filled with projects and promises, with discussion of the rival plans for lock and sea-level construction, and with defence of the Administration against its journalistic critics. About the country and people outside the zone there was very little, for the good reason that very little was known. In the present volume prophecy has been largely displaced by history, and speculation by description. Mr. Lindsay gives us some chapters of the romantic history of the Isthmus in the days of the buccaneers, besides telling of the various efforts that have been made to cut through it from the time of Emperor Charles V to that of President Taft. In the account of what has been accomplished in the way of canal construction the photographs showing the giant stairway at Gatun and the deep cut at Culebra are more impressive than the statistical tables.

The most original and valuable feature of the book is the portion describing the agricultural resources of Panama, especially the Chiriqui region to the northwest of the Canal Zone, which the author traversed as far as the capital, David. This comparatively level and open country is soon to be made accessible by a railway from the city of Panama, and under the new land laws is open for settlement to Americans on the same terms as to natives, in unlimited tracts suitable for agriculture or cattle-raising. The government of Panama has recently authorized the appropriation of $10,000,000 for this railway, and surveys have been made.

The appendices give the Hay-Bunau Varilla treaty with Panama, but not the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which is of greater interest now on account of the proposal to fortify the Zone. The bibliography includes many of the more important reports, books, and magazine articles on Panama, but there are no references to the original narratives of Spanish days, although these are interesting reading to everybody who has not outgrown his love of pirates. Mr. Lindsay announces in the preface his determination to stick to the use of the word "Panaman" instead of "Panamanian." He is undoubtedly right, but almost universal usage on the Isthmus is against him, as well as the United States government, which is complying with the dictates of the people, as it did in the celebrated case of Puerto Rico versus Porto Rico. Mr. Lindsay is himself not consistent in his spelling. We find the two islands off the city of Panama referred to as Tobago, Taboga, and Tavoga; and Tavogilla, Tovagilla, and Taboguilla.

Congressmen visiting the Isthmus have, according to the author, shown themselves to be grossly immoral and absurdly ignorant. The anecdote he gives as evidence for the latter charge, though amusing, is not convincing. He quotes "the major" as explaining the need of locks by saying, "You see, the tide in the Pacific rises twenty feet higher than that in the Atlantic," and the "astonished legislator" as replying, "You don't say! How often does that happen?" We share the astonishment of the legislator. There was a maximum amplitude of 20.6 feet on October 2, 1909, and a minimum amplitude of 5.6 feet on March 6, 1910, in the Pacific tides, while the maximum amplitude on the Atlantic is less than two feet. But how often, and how, does it happen that the Pacific rises twenty feet higher than the Atlantic, or, rather, when did "the major" say such a thing?

Greek Athletic Sports and Festivals. By E. Norman Gardiner. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The history of the four great athletic festivals in Greece, their development and slow decay, is told in detail by Mr. Gardiner, who here expands the numerous articles that he has published from time to time in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*. In Germany Jüthner's "Antike Turngeräthe" is the modern authority on these subjects, but in English Mr. Gardiner has no rival. The story of the Olympian Games, as we review it from their legendary foundation, or more safely, from 776 B. C., when they were reorganized and began to furnish historical documents, down to their abolition by the Emperor Theodosius at the end of the fourth century A. D., is a reflection of the history of the Greeks. There we see working their undying communal jealousies which on occasion could turn the sacred precinct into a battlefield; their racial exclusiveness gradually breaking down before the invasion of interests from the East, till the last Olympian victor, in 385 A. D., is an Armenian prince, an hereditary foe; the outstripping of the mother country by her colonies with their victors and treasure-houses, the humilia-

tion of Greece by Rome, when Nero won all the events for which he chose to enter and repaid the servile judges by the gift of Roman citizenship. Olympia, though by her position she lay out of the path of the storm of Greek politics, became every fourth year the real centre of every variety of Hellenic ambition. The town of Elis was given over to athletics as Bayreuth to music. Her public buildings were all connected with the games, her agora was a training-ground, and the year preceding the games was devoted to preparation. The judges had to take a course of instruction for ten months on the spot. For three years out of every four it must have been a dreary place to live in, and Polybius tells us that there were country gentlemen living hard by who never set foot in their chief city. Women, with the exception of the priestess of Demeter, were apparently excluded from the games, a curious state of things in those Dorian surroundings. Mr. Gardiner thinks this may have been due to some religious taboo inherited from "the earlier, non-Greek race," rather than to any sense of decorum. Yet they were allowed to enter their horses for the races and to set up statues for their victories. We talk of the brutality of modern athletics, but in the Greek pankration, a mixture of boxing and wrestling, nothing was forbidden except gouging out the eyes. An automobile race seems to offer less excitement than a chariot race in which forty chariots enter and only one escapes collision and reaches the goal. In the famous race described in the "Electra" of Sophocles ten chariots compete and all but one are wrecked. Then, as now, athletes and spectators loved the "bright eyes of danger." In vain did a professor here and there like Xenophanes, or a poet like Euripides, protest that "my wisdom is better than the strength of men and horses." Those who fear to see our universities degenerate into schools for athletes might reflect that at Athens a professor had to invade the gymnasium and bid for the attention of his pupils in the intervals of physical exercise, and that he succeeded so well that those gymnasia were virtually converted into universities.

Mr. Gardiner points out that athletic vase-painting disappears just before the Peloponnesian War, and that this coincides with the abrupt cessation of athletic poetry which began with Simonides and ends with the death of Bacchylides in 440, B. C. In the latter half of the book he discusses the varied activities of the stadium, the hippodrome, the gymnasium and palæstra. The most important chapters are those that deal with the pentathlon and the pankration. More than once we are warned against the misleading statements of Liddell and Scott, who, unlike Mr. Gardiner, were content to accept without question the most superficial literary evidence for athletic etiquette.

The illustrations, chiefly from vase-paintings, are numerous and well reproduced. We have noted only one error of fact. The papyrus of Bacchylides was not discovered by Grenfell and Hunt, as is stated on page 109. It was obtained, like nearly all the important classical finds of last century, through the agency of the devious Arab, whose interest it is not to disclose the localities where such treasures are to be found.

Lincoln and Herndon. By Joseph Fort Newton. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press. $3 net.

The investigations of William H. Herndon constitute the chief part of our knowledge of the life of Abraham Lincoln during the first fifty years of his existence. Mr. Newton's book is a survey of Herndon and his relations with Lincoln, its occasion being apparently to vindicate Herndon's fidelity to his chief and also to the truth of history. We are told on page 155 that Herndon once brought into their office a "Life of Edmund Burke," which he tried to induce Lincoln to read, but without success. "Lincoln dipped into it, but soon tired of the eulogy which he said could not be a true story of any man, since it robbed him of all human faults." This criticism lies against sundry biographies of Lincoln, including that of Nicolay and Hay, but not against that of Herndon. On the other hand that of Lamon, the materials for which were purchased from Herndon, is unreasonably censorious and forbidding, for reasons which will appear later. The number of new facts in Mr. Newton's book is small, but it includes a correspondence between Herndon and Theodore Parker running through the period 1854-1859, when the seeds of the civil war were germinating and Lincoln was finding his way and preparing himself to take part in it.

Herndon was born in Kentucky in 1818. His father moved to Illinois and settled in Springfield, where he acquired some distinction in politics and was elected State Senator while Lincoln was a member of the lower house of the Legislature. The younger Herndon was sent to Illinois College at Jacksonville, the head of which institution was Dr. Edward Beecher. Under such tuition, he grew to be, in the estimation of his parent, "a d—d Abolitionist pup," and was withdrawn from the blighting influence before graduation, but not soon enough to effect a cure. After leaving college, he became first a clerk in Joshua Speed's store, and later a law student in the office of Logan and Lincoln, and later still, a partner of the latter. It was not a very promising firm and never became a very prosperous one, since neither of the members had any real enthusiasm for the law. What kind of man Herndon was, Mr. Newton tells us thus:

> He was an excellent student and became an able attorney, but he seems never to have liked the law. Herndon was a strange mixture of extremes, complex where Lincoln was simple; a man of no personal dignity, yet gifted and lovable; one moment telling yarns that smelled of the barnyard; given to escapades of sentiment, yet withal sagacious and astute; impetuous and impulsive, but honest, sincere, and loyal. By nature an enthusiast, a colorist, and a radical, he embraced at one leap all the social reforms from the abolition of slavery to the right of woman suffrage. That was temperament. All through his career after it had a beginning he had a hard fight with the drink habit, with many victories and occasional bitter defeats, a battle which Lincoln watched with never-failing pity.

Mr. Newton gives a review of the stirring events following the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, including the Lincoln and Douglas joint debates of 1858. One of the peculiarities of that period was the episode of cross-purposes inside the Republican party, when its leaders in the East, including Seward, Greeley, Henry Wilson, and Anson Burlingame, favored the reëlection of Senator Douglas because he had turned against President Buchanan on the issue of the Lecompton Constitution. The Republicans of Illinois declined, with some asperity, to follow such advice. Several letters passed between Parker and Herndon on this subject and they agreed perfectly that, although Douglas might be a great help for the moment, he was not to be trusted under all circumstances.

A letter from Henry Wilson to Parker, dated Washington, February 28, 1858, now first published, pictures Douglas's state of mind at that juncture more distinctly than any of his biographers have done. Wilson said:

> I say to you in confidence that you are mistaken in regard to Douglas. He is as sure to be with us in the future as Chase, Seward, or Sumner. I leave motives to God, but he is to be with us, and he is to-day of more weight to our cause than any ten men in the country. I know men and I know their power, and I know that Douglas will go for crushing the Slave Power to atoms. To use his own words to several of our friends *this day* in a three-hours' consultation: "We must grind this administration to powder; we must punish every man who supports this crime, and *we must prostrate forever the Slave Power*, which uses Presidents and dishonors and disgraces them."

After the victory of Douglas in the Senatorial election, Theodore Parker predicted that his triumph at home would give him sufficient prestige and power to split and ruin the Democratic party, as it did two years later at Charleston.

Collectors of Lincolniana have been puzzled to account for the chilling tone

of Lamon's life of Lincoln, which purported to be the work of an intimate associate and close friend of the President. One of Herndon's letters touches this subject, and makes of it one of the curiosities of literature. Lamon bought his raw materials from Herndon for $2,000. He then placed them in the hands of Chauncey F. Black, who wrote the book—Herndon says "quite every word of it." Black was the son of J. S. Black, Buchanan's attorney-general, and was, like his father, a Democrat of the hard shell variety. He was an able man, of good literary culture, but his political bias unfitted him for the task of writing a sympathetic biography of Lincoln. Its tone was coldly critical, perhaps unconsciously so. The publishers, James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, sought to discard some of the objectionable matter, and actually cast out an entire chapter descriptive of the last four months of Buchanan's Administration. Considering the facilities at Black's disposal for writing such a chapter, it would be an interesting thing to have now. Lamon consented to this abridgment, whereupon he and Black parted company. The book fell flat from the press in 1872. The latest use made of it was to supply material for a very depressing estimate of Lincoln's career, in the form of an address before a camp of Confederate veterans at Richmond, October 29, 1909, by Hon. George L. Christian.

Whatever lack of sympathy may have been shown by Lamon, or Black, or Christian, the author of the book under review is under no such bias. Although the son of a Confederate soldier, Mr. Newton is an ardent admirer of Lincoln. A minor error in the book is the frequent mention of "W. C. Whitney" as the author of a "Life of Lincoln" and of "Life on the Circuit with Lincoln." It should be Henry C. Whitney.

The Buccaneers in the West Indies in the XVII Century. By C. H. Haring. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Mr. Haring's valuable book, which was presented as a thesis to the Board of Modern History of Oxford University to fulfil the requirements of the bachelor of letters degree, is much more than a conventional recital of those buccaneering exploits which have engaged the attention of a host of writers, ancient and modern. By searching hitherto neglected manuscripts and printed documents in England, France, and Spain he has been able to put to test the accuracy of the "traditional sources" —Exquemelin, the Jesuits, and other familiar narratives—and reveal the policy pursued by the French and English governments toward the sea rovers, besides showing their connection with the history of the English colonies in the West Indies. In doing this he has entered a new field and made an important contribution to the literature of the subject, without losing sight of its romance.

Beginning with a review of the Spanish colonial system, for whose ideals he has a good word, Mr. Haring goes on to show how the Spanish crown, by aiming to concentrate and monopolize the commerce and riches of the new world, slowly sapped the prosperity of Spain herself. He says:

> The Spaniards of the seventeenth century, by persisting both at home and in their colonies, in an economic policy which was fatally inconsistent with their powers and resources, saw their commerce gradually extinguished by the ships of the foreign interloper, and their tropical possessions fall a prey to marauding bands of half-piratical buccaneers.
>
> Although struggling under tremendous initial disabilities in Europe, they had attempted, upon the slender pleas of prior discovery and papal investiture, to reserve half the world to themselves. Without a marine, without marine traditions, they sought to hold a colonial empire greater than any the world had yet seen, and comparable only with the empire of Great Britain three centuries later. By discouraging industry in Spain, and yet enforcing in the colonies an absolute commercial dependence on the home country, by combining in their rule of distant America a solicitous paternalism with a restriction of initiative altogether disastrous in its consequences, the Spaniards succeeded in reducing their colonies to political impotence. And when, to make their grip the more firm, they evolved, as a method of outwitting the foreigner of his spoils, the system of great fleets and single ports of call, they found the very means they had contrived for their own safety to be the instrument of commercial disaster.

From the cattle hunters or "boucaniers," of Hispaniola and Tortuga, who smoked flesh in a "boucan," after the manner of Caribbee Indians, there originated the crews of corsairs who, with other restless spirits, "found the attractions of coursing against the Spaniards to be irresistible." With the conquest of Jamaica by Cromwell's expedition in 1655, and the settlement of the Windward and Leeward Islands, new impetus was given to contraband trade, and soon the Caribbean was dominated by powerful fleets of buccaneers, upon whom it was impossible to put effective restraint. The vacillating attitude of the English government toward the freebooters, the effect of their depredations upon the relations between England and Spain, the various exploits of Sir Henry Morgan and lesser leaders—all are treated at length by Mr. Haring, and with a wealth of detail.

At last the inhabitants of Jamaica reached the conclusion that in the encouragement of planting, and not of buccaneering, lay the premanent welfare of the island, and the reduction of the corsairs began forthwith. Even the rapacious Morgan, who now held public office, was zealous in punishing his old associates, and those who refused to return to civilized pursuits became out-and-out pirates to their ultimate downfall. Mr. Haring points out that after all the foreign merchants who freighted the Spanish-American fleets suffered more than did the Spaniards by the activity of the buccaneers.

> If the policy of the English and French governments gradually changed from one of connivance or encouragement to one of hostility and suppression, it was because they came to realize that it was easier and more profitable to absorb the trade and riches of Spanish America through the peaceful agencies of treaty and concession, than by endeavoring to enforce a trade in the old-fashioned way inaugurated by Drake and his Elizabethan contemporaries.

Notes

Putnam's list of announcements includes: "The Return," a story of the supernatural, by Walter de la Mare; "Criminal Man According to the Classification of Cesare Lombroso," summarized by his daughter, Gina Lombroso Ferrero, and "In the Time of the Pharaohs," by Alexander Moret.

Charles Livingston Bull's "Under the Roof of the Jungle" is in the hands of L. C. Page & Co.

Mitchell Kennerley will bring out in the spring "The Forging of Passion Into Power," by Mary Everest Boole.

"Flowers from Mediæval History," by Minnie D. Kellogg, will be issued in February by Paul Elder & Co.

A book which undertakes to treat the question of the will in simple, untechnical language is "On Freedom," by G. Locker Lampson, M.P., which will be issued shortly by Smith & Elder.

Lord Monkswell is publishing with the same house an account of "French Railways."

Chatto & Windus have in hand "Lay Morals and other Essays," by R. L. Stevenson, which is composed almost entirely of work not heretofore available outside of the "Edinburgh" and "Pentland" editions.

Among the spring books announced by the Century Co. are: "When Half-Gods Go," by Helen Reimensnyder Martin; "The Dweller on the Threshold," by Robert Hichens; "Miss Livingston's Companion," a love story of old New York, by Mary C. Dillon; "An Ardent American," by Mrs. Russell Codman, and "John Sherwood, Ironmaster," by S. Weir Mitchell.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce a new novel by Ellen Glasgow, entitled, "The Miller of Old Church," and "813," by Maurice Leblanc.

Richard G. Badger announces the following books for mid-winter and spring publication: "The Way of the Gods in Japan," by Hope Huntly; "Edgehill Essays," by Adrian Hoffman Joline; "Stories from the Old French Chronicles," by Robert D. Benedict; "The Story of the Soil," by Cyril G. Hopkins; "The Girl that Disappears: The Real Facts of the White Slave Traffic," by Gen. Theodore A. Bingham, ex-police

commissioner of New York city; "The Ladies' Battle," by Molly Elliot Seawell; "Sense and Nonsense of Christian Science," by Leon C. Prince, Ph.D.; "The Career of the Child," by Maximilian P. E. Groszmann, Ph.D.; "The Individual and Society," by J. Mark Baldwin; "Public Hygiene," by Thomas S. Blair, M.D.; "St. Paul's Friendships and His Friends," by Carl Hermon Dudley; "The Favorites of Henry of Navarre" (in the Favorites of the French Court series). The new fiction includes: "A Knight of the Golden Circle," a story of the copperhead conspiracy, by U. S. Lesh; "A Winter Romance in Poppy Land," by Una Nixson Hopkins; "The Makin's of a Girl," by Emma E. Meguire; "The Dawn Meadow," by Grace A. Dennen; "A Wild Rose," by Clara Viola Fleharty; "The House of Unfulfilled Desire," by Harlan P. Rowe, and "The Man with the Scar," a Christian Science story, by Warren and Alice Fones. A new book of poems down for immediate publication by this house is "The Rape of Hallowe'en and Other Verse," by Henry P. Spencer.

From the interminable small talk of Pepys's "Diary" E. F. Allen has made a selection of passages, for the most part quite brief, which he brings together under the title of "Red-Letter Days of Samuel Pepys" (Sturgis & Walton). The selections are arranged in chapters with such headings as Mr. Pepys Has Perilous Experiences, Mr. Pepys Is Gregarious, Mr. Pepys at the Play, etc., so that we do not get so much a consecutive view of his life as a series of glimpses into his character.

In 1900 W. H. White, under his better known name, "Mark Rutherford," published a small volume of miscellaneous reflections and character-sketches with the convenient title of "Pages from a Journal." Henry Frowde now brings out a second edition of this book, and in uniformity with it another volume containing "More Pages from a Journal." The sketches and critical and descriptive passages in this new instalment are in the same vein as those in the predecessor; but Mr. White has added to these a section of "Notes," or *Pensées*, with a flavor of wise sobriety and sad sincerity not common in collections of this sort. Their tone, as indeed the tone of the whole book, is closer to that of "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" than to anything else we think of. They lack the final charm of Gissing's writing, but they are of the same school.

Those who desire to see English become the world-language will find cause for gratification in the latest issue of Murray's "Oxford English Dictionary" (Frowde). Between T and Tealt, where Samuel Johnson recorded 220 words, Murray records 3,491. The augmentation from Latin and Greek sources is slight, but barbarians have swarmed in from every quarter of the globe—Irish, Gaelic, Turkish, Hindi, Singhalese, Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, Tongan, Peruvian, Woloff, Bechuana, etc. If the door is kept wide open, ultimately we should have in our own dictionary the two or three hundred words necessary in exchanging calico and beads for gold and diamonds with any nation of the earth. From an uncommercial point of view, of course, the older immigrants are the more attractive. "Tabby," for example. This very domestic-appearing word was the Arabian designation of a quarter of Bagdad famous for its manufacture of divers colored silks and cottons—a quarter named after 'Attab, the great-grandson of Omeyya. "Tabby" appears in English literature in the first half of the seventeenth century as the general term for striped taffeta silks. In the same century, "tabby" is applied to a striped or brindled cat. In the eighteenth century, to an "elderly maiden lady." Somewhere in the line the lexicographer rather timorously conjectures a left-handed alliance between the descendant of the Arabian 'Attab and Tabitha. The sense development of this word is in striking contrast with that of another old Arab, "tariff," which came in the sixteenth century, meaning a "multiplication table," and has remained essentially unchanged to the present day. The most astonishing sense development is exhibited by the common word "take," a verb of Norse origin, which appeared shortly after the Conquest, displaced the Old English "niman," and showed more capacity for work and for breeding idioms than almost any other word in the language. Forty columns of the Dictionary are required to display its uses. The sentence, "Who took it to thee?" in which "took" is equivalent to its opposite, "gave," is perhaps the most singular illustration of its aggressiveness.

The random reader will find this section rich in piquant bits of "Kulturgeschichte." "To tar and feather," for instance, is set down as a punishment sometimes inflicted by a mob, "especially in the United States." Offhand, one might conjecture this ingenious custom to be indigenous to the piny domains of Judge Lynch. Then, of course, one recalls the courtesies received by Skipper Ireson at the hands of the women of Marblehead, and certain vivacities of colonial Massachusetts. George III, in his conversation with Thomas Hutchinson, after the latter's return from America, appeared ignorant of the terms of art. "I see," says King George, "they threatened to pitch and feather you." To which the scrupulous Hutchinson replies, "*Tarr* and feather, may it please your Majesty." But tarring and feathering was no mere provincialism; it had the highest ecclesiastical and even royal sanctions. James Howell, in a letter of August 26, 1623, tells of a "boisterous Bishop of Halverstade," "that, having taken a place where there were two Monasteries of Nuns and Friers, he caus'd divers featherbeds to be rip'd, and all the feathers to be thrown in a great Hail, whither the Nuns and Friers were thrust naked, with their bodies oild and pitchd." And the practice extends back into the hoary antiquity of Richard I, who by an ordinance of 1189 established it as a punishment for theft in the navy. In the illuminating article on the Chinese word and thing, "tea," the choicest quotation is from the diary of that gourmet of sensations, Pepys, under the date September 25, 1660: "I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink), of which I never had drunk before." A hundred years later this Oriental luxury was penetrating the Western wilderness along the Ohio River in a boat loaded with "wine, *caudevie*, tea, orange juice, powder, gunshot"—strange cargo for our hardy pioneers! (See Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. V, p. 36.) The richest collection of American quotations is to be found under "Tammany," the Indian chief, friend of Penn, and tutelar saint of Pennsylvania, who gave his name to the "Society of St. Tammany," organized in 1790, with a constitution declaring that it is "founded on the true principles of patriotism, and has for its motives charity and brotherly love."

In the fourth edition of Paget Toynbee's "Dante Alighieri" (Macmillan), the first four parts, dealing with the history of Italy in the thirteenth century, Dante in Florence, Dante in exile, and the Dante tradition in portrait and in anecdote, reappear without substantial alteration. The fifth part, which deals with Dante's works, is considerably enlarged. The "Vita Nuova" and the "Convivio" are analyzed chapter by chapter, and full summaries of the Latin works are given. The treatment of the "Commedia" is relatively very slight. Several appendices are added, one containing a translation of the letter of Frate Ilario, another some extracts from letters from Seymour Kirkup regarding the Bargello portrait, and another a chronological list of early commentaries on the "Commedia."

To add another English translation of Benvenuto Cellini's well known autobiography to the four which already existed may seem like putting a fifth wheel to the coach; especially when one of the four was the work of John Addington Symonds. Nevertheless, "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini, a new version by Robert H. Hobart Cust" (Macmillan), justifies itself. In the first place, these two handsomely printed volumes are generously illustrated with excellent reproductions of the artist's handiwork, and these are the more opportune since Cellini has not yet found his way into any of the cheap series of monographs on artists. Mr. Cust's main justification, however, is that he has translated from a more trustworthy text of the original than his predecessors had at their disposal—the critical edition published by Baccl in 1901; and, further, that he has followed the original with far greater faithfulness than they deemed necessary, or, indeed, possible. If his rendering has not the grace and smoothness of Symonds's polished language, it has a flavor of its own which distinctly suggests the original; and, in spite of its following closely the Italian idiom and the many loose and illogical constructions of the impetuous sixteenth-century artist, it does not read like a translation. In short, Mr. Cust makes this very human document extraordinarily alive in its English dress, and brings a reader who knows no Italian into the very atmosphere of Cellini's style. Not content with mere faithfulness in rendering, the translator often quotes the Italian text in justification or explanation. Many details which were either mistranslated or omitted in the earlier versions, here appear in their proper form; of slight importance in themselves, they add to the accuracy and the color of the work. Furthermore, Mr. Cust does not forget that Cellini was an historical figure and an artist; the text is fully annotated and supplemented with names, dates, and critical discussions. Of very great value are the bibliography of Cellini, extending to nearly 300 numbers, and the list of his works of art. There is also an excellent index. In regard to the bibliography, we note that while, as stated, the version in Everyman's Library is by Miss

MacDonnell, the former edition in Everyman's was a repyrint of Thomas Roscoe. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cust will carry out his announced plan of translating and editing Cellini's treatises on art. In the meantime, in spite of the readable qualities of the older versions by Nugent (1771) and Roscoe (1822), and the manifold merits of those by Symonds (1888) and Miss MacDonnell (1903), we think that Mr. Cust's translation is to be preferred, both by the student of art-history and by the reader who wishes to come close to the personality of Cellini.

One who seeks in "The Essence of Religion" (Houghton Mifflin), by the late Prof. Borden Parker Bowne, some new light on the problems of philosophy will turn away disappointed. The book is not philosophical nor even theological, but essentially practical and religious. It is a collection of sermons and has little to do with either metaphysics or Biblical criticism; yet every one who reads it sympathetically will find it dominated by a wholesome and helpful outlook upon life, and will take from it new encouragement for upright and hopeful living. The sermons bear such titles as these: "The Supremacy of Christ," "Religion and Life," "The Church and the Kingdom of God," "Prayer," etc., etc. The keynote of the book is struck especially well in the sermons entitled, "Rightcousness the Essence of Religion," and "Obedience the Test of Discipleship." Says the writer:

> We are not called upon to be religious. We are under no obligation to be religious; there is nowhere any commandment to have religion. We are called upon to be righteous and to fear God and keep his commandments. . . . Many persons are found who claim to have religion, but it is no security for right living. They have religion, but you cannot trust them. . . . We shall always be exposed to this sad caricature, if not hypocrisy, until we see that in Christian thought there is no such thing as having religion apart from righteous living, or that true religion in God's sight is nothing but righteous living in the love of man and God.

Those who have known how great a force for righteous living and for pure religion Professor Bowen himself was, will be glad to see this postscript to his writings, coming as it does in the form of a farewell word to his friends.

It is natural that the volume of the Highways and Byways series (Macmillan) dealing with "Cambridge and Ely" should give the lion's share of space to the university. The Rev. Edward Conybeare, already known for several books on Cambridgeshire, has treated this part of his subject with full knowledge and a fair sense of the picturesque and interesting. It cannot be said that a university town lends itself quite as readily to the manner of this series as do the counties where the fancy roams more freely; nor is the country about Cambridge as rich in literary and romantic associations as many other parts of England. But there is enough of such interest to give the present volume fair standing in a series that has been sustained with extraordinary continuity of excellence. The Cathedral of Ely almost divides the book with the university. The illustrations, by Frederick L. Griggs, are capital, save in a few instances which lack clearness of outline.

"A History of Hatfield, Massachusetts," by Daniel W. Wells and Reuben F. Wells (published under the direction of F. G. H. Gibbons, Springfield, Mass.), has little to distinguish it from the myriad other local histories already in existence. The author utters some exalted platitudes as to the proper conduct of a scholarly historian, and then proceeds in his work to violate them. The genealogical and antiquarian work appears to have been well done, but of the evolution of Hatfield's social, economic, political, or religious institutions, in any scholarly sense, there is no thought. Certain men moved there, certain men fought the Indians, and a later generation fought in the Revolutionary war, but the things that grew and continued from generation to generation are unnoted. In this, as in so many of the New England local histories, one is led to think that the town enjoyed a long Rip Van Winkle sleep from the Revolutionary to the Civil war. After leaving the Colonial period, the local events are assumed to have no importance unless they bear upon the national history. Though the style is generally sober and plain, the author introduces the glowing phrases of orators and poets into the text, and stops the forward movement of the story by insignificant anecdotes, like that of the man who led his horse up the tavern stairs and could not get him down again. The "human interest" in Indian attacks is also sadly overworked. The most valuable part of the work for the general student is the original material, which seems to have been carefully copied from the local archives.

H. Noel Williams's "Madame de Montespan and Louis XIV," which was originally published in 1903 as an elaborately illustrated quarto, now appears in a less expensive form (Scribner), with a single portrait serving as frontispiece. The work remains, after seven years, the only complete and accurate account in English of the most famous and most magnificent of all French royal favorites, being based upon the latest historical researches, particularly those of M. Ravaisson, editor of the "Archives de la Bastille." That scholar, together with M. Funck-Brentano and others, has succeeded in unravelling utterly the mystery of the sinister and unsavory poison cases which smirched Louis XIV's court with so terrible a scandal. The monarch believed he had silenced forever the accusing tongues that connected Madame de Montespan with the *empoisonneurs*, when he caused to be burned in his presence the incriminating documents containing the depositions of the most dangerous witnesses. But enough evidence has survived to complete the case against his mistress, and to reveal her whole career, so far as it is concerned with the winning and holding of the king's affections, in a far different light from that in which it is presented by earlier and less well-informed historians:

> Recent research has established beyond all reasonable doubt the fact that, so far from being the unwilling victim that so many writers would have us believe, Madame de Montespan laid her plans for the subjugation of *le Grand Monarque* with as much deliberation as did Madame de Pompadour for that of his successor.

But, on the other hand, Mr. Williams argues that, once in power, neither she nor any of her rivals—not even Madame de Maintenon, whose responsibility for the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes he discredits—was able to exert any political influence comparable to that wielded by the great favorite of the later monarch. In thus keeping the reigns of government in his own hands, and, as he himself once phrased it, carefully distinguishing between "the tenderness of a lover and the resolutions of a sovereign," Louis is exonerated from the worst form of culpable weakness in his attachments which, moreover, are redeemed by a certain romantic element absent from those of his base and sensual successor.

Bernadotte Perrin, since 1909 professor emeritus of Greek literature and history in Yale, has made an early use of freedom from the routine of teaching to issue a companion volume to his "Plutarch's Themistocles and Aristides," published nine years ago. In its preface he announces that it is to be followed, if his sight is spared to him, by a third book containing "Plutarch's Nicias and Alcibiades," the whole to form a work in three parts to be entitled "Six of Plutarch's Greek Lives." The present volume is a translation with historical notes of the great biographer's "Cimon and Pericles." It is preceded by an introduction in which the history of the wonderful fifty years covered by the public activity of the two statesmen is sketched, and detailed specifications are given of the sources used directly and indirectly by Plutarch. The translation is throughout accurate and felicitous, the notes adequate and unpedantic, the introduction clear and scholarly. Nothing further could be reasonably demanded of the author, or, for that matter, of the publishers (Scribners), who have made the book look as if it had been printed in England. The only person with a right to complain is the Chæronean himself; for though six halves make in this case a whole, it is not a whole with which the parallel biographer would have been satisfied. To his whole a Roman Life was always essential. Students of history, moreover, for whom Professor Perrin is more particularly writing, would like to be shown to what extent Plutarch chose or forced his materials in the interest of the parallelism he sought to establish. A study of the "Pericles-Fabius Maximus" pair from this point of view would be especially helpful. Of the version of the Funeral Oration of Pericles made by Professor Perrin it will suffice to say that it is less eloquent but more faithful than that of Jowett.

"Complete Auction Bridge" (Lippincott), by "Hellespont," fully justifies its title, for it not only contains the laws of the game, but goes into the question of declarations in detail; explains the system of bidding, the lead in declared trumps and no trumps, the general play of hands, and the strategy of the game. There are also notes on the various modifications in original leads, making the work valuable to experts as well as to beginners.

E. Ashmead-Bartlett's "Passing of the Sbereefian Empire" (Dodd, Mead) is entertaining journalism, not to be taken too seriously. Once, at any rate, he had extraordinary luck, but unfortunately was not in a position to make use of it to the full. He was one of the first in 1900 to go to Fez and to meet Mulai el Hafid when Mulai had just taken up his court there, and he lived in Fez for some months on as intimate terms with the Sultan as one who spoke no Arabic could well enjoy. He used

his eyes, too, and drew his conclusions with very picturesque results, but he was manifestly at the mercy of his interpreters. He also obtained a mining concession, the financial terms of which he was thereafter unable to meet. But happily we hear very little of that and get instead a vivid picture of new old Morocco. He also saw Casa Blanca after its destruction, and went through the little war that followed. This gives an opening for a disquisition on the present condition of the French army and thence on European politics—to be taken for what it may be worth. A similar experience in 1909 with the Spanish army during the campaign in the Riff gives a similar opportunity. But, throughout, a quite creditable objectivity is maintained, and a mass of probably very trustworthy facts is communicated in a readable form. Again the enormous waste in the use of modern ammunition is brought out clearly and the large possibility still open to daring cavalry. The twenty-eight photographs are all good.

Against the welter of contradictory rumors on the stability, progress, and general trustworthiness of the new government of Turkey, there is ground for solid satisfaction in the first annual report of the Jerusalem Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. For that society was started in 1909 by the Jerusalem branch of the Committee of Union and Progress, has a very largely native membership, keeps in close touch with the local government, and has on its committee of management such local authorities as the president of the municipality, the commander of the gendarmerie, the director of police, the officer of public health, and the municipal veterinary surgeon. This is a cheering contrast to the horrible stories which have come recently about the doing away with the street dogs of Constantinople, in which the genuinely Moslem fear of taking animal life and indifference toward animal suffering were only too evident. Were they not all, as to suffering, in the hands of Allah? But here horse and donkey drivers have actually been fined and their animals sent to hospital, and fowls must be carried in baskets and not swung primitively by the feet. Of especial value have been the constant kindness and support of the Mayor, a genuine reformer of one of the oldest Moslem families of Jerusalem and a descendant from the Prophet. So, even though the first instigation to all this may have come from without, there can be no question that with the Young Turks a new spirit and energy have entered Moslem society and are slowly transforming it.

David Graham Phillips, the novelist, who was shot in Gramercy Park on Monday, died the following day, in his forty-fourth year. His writings include: "The Great God Success," "Her Serene Highness," "The Fortune Hunter," "Old Wives for New," "The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig," and "The Hungry Heart."

From Heidelberg comes word of the death, in his sixtieth year, of Prof. Heinrich Welzhofer, historian. Important among his writings are: "Untersuchungen über die deutsche Kaiserchronik," "Algemeine Geschichte des Altertums," and "Thukidides und sein Geschichtswerk."

Sara C. Bull died in Cambridge a week ago. She wrote a life of her late husband, entitled "Ole Bull—A Memoir."

Science

The Big Game of Africa. By Richard Tjader. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Tjader gives to his readers a pleasing and profitable series of popular natural history talks on the finest of the animals of British East Africa. These he illustrates with stories of his own adventures in the hunting field, and with photographs made on the spot. In addition to his own observations, the author includes bits of adventure and animal lore told him by residents of the game regions, both white and black. Separate chapters are devoted to the lion, the elephant, giraffe, hippopotamus, Cape buffalo, rhinoceros, leopards and cheetahs, hartebeest and zebra, the larger antelopes, and such smaller species as monkeys and pigs, birds and reptiles. Along with this there are chapters on the missionaries, on photography, the safari, outfits and routes, firearms and natives. Finally, there is an appendix which contains a vocabulary of the Swahili language, with exercises.

Mr. Tjader was at some pains to test the vision of the rhinoceros, with the conclusion that "it is really not as bad as is generally believed." He demonstrated, by repeated trials, that the rhinoceros sees a hunter plainly at distances varying from 70 to 175 yards. He believes the animal to be the most dangerous of African game, as one never knows exactly what it will do. The gnu, according to the writer,

> is as inquisitive as he is curious-looking. In places where he has not been much hunted, whole herds will gallop up to within two or three hundred yards, to view the hunter and his party. . . . Their bounds and leaps and "sham fights" are most amusing to observe. Sometimes the bulls will go down on their knees, fight, and lock horns for awhile, and then dash away again with the rest of the herd, switching their tails and kicking high up in the air. All of a sudden the whole company swings around like a well-drilled cavalry troop, and again faces the hunter.

The hunter, it seems, is more than a match for any of the wild animals when he uses the Maxim gun-silencer and "a very superior telescopic sight," a soundless rifle leaving the game absolutely no chance. With three shots, at a distance of 675 yards (measured), the author killed a leopard; and from first to last the animal was totally unaware of the presence of its arch-enemy, or of the nature of the wounds that it received from the first and second bullets. One rifle shot, fired without the silencer, would have been sufficient to send the animal scurrying to cover with nothing worse than a wounded foot.

It is to be wished that the author of this volume had devoted more study to some of the groups of big game treated in his volume. He recognizes the existence of but one species of African elephant, of which there are at least three or four well-defined forms. Of giraffes he says: "The only marked difference between the two species is in the shape of their heads, or, rather, the number of horns." As a matter of fact there are at least four well-defined species of giraffe, three of which—the Nubian, reticulated, and blotched—are so strikingly marked by their color patterns that the species can be recognized at a distance of two hundred yards or more. But on the whole, Mr. Tjader is to be commended for the industry that has impelled him to bring together and publish such interesting and useful information. A good index adds much to the value of the book.

The Putnams promise for February "The History of New Testament Criticism," by F. C. Conybeare, and "The History of Anthropology," by A. C. Haddon.

The degree of doctor of science, *honoris causa*, is to be conferred upon Professor Hale, director of the Solar Observatory of the Carnegie Institution, Mount Wilson, California.

The new movement for the encouragement of gymnastic exercises, more particularly in urban public schools, along lines of small resistance, finds pleasant expression in the little book of Dr. Luther H. Gulick on "The Healthful Art of Dancing" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). This is an effort to give some idea of what has been already accomplished and how much more may yet be done, with incidental outlooks into the physiology and psychology of the subject, making, however, fortunately no very great demands on the mind of the casual reader. There are numerous illustrations, exceedingly well reproduced, which show how the practical problems of this kind of instruction may be solved, and also giving an idea of the good results attainable. To some it may seem that there is a marked touch of effeminacy in all this work which rather weakens the appeal, but the more thoughtful reader will find abundant reason for the conviction that this line of training, if it be shorn of frills and kept within bounds, has possibilities of helpfulness that ought not to be neglected. Not the least useful part of the book is the appendix with a list of suitable dances and many books about them.

A third volume has appeared of Paul Herrmann's "Island in Vergangenheit und Gegenwart" (Leipzig: W. Engelmann), the first two volumes of which have been mentioned before in the *Nation* (December 26, 1907, pp. 537-8). It gives an account of the author's second trip to Iceland in the year 1908, this time first round the coast by a steamer and afterwards through the western districts and the inhabited interior of the country. The volume has all the good qualities of its predecessors, and can be recommended to any one seeking information about the island or planning to visit it. It is well illustrated and is provided with indexes, which make it useful as a book of reference.

"Primitive Psycho-Therapy and Quackery," by Dr. R. M. Lawrence (Houghton Mifflin Company), is an entertaining compilation which smacks of scissors and the good old commonplace book of an earlier day. It treats of amulets and charms, of temples and relics, of the royal touch and medicinal music, and of many other things that have been found therapeutically valuable for the removal of the ills that flesh is heir to or has otherwise acquired. The main thesis of the book is that the efficacy of such things is to be sought in the region of suggestion and the subconscious. Dr. Lawrence tells his story well, and reinforces it with frequent quotations and numerous references. Few of these indicate any special research concerning the problems under examination, or any systematic effort to go very far back towards the original authorities, the *Transcript*, *Courier*, and even the *Herald* of Boston figuring as sources equal to the best. It was, of course, a bedevilled memorandum book that led him (p. 232) to attribute to Osler the remark that knowledge comes but wisdom lingers. Quackery, declared to be more flourishing than ever, receives a good deal of attention. Curious and not altogether convincing is the view, quoted with evident approval, that the charlatan will be hampered in the practice of psychotherapy because the subconscious mind is likely to reject his evil suggestion. An appendix contains brief sketches of ten "noted irregular practitioners" in which the line between the charlatan and the mystic is not sharply drawn. The casual reader would hardly infer that many at the present day hold views concerning Paracelsus and Van Helmont quite different from those here presented. Mesmer appears in the body of the book, but his character is not made very clear. It would be interesting to know what Dr. Lawrence would say about Hahnemann.

Sir Francis Galton, writer and explorer, died last week in London. He was born at Birmingham, England, February 16, 1822; was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, the Medical School of King's College, London, and at Trinity College, London, where he graduated in 1844. Two years after his graduation, he set out for the Upper Nile, which at that time was almost unexplored. He went far beyond the temples and upper cataracts, penetrating to the Sudan. The interest which this journey awakened in England and the enthusiasm which it quickened in the young explorer induced him to undertake exploration in South Africa. In company with J. C. Anderson, he landed an expedition at Walfisch Bay in August, 1850, and was engaged in exploring Damaraland, now German Southwest Africa, until January, 1852. This expedition was fertile in discoveries. He came upon the Ovampo race, a partly civilized agricultural people, and reported for the first time upon the whole region lying between Lake Ngami and the seacoast and 18 minutes 23 seconds south latitude. He soon turned his attention to meteorology, and devised methods which served as the basis of our present weather maps. He propounded the theory of anticyclones, which underlies the present system of weather forecasting, and at various times put out inventions having to do with meteorologic reckoning. He became expert in handling statistics, and the facility which he so derived he put into practice in his subsequent anthropological studies; he invented a system of composite portraiture and various means of psychological measurement. In a paper which appeared in the Proceedings of the Royal Society on "The Law of Ancestral Inheritance," he undertook to place the study of heredity on a quantitative footing. He was a consulting editor of *Biometrika* since 1902, and continued to write almost up to the present. Latterly he gave himself somewhat to the study of eugenics. In 1905 he established a laboratory for that purpose at University College, under the authority of the University of London. His works include: "Tropical South Africa," "Art of Travel," "Meteorographica," "Hereditary Genius," "Human Faculty," "Natural Inheritance," "Finger Prints," "Finger-print Directory," and "Memoirs of My Life."

Drama

From almost every point of view, except the spectacular, the production of L. N. Parker's English version of Rostand's "Chantecler" in the Knickerbocker Theatre, on Monday evening, was a failure. It may be doubted whether, in any circumstances, it would have been possible to reproduce in translation anything like the real literary quality of this highly artificial and fantastic piece, with all its verbal eccentricities and abundance of peculiarly French allusion. But with intelligent management some justice might have been done to its more notable dramatic, poetic, and declamatory passages, and a fairly good impression afforded of its general motive and its humorous and satirical qualities. As it is, the real play can scarcely be said to be presented at all. The mechanism is exhibited without any effective suggestion of the inspiring soul. A fatal and incomprehensible mistake was made when the part of Chantecler, which is of heroical male fibre and was originally written to provide the amplest scope for the superb declamatory powers of Constant Coquelin, was given to Maude Adams, who was plainly unfitted for it by her physical and artistic limitations. Along certain lines of eccentric comedy she is an actress of remarkable charm, but in the part of Chantecler she was hopelessly out of her proper element and her failure in it was emphatic and deplorable. Such opportunities as the delivery of the ode to the sun, the ecstatic confession to the Hen Pheasant, and the scenes attending the death of the Nightingale passed for little or nothing. Nor did the general representation denote much intelligent comprehension of the spirit or symbolical significance of the work, while the dialogue of Mr. Parker was of somewhat common order. The lack of competent direction was evident on all sides. Rarely, if ever, did the performance rise above the level of spectacular pantomime, and ordinary spectators might marvel whence the play had derived its great reputation. But the stage mechanism and the scenery, understood to be copied faithfully from the French models, were all that could reasonably be desired. It was only where there was a demand for insight and initiative that the failure was absolute.

"L'Habit de Mylord" (vaudeville), by Sauvage and Leris; "Dieu Merci, le Couvert est Mis" (comedy), by Léon Gozlan; "Commes Elles sont Toutes" (comedy), by Charles Narrey, and "La Somnambule" (vaudeville), by Scribe and Delavigne, are to be added by Alston Rivers to his series of plays suitable for acting at schools or in reading classes.

An elaborate naval and military pageant will form a part of the ceremonies celebrating the coronation of King George.

On February 1 Richard Badger begins the issue of "Poet Lore Plays," forty titles of which are ready, and which include works by contemporary European dramatists, among them Maeterlinck, Synge, D'Annunzio, Hauptmann, Strindberg, Sudermann, Björnson, Gorki, and Echegaray.

Fred Terry and Julia Neilson are preparing to produce "The Popinjay," by Boyle Lawrence and Frederick Mouillot.

The London Stage Society promises for its next production a triple bill, consisting of "Pride of Life," by Ashley Dukes; "The White Raven," by George Calderon, and "The Passing of Talma," by Arnim Friedmann and Alfred Polgar, translated by H. A. Hertz. "The New Players," a dramatic society, announce a performance of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" as he wrote it, at the Aldwych Theatre, on the afternoon of February 21.

Frederick Whelen, the chairman of the London Stage Society, is to start a repertory theatre in London. When a house has been obtained and a permanent company engaged (room being left for special engagements for particular parts), he will produce plays each of which is to have a run of four weeks only. He has already several new plays, including one by John Galsworthy; and Bernard Shaw and Granville Barker have promised him the right to revive any of their already acted plays. "Major Barbara," "The Doctor's Dilemma," and "The Voysey Inheritance" are to be among the earlier fixtures. Popular prices will be charged. Mr. Whelen declares his enterprise to be commercial, not philanthropic, but professes faith in the existence of a great body of playgoers willing to support plays of superior quality.

At the St. James's Theatre, London, rehearsals have begun of A. E. W. Mason's new play, "For the Defence," which Mr. Alexander will produce next month. The first act is laid in India, but the piece bears no relation in subject to Mr. Mason's novel, "The Broken Road," and is not, in fact, a play of Indian life at all. There is only one Indian character in it, and he is a servant. Nor, though Mr. Alexander will play the part of a barrister, who is also a member of Parliament, is the play political. There are only six characters that count, and these will be played by Mr. Alexander, Ethel Irving, Alfred Bishop, Sydney Valentine, Leslie Faber, and Marie Linden.

F. R. Benson and the Shakespeare Memorial Governors have made their arrangements for this year's Shakespeare festivals at Stratford-on-Avon. As last year, there are to be two festivals, the first from April 17 to May 6, when Mr. Benson and his company, assisted by players from London, will give performances in the Memorial

Theatre, and April 23 will be celebrated, as in former years, by a floral procession to the church, the unfurling of the flags of all nations, old English sports, and other attractions. Then, from July 22 to August 19, there will be a second festival, specially adapted to teachers, students, and others who are unable to be present in the spring. Here, again, there will be daily performances in the theatre or in the open air, and the object of the governors to make this a distinctively folk festival will be carried out by means of demonstrations of folk songs and dances, classes, and lectures in folk art, morris dances, children's singing games, and so forth. There will be spinning and weaving lessons also, physical culture classes, excursions, lectures, and much other material for a four weeks' festival. Special arrangements about fares, fees, board and lodging (there is a scheme under consideration for a camp), and other details have been made. All details may be obtained from the general secretary to the Festival Association, Stratford-on-Avon.

"The Redemption of Evelyn Vaudry" is the drama selected by Liebler & Co. for the tour of Olga Nethersole, which will begin in a few days. This play is the work of Henri Bernstein, author of "The Thief," etc. The English adaptation has been made by Louis N. Parker.

There is indisputable strength both of a literary and dramatic sort in the five-act tragedy "Judith," by Martin Schütze (Holt), but it is a work of most unequal quality, in which many imaginative passages, of real poetic value, are buried amid much turgid, violent, labored, involved, and essentially melodramatic stuff. The piece has little or none of that adaptability to actual stage purposes which marked the "Hero and Leander" of the same author, the amount of dialogue being out of all proportion to the incident, although there are some powerful emotional situations for the leading characters and good opportunities for spectacle. But the most obvious criticism, perhaps, to which it is exposed is that it presents a Judith so radically different from, and in many respects so inferior to, the heroine of the original legend. The Apocryphal Judith, with her serene faith in the divinity of her mission, her lofty patriotism, and her unwavering resolution, is a far more tragic, inspiring, and consistent figure than this distracted woman, in whom the love of the patriot and the zeal of the inspired prophetess are eclipsed by an ungovernable passion for the oppressor whom she has set out to destroy. Mr. Schütze's Judith falls in love with Holofernes at first sight, as he with her—she becomes his affianced bride—and thereafter she is the prey of emotions, somewhat luridly expressed, in which patriotic fervor, distrust of the Almighty, and her sense of loyalty to her lover, alternately predominate. In the end, indeed, realizing the imminent peril of her countrymen, she, in a kind of delirium, accomplishes the murder, but in circumstances which savor as strongly of gross treachery as of fanatical self-devotion. And the impression of conscious guilt upon her part is confirmed, not only by her arraignment of Heaven, after the deed—on account of the savage duty imposed upon her—but by her expiatory suicide upon the body of the dead Holofernes. This is not the story, of course, of Judith of Bethulia, nor an improvement upon it. The gain of a few scenes of passion—however attractive they might prove theatrically—does not compensate for the loss of dignity, consistency, and prophetic significance in the central character—tragedy is converted into romantic melodrama. The evidences of ability in the work are no more conspicuous than the lack of artistic restraint.

A woman who has slowly worked her way up into the foremost rank of German writers is Frau Elsa Bernstein, who writes under the pseudonym Ernst Rosmer. Her first dramatic products were modern problem plays. Close upon the appearance of "Die versunkene Glocke" she published the *Märchendrama* "Königskinder," which was played in English some years ago by Martin Harvey, and the opera made of it by Humperdinck has been given at the Metropolitan Opera House. But the ambitious author does not shrink from the hazard of writing plays on familiar classical subjects, and to her "Epaminondas" and "Nausikaa" she has lately added "Achill" (Berlin: S. Fischer). The action of this three-act tragedy in blank verse is firmly knit and is full of genuine dramatic vitality. The play opens at a critical moment in the siege of Troy, and the first act closes with the promise of Thetis to invoke the aid of Zeus in behalf of the Greeks. The second act reaches a tremendous climax in Achilles's outburst of grief on beholding the body of Patroclus, and the final scene of the drama with Thetis waiting for her son to step forth from his bridal chamber, and receive the deadly arrow of Phœbus, is very impressive. The language is throughout dignified and euphonious.

There are signs that the vogue of Sudermann in Germany is waning, while in England and America it has, fortunately, never been firmly established. It may be doubted whether the translation, by Archibald Alexander, of the three one-act plays collectively called "Morituri" (Scribner) will tend to enhance Sudermann's fame in this country. Mr. Alexander's version, though faithful and intelligent, contains a good many halting lines, such as,

> Since thou hadst yet a long time to serve as one of the humblest, wert thou already a ruler.

To dull the point of Sudermann's language is to rob him of his greatest strength. But the three dramas are far from enjoyable in the original, though none equals in grossness "Margot," one of the four one-act plays previously published, under the general title of "Roses," in this series of Sudermann's productions. Inventive skill and dramatic power there are in all his work, but whether his characters masquerade in the pseudo-Gothic simplicity of "Teja," or the affected rococo garb of "The Eternal Masculine," or stand forth in the degenerate militarism of "Fritzchen," it is ever the strident voice of modern naturalism that is heard. "We have for some years," said Sainte-Beuve, "been very sensible of what is called force, power. Often, when I have hazarded some critical remark on a talent of the day, I have been met with the reply: 'What matters it? This talented writer has power.' But what kind of power? Let Joubert answer for me: 'Force is not energy. Some authors have more muscle than talent.'" Germany is beginning to recognize that while her modern prophets of naturalism have abundant muscular force, the energy of her Schillers and Goethes has, on the whole, produced more lasting results.

Music

The Romance of a Great Singer: A Memoir of Mario. By Mrs. Godfrey Pearse and Frank Hird. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Tenors used to be proverbial for their vanity and their stupidity in general (*bête comme un ténor*), but there were exceptions, and conspicuous among these was Count Don Giovanni de Candia, who, under the stage name of Mario, held the world spellbound by his voice for thirty years. In commemoration of the centenary of his birth (October 18, 1810), one of his daughters has written this record of his career, which bears out her claim that "few lives have been more romantic than Mario's," and shows also how he anticipated the modern ideal of a tenor which Wagner had in his mind and which Jean de Reszke fully embodied. From his earliest years his greatest interest was literature. Books in various languages filled his shelves, and the general aspect of his apartments was such that a visitor wrote it would be difficult to say whether the owner was a student, sculptor, painter, musician, woodcarver, or archæologist. He ransacked the British Museum and other libraries for materials for a history of music which for a long time he intended to write.

His archæological studies were carried on in the same places, and they resulted in the advancement of historic accuracy not only in the opera house, but in the theatre. In his day scant attention was paid to this matter, but he insisted that every detail of a dress should be correct; he made collections of pictures of costumes, and it was from his sketches and directions that his own costumes were made. Mrs. Pearse asserts that it was Mario's costumes that showed Henry Irving what could be done if the same spirit were applied to a whole play, "and thus Mario may be said to have been the indirect inspirer of those wonderful stage pictures with which Sir Henry Irving made the Lyceum Theatre famous." However this may be, it is certain that Mario anticipated modern operatic methods by the attention he paid to acting, and in this he was aided by his wife, Grisi, who was, after Pasta's death, the leading operatic soprano. Her impersonation of Leonora in "Il Trovatore," for instance, differed from that of other vocalists in that they, in the prison scene, would simply walk down to the footlights and sing without any attempt to realize the dramatic situation, whereas Grisi would wander round the stage despairingly, as though seeking to dis-

cover from which part of the prison walls came the voice of her lover. "She clung to the tower and sang the thrilling passages in answer to Manrico with gestures and expression which kept the audience spellbound."

It was Fannie Elsler who, by caricaturing the way Mario walked, first showed him his own defects as an actor; and hard study, together with his wife's example, produced results which made the London *Times* declare that to see and hear Mario in the "Huguenots" was "to hear singing like Rubini's and to see acting like Edmund Kean's." He also paid more attention than singers had done before him to the text, which he always studied before he did the music; and if a translated libretto did not suit his fastidious taste, he made one for himself. Before ordering his carriage for the opera, he usually tried his voice by singing the runs in "ail' idea di quel metallo" from Rossini's "Barber of Seville" in different keys and working up to the highest note. Otherwise he indulged in practices which most singers would have considered fatal to their chances of success. He smoked incessantly, and one evening would have appeared on the stage in the second act of Faust with a cigar in his mouth had not a scene-shifter noticed his absent-mindedness and snatched it from his mouth before the audience saw him. He insisted that smoking prevented him from catching cold or sore throat. In Spain, his devotion to tobacco met with universal sympathy; in Barcelona, the audience begged him to smoke on the stage while he was singing; and on the night of his benefit the stage was covered by his admirers with cigars of the most expensive brands. Another bit of Spanish local color in the admiration he aroused was that the day after his début at Madrid the celebrated toreador Cuchares, at the beginning of a bull fight, called out: "I shall kill the first bull in honor of the great tenor Mario!" whereat a tumult of cheers and applause came from the audience.

Probably the strangest fact in Mario's romantic career is that although he was born in Sardinia, and all but seven of the fifty or more operas in his repertory were Italian, and although his triumphs extended from Barcelona to St. Petersburg, he never sang in public in Italy. This was owing to a promise he had made his mother before he adopted the stage for a profession. At that time stage folk were not received in society on the European continent, and the news that he intended to become an opera singer so perturbed King Charles Albert that he sent a member of the Sardinian Embassy in Paris to urge him to abandon the plan. Fortunately great pressure was brought to bear upon him on the other side, conspicuous among those who urged him on being Meyerbeer, who not only gave him lessons, but wrote special airs for him to be inserted in his operas. His father never knew he had become an opera singer, but died unaware that the young tenor whose name was on all tongues was his own son.

While appealing chiefly to music lovers, this memoir also contains much to attract readers who are interested in the political life of Italy in the days of Garibaldi and Mazzini. There are amusing anecdotes of personal experiences in various lands, including one in Russia, where Mario dared to defy the Czar, who ordered him to shave his moustache and beard for appearance in a short play or leave the country. The tenor left, and thus got the reputation of being the only man who had ever dared to defy this emperor—Nicholas I, who subsequently committed suicide, after the reverses in the Crimean war. It is from anecdotes told by Mario himself and from old diaries that his daughter has mainly gathered the story of his life. His letters, many of them from eminent men and women, and other documents were destroyed by himself deliberately, lest anything in them give offence to any one.

New York, after all, is not deprived of its second opera this season. Oscar Hammerstein has gone to London, building himself a new opera house with the $750,000 the Metropolitan directors paid him for closing his Manhattan to grand opera. But his leading artists have been in this country all winter, winning fame and financial success, first in Chicago, and now in Philadelphia. Being affiliated with the Metropolitan, they are invited once a week to show what they can do in the Broadway house. A series of ten performances was opened on Tuesday with one of the most brilliant performances on record of Massenet's "Thaïs." It was as if Mr. Dippel had simply taken Mr. Hammerstein's company and transferred it to the other house. The indefatigable Cleofonte Campanini was at the helm as of yore, and the leading parts were impersonated by old favorites—Mary Garden, Maurice Renaud, Charles Dalmores, Clotilde Bressler-Gianoli, Gustave Huberdeau. The chorus and orchestra were new, and both were excellent. The audience was one of the season's largest and most enthusiastic, showing that there is for French opera as great a welcome here as for Italian and German, provided it is equally well done. Paris itself has never heard "Thaïs" with a cast equalling Dippel's. Next Tuesday, Charpentier's "Louise" will be sung with Hammerstein's original cast, excepting the late Charles Gilbert, whose impersonation of the Father will probably never be equalled.

According to reports, the musical critics of Dresden are to pass by unnoticed Strauss's "Rosenkavalier," which is produced this evening, because they were not given the libretto at the general rehearsal.

The president this year of the Congress of the International Society of Musicians, which will meet in London from May 29 to June 3, is A. J. Balfour.

Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew" is to be given in Westminster Abbey by the Bach Choir on the evening of February 17.

Some attention has of late been paid to Icelandic music by writers on the history of music; of particular interest to them has been the peculiar Icelandic two-voiced songs (*tvisöngur*). The study of the subject was, however, impeded by the fact that no collection of Icelandic popular songs was available. At last such a work has been published at the expense of the Carlsberg Fund in Copenhagen. The author, Rev. Bjarni Thorsteinsson, has been collecting the material for some twenty-five years both from early manuscripts and from people in Iceland. The book is rather bulky, containing nearly a thousand pages, and if a more critical method had been applied it might have been considerably shorter and even more useful. Nevertheless, it is an important work on account of the rich material brought together.

Art

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, January 9.

Of late the Royal Academy has been glad to seize upon any reasonable excuse to escape from its winter burden of old masters. This year the excuse is the recent death of four Academicians and one Associate, to a representative exhibition of whose work the winter exhibition is devoted. The Academicians are W. P. Frith, who now seems to belong to so remote a past that, though he died only the other day, he has become something of an old master himself, if a very little one; Sir W. Q. Orchardson, for whose pictures one has long had the habit, in current Academy exhibitions, of turning for relief from the prevailing vulgarity and commonplace; John M. Swan, the fine draughtsman and sympathetic student of animals; and Robert W. Macbeth, who, of the four, seems the most curiously old-fashioned, as the painter ever must who in his time relies upon methods and manners that are but a passing fashion. The Associate is David Farquharson, a painter of large landscapes of no particular distinction or marked personality.

The exhibition is the more interesting for opening while the Post-Impressionists are still at the Grafton, and still attracting crowds to worship or to laugh. When I wrote of their show I could not, nor could anybody, have anticipated the excitement they would make in a town seldom stirred to emotion by any display of art, good or bad. But an animated correspondence in the *Morning Post*, followed by animated correspondences in other papers and by lectures and by caricature and by I hardly know what, has dragged Post-

Impressionism into notoriety in London just when it is beginning to be forgotten in Paris. Whatever one may think of it as a movement, or a phase, or a pose, whether or no all the men now grouped together have any right to the name of Post-Impressionists, one thing is certain: they are independent in the sense of not being academic, and their work is supposed to be the result of the struggle to express an individuality, though a genuine individuality is always strong enough to express itself without a struggle. The work at the Academy, on the other hand, comes from men who adhered to academic standards at least to a sufficient degree to win academic honors, though the adherence may not have killed whatever individuality they possessed. And the comparison is not the less suggestive because as many as two of the artists represented at Burlington House are among the most distinguished members a not very distinguished Academy has been able to claim for some time past.

The critic is apt to sneer nowadays at the name of Frith. It is somewhat Frith's own fault. He himself wrote that it had been with him a toss-up whether he should become an auctioneer or an artist, and the gibe this brought from Whistler has stuck to him to this day—Whistler's witticisms had a way of sticking. But Frith's work, though by no means great, has its qualities. He had the power of observation, and to a number of his pictures there is now attached the same historic value that gives an honored place in national galleries to the pictures of many of the lesser Dutch and Flemish masters. The most famous of all, The Derby Day, which already belongs to the nation and hangs in the Tate Gallery, is not included in the collection. But two others are which have almost the same fame and are almost as characteristic: Ramsgate Sands, now catalogued as Life at the Seaside, and The Railway Station, both dating back to the fifties and both packed with such careful and elaborate detail that, judged by them, Frith seems more thoroughly Pre-Raphaelite in method than any one of the Brotherhood. As a record of the life of the period, of the scenes, people, customs, fashions, they are quite amazing, and they reveal a technical knowledge in which few of the present generation can equal the man they affect to despise. The paint is as fresh as if it were laid upon the canvas yesterday. But the work has the inevitable defect of its accuracy and elaboration. The two paintings are records, but not pictures, and their excellence is obtained at the expense of design, pattern, color, concentration; in a word, of the finer qualities of art. In The Railway Station, Frith evidently made one determined effort to concentrate the interest, to arrange his minute memoranda into a design. The eye is attracted at once to the group of bride and bridesmaids who, in their bridal finery, make a space of light a little to the right of the centre of the composition. But once the eye strays from this group, it loses itself in a chaos of figures and colors and lines, until all one can do is to begin at left or right of the canvas and thence follow group after group, anecdote after anecdote—children being sent off to school, a man being arrested, an old lady clinging to her dog, and so on, and so on—just as if one were reading it all in a book. Art is sacrificed to the record, and what this means is all too plain when Frith, knowing nothing at first hand of the subject to be recorded, and therefore no longer able to rely upon his own observation, painted the sort of historic anecdote in vogue in the early Victorian period: the subject against which the younger men of the day with anything in them were so quick to revolt. His Hogarth brought before the Governor of Calais as a Spy, King Charles the Second's Last Sunday, and Pope Makes Love to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu are here as reminders of Frith's banality at his worst, and they would justify, if nothing else could, the reaction against early Victorian ideals. But though the collection does not transform Frith into a great master, though it leaves no doubt as to his limitations, most certainly it convinces one that Frith, putting down conscientiously in honest prose on canvas what he knew and saw and understood to the best of his technical abilities, which were by no means small, is of infinitely more value to the world than he could have been laboring self-consciously and defiantly to evolve in his work an individuality that did not belong to him. I venture to predict that The Derby Day and The Railway Station will survive when more than one tortured, distorted canvas of the painter who would be an independent at any cost will long have been forgotten.

With Orchardson it is another matter. He was distinctly and in every way a finer artist than Frith, though I am less sure that he comes as triumphantly out of such a one-man show of his work as is virtually now given at the Academy. He shares one small room with Frith, he fills by himself all the large third gallery and almost all of the fourth, and a series of his drawing hang in the water-color room. Most periods of his career are represented, and to many people it must come as a surprise, as I confess it did to me, to find how scrupulously he essayed to carry on the Victorian tradition at the start. One or two of his early canvases in the room with the Friths might pass for the older painter's work. But he grew out of this stage, as Frith never did, and, as I have known him now for years at the Academy, he grappled with problems of atmosphere and light and color with which Frith and the true Victorians were never concerned at all. And he brought to his study a refinement, a subtlety, that is anything but characteristic of British art throughout the larger part of the nineteenth century. It is no wonder that each picture he exhibited at the Academy stood out with such distinction—made such a hole on the walls. But to collect so many of his pictures together seems, to me anyway, to emphasize the fact that, however hard he grappled, he found but the one solution to his problem. There is a sameness, a monotony, in his work which is more apparent in a collection of his paintings than could be felt when only two or three are scattered among those of many other men. There are critics who think that time has dealt kindly with the yellowish tone he gave to everything he painted, whether portraits or domestic and historic dramas, but enough of it still is left to explain how much more he relied upon convention—convention it was, though of his own evolving—for his effects of atmosphere and light and color, than upon nature. Again, I cannot help feeling at the Academy more strongly than ever before how much more sympathetic and penetrating was his interest in still life than in human beings. His masterpiece, the beautiful Master Baby, unfortunately has not been lent to the present exhibition to prove that this was not always the case, but the scarcely less beautiful Sir Walter Gilbey has, and it is an admirable example of the character, the charm of color, the dignity, he could give to a portrait. But the feebleness almost, to which his mannerisms could lead him, is only too plainly apparent in the large and empty Four Generations, Windsor Castle, 1899, in which the pictures on the wall, the busts on the mantelpiece, the flowers in the little prince's hands, are most delicately and charmingly rendered, with appreciation of their forms and character and envelope of atmosphere, while the little prince, his father the present King, Edward VII, and Victoria are but puppets awkwardly grouped who fail to keep any pictorial place whatever in a beautifully painted interior. Royalty, it is true, seems to paralyze the modern painter, but other pictures in the collection show that sometimes lesser figures than the royal family, if they did not altogether paralyze Orchardson, presented serious difficulties to him. His best-known anecdotes—for anecdotes they were—Le Mariage de Convenance and The Rift within the Lute, have not been procured for the exhibition, probably because they are owned abroad, but there are many others to explain my meaning. Take two of the largest and most ambitious, first exhibited at fairly recent Academies, so recent, in fact, that a description would now be

unnecessary. All I want to point out is that in The Young Duke, with its many figures, and The Borgia, with its grim tragedy for subject, the figures and the tragedy are of the least importance artistically, and that the beauty is in the exquisite painting of the paint and glass and flowers, of the fine linen and gorgeous costumes, in the truth of atmosphere, in the success with which all the detail is kept within this atmosphere, in the harmony created out of many and sometimes discordant elements. Orchardson could not altogether outgrow the Victorian influence. His figures had to tell a story, the meaning had to strike the public at a glance by exaggerated gesture, dramatic violence. They could not form an essential part of the picture, like the satin-robed, tranquil ladies of Terburg or the homely, peaceful housewives of de Hooghe, simply because the composition, the color scheme, required them there to fill a certain space. But all the same, Orchardson did find something to say, and managed to say it in his own language, without being driven first to protest against academic restrictions.

The large series of drawings by Swan would be a more unexpected revelation of his powers had not a smaller, but equally fine, series been shown last spring in the International Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery. In the Academy, as in the International, there are a few beautiful nudes, but the drawings are mainly studies of animals—memoranda of movement, notes of a pose—made for his own use, as the old masters made their memoranda and notes, and not as the new masters make theirs for immediate exhibition and applause. They betray no self-consciousness, no struggle after a startling expression of individuality, no endeavor to shock or surprise or impress anybody. But they are full of character, and full of beauty, in line and form and suggestion of color. The greater number are done in chalk on tinted paper, upon which the daughtsman has depended largely for his effects. The drawings show Swan to have been a far more vigorous artist than he often seems in his paintings. It is as if, when he was painting his pictures, he could not quite forget the Academy and the Academic point of view. There is less freedom, character is sometimes sacrificed to the sort of subject the Academy is supposed to demand, color is sweetened. When the picture is frankly nothing more than a large and elaborate study of his tigers or leopards, his bears or lions, it retains more of the vigor, the directness, and the expressive line of the drawings; there are smaller canvases like the little Piping Fisher Boy—a little brown nude stretched upon a rock, bending over the blue water—that have real charm of color and design and feeling; while many who thought they knew Swan's work well must be astounded at the strength and dignity of his portrait of Matthew Maris—just the head and shoulders—recalling as it does in treatment some of the old Dutch portraits. But when all is said, there is no question that Swan's reputation would be less were he remembered only by his paintings. For him perhaps it would have been a gain had he sought in them for a more individual manner of expression. But he may have felt less the necessity for it since he could allow his individuality free play in other mediums. Not only are his drawings here, but a number of his bronzes: pumas, polar bears, running or drinking leopards, lions, in which the expressive, nervous, personal line of the drawings is retained and the movement admirably suggested, the pose full of dignity. As a painter he had not the refinement of Orchardson, but as an artist he had more force, more vitality, a keener sympathy with nature.

There is not much to say of Macbeth and still less of Farquharson. Macbeth was a follower of Fred Walker and Pinwell, without the charm or originality of either. Fred Walker's work often suffered from limitations which he might possibly have overcome had he lived, but, as it was, the characteristics least desirable in him were borrowed by his imitators, and with them became tiresome affectations. He had a trick of thrusting upon his figures a pose they could not have taken naturally, which even in his own canvases often tends to melodrama, and this trick was exaggerated by Macbeth, whose figures, whether gathering potatoes or crossing the ferry at the close of day, whether fishing in the mill stream or perched on top of a hay wagon, seem no better than the posing laborers of the romantic stage. Peasants as Millet painted them, laborers as Meunier drew and modelled them, will live for all time because they are real, true to nature and to life. But when there is no life, no truth, peasants and laborers on canvas must pass with the other fashions of their day from which they sprang. Some of Macbeth's etchings are also included, but none of his copies of pictures (except of his own) which were his best.

A show of this kind naturally will not create any particular excitement. It is no more than a re-echo of the Academies of many years, with nothing in it to overthrow old idols or set up new ones, nothing new to reveal to the most unobservant public, unless perhaps it is the distinction of Swan in his drawings and the unsuspected weakness of monotony in Orchardson when his life's work can thus be reviewed as a whole. It is not within the Academic fold that protests are uttered and revolutions inaugurated. But it is interesting to be reminded at this juncture, when London critics have gone mad over Post-Impressionism and are busy talking nonsense about it, that even within the fold artists endowed with their own portion of individuality manage to find some outlet for it. Revolt is healthy, but it cannot create genius where genius does not exist, nor does a fine struggle always produce a fine result. The pity is, that at the Academy, with its narrow ideals, bad taste, and hopelessly conservative policy, men of talent like Swan and Orchardson are in a sad minority. But then, neither are all the men so inaptly grouped together as Post-Impressionists at the Grafton Gallery rivals of Manet and Van Gogh. N. N.

Finance

OPENING THE FINANCIAL YEAR.

The month of December ended with a visible display of gloom and discouragement on financial markets. The old year had brought, on the whole, little but disappointment. Prices on the Stock Exchange had, it is true, moved up to a substantially higher level than that reached in the midsummer decline, and even commodity prices, at the end of 1910, averaged higher than at the end of November or at the end of July. But the effort to bring about another "boom" had failed, on the stock market, on the grain market, and on the cotton market. The "election rise" had turned out wholly deceptive. All the uncertainties which were before us in December were still before us when January had begun.

In the opening weeks of January, the usual heavy movement of currency from interior markets to the New York banks occurred; the surplus reserve of the Associated Banks rose from $6,100,000 on December 31 to $39,200,000 on January 21; a $32,000,000 excess of loans over deposits, at the end of December, was transformed in three weeks to a $20,000,000 excess of deposits over loans; rates for demand loans fell from 7 per cent. to 2½, and time money rates from 4 to 3½. There was also a very decided quickening of interest in the market for investment bonds. All this, however, had been anticipated and was taken for granted, even in the forecasts of November and December. But foreign money markets continued firm. The Bank of England failed to make the usual January reduction in its discount rate. When, last Tuesday, New York City's new $60,000,000 loan was offered, that 4¼ per cent. issue was subscribed at an average price slightly below 101, a price which was less by ⅜ of 1 per cent. than a similar loan commanded in the sale of last March, and ⅝ below the best price subsequently bid in the market of 1910. Meantime, such important industries as steel and copper continued dull and lifeless, and railway earnings reported in January showed a large decrease from a year ago.

Nevertheless, the four past weeks have witnessed an unquestionable revival of financial cheerfulness. Professional speculators take little pleasure in seeing values go up to-day and down again to-morrow, even if the verdict at the end is that the market is "firm." But to the outside world, this firmness is the interesting fact, especially as it comes on top of a four or five point rise, since New Year's Day, in the really active stocks. It gives the community at large a chance to breathe freely; and if the thrills of enthusiasm or dismay which so rapidly followed one another in 1909 and 1910 are missing, there is at any rate a vague sense that for the present, the financial markets have reached equilibrium.

When, moreover, one considers this complacent attitude of the Stock Exchange in the light of the dismal forebodings of the last week of December, there is a sense of having emerged into a new atmosphere. The mere fact that no one talks either of a coming boom or of a coming crash is a novelty, and the contrast with a year ago is impressive when one recalls the hysterics which then prevailed, and in which large financial interests participated, regarding the tragic influence of the Supreme Court deliberations over the Anti-Trust appeal cases. Decision was only possibly impending then; now it is certainly at hand; and yet the very people who ran excitedly up and down Wall Street in January, 1910, lamenting the fate of American business when the court should have decided, are to-day indulging merely in idle curiosity as to how the justices will divide. If any one wishes to know why well-balanced people find it difficult to take Wall Street seriously in its moods of excitement, that is the explanation.

By way of making the inverted comparison complete, a provocation for financial pessimism was provided this month which did not exist last January—a group of small banking institutions came to grief in New York city. The newspapers drew up their panic headlines; described the midnight conferences in the style of 1907; wondered whether we should not have another panic, and hailed the earthly providence which set everything right at the moment when hope seemed to have vanished. But the emotions were not at all convincing. Nobody was frightened. Even the prophets who hinted darkly at coming panic, when the markets were falling last July, went about their business this month unconcernedly. The clearing-away of the rubbish of rotten banking was a trifling incident, and in itself a desirable thing. The truth of the matter was, that the whole community had come to understand what was the trouble of a year ago, and understanding it, knew that the mischief, so far as the Stock Exchange was concerned, had been corrected by the great liquidation of 1910.

Usually, the stock market goes through a process of this sort some time in advance of the similar process in trade and industry at large. In the olden time, it was apt to be expected that when the Stock Exchange was through with its convulsion, general industry would enter on an even more violent collapse. Things do not happen in quite that way nowadays, because industrial affairs are not conducted in the sensational style of the Wall Street market. But of crude ideas and extravagant conceptions, industry has had its share. The wheat crops which would never feed the American community again; the cotton which spinners would have to buy at 20 cents, or at any price dictated by the New Orleans political economists; the copper which needed only to be piled up in sight of Europe to force the foreign consumer to buy it at the producer's price, and in general, all the notion that supply and demand could be just as well matched by holding back commodities on margined bank loans as by finding consumers for them—these were the mental vagaries which in the walks of trade paralleled the numerous follies of Wall Street in its own domain. In due course, when a similar lesson has been administered, industry will settle down to the calm and rational attitude at present occupied by finance.

Perhaps it would not be going too far to say that the fortunes of banking reform legislation, on the basis of Senator Aldrich's plan or of anything like it, will depend very largely on the manner in which our powerful capitalists conduct themselves and use their power over credit institutions, during the next two years. There is no reason for wonder that the scheme for a central bank was virtually refused a hearing by the public at large, in years when that public had before its eyes the spectacle of great financial interests so far dictating the policy of our greatest fiduciary institutions that the trust fund was poured, in an unceasing stream, into Wall Street promotion and speculation. That power was not even exercised in every case through ownership; control of men was as ready a means of accomplishing such ends as control of capital stock.

There was undoubtedly a valid argument for a central bank, based on those very circumstances—the argument that only such a dominant institution, free from selfish and speculative entanglements, could stop such performances with the funds of other institutions, or at any rate put a stick in the wheel of the machinery. The central bank performs precisely this useful function in Germany and England. But the general public, which had seen great insurance companies dragged into operations of the market, and even the Federal Treasury coerced into helping ambitious financiers out of a scrape caused by their own excesses, could hardly be expected to entertain absolute confidence that the management of a central bank would shut the door upon them.

One reason why this week's outline of a central bank plan has been received with a larger measure of interest and approval is that people are gradually beginning to hope that the era of speculative high finance, on the scale of 1901 and 1906, is near its end. The impression may be premature, but it cannot be denied that there are many signs of an altered spirit. The very personalities which are now coming into sight in control of large affairs are evidence of such a change, and it is no inconceivable result that before many years our financial markets will be frankly declaring, contrary to the usual rule, that the younger generation embodies the conservative influences in finance, as distinguished from the older. It is perhaps too early yet to be confident of fundamental change and reform in this regard; but it is not too early to point out the weighty influence which a recognized change of the kind would have on the public attitude towards banking problems.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abrahams, A. The Photography of Moving Objects. Dutton. 60 cents net.

American Bar Association. Report of the Thirty-third annual meeting, held at Chattanooga, Tenn., September, 1910. Baltimore: Lord Baltimore Press.

American Year Book: A Record of Events and Progress, 1910. Edited by S. N. D. North. Appleton.

Bebel, A. Woman and Socialism. Translated by M. L. Stern. Socialist Literature Co.

Bennett, P. R. Compact Rhyming Dictionary. (Miniature Reference Library.) Dutton. 50 cents.

Bergson's Matter and Memory. Translated by N. M. Paul and W. S. Palmer from the fifth edition of 1908. Macmillan. $2.75 net.

Bianchi, M. G. D. A Cossack Lover. Duffield. $1.30 net.

Bierce, A. Works. Vol. iv., Shapes of Clay. Neale Pub. Co.

Blake-Hedges, F. E. I Am. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co. $1.50.

Brandane, J. My Lady of Aros. Duffield.

Braun, F. A. Margaret Fuller and Goethe. Holt.

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Hobson, J. A. A Modern Outlook: Studies of English and American Tendencies. London, W.: Herbert & Daniel.
Hollingsworth, C. M. From Freedom to Despotism. Washington, D. C.: The Author. $1.50 net.
I Wonder: Essays for the Young People. By the writer of "Confessio Medici." Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Japan Society of New York, 1910-11.
Kent, C. F. The Great Teachers of Judaism and Christianity. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents net.
Marlow, T. G. Drying Machinery and Practice. Van Nostrand. $5 net.
Meissner's Das Märchen von heute. With notes, etc., by M. C. Stewart. Holt.
Miller, A. L. Across Three Oceans: A Woman's Tour of the World. Lincoln, Neb.: State Journal Co. $1.50.
Morse, H. B. The International Relations of the Chinese Empire. Longmans, Green.
Municipal Chemistry: A Series of Lectures by Experts at the College of the City of New York. Edited by C. Baskerville. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $5 net.
Navy Yearbook, 1910. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Nearing, S. Social Adjustment. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
New York University Catalogue, 1910-1911.
Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion. Series 1, vol. 23, Naval Forces of Western Waters. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Ogden, H. N. Rural Hygiene. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Open Air Crusaders: Report of the Elizabeth McCormick Open Air School. United Charities of Chicago. Free.
Selden Society Publications, Vol. xxiv, 1909. Year Books Series, vol. v. London: Quaritch.
Serrano, M. J. Asphodel. Knickerbocker Press.
Service, R. W. The Trail of Ninety-Eight: A Northland Romance. Dodd, Mead. $1.30. net.
Shakespeare. Pocket edition. Vols. i, ii, iii. (Nine in set.) Frowde.
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Turner Essays in American History. Dedicated by the authors to Frederick Jackson Turner. Holt.
University of Pennsylvania. Publications of the Egyptian Department of the Museum. Vol. i, Areika; Vol. ii, Churches in Lower Nubia; Vol. iii, Karanòg (text); Vol. iv, Karanòg (plates).
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1911.

The Week

The passage of the Tariff Board bill by the House is another personal victory for President Taft, for to him, it is admitted, the success of the measure is due. It was not obtained without a hard fight, and the Democrats split, as usual, the next Speaker voting and working for the bill, on the ground that the aspect of the measure had been changed by an amendment giving the House the power to specify the subjects that the Board shall investigate. Mr. Clark was emphatic, however, in saying that this position of his in no wise affected his desire for the immediate consideration of a tariff reform bill after March 4 next. This is the proper position to take. The Board will undoubtedly acquire some interesting facts—provided foreigners and our manufacturers are willing to tell the exact truth about their industrial conditions—but it rests entirely with Congress whether it will or will not utilize those facts. As a standing admission of the wrong done to this country by the tariff-making of the past, the Board will also serve a useful purpose. But the time ought speedily to come when the people of this country will not be lulled into false security by the Tariff Board or by any other device, but will insist on the abandonment of a policy which is based on favoritism and special privilege and could not be rendered equitable by a thousand boards or commissions.

Judge Baldwin does not assent to Mr. Roosevelt's view of either the facts or the law, involved in their controversy, but now declares himself satisfied that his critic was sincere and devoid of personal animus. The matter originally in dispute was confessedly intricate, and though we still think that Mr. Roosevelt did not grasp the reasoning which led Judge Baldwin to make the decision he did in the Hoxie case, there is a great deal of force and of justice in what he says of the state of the law which made such judicial decisions necessary. This has been publicly admitted by Judge Baldwin himself, who has advocated a reform of the law of employers' liability. Federal legislation has been passed to cure, so far as it can, the old defects, and in many States efforts have been and still are made to put the workman's right of compensation for injuries on a more enlightened and just basis. On this main question, Mr. Roosevelt is in line with humane opinion; and if he had made his campaign utterances as guarded and reasoned as this letter, little fault could have been found with him.

The development of the Public Service Commission idea goes on apace. In Massachusetts, for instance, the two most interesting pieces of legislation at present are a bill calling for direct nominations up to the office of Governor and a Public Service Commission bill enlarging the powers of the present Railroad Commission. This has long been one of the best in the country, being considered the model, unless first place should be given to Wisconsin's. Now, however, it is found that the Commissioners are overworked and are without adequate power; hence the present measure which would confer upon them about the same control of public utilities as is now vested in the two New York State Commissions. In Maine, too, the new type of commission is at hand. The Democratic caucus has declared in favor of one composed of five members, as in New York. It is not only to supplant the present Railroad Commission, but is to have supervision over all other public-service corporations and the power to regulate rates. It must be a particular source of gratification to Justice Hughes to see this rapid spread of the commission idea. If there are any Democrats at Albany who are planning a backward step by attacking the plan in this State, they had better take note how strongly the tide is running against them all over the Union.

Whatever change of attitude has taken place, on the part of the Canadian Government, in the matter of trade agreement with the United States, is plainly due to the increasing demands made by the farmers of Canada. It was not so long ago that the authorities at Ottawa professed themselves indifferent on the subject. The time had gone by, they said, when reciprocity with the United States could be of moment to Canada. The Dominion had become self-sufficing. Figures showing the great expansion of Canadian manufactures and commerce were adduced with a proud national consciousness, and it was argued that a protective régime and the bounty system, combined with tariff preference for British goods, had made Canada forever independent of the United States, industrially and commercially. But it has been dissatisfaction from within more than pressure from without that has led the Government to take a different view. In his travels through the Western Provinces last summer, Sir Wilfrid Laurier found an active spirit of revolt against high tariffs among the farmers; and in December there took place a scene in the House of Commons at Ottawa which the correspondent of the London *Times* declared to be "unequalled by anything in the history of the Canadian Parliament." A deputation of 800 representatives of agriculture presented a demand for free trade. Short of that, they put in a plea for reciprocal free trade between the United States and Canada in all horticultural, agricultural, and animal products, on the one side, and farm machinery, fuel, illuminating and lubricating oils, etc., on the other.

One element which enters into the whole problem is the amount and source of foreign capital invested in Canada. This has been little discussed. Recently, however, the *Monetary Times* of Toronto published the result of some investigations which it had made. The figures were somewhat surprising. They showed, as was expected, that British capital had been put into Canada in large sums—over $605,000,000 having been invested during the past five years—but that very little of it had gone into industrial enterprises; banks, insurance, land, and public securities absorbing all but a small fraction. On the other hand, investments in Canada by citizens of the United States, while only one-third as great, have nearly all been in mills and mining, packing plants, and factories which are often branches of American concerns. Among recent presidents of the Canadian Manufacturers' Associa-

tion, three were heads of branches of houses located in the United States.

We presume that nearly every public utility corporation expects, sooner or later, to have questions affecting its regulation by the State, and the reasonableness of its charges, passed upon in one way or another by the courts. It is this fact which lends interest to every judicial decision bearing upon such controversies. One has recently been made by the Supreme Court of Oklahoma, which had to do with a small concern and with comparatively trifling pecuniary interests, but which laid down some general principles applicable in more important cases. The Pioneer Telephone and Telegraph Company of Enid had been ordered by the State Corporation Commission to reduce certain of its charges, but took an appeal to the courts on the ground, mainly, that its capitalization had not been properly computed. On this point the Supreme Court upheld its contention and reversed the Commission. What was of especial interest in the opinion is the view that the valuation of a public-service company should not be limited to the mere tangible physical properties, but must include the value of the entire property as a "going concern." It was not a question of good will or the worth of an unexpired franchise that the court took into consideration, but the fact that, because there was "an established system of operation" and at present "customers sufficient to pay the expenses and depreciation and some profit," there was really a "value beyond the mere cost of reproducing the plant."

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and there are, accordingly, a few persons to be found in New York who like to hear Dr. Cook tell of the "satisfying thump of success" that took place within his "own bosom" when he reached the "boreal centre," and discuss the question whether there is "any one sure shoulder upon which we can hang the mantle of polar conquest." This ought not to be regarded as surprising, when we consider that in a community of five million souls a hundredth of 1 per cent. makes a very respectable number. It is this consideration that comes to our rescue when we note the never-failing supply of gullibles that insures the continuance of certain ancient, though perhaps not honorable, methods of gaining a livelihood. And it is to the same thought that we recur when our eyes fall upon some freak periodical which, from cover to cover, appears to belong to a nonsense world. What sort of people is it that support a magazine which begins with an article entitled "Heaven" and telling authoritatively of the nature of the future life, and ends with one headed "Favorable and Unfavorable Days in February"? How many persons in this metropolis take in solemn earnest both the assurance that "art, literature, physics, and science are as much a part of our [the spirits'] life as yours" and the information that "for buying stocks, dealing with doctors, surgeons, dentists, business enterprise, all matters connected with electricity, speculation, and adventures where any risk is taken," February 1, 5, 14, 19, 22, 27 will be favorable and February 3, 6, 10, 13, 17, 21, 25, 28 unfavorable days?

In the January *International Socialist Review*, Eugene V. Debs solemnly warns the Socialist party against the dangers that come from popularity and numbers. Already, he declares, his party has too many members who "regard vote-getting as of supreme importance," and seek to make the Socialist propaganda so attractive to bourgeois voters as to render it rather a bait for votes than a "virile and efficient revolutionary organization." This is in curious contrast to the attitude of the German Socialists, who glory in their being a "three-million party" and welcome any voter who swells their total even if he be no more revolutionary than a Liberal-Radical who votes for a Socialist because he perhaps has no other way in his district of recording his protest against the rule of privilege. Of course, in Germany, too, there is a divided Socialist camp—those who think they should take part in the government and those who would be purely a party of obstruction. Debs fears that the next election in this country will show a large falling off in the last record-breaking Socialist vote by the desertion of those who are not really revolutionary at heart or even wholly committed to Socialist doctrine. Socialism, he declares, is a matter of evolution, of wise growth, which ought not to be retarded by "obtaining for it a fictitious vote," for it must keep its "revolutionary character" and "working-class character." It would be interesting to hear from the Socialist vote-getter, Victor Berger, upon this point.

Although it is less than a year since vanadium ore of high grade was discovered in Colorado, the production of that metal is expected soon to become an industry as extensive as tungsten mining. Last year Colorado produced about two-thirds of all the tungsten found in this country, worth more than $800,000. It is interesting to note, too, that this tungsten is a product of Boulder, one of the oldest mining districts in the State. The demand for both of these metals comes mainly from steel manufacturers, and as the use of vanadium is admitted now almost to double the hardness and life of steel, there can be little question of a permanent market. The chemists, as recently complained by a speaker at one of their national gatherings, may not be contributing largely to the philosophy of life by running the elusive molecule to its ethereal source or establishing a final atom of matter, but they certainly are adding to that *sine qua non*, the dinner-pail, and in no direction more importantly than in mining. They are giving added values to known ores, and new values to some hitherto unknown. For zinc, which formerly cost the miner money on account of its refractory qualities in smelting, he now receives pay. Cyanide is the backbone of many a gold camp. Chemistry, too, like all other arts and sciences, continually emphasizes its universality, for the first American vanadium ore was called Kentsmithite, in honor of Mr. Kent Smith, a metallurgist of Liverpool.

The *Southern Workman* reports for Hampton Institute that of 1,429 graduates of that institution only two have ever been imprisoned for crime. Of over 2,000 non-graduates with whom the school has kept in touch, it knows of only five who have come into collision with the law. The *Southern Workman* adds, "a comparison with white schools on this point would be of interest." Undoubtedly it would, and undoubtedly most of them would not have so satisfactory a report to make. Outside of Hampton, it is true, however, that many of the schools of this type do suffer in public estimation because of the misconduct of students who have been per-

haps but one session in a school and, without actually claiming to be graduates, pass themselves off as students. Naturally, the school they have attended suffers at their hands and they create prejudices right and left. Even with this drawback, the true understanding of the value of the work done by Hampton and its kind spreads daily. Who can doubt that such a school pays a thousand times over?

We had not looked to the Philippines for a solution of the problem of English composition, but a copy of the *College Folio*, the new undergraduate periodical of the University of the Philippines, gives evidence of an enthusiastic and well-directed attack which is already bearing fruit. The contributors are all natives, yet we do not observe that in point of style the articles fall very much below the corresponding productions of our own students; the subject matter strikes us as more wholesomely interesting. Designed to cultivate among the students the habit of literary expression in English, the *Folio* sensibly confines itself to the treatment of Philippine matters, and more particularly to the preservation of native traditions and songs, all the lore which advancing civilization promises to consign to oblivion. We note, for example, a Cagayano labor song, an extremely interesting account of the Filipino passion play, and descriptions of folk-dramas, marriage customs, image-bathing, and the caste system. But these young journalists do not limit themselves to folk-lore, peculiarly fitted for this task as they somewhat naïvely admit themselves to be. They give us literary criticism, an appreciative essay on a contemporary Tagalog novel, and a plea for a purely native literature in English; in English as a national language "will be presented the irresistible arguments of a Filipino Burke, and in its dancing trochees and gliding dactyls will some day lisp a tropical Herrick." We promise to welcome the little brown Herrick when he comes; let him lisp as tropically as he pleases, but spare us a Filipino Burke!—all the arguments that are really irresistible are the exclusive property of his opponents.

Canada's high place in the British official mind is plainly indicated by the appointment of the late King Edward's brother as Governor-General for two years. The Duke of Connaught was to have been Regent in the imperial capital during the absence of King George and the Queen in India, but a regency has apparently been found unnecessary. The Duke is privately considered one of the most capable generals in the army, and his recent visit to South Africa, on the occasion of the first session of the federated Parliament, created a pleasant impression, both at the Cape and at home. The announcement of his appointment immediately after the conclusion of a reciprocity agreement can hardly be more than one of those coincidences against which Sherlock Holmes warned all amateur logicians. The Duke's name has been mentioned in connection with Ottawa for months. Tradesmen in that city are naturally rejoicing, and politicians, of course, will continue to represent that public opinion which long ago became conscious that the boilers of a ship are more vital to it than the most attractive figurehead.

After the fall of Napoleon III a wave of republicanism swept over England, and "Citizen Dilke" was caricatured and lampooned as he lectured throughout the country on the expenses of royalty, arousing conflicting passions which frequently led to rioting. Distinguished athletically and politically even at Cambridge, owner of the *Athenæum*, a constant traveller who could write of his observations effectively, Sir Charles was marked at so early an age as thirty as a future Premier of England. Revulsion of feeling caused by the Prince of Wales's desperate struggle with typhoid, Gladstone's avalanche in the Commons against "disloyalty," and seven years of conservative reaction under Disraeli, failed to obscure him. At a time when English youth learned *mensa, mensam* and the Eastern Question together, Dilke was at least the most conspicuous authority on foreign affairs. In 1884 he was an important member of a Gladstone Cabinet. A year later his career was snuffed out by a domestic scandal which kept him out of Parliament for seven years, out of the Cabinet for life. His country lost the best of Dilke, though of late years he was given due weight as an authority on foreign relations, as Ireland lost Parnell.

Paris is shocked by a scandal in connection with the national Bureau of Printing. When a law of 1902 authorized the reconstruction of the Bureau on another site, assurance was given that the expense would not exceed four million francs. It now comes out that Parliament and the Ministry have all along been deceived, the officers of the Bureau having known from the first that the cost of transfer would exceed ten million francs. With a charming reluctance to alarm Parliament, however, by mentioning so great a sum, they furnished incomplete and inaccurate information relating to the undertaking. The dance of the millions has commenced, laments the *Temps;* we are at the dozenth, and there is no evidence that it is the last. In the chief architect the Commission of Inquiry has not discovered any of the necessary professional qualities. For the chagrined Frenchman there is only one solace. Is it not admirable? asks the *Temps*.

It is not to be supposed that the Vatican is "looking for trouble," in its relations with various civil powers, but it is certainly finding it. Another serious misunderstanding between Germany and the Holy See is now threatened by the Pope's direction that all Catholic clergy, especially Catholic teachers, shall take the anti-Modernist oath. In so far as this applies to Catholic professors in state universities, the Prussian Government has interposed a strong objection, practically amounting to a veto. Its contention is that such an oath would impair the independence and the devotion to scientific inquiry which have so long been jealously guarded in German universities. The latest communication from Rome appears to recede somewhat from the first position taken, though there is not yet such a full retreat as was made last year by the Vatican, when it fronted an aroused public opinion in Germany, in the case of the unlucky encyclical relating to Borromeo. In Italy itself, the feeling against the spirit now animating the Curia seems to be growing stronger. It would become highly inflamed if the rumor should prove true that the Pope intends to close the Vatican galleries during the coming celebration of the independence and unification of Italy. Such an expression of disapproval would be so foolish that we cannot believe it is seriously contemplated.

THE PRESIDENT ON FREER TRADE.

The message which President Taft sent to Congress last week, along with the project for a trade agreement with Canada, quietly takes some very bold positions. We mean, of course, that they are bold for the chief of a protectionist party. Mr. Taft, to be sure, throws the inevitable sops. He says that the proposed free exchanges with Canada would not be "a violation of the protective principle," since this "does not call for a tariff between this country and one whose conditions, as to production, population, and wages, are so like ours." But case-hardened protectionists will reply, as the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent declares that they are already doing, that they do not give the half of a straw for that or any other "principle," but that they do not want, and will fight to the bitter end, "any reduction of the tariff, even partial and in favor of a single country, which will in any way affect the products of their constituents."

That is the spirit of brute and unyielding protectionism which the President has fronted, and we already hear the responsive groans and curses. New England Republicans are reported to be in a rage. In the agreement with Canada they say that they get a slight reduction on watches and a few trifling Yankee notions, but that they are threatened with ruin by the free admission of Canadian fish. On this subject Representative "Gussie" Gardner is so broken up that he sheds tears—salt tears, we suppose, such as might be wrung from a cured codfish. Senator Lodge has not been heard from, but in view of the last Massachusetts campaign, and of his solemn pledges to do all that he could to promote reciprocity with Canada, he must be thinking unutterable things. Republican Congressmen from along the Canadian line are saying that the enactment of this tariff arrangement with Canada would mean "solid Democratic delegations in Congress" from all the border States; and they add that, if the American farmer is thus sacrificed, he "will never again vote for a protective tariff on any manufactured product." But that would not be so awful as it sounds!

Mr. Taft must have been aware that all these outcries would follow. He knew perfectly well that the Republicans have been prating about reciprocity in general, but have incontinently killed every reciprocity treaty on which they could lay their hands. In particular must he recall the way in which his party danced upon the Bayard-Chamberlain Canadian treaty of Cleveland's first Administration, and vowed that it would stand by the sacred codfish of New England to the last syllable of recorded time. But the President's message shows that he is thinking of larger things, and for their sake is ready, if need be, to drive a wedge temporarily into his party. His attitude is broadly conceived and is defended by arguments that look before and after. Mr. Taft can see, in this matter, further than the "deestricts." He is not willing that either Gloucester or Duluth should have the final voice in what should be a large national policy. Nor will he consent to have the proposed agreement with Canada nicely measured by a yardstick. Even though it could be figured out that Canada might gain a fraction of one per cent. more than the United States, or that some locality would lose the value of a quarter of a ton of hay, the real reasons for coming to terms with Canada would remain, and remain compelling.

They are admirably stated by the President. He sets forth both the detailed, immediate advantages and the larger and far-reaching results. With him it is obviously a question of a new national attitude, and of a new trade policy growing out of it. In sober language Mr. Taft gives expression to the feeling which has been creeping upon the American people as they have seen their natural resources deeply cut into and their old complacency in the thought of having much goods laid up for many years disappearing under the pressure of population and the shifting of production and trade. It is a feeling of undeniable apprehension. Something must be done, but what? No man is wise enough to prescribe infallible remedies for the symptoms of national over-strain and congestion which Americans have been exhibiting, but that man is blind who cannot see the promise of at least partial relief in looking about for new sources of supply for our national necessities, together with new markets for our expanding manufactures. It is this broad policy of which President Taft urges a special application in the way of seeking to do more business on better terms with our 8,000,000 neighbors over the Canadian line. It will be said that his reasoning is essentially that of free-traders, and that logically it ought to be pressed much further. But we are not saved by being logical *à outrance.* Let the general arguments be what they may, here is a specific attempt to throw down a few sections of a tariff wall that never should have been built; and whatever criticism may be made of this petty detail or the other, the large benefit to the people on both sides should be the determining consideration.

The President has put his party in Congress to a sharp test. It has been talking of its desire to do something for the consumer and to ease the pinch of tariff taxes. Mr. Taft has now forced it to show whether this was more than arrant hypocrisy. In his attempt to compel the Republican protectionists to show their hand, he ought to be aided by the Democrats, who should lose no opportunity to press the trade agreement in Congress by every parliamentary means at their command.

THE CRIMINAL'S PRIVILEGE.

The Constitution of the United States contains the declaration that "no person shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself"; and the same prohibition is contained in the Constitution of the State of New York. Historically, of course, the principle embodied in these Constitutional enactments arose in the course of the development of the ecclesiastical and common law of England as a protection against persecution and injustice; and equally of course its justification in reason rests upon its efficacy as a defence for the innocent, not as a shield for the guilty. In actual practice, however, we have almost completely lost sight not only of the historic basis of the rule, but also of the rational sanction which can be pleaded for it. Times have changed completely since the days of the Stuarts, when the principle first found lodgment in English legal practice; the danger of persecution or intentional injustice in our criminal proceedings has long ceased to be a real and practical consideration; and yet we go on as though it were an ever-imminent peril. And while it may on the whole be true, in spite of this, that the rule is a desirable safeguard against the punishment of the innocent, we set almost no limit to the stretching of it

beyond its natural scope, even though it be manifest that such stretching can serve no purpose whatsoever except the escape of the guilty.

Being embedded in the Constitution, the right of an accused person to refuse to "be a witness against himself" must, of course, be strictly respected. But it is one thing strictly to respect a Constitutional right; it is another thing to guard it with infinite care, to hedge it around with every possible outlying defence, to permit nothing to be done which might by any possibility be regarded as an encroachment upon it. This kind of jealous guardianship is justified, nay demanded, when the right in question is one of the fundamental rights of a freeman; but the right to refuse testimony in a criminal case has no such character. It is purely a matter of expediency; it is a means to an end, not an end in itself. The mere fact of an accused person being called upon to answer a question relating to the charge against him cannot by the remotest stretch of fancy be regarded as in itself unjust; it is only the possible consequences of it that may produce injustice. In other words, the rule itself is one of the outer barriers set up, out of a scrupulous regard for the rights of the innocent, to prevent possible abuses of the machinery of justice; and to protect this barrier by a still further barrier, as though it were itself a precious or sacred object, would strike us all as the height of absurdity were we not so accustomed to the spectacle. That "no person shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself" is asserted by the Constitution; but the dragnet which has brought under the definition of being "a witness against himself" an infinite variety of things which do not come literally under that designation has been the creation of our courts. And what the courts have done the courts can undo.

In rendering his decision in the Callan law case, Judge Crain in his introductory remarks, speaking of the decisions of our courts under the immunity provision of the Constitution, says that "it has invariably been held that its interpretation was to be liberal rather than literal and broad rather than narrow." We do not deny the correctness of this assertion; nor shall we venture an opinion as to whether his own decision, in a matter involving somewhat novel features, is justified by the precedents or will be confirmed upon appeal. We do wish to observe, however, that the only way in which the requirement of the Callan law compels a man to be "a witness against himself" is by the ascertainment of his identity; that it does not involve the statement of any circumstance, the clearing up of any detail, the admission of any culpability, or of any act implying culpability. But this required disclosure of the identity of an automobilist after a collision is, in Judge Crain's opinion, sufficient to bar it under the immunity clause, because it may become "a link in the chain of evidence against him." The law, he says, is unconstitutional because "the statement required to be made may under some circumstances be self-accusatory or tend to establish a criminal liability or subject the maker to criminal prosecution." Would it be going very much farther to say that a law requiring an automobilist to continue to keep his number displayed after an accident is a violation of his rights under the Constitution? Should he be made thus potentially to expose his guilt to the public view?

The question involved in choosing between a reasonable and an extravagant construction of this immunity is of very great importance in itself, but of still greater importance as part of the whole attitude and character of our criminal procedure. To strengthen that procedure, to make it efficient and impressive, is one of the crying needs of our national life, and is at last coming to be so recognized. Our condition in regard to this particular matter and the attitude that should be assumed toward it by our courts has been admirably expressed by Wigmore in his great treatise on Evidence. "The privilege," he says, "should be kept within limits as strict as possible. So much of it lies in the interpretation that its scope will be greatly affected by the spirit in which that interpretation is approached . . . the decision will constantly depend upon whether the privilege is approached with favor or disfavor, with fatuous adulation or with judicious appreciation. In the past twenty years, and especially in a few American courts, this practical difference of effect is plainly apparent; for under the guise of reasoning and interpretation the privilege has by them, in the spirit of implicit favor, been so extended in application beyond its previous limits as almost to be incredible, certainly to defy common sense." In this, as in the still more important matter of endless appeals, delays, and reversals upon technicalities we must get back to common sense if we are to preserve the efficacy of the criminal law.

WOMAN AND INTELLECT.

The vote of 29 members of the Paris Academy of Sciences for Mme. Curie, against 30 votes for her male rival, M. Branly, indicates almost a practical certainty that her election as a member of that illustrious body is only a matter of time. The near approach to a majority in her favor is the more impressive from the fact that those who voted for her election did so in the face of the advisory decision adverse to the admission of a woman which had been rendered by the Institute of France, but which was not binding on the separate Academies composing the Institute. And when it is further considered that the rival candidate was a man of sixty-five whose name had twice before been presented to the Academy, with strong claims to recognition for his contributions to physics, it would seem safe to say that the fact of Mme. Curie's sex would not of itself have prevented her from receiving a majority of the votes of the Academy. In a case of this kind, with the rivals both men, the consideration that the younger aspirant, appearing for the first time, could easily have another chance, while with the elder it must be now or never, would be very likely to be decisive unless the claims of the younger man to the honor were overwhelmingly superior.

Both the near approach made by Mme. Curie to membership in the Academy of Sciences, and her actual failure to attain it, may serve to teach the same lesson in regard to the much-mooted question of the capacity of women for the highest forms of intellectual achievement. Her fame, of course, was secure before the Academy issue ever arose; her name had been added to the little roll of women who had demonstrated scientific ability of a very high order, alongside those of Sonya Kovalevsky and Mary Somerville. But to a multitude to whom the stamp of formal acknowledgment counts for so much, the fact that this woman has all

but been accepted as a peer of the eminent men who compose the Académie des Sciences, in spite of the obstacles set by "immutable tradition," will have a stamp of conclusiveness that her general reputation would not have carried. And on the other hand, the circumstance that her sex was unquestionably thrown heavily into the scale as a hindrance and may very possibly have been the decisive factor, will serve once again to emphasize one of the chief factors that have to be taken into account in making comparisons between men's and women's achievements. It is impossible to judge of the potentialities of women as compared with men by what has actually been recorded of achieved results, so long as those incentives which are the greatest spur to human effort are present in the case of men and absent in the case of women. Women are handicapped by the lack of a thousand forms of incentive and opportunity; and if the rare woman who nevertheless scores a splendid success is denied the usual form of recognition, one cannot but be struck with the contrast, all along the line, between the conditions surrounding women and those surrounding men.

The simple fact is that the assertion of woman's incapacity for the highest intellectual achievement has never had any substantial basis. Incidentally, the maintenance of that assertion has given occasion for some of the best of those examples of defective logic and unscientific modes of thought which so plentifully strew the path of sociological and economic discussion generally. For a while, scientific persons—scientific in their specialty, but, alas, only plain persons when dealing with matters to which a human interest attaches—were very fond of settling the whole business by reference to the weight of the female brain; an argument which, even if it had not been knocked in the head by various developments of a closer study, would in any case have been worthless owing to the obvious fact that from the aggregate weight of the brain no inference could be made even as to the weight—not to speak of the efficiency—of that part which is concerned in the higher intellectual processes. It is long since one has heard much of this argument; it is the rareness of great intellectual distinction in women, and the absence of any examples of the absolutely highest achievement, that constitute the chief support of the doctrine of inferiority.

But the rareness of high distinction in women as compared with men would call for no explanation if people merely exercised a little imagination. It is true that educational opportunities have now, for some years, been liberally opened to women, but these constitute but a small part of the elements in the case. The whole of those decisive forces that determine the career of a man, that keep him spurred to effort, that sustain him, both morally and materially, in the pursuit of his aim, are absent in the case of the overwhelming majority of women. Encouragement, comradeship, the hope of a happy and successful life, the fear of failure—all these constant and pervasive forces, quite as much as love of the work itself, form the spring of the young man's action; not in the case of one woman in a hundred is the like true. People are willing to allow for this in a sort of way, but they have not enough imagination to make anything like adequate allowance. And as for the absence of any example of the absolutely greatest achievement, it ought only to be necessary to point out that America has not yet produced either a Shakespeare or a Newton, although the number of her male inhabitants to whose literary and scientific aspirations there has been no obstacle has been incomparably greater than that of all the women since the world began of whom the same can be said.

SELLING PRIVATE LETTERS.

Coleridge has a remark somewhere about the danger that a literary man's executors may make sad work of his brains. Of that we have had many examples. But there is a more poignant peril. It is that those in legal charge of a dead writer's documents and letters may be guilty of outrages upon taste and even breaches of good faith, which he in his grave cannot resent but from which his name must suffer. In this city, for example, there was last week a sale of the effects of a well-known figure in our literary world, and in them were included letters to him by living men of the most intimate and confidential character. These he had treasured, as was his right, but now that he is gone they are as coolly thrown upon the market as if they were merely his ink-stand or candle-snuffers. In some instances these letters were of so markedly private a nature, being intended for his eye alone and filled with comment upon men and things that could not with propriety even be handed about, much less sold at auction, that their alarmed and mortified authors were forced to go to the sale themselves and buy them in.

It is little to say that such things add a new terror to death. An indiscreet biographer is bad enough. We remember what a wholesale burning of old letters and diaries set in on the occasion of the publication of Froude's Carlyle documents. If such revelations could be made, which of us is safe? That was the horrified question which literary men in England and the United States at once asked themselves, and soon the chimneys were smoking with manuscripts that might make scandalous printing after the owners were dead. We know what Tennyson thought of this sort of breaking every seal and betraying the trust; but it probably never entered into his imagination that an heir could seek to coin money out of letters in which friend breathed confidences to friend. Matters which were so delicate that they could not, either legally or with decency, be published in a biography, it seems to be thought may be knocked down by the auctioneer's hammer to whoever will buy.

In this instance it is only necessary to ask what the dead man himself would have thought and said of such a proceeding, in order to perceive what an affront it is to his memory. Himself of proved fastidiousness in taste, and of the nicest loyalty in friendship, he would have been cut to the quick if he could have fancied such a brutal disposal—or attempt to dispose of communications of which he would no more have thought of making a public prey than he would of the whispered interchange of lovers. A methodical man, he had kept these letters, along with a mass of others, but the idea of making merchandise of them would have been as foreign to his soul as it would have been cruel. To take a dead man's skull and grow in it a pot of basil is a sweet and wholesome thing compared with this plan of doing something which would be excruciating to him in order to make a pot of money.

A current Spanish novel is entitled

"The Dead Command." In the case referred to, they evidently do not, if their known or easily inferred wishes could be taken as a command. But even the living have some rights! As a mere matter of law, we should suppose that this hawking of the private letters of men still alive and sensitive could be enjoined. They certainly could not be printed without permission; how, then, sold in manuscript? But, of course, the gentlemen involved did not wish to advertise their sense of outrage, or actually to make a bad matter worse by taking legal proceedings. They quietly put up the amount of cash necessary to obtain possession of what was really their own all the time. Rather than permit any imputation to rest upon the discretion of their dead friend, or allow any chance collector to display their secret communings with their old confidant, they were ready to make a pecuniary sacrifice—and for some of them it was considerable—and say no more about it.

We are glad to think that such peculiar displays of callousness in regard to the feelings of both the dead and the living are very rare. But they ought to be entirely impossible. Botanizing on a mother's grave is respectable beside offering to barter away the most cherished and sacred tokens of friendship belonging to the dead.

OUR NATIONAL ARCHIVES.

The recent fire in one of the offices of the Geological Survey should draw attention to a measure which has been pending before Congress for the past fifteen years. As it happens, no government records of importance were destroyed when a room in the Geological Survey was burned out; but the escape was only evidence of good luck. The whole Survey is in a rented building which is not fireproof; but, in this respect, it is not much worse off than every other department in Washington, for none of them is wholly in fireproof quarters, and one—the Department of Justice—is in several buildings, not one of which is fireproof.

It is now fully twenty years since Congress was first asked to build a storehouse for the national archives, and some years ago a site was purchased; but there the matter was dropped. The departments themselves have not urged it, and it may be doubted whether they are eager for it. They are more concerned to get new buildings for themselves than to relieve part of the congestion in the old buildings. Their first interest is in getting good offices for men rather than good housing for records. Moreover, there is a feeling that a central depository might diminish the functions of the departments.

It should be understood, however, that the erection of more department buildings will not solve the problem of caring for the archives. The architectural problems in designing a building for archives and a building for offices are quite different. For archives, there must be tier upon tier of stacks, and great areas of space must be left unoccupied as a provision for future expansion. For example, the plans for the German Imperial Archive building, about to be erected in Berlin, provide for a vacant space which, it is calculated, will not be filled in less than one hundred years. It must be remembered, too, that the old department buildings will continue to be used, and that in none of them is there space for the archives. Nothing would seem to be plainer than that the government's archives cannot be properly cared for until they are concentrated in a building especially constructed to hold them. That they have never been suitably cared for, and that their condition becomes worse each year, as the departments become more crowded, are facts which no one can deny.

It was only last winter that the House of Representatives undertook to rescue from destruction some of its earlier records, comprising letters of Washington and Lafayette, with official documents of great value, which had been found among a mass of absolutely unclassified papers. How many of its records have been destroyed or stolen, cannot be even guessed at. The only certainty is that many have been lost. Among the executive departments, the State Department is supposed to have the most complete set of archives; but some of them are packed in boxes and stored in the sub-basement, where they are inaccessible for historical or administrative purposes. The archives of the Treasury Department have been decimated by fire, and many have disappeared from other causes. For certain periods they can hardly be said to exist at all. The War Department permits no one to examine its records. They are kept in greater secrecy than surrounds the archives of any European country, the reason assigned for this policy being that there is no space in the War Department where investigators might work. It may be remarked, however, that there is no space provided for investigators in any government office in Washington, except the Library of Congress.

All American scholars who visit European archives bring back one story—that ours is the only great government which has made no provision for the care and preservation of its records. They see the great Public Record Office in London, the Archives Nationales at Paris, the Royal Archives at The Hague, the sumptuous new archive house at Vienna, the Frari at Venice, the Tuscan Archives at Florence, and so on, and the contrast at Washington makes them ashamed. It is true that our national archives go back only one hundred and thirty-five years, while those of European countries go back eleven centuries; but ours should be as precious to us as theirs are to them.

Happily, influences outside of Washington are exerting energy in behalf of our records. The American Historical Association, numbering three thousand members, has already appointed a committee, composed of Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, Admiral Mahan, and Dr. John Bach McMaster, to urge upon the authorities at Washington the need of preserving the archives, and, at the meeting recently held at Indianapolis, a resolution was adopted which states the matter so succinctly that it may be quoted entire:

> The American Historical Association, concerned for the preservation of the records of the national government, as muniments of our national advancement, and as material which historians must use in order to ascertain the truth; and aware that the records are in many cases now stored where they are in danger of destruction from fire, and in places which are not adapted to their preservation, and where they are inaccessible for administrative and historical purposes; and knowing that many of the records of the government have in the past been lost or destroyed because suitable provision for their care and preservation was not made, do respectfully petition the Congress of the United States to take such steps as may be necessary to erect in the city of Washington a national archive depository, where the records of the government may be concentrated, properly cared for, and preserved.

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, January 28.

An impressive tribute was paid to the memory of Henry C. Lea, at a meeting held in Philadelphia on the evening of January 20, under the auspices of the American Philosophical Society in association with the University of Pennsylvania, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, and the Library Company of Philadelphia. Before a distinguished and representative audience that filled the beautiful hall of the College of Physicians to overflowing, such men as the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Joseph G. Rosengarten, and Prof. E. P. Cheyney of the University of Pennsylvania joined in giving an estimate of the services rendered by Mr. Lea to historical research, to his country during the civil war, and to his native city as the inaugurator and stanch supporter of the movement for municipal reform. The keynote in all the addresses was one of profound admiration for the unusual combination of intellectual and ethical traits which stamped Mr. Lea as one of the truly great men of his generation. The world-wide fame which during the last twenty years of his life he achieved as the leading authority in the history of the Middle Ages in no way affected the simplicity of his character; and in the midst of his laborious researches, he frequently turned aside to stir his fellow-citizens to an earnest consideration of municipal evils. A man of large wealth, he gave freely, withal judiciously, to educational and charitable institutions.

In the course of his scholarly and comprehensive memoir of Mr. Lea, Professor Cheyney gave for the first time an extract from Lord Acton's letter to Mr. Lea (December 19, 1896), in which that eminent historian, although himself an ardent Catholic, asked Mr. Lea to write the chapter on the "Eve of the Reformation" for the Cambridge Modern History. Lord Acton wrote, "This is the important and most critical and cardinal chapter which I am anxious to be allowed to place in your hands. . . . It is clear that you are the one indicated and predestined writer, there is no one else. I know of no one whom I could go to, if you refuse." The letter is the answer to those more partial Catholic historians who charged Mr. Lea with unfairness in his presentation of the delicate subject which formed the theme of most of his historical writings. Professor Cheyney pointed out that for Mr. Lea, the study of history included ethical estimates, and yet while he denounced what he considered cruel and unjust, he was always fair; and as he advanced in his work, the evident aim to be impartial became ever stronger. It was especially interesting to hear from Mr. Bryce that on his last visit to Mr. Lea, the great historian expressed the satisfaction it gave him to find at the close of his long labors on the middle ages, that the Inquisition, though cruel enough, was not as cruel as was commonly supposed, and that the sacrifice of life was not as large as is usually believed. In an address replete with eloquence and literary charm, Mr. Bryce summed up the traits which give to Mr. Lea's work its permanent value, as incessant industry, accuracy, and clearness of statement, which he cultivated to the exclusion of the allurements of literary excellence, and, quite as important, freedom from any bias. He was cautious in his historical judgments, and when he reached a conclusion, it rested upon the most careful study of all the material accessible to him. The note of personal affection was sounded by Dr. Furness in his graceful and inimitable manner, while Dr. Mitchell related in illustration of Mr. Lea's extraordinary modesty how he was restrained from dedicating his "History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages," to Dr. Mitchell, who had been his physician, for fear of its not being sufficiently worthy.

Mr. Rosengarten, in an admirable paper on Mr. Lea as a citizen, brought out much that was new of the valuable services rendered by Mr. Lea during the civil war in stirring up Union sentiment through numerous pamphlets, and in actively participating in the work of recruiting troops in his native city. It was he who, with a few friends, organized the Union League of Philadelphia to help the cause of the Union; and it was equally characteristic of the man that he resigned from the League, when it refused after the war to throw its weight on the side of much needed municipal reform in Philadelphia. Mr. Rosengarten also emphasized the great value to students of the historical library which was collected by Mr. Lea and which will eventually go to the University of Pennsylvania. The hope was voiced that the priceless collection might be worthily housed in a building of its own that might at the same time be a fitting memorial to the greatest historian that this country has produced. Portraits of Mr. Lea and of his father, Isaac Lea—a distinguished scientist of his day—were presented to the American Philosophical Society by the members of Mr. Lea's family and accepted by the president, Dr. W. W. Keen, who presided over the memorable meeting. J.

SWISS NOTES.

NEUCHÂTEL, January 18.

At a time when the Pope is doing his utmost to subdue the Modernists, a singular example of submission to papal authority has just been given at the University of Fribourg. For some years the chair of liturgy there has been held by the Prince Maximilian, a son of King George of Saxony. The father fought in the war against France. The son, who was born in 1870, after studying law at Leipzig, entered the army; but a few years later he gave up that profession, made his novitiate in Bavaria, and became a priest. The prince is well known abroad as well as at home. An excellent linguist, he has preached in England as well as in France. He was a favorite of Leo XIII, and it is admitted that his ecclesiastical prestige is due quite as much to his personal qualities as to his royal blood. His specialty in theology has been the story of the schism between the Eastern and the Western church. It had been his ambition to accomplish a union of the divided branches. In discussing this subject, however, he put the blame on Rome for certain moments in the great dispute. The successor of Leo XIII could not tolerate this interpretation of history, and Maximilian was called upon to retract certain of his statements. He consented to do this; and it is reasonable to suppose that he is still held in favor at Rome, and that he will keep his chair at Fribourg.

Decurtius, another Fribourg professor who is also a learned historian, has been protesting against certain "modernistic stories" which have appeared in a popular review called *Das Heiland*. In consequence of this protest, the Bishop of Coire in the canton Grisons has forbidden the professors and students in his diocese to corrupt their faith by reading this periodical.

The correspondence of the late Charles Ritter has just been published at Lausanne. Ritter was a *théologien manqué*, having been diverted from a career in the church by his skeptical opinions. The letters in this volume are interesting, not only because of their contents, but because of the writers, among whom are Renan, Sainte-Beuve, Cherbuliez, George Eliot, D. F. Strauss, and Paul Bourget. For the greater part of his life Ritter was a lyceum professor in the little town of Monges, on Lake Leman. As he used to say of himself, he was *homo rusticus*. In some of his literary judgments he was extravagant. George Eliot was "l'unique," "la sainte"; Renan, too, was one of his "idols"; and Strauss was "the man of the century for whom I have had the most admiration and sympathy."

The ugly old cathedral of St. Pierre at Geneva is the subject of an interesting and well-illustrated "album" published by Kündig, under the direction of Camille Martin. There are forty-five large plates and fifty-six minor illustrations in the book. The restoration of the exterior of the church, which was not long ago completed, is unsatisfactory, and M. Martin does not hesitate

to criticise it. The work of restoration was especially difficult, because St. Pierre's belongs to no particular period It was begun in the thirteenth century and has no style of its own, being an example of a mongrel architecture, partly Roman, partly Gothic. The impression of solidity and sombreness is, however, in harmony with the later Calvinistic traditions which have made the old church the chief Protestant shrine on the Continent of Europe.

The most noted station in Switzerland, for the cure of tuberculosis, is Leysin in the canton Vaud. Under the auspices of the Société Climatérique of that place, a number of interesting studies of the "white plague" have just been published. These are likely to be useful to the medical profession generally, especially because of the wide experience of the several authors. The preface is by Cérenville, honorary professor of clinical medicine in the University of Lausanne. This collection of essays is not intended to advertise the "cure" at Leysin; but is a scientific account of results achieved in treating this disease, which is strangely prevalent in Switzerland, in spite of a climate which offers the best conditions for prevention and cure.

The "Annuaire de l'instruction publique en Suisse," edited by Professor Guex of the University of Lausanne, gives an exhaustive account of the progress of education in Switzerland. The editor is director of the normal schools in the canton Vaud, and in this pamphlet of some five hundred pages he reviews the movement of pedagogical ideas in general, gives a narrative of what has been accomplished during the year in the different sciences, and describes with elaborate statistics the organization of public instruction throughout the Federation. One part of the work is devoted to an analysis of educational legislation during the past year. In addition to this general annual, several of the cantons have their own special publications. The report of the educational authorities of the canton Neuchâtel is as bulky a volume as that issued by the federal government.

It is a fine tribute to the memory of Lincoln that a distinguished Swiss author should present his life and character as a pattern for the young men of the Helvetian republic. Eugène Monod has just published a life of Lincoln, entitled "Un grand Américain," which is dedicated "à la jeunesse suisse." Monod compares the American President to the great heroes of Cornelius Nepos or of Plutarch.

A. A.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, January 20.

In the long list of Christmas publications in Scandinavia very few are entitled to international consideration. Of the new Swedish books special attention must be called to the bulky novel, "Thure Gabriel Silfverstaahl" (Stockholm: Bonniers), by the young author Sven Lidman. It created an enormous sensation, particularly in Sweden, because of the author's bitter scorn of the late King Oscar's policy during the fatal conflict between the two countries five years ago; he accuses the King of having lacked intellect, courage, and forethought, and represents him as a feeble-minded, senile weakling, who had only little interest in the affairs of the state. A book of essays, by the famous poet, August Strindberg, called "Svarta Fanor" ("Black Banners"); a collection of short stories, "Sagar om hjärtat" ("Stories of the Heart"), by Gustaf Ullmann; a long novel, "Havet" ("The Ocean"), by K. G. Ossian-Nilsson; "Tva sagodramer" ("Two Saga-dramas"), by Per Hallström, and the novels "Barnet" ("The Child"), by Hildur Brettner, and "Bendel & Co.," by Henning Berger—all are extremely popular in Sweden. The well-known poet, Gustaf Fröding (see the *Nation*, Vol. XCI, p. 387), has collected in book form a number of his previously printed poems and essays, in two volumes, entitled "Efterskörd" ("Aftermath").

One of the most popular Danish books this winter is the novel "Inger," by Mrs. Emmy Drachmann, the divorced wife of the famous poet. It deals chiefly with the writer's marriage with Holger Drachmann, and is a pathetic and well-written story which would be read with real interest even if it did not involve the life of a prominent man. Another Danish book has attracted much attention, although not of a specially complimentary sort, "Den Farlige Alder" ("The Dangerous Age"), by Karin Michaëlis, the wife of the dramatist, Sophus Michaëlis, whose play, "Revolutions bryllup" ("A Revolutionary Wedding") was given in New York last autumn. It represents in a series of letters the erotic feelings and ideas of a woman in the age between forty and fifty, but though it must be admitted that the book is written with talent, it is a question whether such intimate revelations should have been published. The book should certainly not be placed on the open shelves in a public library, an observation which applies likewise to the new novel, "De Salige" ("The Blessed Ones"), by the young author, Harold Kidde. It is written in lyric, rather high-flown language, which is pleasant as a rule, but at times spoiled by affectation and extravagance. The author is a dreamer who sees everything with a blur, even his characters; a few chapters, nevertheless, are written with forceful realism, those wherein an outcast girl tells of her experiences. Of the following three Danish books that have met with the approval of the critics as well as that of the public, "To Slegter" ("Two Generations"), by Jacob Knudsen, and "Pelle Erobreren," by M. Andersen-Nexo, are novels of some note, and "Himmerlandshistorier" ("Himmerland Stories"), by Johannes V. Jensen, is exceptionally well written and will be read with great interest. The author, though a comparatively young man, has a secure position as a writer of fiction, and, indeed, is often compared with Knut Hamsun and Verner von Heidenstam. His works are admired for their excellent literary style and a vivid, easy imagination, which frequently finds vent in quite grotesque pictures and comparisons. He possesses a fund of good humor, and entertains while he preaches. Next to the critic, Georg Brandes, he is regarded as the greatest literary man in Denmark to-day. Another eminent writer, Herman Bang, has brought out a significant collection of critical essays on well-known European actors and actresses of the present time. The book, which is entitled "Masker og mennesker" ("Masks and Men"), and which contains sketches of Eleonora Duse, Josef Kainz, and the Danish actress Betty Nansen, to go no farther, is brilliant, fascinating reading, and attests Bang's reputation as one of the most intelligent theatrical critics on the continent.

In Norway, the Christmas season was signalized by Halvdan Koht's "Pengemagt og arbeid i Amerika" ("Capital and Labor in America"). Professor Koht stopped in America for eight months, two years ago, and during that time acquired a surprising amount of information. He deals with the Standard Oil Company, its history and present power, with the agricultural conditions in the United States, with the immigration problem, with the negro question, which he thinks is of an economic rather than of a racial nature, and with the origin and history of socialism in America, Written in an interesting manner and without marked bias, the book has found many readers in Norway and will undoubtedly contribute to a clearer comprehension of the most vital American problems of the present time. Another professor at the University of Christiania, Gerhard Gran, has just published a bulky monograph on Jean Jacques Rousseau. It concerns mainly the life of Rousseau, but is to be followed by a volume on Rousseau's teachings and by still another on Herder, the philosopher; for not until these works have been written, says the professor in his preface, shall he have the material needed to accomplish his real aim in this series, namely, to write a standard biography of Norway's greatest poet, Henrik Wergeland. As will be seen, Professor Gran is aiming far ahead, though perhaps not far afield, considering his well-known perse-

verance and capacity for work. This first volume on Rousseau is full of life and vivacity, if also of undue enthusiasm for its hero.

Of other Norwegian books may be mentioned a new collection of letters, "Breve til Hans Son" ("Letters to His Son"), by the late novelist, Alexander L. Kielland. They are issued by his son, the young author Jens Zetlitz Kielland, and the refined, masterful language and the warm heart of the famous writer are noticeable in all of them. The novelist, Thomas P. Krag, has written a collection of short stories, "Vei og vidde" ("Path and Upland"), which are mostly good reading, but of somewhat unequal merit. Hans E. Kinck, novelist and dramatist, has finished a strong drama treating of Pietro Aretino and the gay and frivolous life in Venice. It is difficult reading, but is profound and interesting. The famous discoverer of the leprosy bacillus, Dr. G. Armauer Hansen, has written his memoirs, in which will be found many readable things concerning conditions in the past, as well as interesting reflections on problems of the present day. Finally attention may be called to the "Leo Tolstoy og Nutidens Kulturkrise" ("Leo Tolstoy and the Cultural Crisis of the Present Time"), by the literary critic, Christen Collin. It gives much valuable information on Tolstoy's life and teaching, but is often spoiled by diffuseness. ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the Town Hall of Twickenham from July 31 to August 6, 1888, there was held an exhibition commemorative of the two hundredth anniversary of Pope's birth, and while that exhibition contained numerous personal relics of Pope and several original portraits, it was inferior so far as first editions of his books are concerned to the exhibition which is now open at the Grolier Club, No. 29 East Thirty-second Street, and which will continue until March 4. Several books are shown which are not in the great Pope collection brought together by Marshall C. Lefferts and acquired a few months ago by Harvard University. Notable among these are two Dublin editions of "The Dunciad" and a heretofore undescribed first issue of "An Essay on Criticism," having the imprint "London: Printed for W. Lewis in Russell-Street, Covent Garden." In most copies this is followed by "And Sold by W. Taylor" and other booksellers. Although the names of the owners are never placed upon books in the exhibitions of the Grolier Club, it will not, we believe, be betraying any confidence in saying that, with three or four exceptions, the books and portraits in the present exhibition belong to Beverly Chew of this city.

Later than ever before, but including a larger number of records than any preceding volume, American Book-Prices Current, Vol. XVI, covering the season of 1909-1910, has just gone out to subscribers. This volume comes out with the imprint of the new firm Dodd & Livingston instead of Dodd, Mead & Company. Only 550 copies have been printed, and the price, owing to a falling off in subscription taken in connection with the much-increased bulk of the volume, has been raised to $10. Records of the sale of 16,994 lots of books and manuscripts, which have brought $3 or more, are included in the volume. These are selections from some 124,000 or more lots described in 148 catalogues of sales held during the season. We notice one edition of the "Mémoires du Comte de Grammont" entered under Lady Anne Hamilton instead of under Count Anthony Hamilton, where other editions are found. Other mistakes will, no doubt, be discovered by use, but the volume seems, generally, to be well and accurately printed.

On February 7 and 8 the Anderson Auction Company will sell a selection of books from the library of the late Samuel L. Clemens, together with fifteen autograph manuscripts. Most of the books are, of themselves, of slight value, but with very few exceptions they contain Mark Twain's signature, generally with a date, and each volume contains a certificate signed by Albert Bigelow Paine, Mark Twain's literary executor, saying that they are from his library. Many of the books were presented to him by their authors. Some of the volumes contain marginal notes in Mark Twain's autograph, while inserted in others are fragments of his writing, the pieces often being of considerable interest. A copy of Dean Sage's "The Restigouche and Its Salmon Fishing," privately printed, 105 copies only, in 1888, is perhaps the most valuable book in the portion of the library being sold. Portions of the library have been given to the public library at Redding, Conn., in which Mark Twain was much interested. In 1908 he had a printed sheet, headed "To My Guests, Greeting, and Salutation, and Prosperity!" telling of the progress of the library, and closing with the following characteristic sentences, which have not, so far as we know, been reprinted:

> Everybody will have a chance to contribute to this fund. Everybody, including my guests—I mean guests from a distance. It seems best to use coercion in this case. Therefore, I have levied a tax—a Guests' Mark Twain Library Building Tax, of one dollar, not upon the valuable sex, but only upon the other one. Guests of the valuable sex are tax-free, and shall so remain; but guests of the other sex must pay, whether they are willing or not. I desire that the money be paid to me, personally; this is the safest way. If it were paid to my secretary, a record would have to be made of it, and the record could get lost.

A list of the more important manuscripts included in the sale has been already printed in this column. They are mostly late manuscripts, the longest being "A Horse's Tail," written on one side of 159 leaves, printed in *Harper's Magazine* in 1906, and "Meisterschaft," 92 leaves, printed in the *Century Magazine* in 1888. A note to the printer on the "Meisterschaft" manuscript shows that there was probably prepared a privately printed issue of this piece which, if one is still in existence, would be counted a great treasure by any Mark Twain collector. This note reads:

> Dear Van. Please set this up, & after you have got your proof as clean as you can, send me a proof and I will correct it & return it to you, & ask you to strike off two or three perfected copies for me to forward to the "Century." . . . Keep the thing private. Don't let it get out of your hands.

This shows that the original plan was to set up the story in some other printing office and strike off a few copies which the author could revise with more care than could be given to the regular magazine proofs. Whether or not this was actually done is, of course, uncertain.

On February 9 and 10 they will sell Part I of the important library of Judge Jacob Klein of St. Louis, including first editions of Matthew Arnold, Lord Byron, Bret Harte, and other authors, books in fine bindings, autographs, and many other interesting lots.

On February 6, 7, and 8 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will sell the angling collection of the late James L. High of Chicago. Included is the first edition of Izaac Walton's "Compleat Angler" (1653), one of the rarest of English books. This copy is in old russia, tooled on sides and back. The Locker-Lampson-Van Antwerp copy in the original sheep binding, which brought £1,290 in March, 1907, is now in Mr. Morgan's library. The Heckscher copy, in modern binding, sold in New York for $3,900 in February, 1909. Mr. High also owned the second, third, fourth, and fifth editions of Walton, all of which are rare and sought for by collectors, as well as a very long list of later editions. Another great rarity is Venable's "Experienced Angler" (1662), a perfect copy in old calf binding.

On February 9 and 10 they sell a miscellaneous collection, including a selection from the library of David N. Carvalho, the handwriting expert.

Correspondence

AN EXTRAORDINARY COINCIDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The day before yesterday my son, in commenting on Martine's election to the United States Senate, made this remark to my wife and me: "What kind of a name is Martine?" Yesterday morning I read in Grillparzer's Diary for 1829 the following:

"How curious, almost mechanical, the interference of memory in dreams is, I learned again last night. I dreamed towards morning that I was reading some verses which my brother Karl had addressed to a 'Frau Martine.' Awaking immediately thereafter, nothing appeared to me strange in the dream except the name Martine, which I did not remember ever to have heard before, nor did it seem to me probable that the like of it existed anywhere in the world. Still ruminating on the part played by fancy in the invention of this name, I sat down to breakfast, in the course of which I began to read Tacitus. In order to recall something I had forgotten, I turned back a number of pages to the passage about the death of Germanicus, which I had read a few days previously, and lo and behold! the woman of whom Piso was said to have made use in the poisoning of Augustus's grandson was called Martina. My bad memory had made me forget this circumstance so completely that even the repetition of the name in my dream could not for a moment recall the fact that I had heard it once before—and yet I knew in my dream what was hidden to me while awake."

Have the annals of the Society for Psy-

chical Research any coincidence more striking than this? GUSTAV POLLAK.

New York, January 26.

MODERN LITERATURE IN THE FIRST TWO COLLEGE YEARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Occasionally the college instructor in English or German is surprised to hear one of his students remark, "I wish we read more books like Macaulay's 'Essay on Clive,' or Heine's 'Harzreise.'" What kind of home training has this man had? What school taught him to appreciate a classic in its disguised text-book form? A few weeks ago I had occasion to speak of Carlyle and his stimulating influence upon his readers, whereupon one of my students replied, "Well, I had to read 'Heroes and Hero Worship' in my English course last year, and I felt when the year was over that I didn't want to hear any more of Carlyle. He is too hard and too uninteresting." Recently, a former classmate of mine, now a business man, said to me of his English course in the sophomore year, "Do you remember how we had to read Thackeray, and how we hated him? I despised him then, but the other day I picked up his 'Lectures upon the English Humorists,' and read them with keen pleasure. Why was I not able to do that in college when I was studying English literature?" Perhaps an immediate answer might have been given to the effect that as a student his mind had not matured sufficiently to appreciate such literature—a very easy and a very inadequate explanation. It seems to me that the true reason lies in the fact that our American college student has not been taught, and is not taught to-day, to look at literature in the proper light. When Carlyle was a poor, struggling tutor, he wrote to his brother John these lines: "After all, this literature is a grand and glorious thing. It is the life-blood of the mind; and mind is the sovereign of Nature. Kings who have it not go down to dust and are forgotten; those who have it influence the world, and spread their own brief being over many generations of their fellow men." How many instructors teach their students literature from that point of view? In choosing books to be read in our modern literature courses we first of all consider whether two or three texts can be covered within a certain number of weeks. We then select works which will probably amuse the student, just as the kindergarten teacher gives "funny stories" to the beginner in reading, thereby deceiving the pupil into thinking that serious books are necessarily dull and difficult to understand. I think it is no exaggeration to say that many instructors theoretically believe in Carlyle's words, but practically, they treat this "life-blood" in the classroom as though it were a bitter medicine which must be swallowed by the student as quickly as possible, preferably in sugar-coated capsules, taken not more than twice a week for one term.

An aid to this false pedagogy is the lack of coördination of courses. Take the teaching of German literature, for example. There is a great gap between the quality of the German literature which the student reads in his freshman year and that which he reads in his sophomore year. During the first two semesters he is generally required to read the same kind of German which he had at the secondary school, namely, "from 200 to 300 pages of easy stories and plays," supplemented by a greater amount of composition work, which bores him tremendously because he wants to "speak the language immediately and not do all this writing business." When the end of the freshman year comes, the amount of literary appreciation which the student has acquired is virtually nil. I think that this lack could be filled by a better coördination of courses in the secondary schools, by a distinct change in the character of the entrance examination papers—it is rare to find a paper which contains a single question bearing upon literary history—and, lastly, by a coördination and coöperation in the modern language departments of the college. How many instructors in English ever ask their students even to glance at the correspondence between Carlyle and Goethe? How many endeavor to show to their classes the influence of Hoffmann upon Poe, or try to persuade their students to read Matthew Arnold's essay upon "A French Critic of Goethe," or invite them to compare the work of *any* English writer with that of a French or German author? The trouble is that each course is considered by its conductor as a kind of hermetically sealed safe, out of which no coin is to be drawn and put into exchange with that of other courses in other departments; and the student, consciously or unconsciously, acquires the same view of his literary studies as that held by his teachers.

To my mind this is all wrong. There is no reason whatsoever against acquainting the undergraduate with the value of a comparative study of literature as soon as he can read more than one language. I should like to see this done in the freshman year and not postponed until the student is a post-graduate. That is why I favor such texts for the freshman year as Eckermann's "Gespräche mit Goethe," Carlyle's "History of Literature," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and many others of that universal character.

Is it not advisable, then, that, in the teaching of modern literature during the first two college years, we should bear in mind these facts? (1) The importance of taking the study of literature more seriously; (2) the necessity of a greater coördination and coöperation of courses; (3) the superior value of textbooks whose material is taken from the writings of great historians, great biographers, and great critics of literature.

ALFRED E. RICHARDS.

Princeton University, January 22.

QUESTION FOR INDIANISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Years ago, in studying the mythical cosmography of India, I unexpectedly came upon the idea of a perfectly uniform septipartite division of each of the seven geocentric heavens, in such wise that each higher and ampler vault or hemisphere would be an enlarged pattern of the one next nearer to the earth, and all of them celestial reproductions and amplifications of the septipartite upper hemisphere of the central earth. The conception is so intrinsically interesting, and so characteristically Indian, that in reporting it (in "The Cradle of the Human Race," 1885, p. 459, and again in "The Earliest Cosmologies," 1909, p. 87), I regretted my inability to cite any authority for it beyond Shome's Prize Essay of 1840. Recently, in rereading, after many years, a part of Wilford's fantastic, yet instructive, paper on the Svēta-dvīpa, in his "Sacred Isles of the West" (*Asiatic Researches*, Vol. XI), I lighted upon the passage (p. 104) in which he mentions a second Svēta-dvīpa, "in the air," immeasurably above his terrestrial one, and adds: "The geography of the two is the same exactly; the dimensions only are different."

It is hardly possible to doubt that we have here a reference to the same elaborate cosmological conception, and to the superimposition of one conventionally subdivided celestial dvīpa upon and high above another. He names no authority for this second Svēta-dvīpa "many millions above the terrestrial one," but says it is the teaching of "the commentator on the Bhāgavata, with many other learned men." If among the readers of the *Nation* there is any specialist in Sanskrit literature who can throw further light on this singularly attractive world-view, or upon the authorities referred to by Wilford, he will render an important service to students of Indian thought by so doing.

WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN.

Boston University, January 25.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your generally favorable comment on the Harvard University summer course in vocational guidance, in last week's issue of the *Nation*, there is evidence that you have not fully understood the aims of the proposed course, inasmuch as you speak of it as "a course in choosing a vocation." The aim of the course is to guide students (teachers attending the course) to an understanding of the principles involved in giving vocational advice, and to the best sources of the knowledge they (and others) require to become satisfactory vocational advisers. But you "fear the worst," namely, that in some form or other a course in vocational guidance will "find itself in the regular college curriculum." There is no intention of offering such a course to college undergraduates. Moreover, you suggest "that boys disillusioned prematurely by the humdrum to which they must look forward will refuse to make choice of any career whatsoever. . . . To tamper with a boy's vision of his future is perilous." This suggestion you would probably not make if you were more fully informed concerning the aims and methods to be inculcated by the proposed course. Far from tampering with a boy's vision of his future, it is one important function of vocational guidance to help a boy to develop such a vision if he has it not; and, if he has it, to help him in every possible way to realize it through educational opportunities that may be, or ought to be, accessible to him. Nothing is farther from the intention of those interested in the movement for vocational guidance than that it shall ever mean prescribing a vocation or limiting the range of the possi-

ble vocations which an ambitious youth may entor. It does mean bringing to bear on the choice of a vocation organized information and organized common sense.

PAUL H. HANUS.

Harvard University, January 28.

ON THE SAME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps every one who has to do with higher education will agree that the shibboleth of the moment is "courses." If a person takes a "course" in a subject, he is *ipso facto* an authority in it; without the "course" he has no right to an opinion. The superstition has indeed gone a step farther: school committeemen and trustees are generally a little suspicious of the applicant who has not taken a course in pedagogy. In view of these facts, the announcement of "an interesting and novel course" to be given at the next session of the Harvard Summer School gains added point, a course which "will deal with the theory and practice of vocational guidance." This sort of work will naturally appeal to the teacher who is not only interested in her classes, but fully alive to the unwritten responsibilities of her position. Longing for the ability to guide her pupils into paths that will bring them to happiness, usefulness, and power, she at once falls into the contemporary delusion. Her first thought is to take a "course" in "vocational guidance."

But is such a method the proper one? It seems to me that in order to guide one's pupils in the matter of choosing a vocation and making the best of life, one must possess culture, sympathy, tact, quickness of insight, an ability to obtain the confidence of boys and girls—in short, all those immaterial qualities which are the result of fine living and the possession of a noble soul. You cannot give lectures and laboratory demonstrations on them. You cannot pass examinations in them. They come only after long years of calm living and thinking; they are the evidence of maturity and mellowness of character. It surely is time to protest against applying to spiritual matters hothouse methods and the laws of skyscraper engineering. You can, by hastening natural processes, ripen a bunch of grapes in a week, but you cannot convert a sinner in that time. An architectural marvel may be erected in a month, but a towering life cannot be. The new course at Harvard may be able to give information on a few superficial matters that an intelligent person could obtain independently. It cannot, however, provide a short cut to the goal of every true teacher's strivings. D. T. POTTINGER.

Boston, January 21.

THE SOURCES OF "IVANHOE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was only after I had read my paper on "Scott's Ivanhoe and Sidney's Arcadia" at the recent meeting of the Modern Language Association that I learned of Professor Kerlin's article on the same subject in *Modern Language Notes* for May, 1907, pp. 144-146. If I had thereupon decided not to publish my paper, I should at once have publicly acknowledged Professor Kerlin's priority. I decided, however, to make the acknowledgment in connection with my own published results. The relation between these and Professor Kerlin's would there, I thought, appear most clearly, and would justify my decision to publish. Professor MacCracken's very interesting letter, in your issue of January 19, makes it proper to state these relations now.

Professor Kerlin's article deals only with the internal evidence, viz., the similarities between the two works. Quite independently I have found, roughly speaking, about twice as many of these similarities, some of which I had not the time to present to the association. The following situation, common to both works, is an example: The hero in disguise meets his old enemy; the enemy speaks slightingly of the hero, not knowing him to be present; the hero in disguise vouches for the valor of the hero *in propria persona*, and on his behalf challenges the enemy, undertaking that the hero will maintain the challenge ("Arcadia," III. xxvi, p. 351, v. ff. [Sommer's facsimile of Quarto of 1590]; "Ivanhoe," ch. v.). A parallel so complex would almost seem to possess a certain probative force apart from the cumulative evidence of the numerous other parallels, and, I venture to think, is not, as Professor MacCracken says, an "infinitesimal borrowing." My investigation further deals with (1) the external evidence of Scott's acquaintance with Sidney's work (*e. g.*, his possession of a copy, which I examined at Abbotsford last September); (2) the contribution of the "Arcadia" to "Ivanhoe" in relation to the other sources of the latter; (3) Sidney's own sources for the matter taken over by Scott. The second point involves a consideration of Scott's use of his literary material; and here I heartily agree with Professor MacCracken that this use was not "an offence." Nor can I think, with your correspondent who reported the meeting of the association, that these *Quellenstudien* are of small interest, concerned as they are with a long sweep of literary tradition ending in a masterpiece. This literary tradition is considered under the third heading above. For instance, Sidney took from Underdowne's translation of the "Æthiopica" of Heliodorus the antithetic formula: "Thus was their banquette turned to a battaile" ("Arcadia," II. xxvii, p. 223v.; "Æthiopica," I. i, Underdowne, p. 10 [Tudor Translations, vol. V.]); which Scott used again: "Men of their precarious course of life change readily from the banquet to the battle" ("Ivanhoe," ch. xli.). Finally, I cannot feel sure, with Professor MacCracken, that Scott received from the "Arcadia" no suggestion at all for the fire at Torquilstone. The "Arcadia" certainly contains this situation: a desperate combat is interrupted by a fire; the combatants turn to fighting the flames and at length to saving themselves ("Arcadia," II. xxiv, p. 211, where the fire is on shipboard). In view of Scott's many other borrowings from the "Arcadia," it seems not unlikely that this passage was present to his mind along with the fine passage from Barbour's "Bruce" quoted by Professor MacCracken.

SAMUEL LEE WOLFF.

New York, January 25.

THE DIRECT PRIMARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The professors, it seems, from the report of the last meeting of the American Political Science Association—the professors have their doubts as to whether the direct primary is a success as a solution of the boss evil in American politics. The conviction, in fact, is insidiously stealing over their minds that the ordinary American will not be bothered with the trouble to register his political preferences at the polls, except under the spur of a riotous campaign embellished with brass bands and personal vituperation. The ordinary citizen, the theory was, would go to the primaries—in fact, was positively aching for the chance—only the boss had fixed up the slate in advance, and it was useless to try to offset his influence. If we only had the direct primary, the popular will would manifest itself at once. We got the direct primary. The voter still failed to do his duty.

To remedy this, the proposal occasionally appears in the press that citizens should be fined for not voting. We shall have reached the end of the passage when it is proposed that cigars and sandwiches be offered to him who will kindly take the trouble to exercise the precious right of suffrage.

But through all this the fact stands out in all its stark nakedness that we Americans do not esteem the right of suffrage; it is too cheap, too common, to be bothered with. The right to vote does not connote intelligence or respectability. It is merely an accretion that comes with twenty-one years and a pair of trousers.

Eventually—but when, no man knoweth—we shall have to learn to regard the ballot as a privilege, and not as a duty—a privilege to be earned by affirmatively proving fitness, something worth striving for, a mark of a modicum of intelligence and respectability. The mere fact that a human being is of the masculine gender, has survived the measles and whooping cough, and is not at election time in jail or the insane asylum, really is not and ought not to be considered a qualification for taking equal part in the management of the country. And there is no reason under the sun why the ballot should be thrust on such creatures. And, just so long as the ballot is thrust on such creatures, the respectable element of the country will regard the right to vote as the cheapest and least valuable thing in this life. Yet that simple fact is the hardest thing for students of political science and observers of national life to get into their heads. It seems almost sacrilegious, because, forsooth, we have read in the Declaration of Independence that all men are born free and equal—an evil inheritance from the precursors of the French Revolution, embalmed in our political philosophy.

The first man to welcome the elimination of the unfit from the suffrage would be the American workingman, the man with wife and children and household goods, the man who lives somewhere, who is somebody in the estimation of his circle of acquaintances, who takes an intelligent interest in public affairs of his country, whether native or adopted, the man who, taken in totality, is the most valuable asset in American national life. The men who would oppose most bitterly drawing the line

at intelligence and respectability would be the politician who goes into public life for what he can steal, and his brother-in-arms, the newspaper proprietor, whose business it is to stir up the lower classes.

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, January 16.

THE BUDGET OF THE SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, who gives a report of the recent meeting of the Archæological Institute at Providence, in the *Nation* of January 12, makes the statement that the annual budget of the school at Athens is something above $20,000. I wish, indeed, that this were so. As a matter of fact, the school's income is about $10,000, when times are good, and the budget is made accordingly. J. R. WHEELER,

Chairman of the Managing Committee of the School at Athens.

Columbia University, January 17.

Literature

THE LAST VOLUME OF THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY.

The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL.D., Regius Professor of Modern History. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., Stanley Leathes, M.A. The Latest Age. New York. The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

With this twelfth volume there comes to its end (save for the maps, which are yet to appear) one of the most remarkable and interesting literary enterprises of our time. Many encyclopædias have before now attempted to turn special or expert knowledge to account by entrusting separate departments of science, whether natural or social science, to writers possessing special competence. But here the more difficult experiment has been tried of constructing a full and minute historical narrative by a series of articles or chapters, each meant to fit into or continue its predecessors, which are the work of different minds, possibly entertaining different views of history, probably each of them affected by a certain personal bias or tendency which distinguishes each worker from his fellows. That such a scheme should be even moderately successful does credit to the faith of its framer, the late Lord Acton, and of the editors who, after his much to be lamented death, took over the scheme, and have worked it on his lines for the last ten years.

Into the extent of the success attained we shall presently inquire. Meantime, let us note that the present, and concluding, volume consists of twenty-six chapters, written by twenty-five hands, most of them new hands in the series, and five of them belonging to the European Continent, viz., Profs. Bourgeois, Oncken, Eisenmann, Stavenov, and Señor S. P. Triana. Of the three editors, neither Dr. Ward nor Mr. Prothero is a contributor, but Mr. Leathes writes two chapters. Besides the properly narrative articles, which cover nearly every part of the world, there are six "general chapters," one on broad features of historical movements in modern Europe and five others on the History of the Law of Nations, on Social Movements, on the Scientific Age, on Modern (geographical) Explorations, and on the Growth of Historical Science.

In the quality of the work there is very little to remark, for it neither rises above nor sinks below the last three volumes. The writers are careful and painstaking, bent on the excellence of their matter, and taking little apparent thought about style or manner. No chapters are better (and few indeed so good) than those in which Professor Bourgeois traces the history of the Third Republic in France, and Professor Oncken describes the parallel and frequently interlacing course of events in the new German Empire, which, almost equally with the French Republic, sprang out of the war of 1870-71. Both these writers show a philosophic grasp of their respective subjects, and bring out the salient features with a clearness and force which entitle them to the highest praise. Excellent also are Dr. Westlake's chapter on the Foreign Relations of the United States during the War of Secession, and Sir Frederick Pollock's summary of the progress made in the Law of Nations and in measures looking to the prevention of war. Sidney Webb's chapter on Social Movements and G. P. Gooch's on the Growth of Historical Science contain a great mass of closely packed information, and Dampier Whetham does perhaps as much as can be done in twenty-five pages to convey some idea of the more recent and striking advances in physical science.

The obvious difficulty which confronted the writers of the political parts of this volume was that of treating with the breadth and the impartiality proper to a philosophic historian events that are still too near to our own time to be understood in all their bearings or approached with the cold detachment of science. The editors in their preface recognize this difficulty when they say:

> The historian must endeavor to see this world not as it affects the prejudices, interests, and limited outlook of his contemporaries, but as it might appear to one who should look back on it without any personal concern in its turmoil. Only partial success is possible; but he may console himself for partial failure with the belief that he is handing down to posterity one of those records of contemporary impressions which history is bound to respect if only they be sincere, impartial, and accurately informed.

The contributors have doubtless honestly tried to deal impartially with recent periods, but some at least of them have fallen short of success. In the third chapter, for instance, the view presented of several critical points in recent English history, such as the eventful years of 1875-80, leaves much to be desired, although those years now lie thirty years behind. Neither is it always correct in its statements of fact. When the narrative comes down to within ten or fifteen years of the present day, one can perceive that each writer feels the strain of trying to raise himself to a point high above the dust of the present and of preserving political detachment, to be so severe that he takes refuge, and perhaps rightly, in an entirely bare and colorless record of facts. It would, we think, have been better to bring the historical narrative to a close, at least as far as Great Britain is concerned, at 1880, or, perhaps, 1890, or 1900 at the very latest. The end of the century would have been, if not an historical landmark, yet a point easy to remember, and the history of the United States (published some time ago in Vol. VII) stops even before that date. While closing the narrative at one of these points, it would have been convenient to append a plain chronological record of the most important events in each country, a record much fuller than the chronological table which we find at the end of the volume. (In the case of this present volume that table is meagre and not very judiciously framed.) In this way the reader would have had at least an outline of history brought up to the latest possible moment, while the impossible task of treating current events in a truly historical spirit would have been declined.

The conclusion of the series is a fitting time to review it as a whole, and in doing so two questions naturally arise. The first is: How far have these twelve volumes realized the hopes and views of the gifted man who planned the scheme, a man who was himself unequalled in the English-speaking world for his command at once of historical method and of an immense store of historical learning? The other question is: What does the series give the world which the world lacked before, *i. e.*, things which neither the ordinary educated man nor the scholar could have found by consulting the various histories of different countries, different epochs, different institutions, which would stand ready to his hand in any well-stocked library?

As respects the former question, Lord Acton's hopes have been so far met that the series has maintained a high average level of thoroughness and fairness. Every chapter in it deserves to be called scientific, in the modern sense of the word. There are chapters written with a level tameness of style which approaches dulness. In many there is a

lack of color, in some few a lack of grasp and philosophic insight. The later volumes seem as a whole, though with some brilliant exceptions, to fall below the earlier ones, and particularly below those on the Renaissance and the Reformation, in which some of the articles reached a level not surpassed by any of our contemporary historians. This tendency to a decline in brilliancy of execution is the experience of all editors. They begin by making great efforts to procure the most eminent men in each department, but after a while they find that the trouble of doing so is too great in proportion to the result, especially as very eminent men are sometimes troublesome to deal with. So after a while the editor usually contents himself with finding good solid workmen, who will turn out a careful and sensible article and mail it to him not much later than the promised date. It is also probable that Lord Acton desired a somewhat more perfect continuity of treatment than has been in fact attained. Apparently he would have liked the chapters not only to be each of them a whole in itself, dealing with what might be deemed one period, or one career, or one special topic, but also to be part of a narrative so continuous that there would be no gap between every chapter and that following next upon it, each fitting into the other. Whether such perfection could have been reached where so many different writers were at work may be doubted. Whatever defects the execution of the scheme shows seem to be inherent in the scheme rather than chargeable upon the editors. Nothing—or at least very little—of importance has been missed out because it falls through between the chapters. But sometimes one is perplexed by the shifting of the point of view, or by what may be called the change of atmosphere from one chapter to another. This would, of course, be far more felt but for the effort made by all the writers to eliminate their personal proclivities and forego or avoid that dramatic coloring which the literary artist loves but the scientifically minded historian of our own day rejects. Flavor suffers in the process of desiccation to which the contributors have subjected themselves. Yet that is what the dominant standards of the twentieth century demand; and for such a book as the present they are proper standards. So on the whole it may be concluded that Lord Acton, were he still with us, might well be content with the result of his scheme. He aimed at an impossible perfection: his editors have given us what is less, indeed, than some may have hoped, yet a solid and useful contribution to historical knowledge.

In what, then, does the value of this series lie? What does it give us which we could not get before from cyclopædias on the one hand and from independent treatises containing the histories of countries or epochs on the other?

The answer to this question is found in the fact that such a series combines the completeness of an encyclopædia with the greater fulness and presumably higher quality of a history proceeding from the pen of a competent historian. Doubtless we miss the interest which belongs to a well-marked individuality, such as the vivacious charm of J. R. Green, or the careful balancing of Stubbs, or the epigrammatic trenchancy of Goldwin Smith, the brilliance of Michelet, or the fiery force of Treitschke. Writers of that stature seldom run in the harness of a composite work. They must do their work in their own way and on their own scale. But we have in these volumes something complete and rounded—a book in which we are sure to find what we want and which the diligence of the editors has kept up to a level always respectable and sometimes excellent. For many countries of Europe there exists in English no satisfactory history covering the whole ground. There is none for Germany, none for Italy, none for Spain, none for Russia, none for Hungary. Most of us, if asked where to go for some account of the affairs of Portugal in the eighteenth century or Chile in the nineteenth or Poland in any century whatever, would be entirely at a loss. Here we find what we want. This is the one great and conspicuous service which the book renders, even to a scholar and much more to the average reader of an inquiring mind. He knows that he can be virtually certain of finding what he wants, and of finding it given in a completer way than any encyclopædia attempts. An instance presents itself in the present volume. Chapter xxi contains an account, brief indeed, and not very well arranged, but still a careful, fair, and generally accurate account of the republics of Latin America. The student who desires the information there given might have to search the shelves of a library for days to find it, and perhaps would not even then have got what he desired so concisely and judiciously set forth. This merit of the series is alone sufficient to justify its existence, and will, it may be hoped, enable it to hold its place in libraries for many years to come.

If it is to continue to be sold to and used by students, new editions will doubtless be called for, so it is worth while to take this opportunity of considering what improvements in it are required. One of these which we, and probably other reviewers, suggested in notices of the earlier volumes, has been adopted in the later ones, viz., a chronological table of events at the end of each volume. A much smaller addition, but one for which readers might be grateful, would be the placing in the margin of the pages a note indicating the contents of each paragraph, with the date of the events which the paragraph describes. But the change which most scholars will chiefly desire, and which, it is believed, many have already asked for, is the giving of references to authorities for the statements made in the text. We are well aware of the arguments used to defend the omission to give such reference, and aware also that the bibliographies appended to each chapter are intended to supply the want of references. But as these bibliographies include not a few books that are either trivial or untrustworthy, or both trivial and untrustworthy, not discriminating between good authorities and bad, they afford little guidance, though they may occasionally help the scholar to remember the name or date of some book which he had heard of previously but forgotten to consult. To make a system of references to authorities altogether complete would no doubt be a heavy task, and would add to the bulk of the book. In many cases, however, especially in the later periods, the requirements of the reader would be met by the citation of a few books of recognized authority, or a few public documents, without giving specific references for every fact to a particular page. In future editions, therefore, we hope to see either references or a much-amended bibliography.

Though no chapter, so far as we recollect, can be pronounced unworthy of its place, those few which are comparatively weak, might be either rewritten or carefully revised and strengthened. This suggestion is perhaps more applicable to what may be called the "general chapters," such as those on the history of political ideas and on literary history, than to the narrative chapters. It applies also, however, to one or two chapters in the present volume, in which the writers have not been able to overcome the difficulties (already discussed) which arise from the nearness of the events to our own time. When a work has reached so high a level as this does, one becomes more eager to see it brought even higher. It is a credit to British scholarship, yet not indeed specially to British, for besides the American contributions, it contains articles of conspicuous merit from writers belonging to the European Continent, whom the editors have been wise enough to enlist. The growth of the scientific spirit in historical writing has brought the great nations nearer together in their methods of treatment than they used to be. One feels in passing from a French or a German scholar's work to that of an Englishman or an American no abruptness of transition, but only a slight difference in tone and man-

ner which is in itself fresh and pleasing. Such variety is one of the agreeable features of the book.

One other question bearing on the series as a whole might be here considered, but it is so large a question that a brief reference to it must suffice. Such a great historical work has two aims, the one to present an account of all important events in narrative form, so that whoever desires to know what was happening in any particular part of the world at a given time may find the information he desires. The other is to present a broad philosophical view of the general movements which run through history, indicating the main intellectual and moral forces that have been at work and the lines which their action has followed. One asks accordingly in looking over the titles of the chapters from beginning to end whether these two objects have been attained. As to the former, the only criticism likely to be made is that some few of the byways of history have been insufficiently treated. They are *ex hypothesi* of quite secondary importance, but as it is specially hard to know where to find a proper treatment of them, this would be a reason for treating them here. The history of China and Japan in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the history of parts of the Near East during the same period, are examples. As respects the latter object, it may be suggested that Volume I ought to contain a much fuller general view of that which mediæval Europe gave to modern Europe as we find it in the middle of the fifteenth century, and that in the later volumes there ought to be chapters upon the relations of the civilized European nations (including the United States) to one another over the world outside Europe, and upon their relations to the barbarous or semi-civilized peoples. The extension of European power over these races, and the New World politics which that extension has created, are the most remarkable events in the world-history of the last sixty years, and seem to require a fuller and broader handling than they have received in the two last volumes. If space has to be found without unduly lengthening the series, it might be found by omitting or compressing the less important among the chapters on literature. Without in the least disparaging the importance of literature as a part of history, it may be suggested that the estimates of particular writers which fill a large part of those chapters could be omitted or shortened, for they lie rather outside the scope of the book, and do not always elucidate the movements of thought in the period covered.

CURRENT FICTION.

Rulers of the Surf: A Story of the Mysteries and Perils of the Sea. By J. W. Muller. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The composite nature of the book is suggested by its two titles. Here is a jumble of sympathetic realism and the wildest romance. The earlier chapters deal vividly with the experience of the life-savers and fishermen on the fighting side of Long Island. In so far as description is adhered to, description of scenes and of general types, these pages are of unusual quality. The savagery of the open sea and the uncalculated bravery of those who daily cope with it are sketched with a good deal of vigor and color. There are chapters on deep-sea fishing which suggest the vividness of A. H. Bullen's first books; and nothing better has been written in celebration of our national life-saving service. But, alas, the usual thing happens: our author falls a victim to that strange centripetal force which seems destined to drag most of our essayists and literary painters into the common whirlpool of fiction. We are always free to wonder in such instances whether the writer himself has lacked courage to stick to his last or has succumbed to the voice of the publisher pleading with him to give his true work that false garnish of fiction which will commend it to the hasty palate of the goody-loving public. In this case far too few pages have been turned when the technical hero makes his appearance in the person of a foundling rescued from the deep and adopted by one of the life-savers. For his sake is presently manufactured a plot of considerable ingenuity involving abduction by a pirate, pursuit of treasure under the sea, and escape in an open boat from the hands of the abductor. That gentleman is a smooth and wily and savage villain quite of the Stevensonian model, hiding his wickedness under an affectation of simplicity and hearty good humor—a Long John Silver, in short. He has reappeared more than once in the sea romances of the past year: we would respectfully suggest that no further replicas are in order. When we say that the waif from the sea turns out to be the grandson of a very rich man, who has had his eye upon him all the while, we shall astonish nobody. The whole machinery of the story, as a story, is outworn and perfunctory. Nevertheless, the book is decidedly worth taking up for the sake of the opening chapters.

The Sword in the Mountains. By Alice MacGowan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here is an exceptionally vivid and interesting civil war document relating to that part of the great struggle which raged about Chattanooga. It draws quality and value from being in the main restricted to one locality. To give the faithful military history of one vital centre is to make an indelible impression of the grip of war. So, too, the story gains, since the characters, a more or less fixed group, never part with their personal relation to the region, and they and their setting become for the reader familiar company before the 450 pages are ended. Miss MacGowan's affectionate intimacy with the Tennessee and North Carolina boundary qualifies her for her task in an especial manner. Her own childish recollection, as she sets forth in her preface, goes back to the midsummer days of '65, when her mother had brought three little children down from Ohio to visit the husband and father whose regiment lay in Chattanooga. Her Northern birth, her later life in Chattanooga and on the neighboring ridges equip her inevitably for making a story which, lacking warmth and color not at all, is yet free from prejudice, and aims at accuracy rather than at pleading. The mountaineer's passionate loyalty to the Union, the Southerner's hot devotion to the Confederacy, flourish side by side in her experience and in these scenes. She has seen both sides, and she describes with a sympathy not so much divided as multiplied, father and son, old neighbors, lovers, standing at opposite points of view, each more often keeping than losing a spark of consideration for the endangered enemy; sometimes risking life and even honor for old ties' sake.

She has known, too, how to make a story on a level of interest with the history. The actual events in the stirring drama are told with admirable straightforwardness. But comment and description over-abound, giving the book undue length and undue wordiness. An occasional word of old English usage prettily hints at the mountaineer's pedigree. But the "white teeth of his smile," and "blond inches," and "cosmic despair," and "gruesome agonists," cause a sigh for the late Professor Hill, who, a student tells us, "could cure grandiloquence in one lesson."

The Winter Queen. By Marie Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The present writer has produced several other books of this general type—dealing, that is, with royal personages and court life. Our huge feminine reading public appears to have an insatiable appetite for books of the sort; and most of them are produced frankly enough as supplies for a particular demand. Some of them are made up of mere gossip and scandal; others attempt to picture the dramatic moments in the life of royalty. This book is of the latter type. It is plain that the author has conceived a real enthusiasm for her subject. "Because," she says, "the Stuart charm, working through the

long-dead years, enchained me; and then, because personality is deathless, I fell into a true love for her Majesty of Bohemia." The purpose to tell the story of Elizabeth Stuart came upon her during a visit at Prague—a mystical impulse: "Perhaps her spirit, hovering over Bohemia, had come to order me to tell her sad life." There and then, at all events, began a pilgrimage through many countries in search of material. The result is a volume beautifully printed, illustrated, and bound, containing a narrative which labors under the disadvantage of being neither quite history nor quite fiction. The author says she has given as much study to her subject as though she had written a biography. It is a pity she did not write a biography. For it is clear that she has had no such training or impulse as could hope to produce that very rare thing, a real historical romance. For one thing, her style is affected. She has read and admired Hewlett, and has striven for a manner of elaborate artlessness flavored with archaism. Her fortune has not been above that of the ordinary historical romancer. With the best will in the world to make her people speak seventeenth-century English, she is continually permitting them to lapse into modern idiom. On one page Elizabeth keeps fairly to the mark with: "Alack! dear heart, why should I be weary of you because I crave a journey?" And on the next, all she can muster is, "We are living in the year of grace sixteen hundred and seventeen; we are no longer in the dark ages when murder was an ordinary matter." Nor is the story-teller's own English always unexceptionable. With all her anxiety for the refined word, she can speak of "an indulgent smile like we give to the harmless nonsense spoken by a child." As for her subject in general, we cannot say that the author succeeds in conveying to the reader the glamour it has for herself. This Elector and Electress of the Palatinate—this daughter of James of England and Anne of Denmark, with her young husband—remain in our minds as rather ordinary people. If the reader can feel the divinity that hedges them, in virtue of their rank, all may be well. Otherwise he is likely to find the book, on the whole, a little dull.

The Slowcoach. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is a story of the ten days' travel of the Avory children and some of their friends from Oxford to Bredon and back in a "caravan," which had mysteriously arrived at the Avory home. There were Janet, the eldest and most practical; Robert, who was all for geography; Hester, who worshipped Napoleon and Shakespeare; Gregory, the youngest, with engineering aspirations; Horace Campbell, whose ideal was wavering between a cowboy and "Raffles"; Jack Rotheram, inclining to the sea, and his sister Mary, who, to a snub nose, quantities of freckles, and a very nice nature added good play with a cricket bat and a singing knowledge of the old Somersetshire songs. There were more adventures on the expedition than could have been hoped for in an England devoid equally of Robin Hood and Roundheads, and some of them were very exciting. But the trip itself was the real adventure, especially its startling end, after all chance for anything to happen would have been thought past. Rather oddly, the best-told parts of the tale are the "composite story," written by the young people early in the journey and entitled "The Secret of the Castle," and the "adventure of the little old lady," with her own "ripping" narrative, "Barbara's Fugitive." Unexceptionable is Hester's ode to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, who, in 1759, razed New Place in his rage at a demand for the poor rate.

O thou most base,
Who hadst possession of the dwelling-place
Of William Shakespeare, Stratford's loveliest son,
What is it thou hast done?
. . . . . .
Thou knave, thou cad,
Thou everything that's bad!

CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

History of Ethics within Organized Christianity. By Thomas Cuming Hall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

In all the confused and bewildering story of the Christian Church nothing is more confused and confusing than the history of Christian ethics. Nothing, moreover, should naturally be regarded as of greater importance. Yet, strange as it may seem, we have had until now no really adequate treatment of it in the English language. Professor Hall, therefore, deserves the thanks of every one interested in this subject for his scholarly and skilful attempt to steer us through the maze of ethical—and unethical—doctrines that bear the name Christian. His book, to be sure, will be lacking in interest to all who are not inherently interested in the subject. It is also rather lacking in unity and in continuity of development. But for neither of these things is our author to be held responsible, as they both are due to the nature of the subject. For the truth is, the history of ethical thought within organized Christianity is a collection of somewhat isolated and often quite stupid moral philosophies, interspersed, to be sure, with occasional instances of brilliant intuition, but lacking that unity of development which is needed to attract spontaneous interest.

We cannot here rehearse the story of Christian ethics. Suffice it to say that the book covers surprisingly well the whole of the field indicated by its title. One chapter is given up to the Greek, Hellenistic, Roman, and Hebrew contributions to Christian ethics. Another is devoted to the ethics of Jesus and the New Testament writers. Then follow several chapters on the Early Church, the Bishops' Church, the Papacy, and Scholasticism. And, lastly, come three chapters on the Reformation and the development of ethics within Protestantism and modern Catholicism.

The contrast between the ethical enthusiasm and lofty moral teaching of Jesus and Paul, and the lowly position of ethics within official Christianity almost ever since, is strikingly brought out. For Jesus and for Paul the most important thing in the new Gospel was the strength that comes from the divine into the human *for the sake of righteousness.* This primal emphasis on the ethical enabled the Founder of Christianity and his great follower to put almost everything else in its proper place—faith, ritual, government, asceticism, and all the other things that common life and awakening philosophy force us to face. But when the great Apostle passed away and Christians felt the need of an external unity, dogma and the demands of the Church as an institution took the foremost place which ethics had held and should always have retained. And as the pagan world flocked into the Church and became nominally Christians, they brought with them all sorts of unethical beliefs and magical practices which Jesus would have fiercely denounced and which have been the bane of Catholicism and even of Protestantism ever since.

For Dr. Hall has succeeded in writing his history from a really unprejudiced point of view, so that Catholic and Protestant are alike fairly but critically treated—*nullo discrimine agetur.* The externality of the Roman Church, its reliance on sacramental magic, and its loss of the freedom of the spirit and of the ethical inwardness which characterized Jesus and Paul and John, these and other things like them are brought out with clearness and studied in detail. But the common superficially optimistic view of many Protestants, that everything was set right by the Reformers, is as emphatically rebuked. Calvinism, in particular, and British Puritanism make a rather sad showing. "For the Roman imperialism Calvin simply substitutes a Scriptural imperialism. The Biblical Church is the ultimate and final authority over the really regenerate man. . . . Beyond her pale there is not only ordinarily no salvation, but no really ethical life. . . . No really Protestant, *i. e.*, autonomous, ethics can flourish on this basis. The Church officers controlling the sacraments and the preaching of the gospel become the directors of men's consciences. . . . This is simply Roman Catholicism without the name Roman." "The student of ethics comes away from

the study of Puritan thought as seen in Knox with the profound conviction that whatever gains the Reformation made in systematic ethics were not made by Puritanism, but rather in spite of it; that as an ethical teacher it was too fast bound in scholasticism to advance our ethical freedom in Christ Jesus."

Not even Luther comes through Professor Hall's analysis unscathed. Much of the Roman Catholic view of authority, much of scholasticism and of ecclesiasticism is carried over into his teaching, and the really protestant elements are there only through a noble inconsistency. But these inconsistent elements form the really important and fruitful part of his thought. "The glory of Protestant ethics as founded by Luther and developed by Kant is the autonomous, democratic, unpriestly character stamped upon it. All men should be kings and priests of God. The ministry, according to Luther, was purely functional. He did not carry out the logic of his assumptions at all times, yet in the main he was true to them. In the last analysis for Luther the soul must stand alone for truth and trust that it will not be forsaken."

As this last quotation shows, Dr. Hall accepts and stands for the relative and developing nature of our moral ideals. For ethics there is no absolute. And it is, he tells us, to Kant perhaps even more than to Luther that we owe this essentially Protestant position. Hence in these later years Christian thought has so coalesced with independent philosophical thought that to-day, so far as content goes, one can hardly point to any peculiarly Christian ethics.

One will probably frame too pessimistic a view of Christianity from Dr. Hall's pages unless one constantly stops to reflect that the subject of the book is ethics, not morality; philosophical theory rather than practical conduct. Through all those centuries in which so little advance was made in ethical insight, the Church was still really standing for righteousness and proclaiming and cultivating it. Yet when even this is said, the story at best is humiliating to the modern Christian, and he feels on finishing it that the danger of "mere morality" has never been anything but a theological myth, and that the degeneration in moral enthusiasm and insight which followed so speedily upon the teachings of the Founder is one of the saddest things in human history. As our author says in his preface, "The simple things which the Master stood for, and which can be tried out in life, we have deemed 'impracticable,' because 'you can't change human nature. So ecclesiastical tradition has substituted theologies which cannot be tested in life, for ethics which may be. It has demanded belief in doubtfully true speculative and intellectual propositions, and called such assent 'faith,' where the Master demanded loving and trustful acceptance of simple canons of conduct, and identified such acceptance with loyalty to his purpose. The study of the history of ethics may lead, it is to be hoped, a chosen band to really resolutely insist upon putting in the foreground what Jesus put in the foreground, and relegating even true traditions to the background if they are of secondary importance for his purpose."

A Queen at Bay: The Story of Cristina and Don Carlos. By Edmund B. d'Auvergne. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

This is an interesting account of the stormy period of the Carlist wars, presented from the standpoint of the regent Cristina, the more welcome because good books on this complicated and difficult field are extremely rare. Its clearness and simplicity, and the absence of partisan bias raise it far above the usual standard of popular works. The faults of Cristina—the predominantly personal point of view from which she approached every problem, her utter lack of principle, and her inability to control her passions—are frankly admitted. Yet on the other hand, it is made abundantly clear that her pluck, persistence, common-sense, and ability to bargain and compromise were chiefly responsible for giving Spain a liberal constitution.

Rarely, indeed, have the personal interests and family affairs of any nineteenth century ruler been so closely bound up with the government of his country, as were those of Cristina. Because her daughter's throne was threatened by a rival more despotic and obscurantist even than her execrable husband had been, she found it expedient to lean on the people and grant them some share of the liberties they desired in order to enlist their sympathies on the side of the reigning family. After the Carlists were defeated in 1839, she became involved in a struggle with her quondam ally Espartero, and was exiled for a brief space to France. Her rival's term of success, however, was but short, as she prophesied at the moment of her departure, and she was recalled in 1844. The next two years were occupied in the diplomatic intrigues which led up to that most unsavory triumph of Bourbon diplomacy—the Spanish Marriages—by which the courts of Paris and Madrid were apparently united in indissoluble alliance; but the revolution which ousted Louis Philippe in 1848, wrecked all these plans, and led on, though very indirectly, to the overturn in Spain which caused the second and final departure of Cristina from the stage of history in 1854. From the personal point of view her career was something of an anti-climax; though her daughter held on in Spain till 1868, her grandson was "restored" in 1874, and her great-grandson occupies the Spanish throne to-day. On the other hand, the various liberal constitutions which were evolved and thrust upon her country during the troublous years of her regency, though they were none of them permanent, gave Spaniards the political training and education which have made possible their comparatively enlightened government at present.

Notes

Macmillan's list of forthcoming books includes: "The Income Tax," by Prof. R. A. Seligman of Columbia University; "The Justice of the King," a romance by Hamilton Drummond, and Prof. William Lyon Phelps's "Essays on Russian Novelists."

Little, Brown & Co. will bring out Jeffery Farnol's "The Broad Highway" on February 11.

Among the new works of fiction promised by Harper & Brothers are novels by Justus Miles Forman, Kate Langley Bosher, Anthony Hope, Irving Bacheller, Louise Closser Hale, Holman Day, Justin Huntly McCarthy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, H. Perry Robinson, William Samuel Johnson, and Marjorie Patterson.

"Riverside Readers" is the name of a new series which Houghton Mifflin Co. will issue as text-books in the spring. The editors of the series are James H. Van Sickle, superintendent of schools in Baltimore; Miss Wilhelmina Seegmiller, director of art in the Indianapolis public schools, formerly principal of a grammar school in Grand Rapids, Mich., assisted by Miss Frances Jenkins, supervisor of elementary grades in Decatur, Ill.

"Robert Kimberly" is a new novel by Frank H. Spearman, which will be issued in February by the Scribners.

E. H. Gomes is publishing with Seeley & Co. his illustrated book, "Seventeen Years Among the Sea Dyaks of Borneo."

Elliot Stock announces for publication a biography by W. J. Carlton, of Timothe Bright, "Doctor of Phisicke," whose "Treatise of Melancholy" was well known in the days of Shakespeare.

The Oxford University Press will celebrate the tercentenary of the authorized version of the Holy Bible by issuing shortly a photographic reproduction of the Black Letter edition of 1611. The size of the reprint will be eleven and three-quarter inches by eight and one-quarter inches. Alfred W. Pollard has written a bibliographical introduction of upwards of fifty pages, in which he describes, first, the earlier English translations, 1380-1582 (the Wyclifite Bibles, Tyndale's New Testament, Coverdale's Bible, Matthew's Bible, the Great Bibles, the Geneva Bible, the Bishops' Bible, the Rheims New Testament); secondly, the Bible of 1611 itself, giving a list of the revisers and the rules by which they were bound; and, thirdly, the later history of this Bible. The volume will contain "The Translators to the Reader," various illustrative documents, and, of course, the Apocrypha. Henry Frowde also announces

a cheaper reprint, in Roman type, page for page, of the editio princeps, similar to that published by the Oxford University Press in 1833. This volume will be eight inches by five and one-half inches, and will also contain Mr. Pollard's introduction.

To read Prof. William Knight's "Glamour of Oxford" (Frowde) is to undergo one of "the last enchantments of the Middle Ages." From Thomas Churchyard's "Tragedy of Cardinal Wolsey" down to the latest lucubrations of living Dons he has ranged with sure instinct for poems and passages of prose that give something of the spell that emanates from the colleges on the Isis and the Cherwell. His anthology has one trait not common to such books: the selections increase in interest as they approach our own day, and indeed the largest and by far the best part of the volumes comes from the second half of the nineteenth century. And among these late celebrators of the home of romance none is better than Lionel Johnson, whose "Oxford Nights" is a poem that not only the lover of Oxford but all lovers of books will be grateful to have pointed out to them, if they do not already know it. Professor Knight has missed some telling passages from seventeenth-century writers which would have strengthened somewhat his collection where it is inevitably weak. For instance, there is a passage in the introduction to Traherne's "Roman Forgeries" which gives an admirable picture of a religious discussion at Oxford in those days.

From the tone of the opening chapter one suspects that Mrs. Steuart Erskine's "A Royal Cavalier: The Romance of Rupert Prince Palatine" (Appleton) is going to be romance indeed, but she soon settles down into a decent historical gait and writes a well-judged and not uninteresting biography. The Stuart family, and particularly the adventures of Elizabeth of Bohemia and her many sons and daughters, have been extraordinarily popular among bookmakers these last four or five years, and it is only strange that Rupert has not had his thick volume before now. Mrs. Erskine follows him at great length through the Rebellion, and, as would be expected, has more praise for his courage and energy than she has censure for his rashness. If anything, the chapters dealing with his strange career after the war are even more interesting, as they are certainly fresher in matter. One could wish that Mrs. Erskine had omitted some of her strategic discussions and taken the space to add details to the background of Rupert's life as counsellor and man of science in England after the Restoration; she has missed here a golden opportunity. Among the illustrations there is a facsimile reproduction of a marriage certificate of Prince Rupert and Francisca Bard, which has been preserved in a family descended from a sister of Francisca's and has recently come to light. The document seems to be genuine, and, if so, settles one of the obscure points of Rupert's life.

There is probably no English writer who is more often misrepresented and about whom more general ignorance is displayed than Francis Jeffrey, the critic of the *Edinburgh Review*. Of Wordsworth's "Excursion" he wrote, as the opening of his essay, "This will never do!" and for those four words he has been held up as the supreme example of blindness to the great things of an age. As a matter of fact (waiving the question whether this particular dictum is right, and the judgment of to-day is veering unmistakably toward Jeffrey's position) few critics have, within certain necessary bounds, shown greater breadth of taste and knowledge than this same reviewer. Macaulay may have been influenced by his own Whiggery when he pronounced Jeffrey "more nearly an universal genius than any man of our time"; but Carlyle was not so prejudiced, and Carlyle wrote of Jeffrey in almost the same vein. For such reasons as these we regard the volume of "Jeffrey's Literary Criticism" as one of the most useful that have yet appeared in the delightful green and gold series of Henry Frowde. Only fourteen essays are included out of his innumerable contributions to the *Edinburgh*, but they give a fair intimation of his power and scope. The editor, D. Nichol Smith, has written an Introduction altogether admirable in its brief compass for its sane treatment of a difficult subject.

Frank M. Colby, in "Constrained Attitudes" (Dodd), says one thing truly: "There can be no sound derision of things *sub specie eternitatis* that does not include the blushing author. True satire is always self-ironical, and would have the whole world by the ears." To illustrate his point, he should have added to this series of voluble, faintly "scintillating," mildly satirical essays on —— to tell the truth, on nothing in particular, but ostensibly on the present state of journalism, criticism, and letters in general—he should have added a chapter on the Glittering School of Essayists. He should have discussed the problem of rhetorical galvanism, the bankruptcy of paradox, the mystery of the existence of manner without matter, the exhilaration of proceeding with energy and alacrity from nothing to nowhere. When this chapter is written, let us have it illustrated: for the head-piece, a carnivorous Saracen cleaving with bright blade the woundless air; for the tail-piece, a fine, crackling fire under an empty pot.

The *Nation* has from time to time, during the last thirty-nine years, called attention to Dr. Giuseppe Pitrè's "Biblioteca delle tradizioni popolari siciliane," an astounding monument to the erudition and industry of the collector, who has been a busy professional man and an honored municipal officer. The "Biblioteca," which has now reached its twenty-third volume ("Proverbi, motti e scongiuri del popolo siciliano," Torino: C. Clausen), contains a vast collection of Sicilian popular songs, tales, proverbs, festivals, children's games, customs, riddles, etc. We do not know of a similar collection in any age or country which could be ascribed to the industry of a single man. Pitrè began his work just in time to rescue for future generations of scholars an enormous mass of the most valuable folklore. The latest volume contains over a thousand proverbs not included in the thirteen thousand published in 1880 in four volumes, VIII-XI, of the "Biblioteca." In addition to these proverbs and proverbial sayings, there is an interesting category of *bons mots* in dialogue form, terms of comparison, formulas of beggars, imprecations and threats, popular etymologies, and prayers and conjurations. The last class is especially interesting, as it contains prayers against all kinds of diseases and against witchcraft, the evil eye, as well as charms to fascinate men, to make a baby walk, to shorten the death agony, to obtain news of a distant friend, to find a lost object, to get money, to kill a reptile with impunity, to charm ants and wolves, etc. The present volume has a pathetic interest, since it is dedicated to the memory of Pitrè's daughter Rosina, who with her infant was buried beneath the ruins of Messina on the 28th of December, 1908. The husband escaped, and in his distraction walked miles with his dead child in his arms, thinking it was still alive.

In other days, not so far removed as to be beyond recollection of the older generation, the American flag, instead of causing comment when it appeared in foreign ports, was the emblem of commercial dominance on the high seas. The beautiful ships that bore the ensign of the republic, their builders, masters, and crews, are epitomized by Capt. Arthur H. Clark, in "The Clipper Ship Era" (Putnam), who also points out reasons for the decline of the American mercantile marine. As a practical seaman, once an officer of a famous flyer, the author knows whereof he speaks, and he pictures sympathetically the romance of the American clipper ship, not omitting her competitor under the British flag. He describes the stately Indiaman, the North Atlantic packets, early clippers, California clippers, and those in the Australian and tea trades. His book, indeed, is a valuable history of ships that have passed. It was the California gold fever that stimulated American shipbuilders to create wonderfully fast vessels, which daring and resourceful captains raced around Cape Horn, under clouds of canvas. Records of these famous voyages—the Flying Cloud's eighty-nine days from New York to San Francisco in 1851 still stands unbeaten—are set forth in detail, and convey in themselves proof of the superiority of our native shipwrights and navigators. Capt. Clark is under no delusions as to the conditions which cost the United States her command of the seas:

> The supremacy held by the merchant marine of the United States in 1851 was maintained until 1856, and during this period American ships continued to be built, bought, and chartered by British ship-owners; but, after the great financial depression which affected both countries, from 1857 to 1859, British ship-owners no longer needed American-built ships, for in Great Britain iron had by this time superseded wood in the construction of large vessels. Thus the advantage to the United States of having an abundant supply of timber was taken away, while the advantage of free trade, with low cost of living, was on the side of England.

He adds:

> It is true that during our civil war American ships were still sold in England, but this was because their owners had no profitable use for them at home, rather than from any lack of British iron vessels. Since that period the decline of American shipping, for reasons that should be well understood, has been constant. I refer to the navigation laws and protective tariff of the United States. . . . As is well known, they prohibit an American citizen from owning a foreign-built merchant ship. Meanwhile, the protective tariff so increases the cost of living, and with it the cost of the labor and materials that go into the construction of a modern ship, that the American shipbuilder cannot produce a steel or iron vessel at anything like the

cost that will enable her to compete successfully with a ship of the same class constructed in a European shipyard.

Excellent pictures of famous clippers add to the book's attractiveness.

"The Life of Marie Amélie, Last Queen of the French" (Appleton), by C. C. Dyson, includes a sketch of her father, Ferdinando IV of Naples, and her mother, Maria Carolina, Queen of Naples and Sicily, with an account of their reign over the Two Sicilies, their first and second exile in Palermo, Ferdinando's forced abdication in favor of his eldest son, and Maria Carolina's retreat to Vienna, and her death there. Marie Amélie is a vivid and engaging personality. The niece of Marie Antoinette and wife of the eldest son of Philippe Egalité, having married the man she loved while he was an exile in poverty, unspoiled by the luxury and power of her position as Duchess of Orléans, and having borne with dignity her elevation to the throne and the humiliation of her flight from France, she died, the last Queen of the French, at the age of eighty-two, an exile, but to the last an active force in the lives of those around her. Her life abounds in romantic and picturesque incident; the time and the people lend themselves to dramatic narrative—the youth of Louis Philippe; the Hundred Days; the thrilling episode of the Duchess of Berry's attempt to raise an insurrection in favor of her son; her imprisonment at Blaye. But, with the material made to his hand, as it were, Mr. Dyson has done a poor piece of work. He is obscure; his English is always commonplace, and sometimes bad; above all, he lacks the essential gift of the historical imagination. We lay down the biography with a sense of incompleteness, though we have followed the records of three reigns, the fortunes of three generations, and seen Marie Amélie's grandsons fight under McClellan in the civil war. She herself cannot be made dull, but even history's dramatic repetition of itself in her great-granddaughter, Marie Amélie, the Queen of Portugal, who has recently sought refuge in England, fails to kindle imaginative interest in Mr. Dyson's carefully written book. The volume is illustrated, is indexed, and has a table of contents and a list of the authorities consulted.

"Two Great Rivals: (François I and Charles V) and the Women Who Influenced Them" (Appleton), by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, is a notable effort to force between the covers of a single volume every dramatic episode in the struggle between Charles V and Francis I. The question of historical accuracy does not trouble the author at all, nor is he especially concerned to preserve any continuity or indicate any connection between the events he describes; his book is written to sell and will probably do so. Female intrigues and licentious passions occupy, not unnaturally, the centre of the stage, the chapter headings, The Amours of François and Françoise, The Love Affairs of Eléonore, Unholy Love of François I for Marguérite of Angoulême, and The Influence of the Women, speak for themselves. Military events are not neglected. Gaston de Foix and Bayard are "lugged in" at every possible opportunity; Marignano, Pavia, and the Sack of Rome are portrayed vividly, though quite inaccurately. Diplomatic matters are occasionally mentioned, especially when they are sufficiently picturesque; when they are not, and the author finds it impossible to exclude them, he dresses them up in fantastic costume. In this connection, it may be worth while to explain that the somewhat cryptic chapter heading, Two Disappointments for the Butcher's Son, refers to Cardinal Wolsey's failures to get elected Pope in 1521 and in 1523. Twenty-one handsome illustrations are an important feature of the volume.

The Champlain Society has been fortunate in the men entrusted with the editing and translation of its publications. As Professor Munro has won recognition as an authority on the Seigniorial System in Canada, Col. Wood on the great Siege of Quebec, and Professor Grant on Lescarbot and his period, so William F. Ganong, in "New Relation of Gaspesia, with the Customs and Religion of the Gaspesian Indians," by Father Chrestien Le Clercq, translated and edited with a reprint of the original, has brought to bear a very special knowledge. Dr. Ganong professes no particular competency as a translator of old French, but his excellent previous rendering of Denys's peculiarly difficult "Descriptive and Natural History of North America" prepared one for his equally satisfactory version of Le Clercq. The "Nouvelle Relation de la Gaspesie," which to some extent supplements its author's larger and more important work, the "Premier Etablissement de la Foy" (translated by J. G. Shea), describes the Gaspesians and their country. Le Clercq had spent many years among them as a Recollet missionary, and was therefore fully qualified to write with authority. He discusses their origin, birth customs, their dress, ornaments, etc., their wigwams and home life, their language, religion, traditions, their tribal and marriage customs, their mode of making war, their hunting, amusements, and finally their death and burial customs. One long chapter is devoted to a graphic description of Le Clercq's voyage along the coast from Nepisiguit to Miramichi, including an account of the settlements of Denys, de Fronsac, and Enault; and another to his first voyage to France after a residence of five years in Canada. The historian Charlevoix many years ago said scornfully of Le Clercq's book:

> A coast that is a waste; some little islands and harbors where the fishery is made; Indians who come and go from Acadia and its neighborhood; that is what Gaspesia is and the Gaspesians, whom our author names Porte-Croix from a false tradition. It is not the wherewithal from which to fill up a volume of six hundred pages with very interesting matters.

But says Dr. Ganong:

> The value of the *"Nouvelle Relation"* to us is of a kind of which neither author nor critic could have had any idea. As one of our minor historical sources capable of yielding materials of value to modern critical study, as a repository of interesting fact concerning the early days of our native land, as a piece of the rare but precious literature having the power to make us feel something of the spirit of its times, the book has a high and enduring even though very local value.

The biennial report of Gov. Charles S. Deneen of Illinois closes with an earnest recommendation to the Legislature that the State coöperate with Indiana and Kentucky in marking the route followed by the Lincoln family in its migration from State to State. The Legislature of Kentucky has already enacted a law naming the route from Hodgenville to Indiana "The Lincoln Way." The Illinois plan includes a careful survey under the direction of the Illinois State Historical Society of the route, and the erection by the State Highway Commission of "such markers and suitable signs as may be necessary to mark the way in a prominent and permanent manner." If the Legislature would extend the Governor's suggestion so as to include the construction of a substantial avenue on the Illinois portion of the route, and suggest similar action by the two other Legislatures, the resemblance to the Appian Way, noted by Gov. Deneen, would be still closer, and the cause of good roads would be greatly advanced.

Only a small beginning has been made with the scientific investigation of the Talmud and kindred Jewish literature, but Prof. Hermann L. Strack's little work, entitled "Jesus, die Häretiker und die Christen nach den ältesten jüdischen Angaben, Texte, Uebersetzung und Erläuterungen" (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs), is a valuable contribution on a special problem in this field. Strack, doubtless the best Christian scholar in Talmudica, furnishes the chief data from his sources, which include the Talmudic literature and the church fathers. Greek and Latin. What he has brought together only confirms the judgment of the venerable Prof. Franz Delitzsch, expressed decades ago, that the Talmud and kindred Jewish literature make as little mention of Christ and of Christianity as they do of heretical and heterodox persons and movements in general, and that this almost complete suppression is the result of premeditation and purpose.

Hegel's "Phänomenologie des Geistes" was characterized more than forty years ago by the chief apostle of American Hegelianism, Dr. W. T. Harris, as "the greatest work in the whole history of thought"; it is, at any rate, the most remarkable and the most characteristic product of Hegel's peculiar genius. Yet the first complete English translation has but now appeared, from the hands of Prof. J. B. Baillie of King's College, Aberdeen ("Hegel's Phenomenology of Mind," 2 vols., Macmillan). As compared with the translation of several sections of the book given by Dr. Harris in the "Journal of Speculative Philosophy" in 1868, Mr. Baillie's rendering is, as a rule, incomparably clearer and more idiomatic, without being any less faithful. As compared with the regrettably brief sample of a translation published recently by Professor Royce, in Rand's "Modern Classical Philosophers," the present version is conspicuously less readable and less illuminating. But Mr. Baillie has, as he tells us, conceived it to be his duty to give a fair English equivalent of Hegel's language, with all its stiffness and obscurity, not to paraphrase, nor, "when the thought of the original is clad in wincey, to drape it in satin." There are times when a somewhat freer translation would have been a more faithful one; there are passages in which some of the shadings of Hegel's thought seem to escape; but upon the whole, the "Phenomenology" in its entirety may now be said to have been successfully naturalized in English philosophical literature.

The death is announced of the Rev. Dr. John Lemley, author of a number of books on religious subjects.

Word has been received from Constantinople of the death of the Rev. Herbert M. Allen, a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Sir Charles Dilke, whose death in his sixty-eighth year was reported last week from London, and whose career as a statesman bulked large in England a quarter of a century ago, was the author of the following works: "Greater Britain," "The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco," "The Present Position of European Politics," "The British Army," "Problems of Greater Britain," "Imperial Defence" (with Spenser Wilkinson), "British Empire," and "Memoir of Lady Dilke."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward died last Saturday night at her home in Newton Centre, Mass. She was born in 1844 in Boston, the daughter of the Rev. Austin Phelps, who later became professor at the Andover Theological Seminary; her mother was the oldest daughter of Moses Stuart, also of Andover. At the age of thirteen Elizabeth Phelps began to write for the *Youth's Companion*, and before she was twenty had published in *Harper's Magazine*. Her first important work was "The Gates Ajar," a spiritual romance prompted by the loss of a brother in the civil war. Her other works include: "The Gypsy Series" (4 vols.), "Men, Women and Ghosts," "The Trotty Book," "Hedged In," "The Silent Partner," "What to Wear," "Trotty's Wedding-Tour and Story Book," "Poetic Studies," "The Story of Avis," "Sealed Orders," "Friends," "Doctor Zay," "Beyond the Gates," "Songs of the Silent World," "Old Maids, and Burglars in Paradise"; "The Madonna of the Tubs," "The Gates Between," "Jack the Fisherman," "The Struggle for Immortality," "A Lost Hero" (with her husband), "Come Forth" (with same), "The Master of the Magicians" (with same), "Fourteen to One," "Donald Marcy," "A Singular Life," "The Supply at St. Agatha's," "Chapters from a Life," "The Story of Jesus Christ," "Within the Gates," "Successors to Mary the First," "Avery," "Trixy," "The Man in the Case," "Walled In," "Though Life Us Do Part," "Jonathan and David," and "The Oath of Allegiance."

Drama

The production of Josephine Preston Peabody's striking poetic play, "The Piper," is a pleasant episode in the somewhat eccentric history of the New Theatre. It can scarcely be necessary to give a detailed description of the piece itself, which was reviewed first in this journal as long ago as December 16, 1909, and has since then been the subject of mention more than once. Founded upon the legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, it provides a happy ending, in which the abducted children are restored to their stricken parents by the Piper, who, after entertaining them awhile in a secret cavern, and vowing that he will never surrender them to the tyrannies and hypocrisies of the money-grubbing city, yields to the entreaties of a widowed mother—in whom he discovers a living soul—and the spiritual influence of the Christ. The Piper is the embodiment of the spirit of liberty and protest, the champion of natural freedom in life and religion, whose mission it is to free all things from their material and spiritual cages. He is the central and all-important figure of an interesting fairy tale, full of true poetry, vigorous satire, and significant symbolism, and is drawn with uncommon vigor and imagination. In more than one scene he has speeches which rise to a high pitch of poetic eloquence and emotional intensity. He is essentially a masculine figure in his boldness and his tender susceptibility, and an error of managerial judgment was committed when it was decided to give the part to Edith Wynne Matthison, whose great skill and insight as an actress cannot make up for the lack of the proper male characteristics. Her performance is, in its way, a remarkable achievement—eloquent, graceful, passionate, humorous, and tender—but it is not masculine, and so fails to fulfil the spirit of the author's creation. It would have been wiser to defer the production of the piece indefinitely than to run the risk of changing the sex of the hero. As the character is not an intricate or difficult one, it seems plain that in any well-organized stock company there ought to be some actor capable of playing it at least with the needed virility. In other respects the production at the New Theatre is worthy of high praise. Pictorially, it is especially beautiful. But the soul of a poetic play is more important than the decorations.

Edward Sheldon, the author of "Salvation Nell" and "The Nigger," is clinging to the errors of his ways. His latest play, "The Boss," which may now be seen in the Astor Theatre, is likely to prove a commercial success, making its appeal solely to the common crowd, but is altogether inconsiderable from any point of view of literature or drama. As an aggregation of violent, extravagant, or abnormal situations, it will compare favorably, or unfavorably, with either of its predecessors, but exhibits no advance in the art of construction. It is one of the consequences of the mischievous example set by Clyde Fitch—who was a good craftsman—in the compilation of "The City" and other melodramas closely akin to the dime novel. The ingredients of it—served up with a sauce of modern slang—have long been familiar to the cheaply sentimental and sensational stage. Once again we have the honored merchant who has misused trust funds, and is therefore in the power of an unscrupulous and ruffianly enemy, and the devoted daughter who—this time in the most incredible circumstances—sells herself to obtain her father's liberty and cash. That such a man as the "Boss" should have acceded to such terms, or abided by them, is beyond all reason. After six months of platonic alliance, the wife offers herself as a bribe to her husband, if he will yield to his striking laborers, in whom she is deeply interested. These are samples of the raw flavor with which this dramatic dish is seasoned. The Boss, himself, though overdrawn in all respects, and absurdly inconsistent, after the fashion of lurid melodrama, is a potent theatrical figure and is effectively presented by Holbrook Blinn. But the part is not difficult. The other characters are chiefly feeders to the "star."

A one-act play by Henry James, called "The Saloon," has just been produced in the Little Theatre, London. The *Times* says that "it is full of Henry James sentences, so full that the poor players knit their brows in the effort to remember the unusual collocations."

Joseph M. Gaites will give the first performance of "Thais," in dramatic form, in Springfield, Mass., on February 9. The dramatization has been made by Paul Wilstach, who adheres more closely to the incidents in the novel of Anatole France than does the operatic version. It has twenty-seven speaking parts, of which the chief are taken by Tyrone Power, Constance Collier, Arthur Forest, Elmer Grandin, and others. The incidental music will be an important feature of the representation.

Ben Greet is now rehearsing four revivals of Sir W. S. Gilbert's plays—"The Palace of Truth," that was so successfully produced at the Garden Theatre last year, and "Pygmalion and Galatea," as afterpieces for "Creatures of Impulse" and "Rosencrantz and Guilderstern." Later he contemplates a Shakespearean festival downtown at popular prices. During Lent, "Everyman" will be presented, probably at Mendelssohn Hall.

As the successor to "Nobody's Daughter" at Wyndham's Theatre, in London, Frank Curzon and Gerald du Maurier have selected a new four-act play by Leon M. Lion and Malcolm Cherry, who have provisionally named their piece "Mr. Jarvis." It tells a story of a political conspiracy in which the Old Pretender is the central figure.

Louis Waller will soon appear as Marc Antony in the forum scene of "Julius Cæsar," which he is to produce at the Palladium in London. The London music halls seem to be able to get all the real drama they want.

The publication of "The Plays of Thomas Love Peacock" (David Nutt), some fifty years after the author's death, does, as the editor, A. B. Young, observes in his preface, call for explanation. Not only have the three plays now given to the public never before been printed, but their very existence has been known to few. In 1903 the British Museum bought a number of Peacock's MSS. from Mrs. Edith Clarke, among them being these dramas in the author's own handwriting. The first of these, "The Dilettanti," a comedy somewhat in the manner of Goldsmith, was probably written some time about 1814. The second, "The Circle of Loda," a romantic drama in blank verse, may have come from the same period, or a little later; the influence of Ossian is marked, and the editor surmises that the plot bears a veiled allusion to the desertion of Harriet Westbrook, by Shelley, and the transference of his affections to Mary Godwin. The third play, "The Three Doctors," is a musical comedy, and shows analogies with "Headlong Hall" and "Melincourt." "The Circle of Loda" is of no special interest, but the two comedies are full of the wit and boisterous humor that give so piquant a relish to Peacock's novels, and they are constructed more compactly than the novels. By their very compactness, they lose that joyous discursiveness which is, perhaps, the chief charm of the Peacockian manner, but they are delightful bits of nonsense in their

own way, and their publication was more than justifiable. Scattered through the plays there are a number of songs that compare well with those in the tales. The following, from "The Dilettanti," may be quoted as an example:

With knights, and maids, and loves, and arms,
And countless deeds, and war's alarms,
Our mystic song the hearer charms,
While the ev'ning bells ring merrily.
Of magic groves and vales we sing;
Of Merlin, and the Elfin-king,
Of sprites that o'er the witch-grass spring,
While the ev'ning bells ring merrily.
Of deep enchantments strange and strong,
Of sweetest notes of fairy song,
That float the haunted air along,
While the ev'ning bells ring merrily.

Henry Bryan Binns, the author of biographies of Lincoln and Whitman, has written a drama, entitled "The Adventure." This is to be produced in London at an early date. It will be published on February 15 by B. W. Huebsch.

George Porto-Riche, the author of "L'Infidèle," "L'Amoureuse," and "Le Passé," who was very prominent on the French stage in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, but who has been silent for ten years, has now come to the front again at the Paris Renaissance with another of his dramas of passion, entitled "Le Vieil Homme," or "The Old Adam." A printer and publisher, Michel Fontanet, in order to avoid the temptations of Paris, and to allay the only too reasonable jealousy of his devoted wife, Thérèse, has established himself at Grenoble, where, for a time, he lives peacefully with his wife, his son Augustin, a romantic boy in his teens, and his father-in-law, who, although a prominent figure in the play, has nothing to do with the main plot. Comparative peace prevails in the household until the arrival upon the scene of a certain fascinating Madame Allin, a coquette by nature, who is allowed to gain a footing as a friend of the family. The boy, Augustin, of whom she makes a plaything, is soon madly in love with her, and it is not long before the elder Fontanet also falls under her spell. Thérèse is the prey at once of the fiercest conjugal jealousy and maternal anxiety. In her despair, for the sake of the boy, she appeals to Madame Allin to persuade Fontanet to go to Paris alone, for a few days, that the boy may have an interval of peace. The agreement is made, but meanwhile Augustin makes a declaration of his passion, and is repulsed in kindly fashion by Madame Allin, who gives him some sound advice. All might be well, but unhappily Fontanet will not depart without a farewell interview with his enslaver, and the boy, becoming aware of this meeting, desperately goes off into the hills, in a fierce thunderstorm, and commits suicide. The story is said to be told with great insight, skill, eloquence, and sincerity, but it is not a pretty one. The French critics say that it betrays the influence of Ibsen, and certainly the manner of the final catastrophe is suggestive of the Norwegian's habit of mind. Much of the success of the play is attributed to the excellence of the acting of M. Tarride and Madame Simone, as the husband and wife. The part of the boy, Augustin, was entrusted to an actress, whose evident femininity—as one would think might easily have been foreseen—was entirely destructive of all illusion in the love scenes.

Music

The Pianoforte and Its Music. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Although Mr. Krehbiel asserts on the first page of his new book that in writing it he was "more desirous to instruct than to entertain," he has nevertheless deigned here and there to introduce an anecdote or a page or two of details regarding social conditions, like those to which he devoted his "Music and Manners in the Classical Period." For the rest his monograph might bear the subtitle, "Chapters of Musical History." It is a study of the origin and development of the pianoforte, the music composed for it, and the performers who, in the concert halls, brought that music home to the understanding and enjoyment of the people. It is shown clearly how the manufacturer, composer, and performer were fellow-agents in the evolution of pianoforte music from the days of the earliest players of clavichords and harpsichords to the great virtuosi of our day; in other words, how, at first, the composers as well as the performers were hampered by the primitive condition of the instruments, and how, in course of time, their desires led the makers to improve them.

Undoubtedly the best pianos now made are of American manufacture. The frontispiece of this volume is a picture of one of the only two now existent instruments made by Cristofori (the first real pianofortes, *i. e.*, instruments on which one could play loud or softly at will); this instrument is housed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Mr. Krehbiel briefly describes the changes in mechanism and aspect of pianos from the time when this was made, in 1720, to the epoch of the perfected American grand. The mediæval precursors of the real pianoforte also are described. Turning to the composers, the author devotes chapters to the earliest Clavier Music, The English Virginalists, French and Italian Clavecinists, The German School: Bach and Handel, Classicism and the Sonata, Beethoven, The Romantic School, National Schools. Part III attempts the task of summing up in thirty-four pages what should be said about the great players from Bach to Rubinstein and Hans von Bülow—a task, it is needless to say, impossible of satisfactory execution in so short a space.

A famous German author some years ago wrote a history of music in which he enlarged so much on the early periods that he had not space enough left for the more interesting and important later epochs. "The Pianoforte and its Music" has the same defect. Doubtless nine-tenths of its readers would have been glad if the long chapters on the earliest Clavier Music and the English virginalists had been shortened to make room for a few pages on the playing of Paderewski, D'Albert, Hofmann, Busoni, and others; or some details regarding the pieces of living composers like Debussy and Ravel, who are disposed of with the grammatically Debussyan remark that "chief of the younger men who in small descriptive pieces marvellous for finish of harmonic detail and intervallic novelty are Claude Achille Debussy, born in 1862, and Maurice Ravel, born in 1875." It is also likely that readers of a book which devotes six pages to Clementi, Dussek, and Cramer, who have "disappeared from our concert-rooms," would have been glad to have more than fifteen lines about MacDowell's pieces for piano, which are not only the best composed in America, but, with the exception of Grieg's, the best composed anywhere since Chopin.

In Mr. Krehbiel's opinion, the best piano music since Schumann is that of Brahms—an opinion which probably two or three per cent. of his readers will share. Few of them will begrudge Beethoven a whole chapter of thirty-three pages, for he is one of the greatest composers for pianoforte, though not half as important in this field as Chopin, or, from some points of view, Liszt, two innovators who are disposed of much more briefly. Beethoven has suffered from the too extravagant praise of his friends, who have too persistently ignored the greater poetical tenderness of Chopin and others. Beethoven himself knew his limitations better than they and was frank in his confession of them. In 1802 he said to Krumpfholz: "I am not satisfied with my works up-to-date"; and years later, as Ries and others reported, he disliked playing his own pianoforte pieces. Some of the Beethoven sonatas are among the greatest works written for piano, but many are becoming obsolete. J. S. Shedlock, in his admirable book, "The Pianoforte Sonata," shows more discrimination than most of the Beethovenites. "To suggest," he remarks, "that any one of Beethoven's thirty-two should be removed out of its place would now sound flat blasphemy; but art progresses, and some even now are falling into oblivion." This could not be said of Chopin's pieces; hardly any of them have suffered from the lapse of time. They excel Beethoven's in wealth of melodic invention, in harmonic and modulatory originality, in idiomatic pianistic style, and in coherence of form. Mr. Krehbiel speaks scornfully of those who depreciate the large forms, and he compares a sonata or symphony to a cathedral; but if cathedrals were as loosely, as incoherently, put together as sonatas and symphonies are, the first gale would blow them into ruins.

It is to be regretted that the author did not realize that Chopin is the sun

around which all pianoforte music revolves, quite as much as Schubert is the sun in the world of song; to be regretted also that, instead of devoting a page to what he justly calls the "metaphorical rhapsody" of Lenz and others on Liszt, he did not give space to citing the searching and instructive remarks of Rudolph Breithaupt on Liszt's pianistic innovations printed in *Die Musik*. Of Schubert, the author writes sympathetically and the remarks on the piano music of Bach and Handel are admirably to the point; so are those on Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Weber. The writer's erudition is manifested by the offering of much by-the-way curious information in text and footnotes. There are eleven illustrations.

Mauriee Renaud will give his second song recital at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday afternoon, February 7.

Lilli Lehmann's voice resists the effeet of time. A few weeks ago she appeared at the Imperial Opera in Vienna in "Fidelio" and "Don Giovanni" with the usual sueeess.

Handel has never been so popular in Germany as in England. His oratorio "Belsazar" had its first Leipzig performance this winter.

In commemoration of the fifteenth anniversary of Prof. Arthur Nikisch's first appearance as eonduetor in Russia, the Kussewitzky concert committee in Moscow arranged an extra concert to be given under his direetion. The programme was entirely devoted to eompositions by Tchaikovsky, and included the Symphonie Pathétique. Herr Nikiseh, who in Russia is considered unrivalled as an interpreter of Tehaikovsky's music, reeeived tremendous ovations. Addresses, laurels, and valuable gifts were sent from all parts of Russia. No foreign artist has probably ever been aeeorded sueh a tribute of admiration in that country, says the London *Musical Times*.

The five volumes of the new edition of Grove's "Dictionary of Musie and Musicians" comprise nearly 4,000 pages whieh contain about 4,000,000 words by 184 writers. It is stated in a London journal that the editor of this edition, Fuller Maitland, invited a well-known and able musieian to deal with Richard Strauss, but the proposed contributor declined the task after hearing "Salome."

Art

A second exhibition of the Senefelder Club in London promises well for the revival of lithography as an art. Every effort was made to insure this revival some ten years or so ago, when the centenary of Senefelder was celebrated in Paris, but with no very practical results. A number of distingulshed artists produced distinguished lithographs, but only in a few cases were collectors, dealers, and publishers interested, and the art languished for the want of neeessary patronage. Artists have always been interested, for there is no more autographic method for the multiplication of their designs, but artists eannot live on their own personal interest alone. When the Senefelder Club was organized a year ago and gave a remarkable exhibition at the Goupil Gallery, everybody who cared for so delightful an art hailed it with joy, but also with fear that the first exhibition might be the last. However, the club in its second year shows itself to be, if anything, stronger than ever, and its seeond exhibition in the same gallery is more remarkable than the first. The club has the good sense to realize that it ean but losc by insularity in art, or even by restrieting its show entirely to members. Some of the British exhibitors do not beiong to the club, and not only do many foreigners contribute, but the work of artists long sinee dead is ineluded. As a eonsequenee, the eolleetion gains in breadth and variety. Almost everything that the artist ean do on the stone, almost everything that he ean obtain from it, is represented. There are the direet, suggestive, almost short-hand notes by Manet, La Guerre Civile, and La Barricade, for instance, and at the other extreme the worked-out effects of light and atmosphere by Signac and Emil Claus. Willette ean be seen in a cartoon the meaning of which leaps to the eye, and Henri de Groux in designs so intrieate that whatever horrors he may have wished to convey vanish in the endeavor to unravel the tangle of figures and lincs. And Fautin-Latour can be eontrasted with Veber, Louis Legrand with Anquetin and Steinlen. Germany is well represented in the careful but simple studies of mountain forms by Sauter, and the elaborate flowers by Fräulein Lange, wonderful examples of eolor printing, whieh give not a mere suggestion of eolor as in Whistler's exquisite little prints, but carry it as far almost as in a painting, and never beyond the legitimate possibilities of the medium.

There are good things too from America: a portrait by Albert Sterner, two figure studies and a ehureh interior, with extraordinary effects obtained from brilliant touches of color, by McLure Hamilton; and a series of drawings of Niagara by Joseph Pennell, some of which, it may be interesting to note, have been already bought by the British government for the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, together with several other prints in the eolleetion. It is this official recognition in a eountry officially indifferent to the encouragement of art that is one of the most promising signs of the suecess of the club and its exhibitions. Herkomer, who has talked a great deal of the new process invented by him—though it is not easy for the modern lithographer to invent anything in which he was not anticipated by Senefelder—shows several prints which, whatever the merit of the process, have a dulness, a heaviness curiously inappropriate when the chief attraction of lithography to the artist is the chance it gives him for spontaneity and direetness of expression. In the series by C. H. Shannon a most delicate and sympathetic understanding of the medium is revealed, but little is to be said about his work that has not been said already. There are portraits by F. E. Jackson, who has mastered the technique of the art most thoroughly. But of all the British members not one is so striking as John Copley, who gets from the stone a richness and color that pure black-and-white does not often give. Other prints are interesting for other reasons. But enough have been mentioned to explain the importance of the exhibition, and the loss it would be if an art with such possibilities, of which the artist is so ready to avail himself, were allowed to disappear for want of recognition. Because commercial lithography is guilty of atrocities, it does not follow that artistic lithography must pay the penalty.

The *Monatshefte* for January contains a discussion by Dr. Steinmann of the portrait which he discovered of Queen Charlotte, George III's consort, painted by Gainsborough. The portrait is now in the possession of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

"Cathedral Churches of England" (Duffield), by Helen Marshall Pratt, is a guidebook so concise and clearly arranged that it might well find a place in the pedestrian's knapsack. It is based upon a thorough study of the churches and the literature concerning them, and includes essays on the development of Gothic architecture and stained glass in England, a bibliography, and itineraries. The usual instructions to the reader as to what he shall or shall not admire are wisely omitted; and it is a pity that the small reproductions of commonplace photographs were not left out, too.

Mabel Tuke Priestman, in two volumes published by McClurg & Co. under the titles "Artistic Homes" and "Handicrafts in the Home," has made "copy" of several houses of the improved kind now building in many American suburbs, and of some of the revived arts and crafts which are in evidence wherever two or three are met together at a woman's club. Mrs. Priestman is an art writer, not an art critic. With never a smart saying or neatly turned antithesis she tells a story that is almost demurely unaffected. "A house of simple colonial design, of good architecture, and well adapted for the suburbs or country, has been built in Germantown," is her way of beginning a book. No philosophical preface is deemed necessary, no introduction to expose the reaction of the American man on his problems of shelter and domestic enjoyment. This kind of treatment, sketchy and suggestive, is directly opposite to that of a vast German treatise on the American house which has lately appeared. Most of the houses described and illustrated by Mrs. Priestman are of Philadelphia. The handicraft book is one which, while it invites criticism of its haphazardness in the selection of arts and crafts, will be useful to many amateur and semi-professional workers. This is the day of "art crafting in metal," as an ingenious advertising writer phrases it—of high school ceramics and sanatorium mat-making. With desirable definiteness as regards the tools and materials needed, the costs and the processes possible for beginners, Mrs. Priestman describes several metal crafts, wood and chip carving, leather work, pyrography, hand-woven rugs, raffia needlework, and other occupations at which busy hands may turn an honest dollar, and which nowadays give pleasurable employment to the hands of not a few of the idle rich. Omissions of some rather popular pursuits will be noted.

The Guild of St. Dunstan, for example, might justly complain that there is no chapter devoted to ecclesiastical art. The vogue of the hand-wrought picture and mirror frames is not considered. Some of the arts taken up—as pyrography—have, unfortunately, been so vulgarized that heavy responsibility rests on the author who encourages further incursions into an overworked field. The volume, nevertheless, deserves commendation for its sincerity.

The definitive catalogue of the etchings and mezzotints of Sir Seymour Haden, who died not long ago, has just appeared, in an edition limited to 225 copies, with the title, "The Engraved Work of Sir Francis Seymour Haden, P. R. E., an illustrated and descriptive catalogue, by H. Nazeby Harrington. With 109 plates, containing reproductions of 250 etchings." (Liverpool: Henry Young & Sons.) As the title indicates, Mr. Harrington has followed the excellent plan of giving a reproduction of each print catalogued, a plan to which the works of Rovinski (on Rembrandt), Deiteil, H. J. Hubert (on Israels), and others have already accustomed us. In the case of unique or rare impressions the locale is noted, in which category the New York Public Library often appears, as it possesses the only noteworthy public collection of the English etcher's work.

Dr. Arvanitopoulos has had another successful season of excavations at Pagasæ in Thessaly, where he has cleared the second tower, which was found to have been filled with rubbish containing a number of painted Greek gravestones. About one hundred such gravestones were brought to light, some of them in an excellent state of preservation, of which the following are the most important: A stele of Aristoxydes of Keios, representing a warrior greeting a youth; one of Klemene, the daughter of Agathokles, representing an altar with a serpent; one of Lycoleon of Angea, with a feast of the dead; and one of Paulos, son of Artemidoros, with a beautiful representation of an anthemion.

John Lockwood Kipling, father of Rudyard Kipling, died at his home at Tisbury, England, last Sunday. Known in this country as the illustrator of his son's books, he was by profession an architectural sculptor. He spent most of his life in India, and he won considerable renown not only there, but in England, through his artistic knowledge and his deftness in execution. He was born in Pickering, England, in 1837. His father was the Rev. Joseph Kipling. He received his art education at the South Kensington Institution. With two associates, he was chosen to direct an art school which it was proposed to found at Bombay. The successful carrying out of this plan marked the beginning of modern art education in India. Lockwood Kipling remained in direction of the Bombay School of Art until 1875. He left Bombay for Lahore, where he established the Mayo Art School, a monument of the government to the memory of Lord Mayo. Later he was appointed to a more notable position, that of curator of the Lahore Museum, an institution devoted to the collection of all varieties of native art and curiosities. The museum grew greatly in the years of his connection with it. He managed the Indian exhibit at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in London in 1886. One of his most recent tasks was the illustrating of an edition of Rudyard Kipling's books. He made bas-reliefs in clay and photographs of these were reproduced as illustrations. He was the author of "Beast and Man in India," which appeared twenty years ago.

John MacWhirter, the painter, who died in London on Saturday, was born near Edinburgh seventy-four years ago. As a painter of landscapes, a master of detail and technique, and as a scholar of botany, geology, and the natural sciences, Mr. MacWhirter for more than half a century had been considered one of the leading lights of the English scientific and art worlds. Honors were conferred upon him continuously from the time he was twenty-five years old, when he was elected an associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, to 1894, when he was enrolled in the Royal Academy. The first of his landscapes, for which he was far famed, was exhibited in 1869. It was entitled "Loch Coruisk, Isle of Skye." Other famous paintings were "Lady of the Woods," 1876; "The Three Graces," 1878; "The Track of the Hurricane," "The Sleep That is Among the Lonely Hills," 1896, and "A Monarch." He wrote "Landscape Painting in Water Colours."

Jules Maciet, vice-president of the Union Centrale des Arts Decoratifs, and president of the Société des Amis du Louvre, and a great patron of art, died recently, at the age of sixty-four.

The death is announced from Stuttgart of the painter, Hermann Pleuer, who is best known for his "Farewell," "Amen," a series of "Moonlight Nights," and "Railway Scenes."

The French miniaturist, Madame Camille Isabert, is dead, at the ripe age of eighty-eight.

Finance

SOME INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.

The circumstances which bring men together in the large operations of finance, and the necessary reserve and secrecy which surround their joint undertakings, render it always improbable and usually impossible that, even when a given episode or a given career is closed, any one who was personally associated with it should give to the reading public his frank recollections and impressions. High financiers do not keep diaries which may be published for subsequent generations, as is sometimes the habit of participants in the secrets of diplomacy. If they write letters, the recipient usually has as good reasons for safeguarding them as the writer has. Personal testimony of such men on such subjects is usually to be had only under the probe of courts or legislative committees, and in that case, it is apt to be a version of the episode distorted by the wish to twist it into defence, apology, or denial.

Otto H. Kahn, a close personal associate of the late Edward H. Harriman during the spectacular episodes of the decade past, and a member of the banking house which had most to do with financing his undertakings, set an interesting precedent, in an address last week, by discussing these very episodes and by frankly summarizing Harriman's character and methods in connection with them. The character sketch is of interest in itself—not less so from the fact that the really conspicuous part of Harriman's career did not begin until he was nearly fifty years of age, and occupied barely a decade before it was terminated by his death. Mr. Kahn, in his reminiscence, lays particular stress on two essential qualities in this interesting financial career—the "sheer persistency" of Harriman, in refusing to abandon any purpose on which he had set out until it was achieved, and the extraordinary power which he exerted over the will of other men, in dictating policies and actions. Mr. Kahn recalls his first recollection of Harriman when, fourteen years ago, the then comparatively unknown promoter sought to interest the powerful banking house in a business proposition. The request was declined. Harriman's answer was: "I am dead tired this afternoon, and no good any more. . . . I'll tackle you again to-morrow, when I am fresh. I'm bound to convince you, and to get you to come along." And he did so.

When Harriman entered the board of the reorganized Union Pacific—not then as the reorganizer, but as a newcomer in the company—he was regarded by his colleagues, men long identified with the company, with reserve if not unfriendliness. Yet "within one short year," Mr. Kahn (himself a member of the Union Pacific board) remarks, Harriman "had placed himself at the head of the board and become the ruling spirit, the dominating force, of the enterprise." When Ryan in 1905 bought control of the Equitable Life from young Hyde, Harriman demanded a half interest, which was publicly refused. Yet it became known, after Harriman's death in 1909, that in this, too, he had had his way.

In 1898, starting out on a tour of inspection of the Union Pacific, of which he had just been elected chairman, he telegraphed back to the directors asking authority to buy some $25,000,000 of new equipment and materials. The board resisted; predictions of a renewed lapse into insolvency were made in it. Harriman returned, and the board yielded; indeed, he had gone so far as to contract beforehand for part of the requisite purchases, on his individual responsibility. To this reminiscence of Mr. Kahn it may be added that, within less than four years, the board had authorized Harriman, as its chairman, to "borrow such sums of money as may be required for the uses of this company, and to execute in the name and in behalf of this company a note or notes for the amount so borrowed." This re-

markably broad power was exercised on one occasion, to the extent of $75,000,000, to buy up shares of half a dozen other railways, east and west of the Mississippi, on the basis of bank loans to the Union Pacific or its subsidiaries. As a final sidelight on this aspect of Harriman's individuality, Mr. Kahn adds that "if a fight was on somewhere, whether it was his or not, he itched to be in it. . . . He was a born fighting genius, and had he lived in an earlier age, he probably would have ranked amongst those who with their swords carved kingdoms for themselves out of the map of Europe and founded dynasties. . . . It is no mere phrase to say that he never knew the meaning of 'fear'—either physical or moral." The remarkable fact about this is that he was a man of frail physique, feeble health, and far from impressive bearing.

The evidence which Mr. Kahn produces of the genius for practical railway administration which Harriman possessed, is entirely convincing; indeed, that genius has long received full recognition from people familiar with the subject, and is likely, as time goes on, to receive increasing recognition. The conspicuous leaders in the finance of the period were as a rule men whose particular achievements were the buying up of competing corporations at extravagant prices, and the successful "unloading" on the public of the huge mass of paper securities created. Harriman, too, was a master of the expedients of issuing paper and inflating values; he was, indeed, a far more aggressive leader of Stock Exchange speculation than his competitors; but none of them left such marks of constructive achievement of a sound industrial character on the history of the corporations. Most of them left in the wake of their careers a series of shattered markets, undigested securities, and companies waterlogged with excessive capitalization. Whether the autocratic power, obtained and exercised by Harriman through these high qualities, was always used in the interests of the community and for the best good of sound finance, is a different question. The fight of 1901 over the Northern Pacific, for example, is explained by Mr. Kahn, as it has been explained by others, as having been planned only in defence of the vital interests of the Union Pacific property. This means that, rather than let the Northern Pacific keep control of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy (which that company and the Great Northern had just bought) Harriman resolved to buy the $150,000,000 Northern Pacific itself. He did this through borrowing prodigious sums on Union Pacific's credit and using the proceeds in the open market, in competition with the bids of the Morgan interest.

That the rash undertaking did not end in the disaster which such procedures usually invite, was due to exceptional economic conditions of the day; but the example was mischievous and demoralizing in the extreme. As for the necessity of that contest, Mr. Kahn is careful only to say that the terms of peace "gave to the other side the appearance of victory," and ascribes even this to Harriman's self-restraint. He probably refers to the lodging of the shares of both contestants in the Northern Securities holding company. But that company was three years later dissolved by the Supreme Court; the shares were distributed; the Morgan party received a majority of Northern Pacific stock, and, with the fight over for good and the Union Pacific loaded with $83,000,000 new debt, control of the Burlington remained, and has ever since remained, exactly where it was when the fight began.

Perhaps even more open to discussion is Mr. Kahn's interpretation of the events of 1906 and 1907, when Harriman came in for a very large share of public denunciation. His account of the matter is that a plot had been organized, in circles of high finance, whose members smarted with hatred and jealousy of Harriman, to ruin the ambitious Union Pacific chieftain. As a first step, the plotters poisoned President Roosevelt's mind against Harriman. The Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation followed; then the Alton investigation. Harriman's associates began to desert him; the public denounced him as a law-breaker; his own friends advised him to resign his railway offices and leave the country.

As to the existence of such a plot to ruin a troublesome antagonist, Mr. Kahn's testimony may easily be accepted. Such an incident would have been no novelty in Wall Street, and Harriman had never troubled himself with making friends of the rival financiers whose preserves he invaded. But the crux of the question is whether Harriman was or was not himself to blame for the situation in which he found himself. Unbiassed inquiry will, in our opinion, decide that he was. No matter who instigated the Government inquiry into Harriman's use of Union Pacific's resources in 1906, it ought to have been investigated. A railway executive who, at the top of a wild Stock Exchange speculation, not only plunges his company's entire cash surplus into stocks of other railways, but bonds his company for $75,000,000 to continue the daring performance, was a proper subject for such investigation. Mr. Kahn admits that this was a "serious mistake," and it certainly was. Furthermore, there is now no doubt whatever that the extremely embarrassing situation in which some powerful capitalists of the Harriman group were found as the panic of 1907 approached, was in no small measure a result of their financial exploits of 1906, under his leadership.

The concluding words of this review of Harriman's career by his former colleague and friend will probably come closer to expressing the sober judgment of the community at large regarding this ten-year episode:

> I have said that he came to hold a greater power in the railroad world than is likely ever to be held again by any one man. In this remark I had reference not only to the very exceptional combination of qualities in him—I know of no parallel to this particular combination in our industrial financial history—but even more to the fact that his death coincided with what appears to be the ending of an epoch in our economic development. His career was the embodiment of unfettered individualism. For better or for worse—personally, I believe for better, unless we go too far and too fast—the people appear determined to put limits and restraints upon the exercise of economic power and overlordship, just as in former days they put limits and restraints upon the absolutism of rulers. Therefore, I believe, there will be no successor to Mr. Harriman; there will be no other career like his.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adam, E. Behind the Screens: An English Woman's Impressions of Japan. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Althouse, C. O. Business Letters. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.

American Embassies, Legations and Consulates: An Argument in Pictures and Paragraphs. American Embassy Ass'n.

Ayres, N. M. Building a New Empire: a Historical Story of the Settlement of the Wild West. Broadway Publishing Company. $1.50.

Bates, M. H. Paying the Piper. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Bindloss, H. Sydney Carteret: Rancher. Stokes. $1.25 net.

Bloundelle-Burton, J. The Fate of Henry of Navarre. Lane. 4 net.

Bricker, G. A. The Teaching of Agriculture in the High School. Macmillan. $1 net.

Brown, J. F. The Training of Teachers for Secondary Schools in Germany and the United States. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Bull, C. L. Under the Roof of the Jungle: A Book of Animal Life in the Guiana Wilds. Boston: Page.

Carleton, W. One Way Out. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.

Carnegie Institution of Washington. Year Book No. 9, 1910.

Cheyne, T. K. The Two Religions of Israel. Macmillan.

Child Conference for Research and Welfare. Proceedings held at Clark University, July, 1910. Stechert & Co. $2.50.

Clifford, Mrs. W. K. Sir George's Objection. Duffield. $1.20 net.

Conybeare, F. C. History of New Testament Criticism. Putnam. 75 cents.

Cooper's The Deerslayer. Abridged and edited by M. F. Lansing. Boston: Ginn. 65 cents.

Correction and Prevention: Penal and Reformatory Institutions, Preventive Agencies and Methods, Preventive Treatment of Neglected Children, Prison Reform, and Criminal Law. 4 vols. Charities Pub Com. $10 per set; $2.50 per vol.

Denton, C. J. Entertainments for all the Year. Phila.: Penn. Pub. Co. 30 cents.

Dickens's David Copperfield. Edited with an introduction and notes by P. M. Buck, jr. Boston: Ginn.

Emerton, E. Unitarian Thought. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Executive Council of the Province of New York. Vol. i. Minutes: Francis Lovelace, 1668-1673. Albany: State Historian.

Forster, E. M. Howards End. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Franklin, C. K. What Naturo Is. Boston: Sherman, French. 75 cents net.
Galbraith, A. M. Personal Hygiene and Physical Training for Women. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $2.
Gilbreth, F. B. Motion Study: a Method for Increasing the Efficiency of the Workman. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Haddon, A. C. History of Anthropology. Putnam. 75 cents net.
Hanna, C. A. The Wilderness Trail. 2 vols. Putnam. $10 net.
Hargrove, L. H. Texas History in Rhyme. Broadway Pub. Co.
Hills, E. C., and Morley, S. G. Las Mejores Poesias Liricas de la Lengua Castellana. Holt. $1.25.
Holcombe, A. N. Public Ownership of Telephones on the Continent of Europe. Harvard Economic Studies, VI. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Hoopes, W. L. The Code of the Spirit: An Interpretation of the Decalogue. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net
Howe, G. Mathematics for the Practical Man. Van Nostrand. $1.25 net.
Jepson, W. L. The Silva of California. Memoirs of the Univ. of California, Vol. II. Berkeley, Cal. $9.
Johnson, E. R., and Huebner, G. G. Railroad Traffic and Rates. 2 vols. Appleton. $5 net.
Klenze, C. v. Deutsche Gedichte. Selections, with notes, etc. Second edition revised. Holt.
Lawrence, D. H. The White Peacock. Duffield. $1.30 net.
L. C. L. and L. A. L. The Golliwog's Camp in the "Far West" (juvenile.) Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Lewisohn, L. German Style: Introduction to the Study of German Prose. Holt.
Library of Congress. Classification: Class H, Social Sciences. Washington. 65 cents.
London, J. When God Laughs, and Other Stories. Macmillan. $1.50.
MacBrayne, L. The Men We Marry. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co. $1.50.
McCaleb, W. F. Winnowings of the Wind. (Poem.) Privately printed.
Macnaughtan, S. The Andersons. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Maspero, G. Egypt: Ancient Sites and Modern Scenes. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. Appleton.
Mills, J. S. England's Foundation: Agriculture and the State. London: P. S. King & Son.
Moore, F. F. Life of Oliver Goldsmith. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Moore, F. G. The Histories of Tacitus. Books I and II. (Latin classics.) Macmillan. 60 cents net.
Newton, W. W. Yesterday with the Fathers. Cochrano Pub. Co. $1.50.
Nungasser, I. M. Israel Lo Ammi. Broadway Pub. Co. 75 cents.
Osborne, C. F. The Family House. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. $1 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1911.

The Week

The strength of the sentiment in favor of election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people has been strikingly attested in the proceedings of the Senate during the past few days. Nobody would have supposed, a few months ago, that a majority of the Senators could have been found to vote for consideration of the proposed Constitutional amendment, when it had been so recently reported and only a few weeks remained of the session; and this despite the fact that the amendment, as proposed, is obnoxious to the charge of doing much more than it is ostensibly designed to do. Senator Lodge was justified in viewing with great apprehension, as he did in his speech Monday, the sacrifice, as an incident to the contemplated change, of powers now possessed by the Federal Government in relation to the election of Senators. But this objection would be infinitely more effective if it came from a source friendly to direct election in itself. Inherently, there is nothing in direct election which should necessitate any alteration in the present balance of powers between the nation and the States; and the language of the amendment ought to invite neither the objection made by Southern members to some forms—that they would give the central government powers like those contemplated in the Force bill—nor the objection urged with so much emphasis by Senator Lodge.

That the ship subsidy bill should pass even one house of Congress is bad enough. That it should pass because a new Democratic Senator failed to stay in his seat to vote is fresh proof of the absence of proper leadership in the Democratic party. Now the fight will be on in dead earnest in the House of Representatives, and there the bill should be beaten at all costs. The dispatches indicate that the outlook for it is slim there, but no stone should be left unturned to insure its defeat. At the very moment when the whole political question of the hour is the battle against special privilege, the suggestion that the United States should spend large sums of money to make possible certain steamship lines which would otherwise operate at a loss, ought to be spurned. Just how much principle there is behind the bill appears from the fact that the new insurgent Senator from Washington was opposed to it *until* Pacific Ocean lines were included in it. Then his opposition melted away. It is the same old story of creating industries on the you-tickle-me-I'll-tickle-you basis, to support which the whole people is taxed.

The courtesy of the Senate often moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, and just now it appears to be working upon Senator Lorimer to induce him to resign. Tearful appeals are made to him by brother-Senators. They point out to him with pathos in their voices the exceedingly awkward position in which they are placed. Senatorial courtesy is pulling them now this way, now that. They hate to reflect upon the Senatorial committee which has reported that not enough votes in the Illinois Legislature were bribed to invalidate Lorimer's election, but then there is the evidence, there is Root's speech against him, there is exigent public sentiment. On the other hand, they would be smitten with grief to vote against Lorimer, a brother beloved, and himself the very flower of Senatorial courtesy. Won't he kindly prove that he is by taking himself out of the way, and enabling Senators to do their duty by dodging it? To this moving request Senator Lorimer himself is said to be objecting that suicide is confession, but we are confident that if the courtesy of the Senate is resolutely applied to him, he will yet permit it to do its perfect work.

The lesson of the forest fires of last summer, in the opinion of national forest officers, is the value of proper utilization of the range under regulated grazing. Detailed examination of the lands burned over in Washington and Oregon shows a timber loss of about 700,000,000 feet. In the forest where the fire extended over the greatest area, 160,000 acres were burned. This part of the fire, however, was chiefly surface, and far less destructive than fires which travel through the crowns of the trees. The reason for the non-use of this and other forests is their inaccessibility. As a consequence, the dry grass and other herbage spread the flames. and also made them fiercer than they would have been if the land had been grazed. It is the policy of national forest administration to open all available range to the fullest use consistent with preservation of its "carrying power" and with protection of forest growth and water supplies. This is done by opening means of communication, through construction of driveways, roads, and trails, so that stock may penetrate wherever forage is to be found. The Department of Agriculture is also obtaining concessions from railways in the form of rates and facilities for shipping stock in and out of regions where forage is now going to waste. The topography of some of the country is such as to make it available only from the Canadian side, but American stock owners are beginning to work into it from that direction.

Two points in the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs deserve notice. The first is the arousing of interest in the efforts of the Government to protect its wards from the introduction and sale of liquor. Not only are the superintendents of the various reservations and schools working with the Department in this matter, but there is an increasing coöperation by the State officers. In some States men are employed to detect liquor-selling to Indians, in others no more saloons are to be licensed, and in some, ordinances have been passed by county officers prohibiting such sale. In a few cases the Indians themselves have petitioned for the revoking of saloon licenses. More than a thousand convictions for illegal selling were obtained during the year, and more than a hundred saloons were closed. The second point has to do with the old story of the stealing of Indian lands. In 1906 Congress removed all restrictions on the sale, encumbrance, or taxation of the lands of the adults of mixed blood on the White Earth Reservation in Minnesota. At once the allottees began to sell their

lands. The cupidity of the white purchasers led to flagrant violations of the law. They bought lands of Indians who were unquestionably full-bloods, and resorted to every kind of trickery and fraud, until 95 per cent. of the allotments, or the timber on them, had been acquired. An investigation into these sales, which involved millions of dollars, has resulted in the assignment of special United States attorneys by the Department of Justice to recover the lands and the value of the timber illegally purchased. Progress is slow on account of numerous legal difficulties in the way, but it is earnestly to be hoped that it will be sure.

The Baltimore ordinance for the segregation of white and colored people in their places of residence has been pronounced void on account of technical defects, by a Baltimore court. But it is interesting to note that while the judges rendered their decision on the ground of improper framing of the ordinance, they took occasion, in handing down the decision, to touch upon the real issue involved, as follows:

> Whether it is possible to pass a valid ordinance providing for the segregation of the white and colored races in their places of residence, is a question of great importance, but is one which in our judgment ought to be decided when an ordinance not otherwise void is before this court.

It happens that of the two judges sitting in the case, one is a Democrat and the other a Republican, but there is apparently no difference of opinion between them as to the grave doubt that attaches to the question whether it would be possible Constitutionally to effect the object arrived at by any device whatsoever.

San Francisco will think none the less of her victory over New Orleans as the Panama Exposition city for the "climax of enthusiasm" that came with the speech made by Representative Rodenburg in behalf of her rival, or for the "frank acceptance of the fact" that the influence of the Administration was cast on her side for the purpose of obtaining, without open protest, the ratification of the new treaty with Japan. The Pacific metropolis has been confident of winning, and ready to celebrate the news with a "spontaneous" demonstration, carefully outlined for it in advance by one of its weekly journals. The details of the impromptu celebration are monotonously like those of any occasion of rejoicing. A parade and a noise are its essential elements, the latter to be produced by "opening up every siren and whistle around the bay, and keeping it open while steam or air holds out," as well as by "automobile sirens, tin horns, rattles, and torpedoes."

The House has passed without debate the Senate resolution making possible the reinstatement of the nine cadets who were dismissed from West Point two years ago for hazing. It is the latest of many illustrations of the Congressional way of enforcing discipline among those who are some day to be in position of authority. The old rule that he who commands must first learn to obey is too often superseded both at West Point and at Annapolis by appealing over the heads of one's superiors to a body subject to pressure of political and social influence. The fact that army officers generally deprecate the passage of the resolution seems to have no more weight with Congress than the common-sense considerations that point in the same direction.

The announcement by the Union Pacific management that it proposes—regardless of halting bond markets, government supervision of rates, and demand for higher wages by railway laborers—to spend $75,000,000 in double tracking of its transcontinental line, is interesting in many ways. It is an evidence, for one thing, of the development of the railway industry in the younger West. So long as a railway from the Missouri River to the Pacific had, as its primary function, merely the linking of two distant industrial communities by traversing two thousand miles of largely unsettled territory, a single track was not only sufficient, but was all that such an enterprise could afford. But the change in that section of the country, during the decade past, has been very great. The States directly traversed by the Union Pacific's lines to Portland and San Francisco now contain two millions more of population than in 1900; their product and industry have grown even faster than their population, and the movement of through freight and passengers has risen in almost equal measure. It is this remarkable industrial growth which brought such railway companies as the Union and Northern Pacific from their insolvency of 1896 to their exceptionally prosperous condition of to-day. The project will require at least five years.

Two points in the announcements of Dean West, made last Thursday with reference to the new Graduate College at Princeton, though not entirely unfamiliar, are of great interest. These are the plans to keep the graduate school distinct in every way from the college, and to give graduate students, at reasonable prices, comfortable lodgings. At Harvard and Yale instructors are sometimes confronted by the problem of lecturing to men ranging all the way from freshmen to men three or four years out of college—or, in individual cases, twenty years. The example of Princeton will doubtless be influential in changing all this. In the matter of surrounding the actual living of graduate students with a certain atmosphere of culture, Princeton, with her great endowment of upwards of three millions of dollars, can also do great service. Harvard fronted in this direction two or three years ago by devoting Conant Hall to the purpose, after having seen graduate students packed away in stuffy rooms, sometimes starving themselves into serious illness, and in other ways pitifully bringing reproach upon the graduate school. Remembering these former conditions, which are typical, we believe, of such schools elsewhere, we may well be delighted to hear from Dean West that

> The quadrangle of Thompson College is planned to accommodate approximately 100 graduate students. Each student is to have his own study and bedroom, for the all-important reason that experience proves that the graduate student, far more than the undergraduate, needs the exclusive and continuous use of his study. A great deal of his work has to be done alone. Moreover, every two suites of student's rooms will be provided with a small bath and toilet room for the sake of health, cleanliness, efficiency, and economy in the service of the building and the general amenities of civilized life. Breakfast and luncheon will be served in the small dining-room and dinner in the Memorial Dining Hall.

The emotions of Keats on first looking into Chapman's Homer are rare in a day of crammed and bored candidates for a college entrance examination in English, but an ornament of the lyric stage has apparently duplicated the experi-

ence. "For the first time in my life," she is reported to have said, "I am reading the Bible." And she goes on to offer evidence, not only of her reading but of her historical judgment. "I am reading about Solomon, and I just adore him." It was in Philadelphia that the new planet swam into her ken, and that, like stout Cortez (who was really Balboa), she started at the strange sight with "wild surmise." How deeply she was affected is revealed by her declared intention "to keep on reading the good book." It would be interesting to know the reason for her flattering endorsement of the luxury-loving monarch, but she gives no hint.

The increase of 679 persons, or eleven per cent., in the number taking the civil service examinations for places in the Philippines during the last fiscal year, is due almost entirely to the larger number of Filipinos examined in English. Excluding non-educational examinations for skilled laborers, there was an increase of 861, or 24 per cent., in the number of Filipinos examined in English, and a decrease of 304, or 19 per cent., in the number examined in Spanish. Up to September 30, 1903, the maximum number of Filipinos examined in English in any year was ninety-one. During the last fiscal year it reached 4,516. Of the persons examined in the fifty-three distinct kinds of tests during the year, 79 per cent. were examined in English. Slightly more than 80 per cent. of the local appointees were Filipinos. There was a decrease of 31 per cent. in the number of Americans appointed in the United States to the classified service. One feature of the year's statistics which the Bureau of Civil Service looks upon unfavorably is the increase in voluntary resignations of regularly and permanently appointed Americans. Of these, there were 508, or 19 per cent. of the total number, and this is an increase of 132, or 35 per cent., above the number for the preceding year. Finally, the ability of the Bureau to supply well-qualified men has borne its natural fruit in leading appointing officers to take a higher view of its value.

Kinglake had a cynical reference to "the qualifying words which correct the imprudences and derange the grammatical structure of a Queen's Speech." That fling could not be made in connection with the King's Speech at the opening of the new Parliament Monday. It is very brief, but, on the main issue, is wholly business-like. As everybody expected, and as, indeed, was inevitable after the general election, the Government is at once to push its bill for limiting the veto of the House of Lords. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is away ill in the South of France, but the scheme which Mr. Lloyd George had spoken of to provide a system of State insurance against sickness and lack of employment will also, it is announced, be introduced in the present sitting of Parliament. This will naturally bind the Labor members even more closely to the Ministry. As for the terms of the Veto Bill, it is probable that they will, in general, follow those of the measure of last year. But so great among the thinking men of both parties is the sense of the gravity of the Constitutional crisis, that it is not impossible that, after a time, some sort of compromise may be arrived at, covering both a sharper definition of the legislative powers of the House of Lords and a thorough remaking of that body.

Notwithstanding all the usually just complaints against rumor-printing by newspapers, it is evident that rumor may spread amazingly without their assistance. The story of King George's morganatic marriage has been common talk all over Europe and even in America for years. Semi-official contradictions, such as that from the pulpit by the Archbishop of Canterbury, failed utterly to stop a slander cruelly defamatory of a woman, grievous to her distinguished family, and injurious to national morals. It is not long since a sensational story about the death of a prominent American was as common gossip in the clubs of London and Paris as in New York, but the publication of denials and evidence, when it at last came, was made with the evident purpose of nailing a lie and not with the malicious desire further to spread it abroad, as betrayed by the writer in the *Liberator*. The sentence of a year in prison must be everywhere hailed with satisfaction, and the swift course of justice, clearing up and ending the whole miserable affair in a couple of hours, is recommended to our courts for observation.

That the representatives of more than a million organized workers voted unanimously at Leicester, England, last week for a resolution denouncing militarism and war and declaring for the arbitration of all international disputes is heartening news. It was at a special conference for disarmament prior to the annual conference of the Labor party that this action was taken, and Keir Hardie's resolution, in favor of the universal strike as a means of preventing war, was defeated by only six votes. A clause of the resolution adopted calls upon the workers of Great Britain to take organized action with their fellow-workers in Germany and elsewhere to bring about disarmament and the reduction of militaristic burdens. There is a significant warning in this to statesmen of all nations, for this means that English working men have taken precisely the same position as the followers of Bebel in Germany.

One of the inconspicuous but not unimportant problems of empire is the question of European education in India, which is now agitated by the members of the "Domiciled Community." Such education has always depended mainly upon private liberality, which is inadequate for providing facilities equal to those furnished by the Government for its purely Indian subjects. This discrimination is bringing earnest protest from the classes unfavorably affected by it, who point out that a European student is excluded from the colleges affiliated with Calcutta University, that it is difficult to obtain properly qualified teachers, and that there is need of a more complete training, especially designed to prepare young men for their chosen profession. The solution of the problem which commended itself to the recent European Schools Conference was the establishment of an Indian Training College for teachers, and of a Central European College, affiliated with the University of London and "staffed" at first by competent teachers from abroad. This will require a fund of £250,000, which it is proposed to collect from England, America, and the colonies. Meanwhile, the "Domiciled Community" is urged to put its own house in order and to give united support to those who are already working in its educational interest.

A REALLY NATIONAL POLICY.

Monday's action by the House Democrats in deciding by a large majority to vote for the bill carrying out President Taft's trade agreement with Canada, is highly significant. It of course assures the passage of the bill by the House next week. It also shows that the measure can count upon a large Democratic support in the Senate. And this fact must have its influence with disgruntled and wavering Republicans. Can they refuse to stand by their own President? Will they compel the man whom they expect to renominate for the Presidency next year to depend upon the other party for putting through the first distinctive policy he has fathered? That policy, moreover, is evidently popular. Are the Democrats to be enabled to say that, but for them, it could not have been enacted? These questions suggest the natural and legitimate party pressure which will be put upon grumbling and reluctant Republicans before the vote is actually taken in the Senate —either before March 4 or after.

But the whole subject ought to be considered in a spirit broader than that of party. Mere partisan tactics and estimates of political advantage should go for nothing in comparison with the large issues which are written so plainly on the face of the plan of reciprocity with Canada. For here we have a policy which, in a real sense, is national. The protective system, to be sure, used to boast that it was the truly national policy, but as we see it in operation today we know that it is nothing of the kind. It is, rather, the intensification of fatuous localism, every spot or place or group with a special local interest insisting upon having the general tariff law moulded to suit its particular demands, and accomplishing that result by joining hands with a thousand other petty and limited interests in order to unite their parochial self-seeking in one catch-all which they then call "national." It is not Washington that makes a protective tariff, it is Gloucester and Fernandina and Marion and Fargo. Raise back-yard views to the millionth power and you have a national policy!

Not such has been the process by which the agreement for reciprocal trade with Canada has been framed. Local interests—fishmongers and woodcutters—complain bitterly that they were not "consulted" by the President. But he was not drafting a tariff to be log-rolled through. He was shaping a trade policy for the common good. The general government, as we call it, never shows itself more truly general than when it works out a project, like this for freer trade with Canada, in which the controlling consideration is the benefit of all the people, and not the advantage or disadvantage of a few. When we see that done, we really have a national Administration acting in a national spirit. Tariff-makers might like to proceed in that way, but they cannot. They are bound by the swarming Lilliputians of local interests. But nationally-minded rulers who set about lightening tariff burdens are not so tied. They can see the problem steadily and see it whole. And there can be no doubt that the negotiators who, under President Taft's direction, worked out the Canadian agreement did so on the basis of a broadly conceived national measure. This is proved, if proof were needed, by the very fact that it is so violently attacked by embittered localities, but so generally approved by the country at large.

In following up the Payne-Aldrich tariff within less than two years by a plan to relieve the people partly of some of its worst effects, the President has incidentally thrown a great deal of light upon the inherent narrowness and selfishness of protection. In a way, a reciprocity agreement is the process of making a tariff in reverse. In order to produce that vast conglomerate known as the Payne-Aldrich law, thousands of localities pressed forward, one with its salt fish, and others with their lemons and lumber and wood-pulp and paper and steel beams and pottery, and got their due schedules. But no sooner comes along a scheme of Canadian reciprocity, drawn on national lines, than we see these local interests disintegrated instead of combining; each standing off by itself to splutter and make faces, quite unaware how small and ridiculous it looks when compared with the large good of the nation. It is when we observe the nature and sure effects of this exposure of the spirit of protectionism, seeking to put a local veto upon a great national benefit, that we get a better understanding of the powerful blow for tariff-reform that Mr. Taft has struck.

The trade agreement is meeting with some opposition in Canada, too, very much of the sort which it encounters here. There, also, the protectionists who cannot see the forests for the trees have made their protests. But the defence of the measure is the same in Canada as here—namely, that it is a truly national undertaking, intended to promote both trade and good feeling. This, too, is the sufficient answer to the wails of protest which the British Imperialists are emitting. They say that Canada should not have been allowed to enter into the agreement. But Our Lady of Snows is mistress in her own house; and any attempt now to take from her the right to make her own tariffs would evoke a national spirit more ominous than anything shown in the trade arrangement with the United States.

THE UNBUSINESSLIKE POST OFFICE.

Mr. Don C. Seitz, with that directness and vigor characteristic of all his utterances, has paid his respects to the Post Office Department in an article in the current *World's Work* which he entitles "The Post Office: An Obstructive Monopoly." If to the ordinary reader it seems as if there were a good deal of heat in this expression of opinion, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Seitz is the business head of the New York *World*, and that the publishers of the New York newspapers can always be eloquent, and are usually tempted to profanity, when it comes to speaking of the Post Office with which they are daily in touch and to which they send endless complaints from the subscribers who do not receive their newspapers regularly. So difficult has the situation become that the New York newspapers do a large amount of the Government's work for it. They themselves route, bag, and ship their mail, carrying it to the trains and delivering it themselves, thus saving the Post Office thousands upon thousands of dollars annually. This they do not do as an act of beneficent patriotism, but because they find it much cheaper to do the work themselves. In many cases it would not be done at all in time to be of use if the Department were relied upon, for, as Mr. Seitz says, the newspaper is a perishable article which loses its value if not delivered promptly. "So the newsdealer is served by express or by direct

shipment through the railroad at less than half the cost and with much more celerity and regularity than can be had through the Post Office. . . ."

An idea of the severity of Mr. Seitz's assaults upon the Department may be obtained from his statement that, "in ten years at least, the Department has never gone to Congress with a single business-increasing proposition, or with facts and figures that any human being could understand or believe." The arguments most telling with the public are the simple statement that the Canadian Post Office earned $743,102.25 net in its last fiscal year, 6.71 per cent. of its total revenue, while in Japan the Yankees of the East eke out their slender national income by a Post Office surplus of $9,850,000. Contrast this with our own deficits of $17,441,779 in 1909, and $5,848,567 in 1910, and the indictment of the United States is complete. The big drop within the last year is due to Mr. Hitchcock's efforts to economize and improve, for which he has justly been praised. No harder-working Postmaster-General ever held office. Yet it is doubtful if even he realizes clearly where the difficulty lies; that the real place where the Government's emphasis should be laid is upon bettering facilities in order not so much to save money as to increase business. Better post offices, better service, speedier and more frequent deliveries—these are some of the ways of increasing gross and net receipts.

To this the Department answers that Congress is the real stumbling-block. But first and foremost—and here we think the Postmaster-General will agree with us—the trouble is politics. No business concern could be a success which appointed its men as does the Post Office, or threw most of them out whenever it obtained a new president or general manager. To expect to find enterprising, active business men in the rural post office is ridiculous; if such are there, it is by accident and they may expect to go at any time. What is there to encourage a good man to stay in the service? It offers no career; until it does, we shall never see it on a basis comparable to that found in other countries.

A first step might well be perhaps to take the Postmaster-General out of the Cabinet and out of politics. Mr. Taft has extended the civil service rules to postmasters and is known to be ready to put all appointments on a sound basis. Once take the service out of politics and arrange some system by which good men could be induced to enter and be enabled to rise, and the ground-work for reform would be laid—provided the service could be safeguarded from dry-rot and organized like the United States Steel Company or some other well-managed corporation. The Post Office is our greatest monopoly; it ought, as Mr. Seitz says, to pay better than any industrial Trust. Instead, it is shabby, out-at-the-heels, wofully inefficient in a thousand ways, and far too often unenterprising. Berlin's service was better twenty-five years ago than New York's is to-day, and anybody who is familiar with the English service knows how impossible it is to compare ours with it, in speed, in usefulness, in accuracy. For one thing, there are no express companies there to bulldoze Parliament into forbidding a parcels post. Yet, on this side, many people who at heart desire a parcels post are afraid to urge it lest it become vastly inferior, in the Government's hands, to the present express service.

One general rule may be laid down. As in private business, the best way to obtain business is to lower rates. Certain exceptions there may perhaps be in certain classifications, but a reduction of city postage to the one-cent drop-letter rate of the Canadian posts would doubtless pay for itself. The two-cent transatlantic rate has come to stay, and must soon be extended; reducing the price has paid the world over—wherever it has been tried. Mr. Seitz would have the Department send out "business-hunters," as freight lines do—to hunt for trade, and not for votes as now—make its offices the most attractive in every town and village, and refuse to permit them to be "the last business institution to open in the average town and the first to close." Altogether, there is much sound sense in this article.

HORACE GREELEY.

Only a few weeks ago there was celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Sumner, and now the like commemoration takes place of another of the leading figures in the anti-slavery movement. Few contrasts, however, could be more marked than that between Charles Sumner and Horace Greeley. Nor was this contrast merely such as turned on the difference in their antecedents, their education, and the manner of their entry upon their public careers. Sumner was a man bred in an atmosphere of culture, surrounded in his youth by exceptional advantages, and having throughout his life as much the character of an aristocratic scholar as that of a democratic statesman and agitator, whereas Greeley had a fierce struggle with poverty and remained always the typical American man of the people. But quite apart from this, there was a fundamental difference of temperament and attitude. Sumner, once embarked upon the anti-slavery fight, pursued it in the spirit of a man of one idea; Greeley, with all his humanitarian ardor and fervent advocacy, remained ever the practical politician, without fixed anchorage in permanent principles of action. In the great movement which ended in the civil war, there were many types of effective leadership; that of Garrison was as different as possible from that of Lincoln, and Greeley's cannot be classed with either of these.

The function of Greeley was not to stamp his impress upon policies, or to build up a clearly marked following on definite lines, but to awaken in the minds and hearts of millions of his countrymen the sentiment of abhorrence for slavery and the determination some way or other to bring it to an end. In the spread of this gospel through the agency of every-day journalism he was beyond all comparison the greatest force. Nor should it be imagined that in saying this one is paying tribute merely to the constancy of his advocacy. To hammer away at one subject year in and year out, in season and out of season, is a task of no special difficulty; it requires neither peculiar ability nor unusual courage. What Greeley did was to make his *Tribune* editorials on slavery fresh and interesting, to say the same thing a thousand times without fatiguing his readers. His ability to do this was due partly to his vigorous nature and his extraordinary command of racy and energetic English; but it must also in great measure be ascribed to the very fact that his interest in a great range of other subjects was almost as keen as in the dominant political issue that he represented. The socialistic theories of Fourier, the cause of temperance, the dissemination among the people of the results of modern science, the development of the new

West—all these and many other subjects evoked his ardent sympathy and coöperation.

But the question that comes uppermost to the mind in thinking of Greeley to-day is, of course, that of the change which has taken place in the nature of journalism since he founded the *Tribune*, with a capital of a thousand dollars of borrowed money, seventy years ago. It is not necessary to look upon the men of that time either as giants or as saints, in order to recognize that a profound change has come over the face of things since their day, and that in some essential respects that change is in the nature of a serious loss. Greeley was not a model of perfection, either in his judgment or in his freedom from certain common failings, such as those manifested in some of his strivings for public office. But the history of his journalistic career is that of a man who, upon the sheer basis of his character and ability, built up a newspaper whose function it was to spread through the community those views of political and social questions which he desired to promote, and that kind of instruction and enlightenment which he thought it important to propagate. Such an achievement is to-day all but impossible; and one need not be in any unreasonable degree a *laudator temporis acti* to feel that the loss is deplorable.

Nor is the change confined to this. With the investment of enormous amounts of capital in newspaper enterprises, there has been a gradual but unmistakable alteration in the purpose which is predominant in most of them, apart from any question whether the policy of the paper is or is not shaped in other respects by one strong individuality. There is now no such sense of proportion even in the better class of newspapers as used to prevail half a century ago. Inclusion or exclusion, amount of space and degree of prominence, are for a large part of the matter determined rather by attractiveness from the point of view of entertainment than by importance. In very many ways the newspapers of to-day are better than they were in Greeley's time; in point of freedom from partisan control the conditions are incomparably better now than they were then. But in regard to the general make-up of the paper as well as in regard to the association of its editorial view with the personality of its editor it is far harder in our time for a newspaper to bear the stamp of one striking individuality. Greeley's name will remain a landmark in the history of American journalism; and perhaps no more emphatic tribute can be paid to the extraordinary character of his influence as an editor than in the statement that he would undoubtedly be to-day a greater figure in history if he had not received the tribute of a nomination to the Presidency of the United States.

THE BOLL WEEVIL PANIC.

Messrs. Alfred H. Stone and Julian H. Fort, two cotton planters at Dunleith, Mississippi, have submitted to the First National Bank of Greenville a report of a recent tour of those areas of Louisiana, Texas, and Mississippi which have suffered from the boll weevil. It is a most enlightening document, and one bound to bring great comfort to those who are aware that since its appearance in 1892 this insect pest has affected an area of 225,000 square miles within the five States of Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Mississippi, and has within the past year invaded Alabama. To many frightened observers it has seemed as if King Cotton himself were doomed; as if the staple upon which the prosperity of the South is builded were going to disappear as completely as did the institution of unpaid slave labor, without which, so Southern planters and statesmen contended for decades, a cotton crop was impossible.

In that case, when the planters were compelled to pay their labor, they speedily found that they could make greater profits than before. The boll weevil is obviously no such blessing in disguise. Yet, as Messrs. Stone and Fort point out, it has already been discovered that the weevil presents instead of one problem "a variety of local problems, differing with local labor and economic conditions, and influenced by physical considerations of soil, rainfall, temperature, vegetation, drainage, etc." This is in itself most reassuring; for if the evil is one affected by local conditions, it is obviously absurd to say that it portends the end of all staple cotton growing and the breaking up of the plantation system of raising cotton on a large scale. Yet it is undeniable that in certain sections the evil that has been done is very great. The Natchez district of Mississippi has, for instance, been completely disorganized, and is to-day a country "stripped of labor, farming implements, and stock, empty houses on tenantless lands—a picture of desolation for a counterpart to which memory must return to the devastation of the civil war." In a single county, that of Adams, the cotton crop has dropped from 23,836 bales in 1906 to less than 900 in 1910, while in the same period the number of gins has decreased from 42 to 8. "The destruction is complete."

Now if all this were really due solely to the boll weevil, the outlook would be serious enough. But the encouraging fact is that the chief evil has been the failure of the human beings affected to meet the blight calmly and scientifically—encouraging because the mental balance of planters and laborers can be reëstablished. It is the psychology of the panic with which we must largely deal, for it is the panic rather than the weevil that has done most of the damage. When the panic began the merchant who advanced money to the tenants (the landlords of this district all live in the city) determined to realize what he could out of the meagre personal property which was the only asset of the negro tenants. What happened then is thus graphically described:

> The country roads leading into Natchez were filled with negroes, wagons, and mules; the streets of the town were filled with puzzled negroes, upset, disturbed, and bewildered. They knew nothing except that their merchants would carry them no longer, that they could not carry themselves, and that they had been called upon to pay what they owed or surrender what they had mortgaged. Every available pen in the city was filled with horses and mules. The planter from the Delta needed the labor, and the latter was eager to go. The planter paid the merchant an agreed price for the negro's account, loaded him and his family and household plunder on a boat or car, and brought the entire outfit home. Hundreds of negroes and carloads of live stock and personal property were thus removed from Adams and adjoining counties.

A clear picture of abject surrender without a struggle, as it is a vivid illustration of the economic slavery of the negro! Not a single planter or plantation in this district tried to demonstrate what might be done, to create confidence and to furnish an object lesson of the folly of demoralization, or to mark the way for the reëstablishment of the business upon a newer and sounder basis.

More than that, not only has human-

ity, in some sections, fled before the boll weevil, but, according to Messrs. Stone and Fort, "no other insect, since the dawn of history, has had to bear the burden piled by human nature upon the boll weevil." As soon as it appeared, every other cause of crop failure was forgotten. The army worm, the boll worm, the boll rot, the blight, shortage of labor, over-cropping of tenants—all these and a hundred other causes of poor crops, to say nothing of the human element, were ignored, and everything charged to the terrible weevil. Every worthless planter or tenant shouldered off his sins on the insect. It reminds us of an episode in the recent general election in a town in Scotland, where a once famous mill is now closed. Protectionists chalked on the door: "Free trade did this," but a lover of truth inscribed the facts, when he wrote underneath: "Whiskey and soda did this." Whiskey, shiftlessness, ignorance, inefficiency, and dishonesty seem to have come into their own in the boll weevil districts. The planter, good or bad, looking back on the past, cannot remember that he ever failed to grow less than a bale an acre.

Where men of education, means, energy, and business capacity have been face to face with the evil, they have found various ways of adjusting themselves to the situation. Sometimes, it is true, nature has been against them, as in certain parishes of Louisiana, and nature has won. One Louisiana planter, beaten in the fight against the weevil, turned at once to cane-growing, which had been the ante-bellum industry of this section, with the result that he will soon occupy the same high place as a cane-grower that he held as a cotton-planter. Other planters have found that by reducing the cotton acreage per hand and by making a change in varieties of cotton, the less prolific being abandoned for a more prolific variety, they have been able to hold their own, particularly if they have, after reducing the cotton acreage, turned their idle acres to such crops as corn, hay, peas, rice, and broom corn. In the semi-tropical districts of Louisiana, because of the great moisture and other physical conditions, such as the heavy mosses on the trees, the fight has gone hardest; but elsewhere, as, for instance, in Texas, "prosperity has come with the return of sanity and such readjustment of farming and business matters as prudence and common sense have suggested." "Cotton is still being grown, and the boll weevil has ceased to be a cause of alarm, or even a topic of conversation." Remembering the advantages which have come to the South in the past from the diversification of industries, the establishment of manufactures and mining, it is quite possible that from this point of view the boll weevil will not be by any means an altogether unmitigated evil.

THE SUPER-PROFESSORATE.

The premature retirement of a favorite professor from Princeton suggests that our academic organization may possibly not provide the right opportunities for the teacher whose *forte* is eloquence and inspiration. A faculty is lucky which boasts one or two such men. It is in every way easier to find competent specialists and diligent teachers than lecturers of eloquent and broadly interpretative quality. But the moment a Norton or a Shaler develops this superiority, the very fact produces odd and unpleasant anomalies. The course necessarily assumes an extra-academic quality, the form or presentation and the personal enthusiasm of the lecturer outweighing and properly minimizing the number of mere facts offered; but the course quite illogically continues to be treated as a routine part of the curriculum, and the lecturer is put in the absurd position of solemnly examining men on the enthusiasms he has created.

What practically happens with these courses is that they become famous in the outer world, but, being frequented by scores of the more easy-going young gentlemen, mildly scandalous at home. These courses, unless bolstered up by artificial and barely justifiable means, are always soft spots in the curriculum. Many a Harvard graduate tells of the high pleasure he had in Charles Eliot Norton's lectures on fine arts, but no one tells how often he slumbered in the consecrated peace of Sanders Theatre. Lectures that should attract the best intelligence among the students draw largely the dullards and sluggards. But imagine that such lectures were no part of the curriculum, were accompanied by no requirement of attendance or examination, meant opportunity and not duty. Immediately the attendance would be measured solely on the true scale of interest, the lecturer would stand or fall by his sheer power to charm and stimulate. It would become a clean academic transaction with no element of pretence or temptation to shirk on either side of the desk. We should have on a fair and humane basis a new office, the super-professorate.

If this looks like an odd or indefinite function, let us recall that the thing has actually produced itself in France, Germany, and Italy by a sort of natural selection. Lecturers who develop extraordinary capacity for sympathetic and popular interpretation of their subjects, insensibly liberate themselves from the task of routine instruction. The facts that one got from Hermann Grimm or Ernst Curtius in their later years at Berlin were accessible enough. No one came nearer to a doctorate, or prepared for an examination, by hearing these charming and eloquent scholars. If their lecture rooms were crowded, it was because the students delighted in the mellow culture there revealed. It was not to such professors that one applied for guidance in research or routine work of any sort. Through the development of extraordinary and valuable capacity Grimm and Curtius had emancipated themselves, had become in the fullest sense super-professors. It is the glory of the unbureaucratized universities of Germany that they so freely provide for any sort of exceptional capacity.

Do we need the super-professor in America? Emphatically, yes. If the academic air of France and Germany is more bracing than our own, it is precisely because the ideas of scholarship are generously put at the general disposal. Ideas circulate and are appraised in a manner unprecedented in our more rigid academies. We need the super-professor, but we shall probably not best get him by taking thought. Occasionally he will create himself, and then a wise university will liberate him for his proper work. Evidently, his qualifications should be sharply challenged and scrutinized. He assumes to do much more than the ordinary professor; we must satisfy ourselves that the pretension is sound. In the nature of the case there can be no steady supply of inspirational men, and that is all the more reason for getting the whole good out of them when they do occur. Something like the super-professorate is already existent in the numerous endowed lecture-

ships in our colleges and universities. A poet critic like Prof. G. E. Woodberry, with his pretty regular appearances at our universities, may fairly be called an itinerant super-professor. Doubtless there will be more lectureships, and the fighting line of the super-professorate will probably continue to be a flying column. That is no reason, however, why a great university should not on occasion domesticate a super-professor. Only if they desire the best of him they must treat him frankly as an auxiliary. The moment they enlist him too narrowly, his very popularity will begin to weaken the curriculum generally, and too often subtly to undermine his influence.

Ask any professor friend what he thinks of this plan and he will probably tell you it is clotted nonsense for the (to him) conclusive reason that the American undergraduate will not attend any course for which he is not formally booked, and for which he receives no academic credit. Our answer is that it might be worth while to treat the undergraduate as if he were intelligent and await his response. The American undergraduate after all is of one flesh and age with those fellow-students who abroad crowd the lecture-rooms of Erich Schmidt and Emile Faguet. Nor have we learned that at home such foundations as the Turnbull Lectures on Poetry at Johns Hopkins University have ever languished for lack of student support.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

The epigrammatic statement of a previously obscure thinker that two thousand dollars a year is enough to live on but not sufficient to enable one to keep up appearances has been greeted with a chorus of approval that is not a little significant. Whatever one may think of the principle of conduct implied, the frank avowal of it is at least refreshing. But the really important considerations in connection with it do not relate to the familiar living beyond one's income that everybody finds it natural to denounce in everybody else. This is a fairly modern phenomenon, induced by the disappearance of hard and fast social lines on the one hand, and by the broadening of economic opportunities on the other. But there has always been, in realms far removed from the material, an endeavor, often only half-felt, at keeping up appearances, on the part of those who would scorn the thing in its grosser manifestation. What, for example, are manners for, if not to put an agreeable face upon disagreeable conditions? What is politeness, except a kind of social lubricant? Will it be seriously contended that the ceremonious attitude which is regarded as proper to be assumed toward strangers is even skin deep? It is almost ludicrous to see the tragic air with which we offer our apologies to an unknown human being with whom we have mistakenly taken liberties that are recognized as insufferable by any except our long-enduring friends. And yet the sincerest scoffer at any form of keeping up appearances is, as a rule, scrupulously careful to do nothing, however trivial, that in his circle would be termed ungentlemanly.

It is difficult to see how civilization could get along without a continual practice of keeping up appearances. Suppose a lawyer, in a burst of confidence, told the judge that he did not really care a continental for the ruling he was so strenuously arguing for, but that what he was actually after was the satisfaction of victory and the professional advantage of a successful case. Imagine a surgeon casually remarking to you just before the ether blotted out everything, that while as a fellow man he was sorry for you, you were the subject he had long been hoping might come his way, and that he looked for an hour or two of the keenest intellectual delight. Think of a politician asking for votes on the ground that he wanted a place where he should be prominent and sought after. Conjure up a broker regaling his customers with the information that a commission and not the financial prosperity of his patrons was nearest his heart. How many hours would the fabric of our social order hold together under such mad veracity?

One of the most noteworthy appearances which the generality of mankind have always felt a supposed necessity of preserving is that of consistency. Despite Emerson's tempting quotation, a man is likely to offer an elaborate justification of any divergence from what is known to be his past record, or, if he can at all manage it, to show that the lapse is only apparent, and that, in reality, his latest action squares exactly with all his former ones. Even if he falls back upon Emerson, it is with a self-conscious air of employing a doubtful makeshift that deceives, and is intended to deceive, no one, least of all himself. In the bottom of his heart, he believes, with the rest of his fellows, that there is something irregular, if not sinister, about a change in professed ideas or practice. All the ingenuity of logicians has not evolved a more effective argument than the *tu quoque*, a form of reasoning which they try to discredit by putting it among the fallacies and labelling it *argumentum ad hominem*. But, so long as man is man and not a syllogistic machine, he will regard the retort as worth a whole armory of certified dialectic weapons.

It is impossible to examine our devotion to appearances without having our respect for it strengthened. Like other instincts, it often goes astray, but it is fundamentally a tribute to our aspiration to be more than we are, and perhaps more than we can be. What we do when we keep up an appearance is to assume the rôle of a character which, at best, we should like to be, and, at worst, do not dare not to seem to be. Keeping up appearances at somebody's else expense is inexcusable, but the honoring of noble sentiments and practices for what they are on their face is the short-cut we have taken toward our ideals.

TWO FRENCH PUBLICATIONS.

PARIS, January 24.

The final volume of Henry Vignaud's monumental work on the life of Columbus up to the time of his discoveries is about to be published in Paris. Your correspondent has had the privilege of reading advance sheets of the general recapitulation and conclusion of the work. Like the previous volumes, it is written in French. Of Mr. Vignaud's earlier work in this matter, "Toscanelli and Columbus," with two letters in the ensuing controversy, and "A Critical Study on the Various Dates Assigned to the Birth of Columbus" had English editions.

It will be remembered that Henry Vignaud was for more than thirty years secretary of the United States legation and embassy at Paris, and that ten years ago he began publishing the results of a long and laborious lifetime's critical study in the original sources of the history of Columbus. These final volumes form the completest repertory existing of such history, in its original documents and its controversies; and they give in detail each of its events in the light of that serious and enlightened

criticism which has become possible only with the wealth of material placed at the historian's disposition in these recent years. They also show, as Mr. Vignaud earnestly remarked to your correspondent, that "I am not a contemner of Columbus, an iconoclast, as I have been termed."

I have endeavored to extract from Mr. Vignaud's pages, in his own words, the substance of the conclusions to which he has come:

"The results of this critical examination, which has been the object of my work and which my readers are enabled to follow in all its phases, are summed up in the three following propositions which change our whole conception of the conditions in which the discovery of the New World was prepared and accomplished:

"(1.) The object of Columbus was not originally to go to the Indies; his expedition was made solely to discover new islands and lands.

"(2.) He had what he believed to be sure indications of the existence and situation of such islands and lands—indications which must have come to him mainly from the unnamed pilot to whom public rumor gave so great a part in his first discovery.

"(3.) The documents attributed to Toscanelli, which would show, if we relied on them, that the original design of Columbus was to go to the Indies, were produced only to make it be believed that such had been his design, and they cannot be authentic.

"These propositions are so contrary to those which Columbian tradition has finally caused to be accepted that it is well to recall with some exactness the reasons on which they are based.

"The assertion of Columbus, repeated by his two first biographers, and, it may be said, accepted by all modern authors, that his design consisted in going to the Indies by sailing to the west; that it was this which the Catholic Kings ordered him to do, and that it was this which he undertook to carry out, is confirmed by no document, by no testimony, which has not a Columbian origin.

"On the contrary, documents and testimonies show:

"That there is no trace of Columbus ever speaking of going to the Indies, either to the King of Portugal or to the Catholic Kings;

"That it is not that which King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella charged him to undertake, nor that which they supposed he would do;

"That what he undertook to do was to discover new islands and lands, of whose existence he had had indications;

"That the indications which gave him the certainty of finding what he proposed to discover, and which permitted him to assert that they would find land 700 or 750 leagues off, came from testimonies as to the existence of new islands to the west, which he had carefully gathered, and, in particular, from a pilot, who had by accident touched at one of the islands;

"That for no one, at the departure of the expedition, was there any question of going to the East Indies, and for every one there was question only of new discoveries;

"That it was only after they had reached the Antilles, which were discovered far beyond the distance at which they believed they should find land, that Columbus imagined he was in the Indies and in the vicinity of Cathay;

"That, on his return, he declared he had come back from the Indies, of which there had been no question before, and he applied himself to finding theoretic reason to justify such an illusion, under the empire of which he undertook his three other voyages—an illusion which he kept until his death;

"That it was after his second voyage, whence he returned with the conviction that Cuba was a projection of Asia, and after his third expedition, in which he discovered the continent, which confirmed him in his illusions, that he completed his theory of the littleness of the globe and the proximity of the Indies—a theory first formulated by him in 1498;

"That Behaim, who had exactly the same ideas, had made them known probably as early as 1489, and certainly in 1491 and 1492, at the time of the construction of his globe, and in July, 1493, the date of a letter now well known which he caused to be written by Müntzer;

"That it is chiefly in the 'Imago Mundi,' in the 'Historia Rerum,' and in the relation of Marco Polo that both Behaim and Columbus found the essential elements of the cosmographic theory which they held in common;

"That the documents attributed to Toscanelli had nothing to do with the formation of such ideas in the discoverer of America and in the author of the Nuremberg globe, each of whom has informed us exactly of the sources from which they drew;

"That these documents (attributed to Toscanelli), whose existence no one suspected, were produced in the middle of the sixteenth century only to confirm the Columbian version that the expedition of 1492 had the Indies for its aim.

"The true merit of Columbus, that which really distinguishes him from all the sea adventurers of his time, that which places him among the privileged men who have added to the sum of our knowledge, is that he drew from all the vague, uncertain, and for the most part erroneous indications which were given him the right conclusion that land existed there, where America is found, and that he took as a fact this hypothetic conclusion which experience demonstrated was the reality."

"Après l'Abandon de la Revanche" (A. Lemerre: 500 pages, 3.50 francs), by Madame Juliette Adam, has stirred more patriotic and party feeling than any other book of the season. It is the seventh and last volume of highly personal notes, taken during a long lifetime identified with the growth of the Third French Republic. Of more than one of its founders, Gambetta at the head, it has been said that Madame Adam had the task of taming and polishing them for their work. She remained a sort of godmother of the new republic, until she saw plainly, in her own mind, that Gambetta's policy was giving the republic a permanent trend whither she would not go, and away from all that she had hoped. It is this last volume which, day by day, notes her dismay and anguish "after the abandonment of the Revanche"—the abandonment of all effort on the part of the republic to heal the ever-gaping wound and mutilation which the old France had suffered from her war with Germany.

Since the publication of her book, Madame Adam has felt obliged to answer the reproach of Paul Déroulède that she accuses Gambetta of "criminal connivance" with Bismarck. She refuses to accept the responsibility of such "big words," but once more speaks out her whole mind (*Figaro*, January 12, 1911).

No matter whether Bismarck and Gambetta met together or not, their political and diplomatic understanding had anti-Clericalism for its basis—the same passion in the author of the *Culturkampf* and in the orator who was the enemy of Clericalism. It is not astonishing that out of this should come the French policy which I have styled "Bismarckian." The diplomatic understanding of Gambetta and Bismarck had its full reward. At the congress of Berlin the future laying of hands on Tunis by France was treacherously drafted in order to embroil us with Italy and throw the latter into the Triple Alliance. . . .

I have not written this seventh volume of my memoirs for those of my time; they already know what to think of the Franco-Bismarckian policy. This is the only name to give to it in its anti-Clerical action, in its colonial expansion, in its turning us away from Alsace-Lorraine. I have written it for the young who no longer understand anything about it, and confound the deplorable state of present policy with republican principles. I, too, am republican in principle, and shall remain so; I have never sought or accepted the slightest profit or honor for my ideas. . . . I would only strengthen my unreserved respect for Gambetta, the heroic tribune of the National Defence; but I am more than ever resolved, from the evidence of its results, to condemn his borrowed policy of the *Culturkampf* and diplomacy subjected to Bismarckian influence. And to intensify in me this worship of the past, I repeat over to myself words which Gambetta himself, on the eve of his fatal accident, said to M. de Marcère—words behind which he passed in review all his political disillusionments, and, I cannot doubt it, the ideal of the

Revanche with them: "Dear friend, everything has to be begun over!"

A few words from Senator de Marcère himself serve as preface to the book. They explain as well, perhaps, as can be what must have been an underlying divergence of principle and aim all along. After all these years, in which the policy of their common friend Gambetta has borne its full fruit, he addresses Madame Adam:

You and I, dear friend, were carried away by our dream, and we had faith, not only in our ideas, but in our companions as well, whereas, in reality, they were working at another task than ours.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It has been definitely announced in the English papers that the great library formed by Henry Huth (1815-1878) and later owned by his son, Alfred Henry Huth (whose death last October was noted in this column), has been placed in the hands of Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge for sale. It will be offered for a time privately *en bloc,* but if unsold the books will be put up at auction in instalments, the sales beginning the present season and continuing the next year. Fifty books are first to be selected by the British Museum, as indicated in the following paragraph from the will of the late owner:

If at any time it should be found necessary to sell the collection, before such sale the authorities of the British Museum are to have the first selection of a gift of fifty items therefrom, which shall be marked by them and always known as the Huth Bequest. In making this selection the authorities shall not be allowed to take a second or more perfect copy of any item already in the National Collection, unless they shall exchange such item for the one already in their possession, the exchange of any item being counted as one of the fifty for their selection.

The Huth library is perhaps the finest private collection of book rarities remaining in England. Its value has been estimated at £250,000. It is not as large and probably not as valuable as the Robert Hoe collection, which will be sold by the Anderson Auction Co. in this city, the first sale, about twenty sessions, to be held in March. In many respects, however, the two libraries might be compared. In incunabula and English literature before 1700 they are not far dissimilar. In later English literature the Huth library contains comparatively little, whereas the Hoe Library has a rich collection. French literature, which forms one of the most important sections of the Hoe library, is less notable in the Huth collection, which is, however, rich in Spanish books. Both libraries contain famous collections of Americana, but, especially in early English books of travel to America, the Huth collection is the finer. And, though Mr. Huth owned some fine illuminated manuscripts, their value cannot approximate those brought together by Mr. Hoe.

The Hoe library has two specimens of the Gutenberg Bible, one on vellum and one on paper; the Huth library has a paper copy. Both contain fine sets of the four folios of Shakespeare, Mr. Hoe's first folio being the taller, 13⅜ inches, whereas Mr. Huth's is only 12½. Both libraries contain a notable collection of the quartos, the Huth being the better, including the "Merrie Wives of Windsor" of 1602 and the "Hamlet" of 1604, as well as the "Venus and Adonis" (1594), "Lucrecce" (1594), and the "Sonnets" (1609).

It is certainly a remarkable circumstance that two such collections of books should be upon the auction market at once. Collectors of literary rarities will have opportunities offered them within the next eighteen months which will probably never occur again. The Edward E. Ayer collection of Americana has been permanently transferred to the Newberry library, in Chicago; the John Boyd Thacher collection of incunabula is in the custody of the Library of Congress, probably never to leave it, and other collections are likely to find their way into public institutions.

In the second part of the library of Judge Jacob Klein of St. Louis, to be sold by the Anderson Auction Co. on February 15 and 16, are included notable collections of first editions of Meredith, Stevenson, and Swinburne. The Meredith set includes presentation copies of both the "Poems" (1851) and "The Shaving of Shagpat" (1856), the author's first and second books, as also the private issue of "Jump to Glory Jane" (1889); the signed contracts with his publisher for the issue of several books; and several fine letters. Among the Stevenson rarities are the author's first book, "The Pentland Rising" (1866); the two scientific pamphlets, "Notice of a New Form of Intermittent Light for Light Houses" (1871) and "On the Thermal Influence of Forests" (1873); a set of four numbers of the *Edinburgh University Magazine* (1871); the three privately printed plays, "Deacon Brodie" (1880), "Admiral Guinea" (1884), and "Beau Austin" (1884); several of the Davos Platz leaflets; and the South Sea Island skit, "An Object of Pity," printed at Sydney for Lady Jersey.

The Swinburne collection is the finest ever offered at auction, beginning with the "Undergraduate Papers" (1858), which contains the author's first published writings. Only some five or six copies are known, and no copy, we believe, has appeared in the auction room since the Rogers sale in Boston, in 1888. That copy brought $105, and was bought by Mrs. N. Q. Pope. It is now in the Frederick R. Halsey collection.

Other authors whose works are represented in this sale are Lowell, Joaquin Miller, Walter Pater, Tennyson, William Watson, and Walt Whitman. There are also included very extensive series of the publications of the Riverside and Roycroft presses.

On February 14, 15, and 16 the Merwin Clayton Sales Co. will sell the library of the late Elliot Smith of Morristown, N. J., including nearly a hundred lots of Napoleoniana, and on February 17 a further selection of duplicates from the New York Public Library, mainly Americana.

Correspondence

SINGLE TAX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In November you published an interesting editorial, entitled "The Backbone of Socialism," in which you attacked (successfully, it seemed to me) the Socialist saying that "Interest is robbery."

On November 27 you published a letter from me in which I requested you to break the backbone of the single tax, which is based, in its ethical aspects at least, on the proposition that "Rent is robbery."

Now, while the Socialist party will undoubtedly modify our public institutions to some extent, it is inconceivable to me that the people will ever consent to have their government take over and operate the factories and stores. But the single tax propaganda is a different matter. The machinery of taxation exists. All that is necessary for putting the single tax in operation is to abolish all other forms of taxation save that on land values, and many of these taxes are now hardly ever defended except as a present necessity.

Those who have read the campaign speeches of Mr. Asquith, Lloyd George, Churchill, and others in the year of 1910 know that they defend the budget and tax from the standpoint of Henry George. Their illustrations and arguments—especially those of the chancellor—sound much like the utterances of American single-taxers.

The idea may be said to be firmly established in English politics. It is already a practical political question in Denmark, principally on the demand of the small farmers, about whom Mr. Spence is so anxious. One thousand western Canadians went to Ottawa recently and demanded a reduction of taxation on imports and an increase in the taxation of the land. The single-taxers are well organized in several countries, and now have money, largely through the generosity of Joseph Fels of Philadelphia. In his speech here the other day Mr. Fels said that he was on his way to Vancouver, where they have abolished local taxes on buildings and personal property, and where they have a single-tax mayor named Taylor. At his own expense, Mr. Fels is going to take Mayor Taylor to England to tell the British people how the land value tax works in British Columbia.

I could give more facts tending to show that the single tax movement is likely to become disturbing to existing conditions and to that class who want things left alone. It is worthy of more space in the press. And it seems to me that the only way to block the single-taxers is to prove to the people that rent is not robbery; in other words, that increase in the value of the land, morally as well as legally, belongs to the land owners.

Howard M. Holmes.

Cleveland, O., January 19.

THE FORTIFICATION OF THE ISTHMIAN CANAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The question of fortifying the Isthmian Canal is now before us and is likely to have a strong bearing upon international affairs. If we feel that it is necessary to fortify this canal in order to protect ourselves from encroachment, it will show to the whole world a distrust of others that they do not show toward us. Can we, one of the most powerful nations on the globe, afford to put ourselves in such a position? I do not deprecate so much the fifteen or fifty million dollars that will be wasted in such fortifications, or the expense of keeping them up, as I do showing in such a pronounced way our distrust of other nations. Would it not be well at this time to

consider carefully the necessity for any fortification of the canal; to consider the security of its position three to five thousand miles away from any force that could seriously menace it; to consider the peaceful relations existing between ourselves and others, and the very strong desire of all nations to maintain these relations—the necessity, in fact, for retaining them for the self interest of all; and in addition to this situation to consider our natural advantages and power—to consider also the general sentiment of the world in favor of unfortified highways of commerce, and the almost certain establishment at The Hague of a judicial court for settling the difficulties that may arise among the nations? Are not the risks of fortifying this canal greater to us and to the other nations than the risk of its destruction?

EDWIN GINN.

Boston, January 31.

COMMERCIAL ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is well known that language reflects national character. It is also an obvious commonplace that Americans as a people are occupied, preoccupied, with the acquisition of wealth. It is not unnatural, therefore, that American speech should be colored by the commercial activities of American people. Such has unfortunately been too much the case. The distinctive features that reveal an American's nationality are not only his pronunciation, or "accent," as the English have come to call it, his peculiarly American names for things, and the well-known tags of conversation, such as "I guess," but what we may call a commercial tone coming from his figurative use of business terms when speaking of subjects outside the realm of business.

This tendency in American speech has long been struggled against. In the well-known *index expurgatorius* prepared by William Cullen Bryant, in the middle of last century, when he was editor of the *Evening Post*, there were a number of words which were objectionable, because of the fringe of commercial associations attached to them, and which made them out of keeping in the expression of ideas more independent of trade. Some of these cant words of commerce proscribed by Bryant were *balance* (for remainder), *endorse* (for approve), *loan* (for lend), *item* (for particle, extract, or paragraph), *over his signature, parties* (for persons), *posted* (for informed), *realized* (for obtained). Even certain words less obviously of middle-class origin had in this country acquired a commercial connotation to such an extent as to be objectionable; for instance, *repudiate*. Still other words acquired new and unauthorized uses, such as *claim* (for contend), *located* (for situated).

The efforts of men like Bryant have been to some extent successful. Many of these words have been distinctly branded as vulgar. Others, such as *item*, which have been used by careful writers, have been so used because they have shaken off, to a great extent, their objectionable associations. The source of the evil, however, has not been, and, in the nature of things, cannot be, removed. Every teacher of English composition has to struggle against the use of words of commercial connotation. In the compositions that he is called upon to read, he encounters not only the words singled out by Bryant, but others of their kind. He finds that *average* stands for *ordinary, sample* for *instance, figure out* for *make out*. If one may judge by the language used in composition courses, the young American thinks only in terms of percentage, since the word *part* is quite superseded by *per cent*. Worst of all is the word *proposition*. This word is of interest to the etymologist because it promises to repeat the history of the word *thing*, which in its origin meant something not unlike the literal meaning of *proposition*. But *proposition* at present is probably the most universal term of commercial cant, and may be said to exemplify the faults of its kind.

As has been said, thus far the opposition to words of this objectionable class has met with some success. Allied with Bryant and his like against a commercialized vocabulary have been most of the forces of English teaching. In recent times, however, there has begun a movement in education which threatens to weaken the forces of opposition. The high schools of the country, actuated by the laudable desire of serving their communities, have been installing commercial courses of all kinds. The colleges also have not only been establishing courses in commerce, but in parts of the country, propose to recognize commercial courses in the high schools for entrance credit. The North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, which, as its name implies, includes the principal schools and colleges of the Middle West, in a recently published report recommends for recognition for entrance credit seven units in commercial subjects, among them a half unit in business spelling and correspondence. The half unit in business spelling and correspondence is defined as "preliminary review of five hundred common business words. Thorough drill on business correspondence, including . . ." In some of the text-books for such a course, I have recognized the effort on the part of the authors to teach the avoidance of many of the stereotyped forms of commercial phraseology. But can such efforts be effectual? When five hundred words are used as a basis of instruction, is the English language not reduced to a business code? Can such a course do more than give a superficial polish? If old, stereotyped forms of expressions are eliminated, new ones are bound to come into being. The only way to avoid hackneyed phraseology is by learning the resources of the whole language, not of merely a selected five hundred words.

G. H. MCKNIGHT.

Ohio State University, January 28.

SHYLOCK AND ATHEISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to the report of my paper read at the Modern Language Association, in the *Nation* of January 5, I made Shylock out an atheist. What I said was that in keeping with ancient superstitious notions of the Jew as an atheist and possessed of the devil, he was represented as a devil and an atheist in Elizabethan popular literature and drama. Of atheism Shakespeare says nothing, but he has Shylock, as a Jew, called a devil in jest nine times over, has him declare that "he never felt the curse on his nation till now"—that is, now that his diamond is gone, which cost him two thousand ducats in Frankfort—and has Tubal and him meet at the synagogue, *ein Teuffels Nest*, in the urbane phrase of Luther, to hatch his plot.

ELMER E. STOLL.

Western Reserve University, January 20.

"MILTON NO PLAGIARY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the correspondence on Milton's debt to Du Bartas, it may be worth while to recall the Reply of John Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, to William Lauder, who published in 1750 a pamphlet on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in Paradise Lost. The Reply of Douglas ("Milton No Plagiary") appeared in the same year, and convicted Lauder of forging whole lines of Staphorstius, Masenius, Grotius, etc., which were to be Milton's originals. Du Bartas is only once mentioned, and that slightly.

The Reply was so conclusive that Lauder was not only disclaimed by Dr. Johnson, who had written his Preface (Boswell iii, vii), but by his very booksellers, who publicly advertised that they would have nothing more to do with him ("Select Works of Douglas," 1820, p. 226).

J. BONAR.

Ottawa, February 1.

THE MOST FAMOUS NOSE OF ALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since the discussion on noses in your columns will not down, let me add to your collection the most written-about nose in all literature—that of a Herr Wahl, on which the poet Haug wrote two hundred witty epigrams, under the title of "Zweihundert Hyperbeln auf Herrn Wahls ungeheure Nase." This curious nosegay has served to keep the name of the author fragrant. Haug was a friend and classmate of Schiller's. The "Hyperbeln" appeared in 1804.

G. P.

New York, January 31.

"PESSIMISTIC" AND "OPTIMISTIC."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your kind review (*Nation*, February 2) of my recent volume on "The History of Ethics Within Organized Christianity," your reviewer raises one question in my mind upon which I should like to have your mature judgment. He speaks of "too pessimistic," and in another place of "a superficially optimistic." Now, the question in my mind is whether this is not robbing philosophy of two much needed terms when we have in English the words "hopeful" and "despondent." What your reviewer meant was a too despondent view of Christianity. Pessimism means the worst possible—how can you have a "too worst possible"? Optimism means the best possible—how can one have a superficially best possible? I am not a purist; indeed, I am somewhat of a Philistine with regard to innovations, because I regard language as a living thing, but the misuse of optimism

and pessimism savors for me of that careless use of academic slang characteristic of so many of us. In point of fact, hopeful and despondent are far better words, and really express what most people mean when they use optimism and pessimism. I have the same feeling with regard to the word "conservative" used as a careless substitute for "cautious," and I notice even the careful *Nation* speaks of "a conservative view of the financial situation," meaning by that a cautious attitude to that same situation. I know these abuses are widely prevalent, but I think the *Nation* might serve us all by calling attention to an impoverishment of language on one side, with no corresponding enrichment on the other.

THOMAS C. HALL.

Union Theological Seminary, February 6.

[The *Nation* agrees heartily with Dr. Hall in his dislike of the cant use of "pessimistic" and "optimistic," and its rule is to avoid the words. In the present instance "despondent" and "hopeful" would have been better English. The propriety of limiting "pessimistic," granting the word itself is properly used, by "too," etc., is, however, another question. The superlative force of "pessimism" seems to have become obscured, and the word seems to mean no more than looking systematically on the dark side of things. Why cannot these superlatives which have passed into mere intensives be modified quantitatively?—ED. NATION.]

DIARY OF DR. HOLYOKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the Stickney sale of manuscripts held at Libbie's auction rooms in Boston, December 18, 1907, there was sold (number 418 in the catalogue) the diary for the year 1747 of Edward Holyoke, catalogued as president of Harvard College. In reality, the diary was kept by Edward Augustus Holyoke, M.D. (Harvard, 1746). The Essex Institute is preparing for the press a volume containing the diaries of Dr. Holyoke, his wife, and other members of the family, and greatly desires to ascertain the present whereabouts of this diary for the year 1747. Libbie & Co. no longer have the records of that particular sale, and thus far the Essex Institute has been unable to trace the item. Can any reader supply a clue? GEORGE FRANCIS DOW.

Salem, Mass., January 31.

THE STATE HISTORIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to add my voice to those which, I hope, in large numbers are asking for the reappointment of Mr. Victor H. Paltsits, as State historian of New York. To those who, as outsiders, but as outsiders warmly interested in the progress of historical studies in this country, have observed the work of the State historian's office during the last ten years, the contrast between Mr. Paltsits's work and all that preceded is very striking. He has lifted the office to a higher, indeed to the highest, plane. He has not only put forth work of great utility and marked by the utmost excellence of execution, but he has shown in his various reports that he has the requisite intelligence, foresight, and judgment to decide what is best worth doing in that position, and to devise the best means for doing it.

I have abundant means of knowing that what I have said represents the general opinion of American historical students. They would regard the reappointment of Mr. Paltsits as the obviously appropriate step, and would consider it a distinct calamity that any change should be made in the office at the present time.

J. FRANKLIN JAMESON.

Carnegie Institution, Washington, February 4.

SELLING LETTERS OF THE LIVING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The estate of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman was closed in August, 1909, all the property being at that time turned over to the executor of Mr. Arthur Stedman and to the granddaughter of Mr. E. C. Stedman. I, as executor, was anxious to retain control of the property until the library could be disposed of in accordance with the wishes of my kinsman, as stated in his will and repeatedly impressed upon me during his lifetime. As literary executor, also, I was very desirous of entrusting the editing of the "Life and Letters" to a man of literary reputation and experience. The counsel of the estate, however, advised me that, the legal term of eighteen months having expired, the heirs would force me to show a more valid reason for retaining the executorship, and I was obliged to retire. The executor should not be charged with any responsibility for this scandalous sale of the confidences of Mr. Stedman's friends, for it was as painful to him as it was to them, or could have been to that sensitive and honorable soul himself. THOMAS L. STEDMAN.

New York, January 29.

Literature

AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY.

A Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Edited by John R. Commons, Ulrich B. Phillips, Eugene A. Gilmore, Helen L. Sumner, and John B. Andrews. Vols. V, VI. Labor Movement, 1820-40; Selected, Collated, and Edited by John R. Commons, Professor of Political Economy, University of Wisconsin, and Helen L. Sumner, United States Bureau of Labor. Vols. VII, VIII. Labor Movement, 1840-1860, Selected, Collated, and Edited by John R. Commons. Vol. IX. Labor Movement, 1860-1880, Selected, Collated, and Edited by John R. Commons, and John B. Andrews, Secretary, American Association for Labor Legislation. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.

With the appearance of volume nine, this comprehensive assemblage of documents is all but complete. The tenth volume, with which it will conclude, is not yet issued, but will contain only two chapters of text proper, to which an exhaustive analytical index to the entire series will be annexed. The first two volumes were devoted to plantation economics prior to the civil war. These volumes were reviewed in the *Nation*, October 13, 1910. Volumes three and four, with an extra supplementary volume (not separately numbered), contained the records of early labor conspiracy cases in the United States from 1806 to 1842. As indicated in the notice of these volumes in the *Nation* for December 15, 1910, the editor employed these judicial records mainly to substantiate his contention that in this country the origin of a self-conscious working class is traceable, not to a change in the technique of production, as the Marxian formula asserts, but to the menace of competition arising from the extension of markets. The labor movement proper, in its various phases, from 1820 to 1880, is illustrated in the six concluding volumes.

Professor Commons has chosen to subdivide this period of sixty years into three equal parts, and has devoted a brace of volumes to each double decade. His principle of dividing the epoch is not mechanical, however, but is based upon the periodic fluctuation of general prices, witnessed in every score of years. During the upward swing of trade, labor is worked full time and overtime. The rising cost of living provokes the laborers to organization. They strike for higher wages. The employers make wage advances which prove inadequate to meet the still rising cost of living. Finally the turn in the tide of prosperity comes. Wage reductions are for a time resisted, but finally prove inevitable. Labor organizations are disrupted, and their fragments are diverted into channels of political or social agitation. "This cycle has been so consistently repeated, although with varying shades and details, that it has compelled recognition in the selection and editing of the documents of this series" (Vol. V, pp. 19, 20). Professor Commons even contends that the curve of prices, representing their rise, culmination, and fall in each of these twenty-year periods, "is the backbone of American history." One does not need to subscribe to this rather sweeping generalization, in order to see that the price-cycle furnishes an admirable basis for subdividing the history of the labor movement in this country.

Local organizations of craftsmen in the United States can be traced as far back as 1786. But not until 1827, when the Mechanics' Union of Trade Associations was formed in Philadelphia to promote a ten-hour working day, was there any symptom of a coalition of different trade organizations for a common object. Similar city-wide or county-wide organizations emerged in New York, in Boston, in Baltimore, Washington,

Newark, N. J., and in Albany before 1840. In a general way they ran a similar course, winning the majority of early strikes until the tide of prosperity receded. Thereafter they frequently originated short-lived political movements in their respective vicinities. Even more significant than these vicinal unions were the attempts to organize wage-earners into national unions. Their conventions of 1834, 1835, and 1836 are notable for the extended areas from which delegates were drawn. An interesting parallel movement in the same period was the organization of particular crafts, such as the cordwainers and the printers, upon a national scale. The platforms of the city-central unions, as well as of the wider national unions, voice the grievances of the wage-earners of the late '30's. Some of their demands, such as that for free and universal public instruction, have so long been conceded that we read with surprise the stigmatization of "agrarianism" which the conservative element brought against the project (Vol. V, p. 110 sq.). The condition of laborers, especially the hours of women and children in factories, is repeatedly denounced, as well as many other evils which modern legislation is fast remedying. Just how far the monopoly of public lands was felt as a pressing grievance by wage-earners' unions it is somewhat difficult to determine; but prominence is generally given it in the enumeration of evils requiring remedy. Professor Commons declares that "what the working man of the thirties asked was not mere equality before the law," but "a preference over property," the preference being typified in homestead exemption laws, free education, and mechanics' prior lien. It is worthy of notice that the allurements of coöperative industrial organization had in this early period begun to appeal to associated labor. These two volumes, dealing with the period 1820-1840, are in some respects of more importance than any other pair of volumes in the set. They rescue from oblivion the beginnings of labor movements organized upon a scale other than parochial; and they permit us to form some just idea of the extent to which public opinion of a later day has travelled to adopt what were denounced originally as monstrous and subversive doctrines. The "documents" *en appui* are mostly newspaper accounts of the demands of laborers, supplemented by the proceedings of labor conventions.

The two volumes covering the years from 1840 to 1860 (Vols. VII and VIII) suffer necessarily from the humanitarian avalanche of that era. The history of labor organization is crossed by Fourierism; by Owenism; by the various socialistic experiments, like the Shakers, the Rappists, and the Icarians; by coöperation; by Evans's agrarianism; and last by the abolition movement. It was a confused and perplexing epoch. Professor Commons well characterizes it in his Introduction to Volume VII:

> The forties far outran the other periods in its [*sic*] unbounded loquacity. The columns of advertisements in a newspaper might announce for Monday night a meeting of the anti-slavery society: Tuesday night, the temperance society; Wednesday night, the graham bread society; Thursday night, a phrenological lecture; Friday night an address against capital punishment; Saturday night, the "Association for Universal Reform." Then there were all the missionary societies, the woman's rights societies, the society for the diffusion of bloomers, the séances of the spiritualists, the "associationists," the land reformers—a medley of movements that found the week too short.

No two volumes—no, nor twenty—could fairly compass this reformatory chaos. From this welter of conflicting doctrines and movements, it is almost a wonder that there finally emerged the embryo of modern trade unionism. But surmounting the sporadic and local labor movements, the purely beneficial labor association, and the coöperative labor store system, there had appeared by 1853-54, the class-conscious trade union, pure and simple, "unduped of fancy," grimly confining itself to establishing the minimum wage and the closed shop. Its weapon was the strike. Its method was collective bargaining, which fixed for a stipulated period wages, hours, and conditions of employment. Although the vortex of war swallowed up, for a time, all lesser interests, the type of union fittest for ultimate survival had made its appearance.

If the seventh and eighth volumes make an impression of fragmentariness, by reason of the variety of social reform projects touched upon, the ninth volume appears to make an almost arbitrary selection of topics to illustrate the labor movement between 1860 and 1880. The crisis of 1857 and the civil war had wrought havoc with the effectiveness of national labor organizations. But the subsequent rise of prices due to monetary inflation, and the speculative mania, following the war, called back into existence the national labor organization. This movement, under the name of the National Labor Union, grew in momentum under the influence of annual congresses between 1866 and 1871. While at first espousing the traditional shibboleths, particularly emphasizing the eight-hour day, and still coquetting with coöperation as the goal of economic organization, the new national organization soon fell into the swamp of Greenbackism; organized as the Labor Reform party; eventually nominated a Presidential candidate, Judge David Davis; and finally came to naught. The concluding section of the volume recounts how the decline and fall of this ill-starred movement was carefully noted by the recently formed American branch of the International, and was duly reported (Vol. IX, p. 366 sq.) to the General Council of the International at London. Besides these two episodes just cited, a display of labor conditions dealing largely with immigration, particularly of the Chinese, and typical extracts from Ira Steward's little known philosophy of the eight-hour movement comprise the substance of the volume.

The work, as a whole, is perhaps the most comprehensive non-official compilation of sources upon any one aspect of our economic history that has so far been issued. The ten volumes, though distinctly unequal in value, will be indispensable to the future investigator of our industrial conditions. The first two stand quite apart from the remainder of the series, so far as subject matter is concerned. The name of the work, as a whole, is seriously misleading. It does not begin to canvass the field it professedly covers. American industrial society cannot be compressed within the limits of labor organization movements, either quantitatively or qualitatively. But the ten volumes are a mine from which serviceable material must be quarried for any historical edifice devoted to a portrayal of our industrial constitution.

CURRENT FICTION.

Princess Flower Hat. By Mabel Osgood Wright. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The "Commuter's Wife" is repeating herself after the fashion of the sprightly performer who once more responds to the expected encore. The vivacious heroine appears here under a new and fantastic name; but she is only too easily recognized. The mild neighborhood romance in which she is involved, with its frequent horticultural digressions, has little novelty to commend it. The young person with the fanciful nickname is a city girl who conceives a sudden passion for country life. She buys an old house in the neighborhood of the commuter and his wife, with an acre of land. The place next door belongs to a rather mysterious absentee, the subject of not very flattering local gossip. Of course, as soon as he discovers that he is Flower Hat's neighbor, he ceases to be an absentee. The conclusion is foregone. Flower Hat accepts the neighborhood gossip at its face value, and straightway begins a course of such rudeness as is hardly possible for gentlewomen outside of fiction. A very pretty quarrel is begun, in which his hired man and her hired woman take the low comedy parts. But we all know at the outset that the excursions and alarums incident to this kind of battle are of merely ornamental character. One's interest in a re-treatment of the

old situation must be a tribute to its freshness and spontaneity. This performance is rather strained. Princess Flower Hat is a flippant and self-consciously whimsical person such as lady story-tellers delight in and men avoid.

The Gift-Wife. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The triumphant adventures of young America abroad are here pleasantly varied by a few simple changes in personnel and itinerary. The hero is a Yale man, but not oppressively athletic, and instead of hailing from Wall Street, he is no better than a surgeon. Moreover, he is a periodical drunkard. His sprees last two or three weeks, and he never knows where he has been or what he has done when he comes to himself. His conduct during these balmy intervals, however, is merely eccentric. He becomes a different person, but not an offensive or helpless one. Hence it is only necessary to place him in Europe at the beginning of one of his weird seizures, in order to insure complications desirable from the point of view of the romancer. Matters are complicated by the fact that he has just been put in charge of a little girl whom he is to take back with him to America. He knows what he has to fight against, but accident puts it out of his power to win. For a time he keeps the child with him during the inspired wanderings which follow, but eventually leaves her, forgotten, in a café at Budapest. When he returns to himself presently, in a Turkish harem, the immediate past is all a blank. Evidently, there are three things for him to achieve in the field of romance to which he has been called: to find the little girl, to marry the light of the harem who has rescued him, and to reform. All of these matters are duly attended to, after a good deal of amusing action and by-play. The tale is told in that good-humored and often witty style of "jolly" with which the American reporter is responding to our national taste for badinage.

Tama. By Onoto Watanna. Illustrated by Genjiro Kataoka. New York: Harper & Bros.

To a reader who has just been perusing the late Lafcadio Hearn's "Japanese Letters," the atmosphere of a book like this is a trifle puzzling. Hearn was always laying stress upon the irreconcilable difference between the Japanese point of view and our own. He held, for example, that it was impossible for a Japanese to understand our conception of the romantic relation of the sexes. Yet here is a story by a Japanese as Western in feeling as if it had been written by the author of "Madam Butterfly"—more Western than if it had come from the writer of "Madame Chrysanthème." Tama is a "fox-woman," feared and hated by all the natives of a remote province of Japan. She is the daughter of a white sailor and a Buddhist nun, who have been murdered by Japanese for the religious and racial crime of their union. The child has escaped to the forests, and there, though blind, has grown up in wild beauty, an accomplished thief and reputed witch. A foreigner comes into the district, an American who has been appointed teacher in the local college. To his imagination the story and presently the vision of Tama, the golden-haired witch, make strong appeal. She hovers about him, but will not be brought to close quarters, and he finally permits some of his Japanese students, who are devoted to him but fear and hate the "fox-woman," to trap her like an animal. Everything follows according to Western precedent. The man sets the girl free, wins her confidence and devotion, and protects her against the violence of the Japanese, who are determined that she shall share the fate of her parents. The pair escape to the forest, and finally make their way to the temple where Tama's father and mother have been murdered. They know that pursuit is upon them, and prepare to face death, when lo! a deputation arrives to lead them back to safety and even glory among a people who have sloughed off their superstition like a garment, and are eager to honor the former outcast. Is such a conversion possible in Japan? When we say that the man has been disfigured by smallpox, and is sure that Tama will loathe him when her vision is restored; and that she only loves him more than ever, we have outlined a conventionally Occidental plot. Whatever its source, the story is delicately told; and with its Japanese decorations, beautifully framed.

The Phantom of the Opera. By Gaston Leroux. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

It is a long drop from M. Leroux's "Mystery of the Yellow Room" to this fantastic piece of nonsense. The former was one of the best-constructed and most exciting detective stories of recent years; the present tale is enormously ingenious, but melodramatic *à outrance*, and runs in places pretty close to the ridiculous. A man of great powers, but born diabolically ugly (the old and wearisome *âme damnée* of the romanticists), becomes one of the contractors for building the opera house at Paris, constructs a secret dwelling for himself in the cellars, with all sorts of trap-doors, hidden passages, etc., through the edifice, and there, unseen and unknown, lives and makes himself felt by a thousand mysterious pranks and crimes. Of course, he falls in love with a young singer; in fact, the plot of the story hangs on the combat of this unseen wooer and an ordinary young man for the fair soprano. Despite the incredibility of the whole situation, M. Leroux succeeds in piquing the reader's curiosity, and the last search for the demon through the dark cellars of the opera is not without moments of what is called "breathless suspense." The audacity of the writer almost deprives the reader of his judgment. But M. Leroux owes to the world another detective story as good as "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" and better than "The Perfume of the Lady in Black."

BABYLONIAN AND ASSYRIAN OMENS.

Cuneiform Texts from Babylonian Tablets, etc., in the British Museum. Parts 27 and 28 (50 plates each). Printed by Order of the Trustees.

The two parts now added to this important series are taken up exclusively with omen texts—a branch of the Babylonian and Assyrian literature, the importance of which has only within recent years come to be recognized. All scholars must be grateful for the rapidity with which the valuable material of the British Museum is being made accessible, but it seems a pity to reprint texts that have already appeared instead of first exhausting the unpublished material. So of the fifty-nine tablets and fragments embodied in part 27, more than half have already been copied and published by Dr. Alfred Boissier of Geneva, whose various works on omen texts have given him the distinction of being a pioneer in this subdivision of the Babylonian-Assyrian religion. Part 28 also contains five plates of texts published some years ago by Boissier. Some mention at least should have been made of this in the introduction, where one also might have expected a reference to the fact that another text (K 258), covering two plates of part 27, was published some years ago by S. A. Smith, and that two further texts (KK 2007 and 3171) appeared in a former series of British Museum publications. With part 25 of this new series there was published a most necessary index of the registration numbers of the texts included in parts 1 to 25. It would be useful to embody with the thirtieth part an index of all tablets of the new series that have previously been published, together with an indication of where the former publications may be found. This is particularly essential, since a large number of the texts of the new series reproduce texts—often in a greatly improved form—that were included in the former series.

Coming to the texts themselves, the neat copies due to P. S. P. Hancock, one of the assistants in the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, demand a special word of recognition. Two classes of omen texts are covered by parts 27 and 28, omens derived from

monstrosities and unusual phenomena among new-born children and the young of animals, and omens derived from the examination of signs on the livers of sheep—the sacrificial animal *par excellence* among the Babylonians and Assyrians. An entire previous volume—part 20—having been devoted to "liver" texts, the eight plates of part 28 containing further specimens of this class may be regarded as a supplement to part 20. They deal chiefly with signs observed on the gall-bladder and on the finger-shaped appendix to the upper lobe of the sheep's liver which played a specially important part in hepatoscopy, or divination through the liver. Special mention should be made of a text (K 717), from which it appears that the meaning of the sign observed differed according to the month in which the animal was examined. This points to an association between hepatoscopy and astrology. The additional "liver" texts of part 28 furnish further illustrations of the complicated system of divination which was gradually evolved in the temple schools of Babylonia and Assyria, and which continued its sway over the population down to the downfall of both empires.

The "omens from births," as the other class may be briefly called, cover the entire twenty-seventh part and 42 plates of the twenty-eighth part. These omens differ from the "liver" texts, inasmuch as in the latter case an animal is deliberately selected and sacrificed in order to procure a sign of the will and intention of the gods through the inspection of the liver, whereas in the case of unusual phenomena among new-born children or the young of animals the sign is sent, as it were, by the deity as a warning or indication of something unusual that is about to happen. Another distinction between the two classes consists in the official character of the interpretations given to signs on the liver of the sacrificial animal, bearing as they do almost exclusively on public affairs such as war, victory or defeat of the army, good or bad crops, low or high prices, pestilences, and the like, affecting the entire population, whereas the signs represented by "births" affect also the individual in whose household or among whose possessions the signs in question are observed. Many of the phenomena noted strike one as exceedingly curious. Besides such monstrosities as children born with six fingers, six toes, three and even four feet, with one or both ears missing, with only one leg or without any legs, etc., the texts speak of children with the head, ear, or eye of a lion, dog, pig, or serpent, horse, cow, fox, or jackal. In the case of monstrosities among the young of animals, some of the phenomena are still stranger, such as sheep with two tails and four hearts or without hind or fore legs. Still more puzzling are the many instances of apparent hybrids, such as a foal with the head of a pig or the tail of a dog, sheep giving birth to a lion with the eye of a dog or pig or ass, and more of the like. It has been held that in such and [illegible]we are to suppose that the sign appeared to an individual in a dream, but the objection to this view is that the possible and apparently impossible monstrosities are bunched together in one and the same text. A more likely view seems to be that fancied resemblances to the organs or parts of animals in question lie at the basis of many of the signs, and perhaps as a further factor we must assume the persistent influence of the early beliefs in the existence of hybrid and fabulous monsters with which, as the Babylonians believed, the world was once populated. We must also remember that the purpose of the priests in making these extensive collections of omens of all kinds was to provide for all possible contingencies.

Quite apart, however, from the specific character of the omens noted, the value of these "omens from births" consists in the insight that they afford into a phase of the Babylonian-Assyrian religion furnishing a complement to the views held of the gods. The *Götterlehre* is mainly the product of the schools; the actual religion of the populace is represented to a large extent in the views underlying the various forms of divination.

The Political History of England. Edited by W. Hunt and R. L. Poole. 12 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905-1910.

With the appearance of Prof. A. F. Pollard's volume, covering the years 1547-1603, this great historical enterprise is brought to a good end. Of the last volume published it will suffice to say that it is up to the average of the series, learned and sound in the politics of the period, of somewhat less merit for style and for lucidity; the years following the Armada and the accession of James are treated rather summarily. But it is to the work as a whole, rather than to this last volume, that our space must be devoted.

The final estimate must partly confirm the first. To Mr. Poole, the able editor of the *English Historical Review*, and to his collaborator, Mr. Hunt, the chief credit is due. The editing has been admirable. Twelve volumes have been made to fit; the bibliographies are valuable and systematic; the work is a whole to a remarkable degree; and all that is in it can readily be found. The contributors have not, of course, been of equal merit; there is a marked superiority of quality in the volumes dealing with the early period of English history over those dealing with modern times. And among the first six volumes the present reviewer would single out those of Professor Tout (1216-1377) and of Mr. Fisher (1485-1547) as representing the highest level of achievement; the former excelling in well-rounded erudition, judgment, and clearness of statement, the latter in the supreme quality of historical sense and distinction.

As to the value of the "Political History" it may be said that it must remain for a good many years to come the summarized history of England which readers and students will make the starting point of further reading and investigation. Yet it is too packed with and narrowed down to pure politics, and too near the text-book in style, ever to hold the interest of an ordinary reader, while on the other hand both its text and its bibliographies are not detailed enough quite to serve the purpose of the real investigator; in a way it is little more than a chronological encyclopædia of English political history. This aspect of the matter may be worthy of a moment's consideration.

Although there are several distinguished English historians like Mr. Trevelyan, Professor Bury, Professor Firth, and others, who are not among the contributors to the "Political History," yet it may fairly be said that the work is representative of the English historical scholarship of to-day, and particularly of the very strong Oxford school. What then is the attitude of English historical scholarship towards its subject? It is largely negative. It is marked by disinclination to generalize, by a resolute preference for the purely political, and even party-political, above every other manifestation of the working of history; it seeks its quality in preciseness, by eliminating the social, the economic, the religious, the cultural factors from consideration. Now, to make politics the supreme test of history is fallacious, and on this point the present writer is glad to lean on the authority of Professor Turner, whose brilliant presidential address to the American Historical Association last December was based on this same text. History has jogged along after the sciences on the road of the endlessly subdivided special topic, and now that the sciences have turned off that road and once more headed back toward the land of complex factors, it is time history hastened to follow the better example. At all events, it seems quite probable that the "Political History of England" will remain a landmark in historical writing, indicating the furthest point reached by the tendencies of the last few decades. The "Political History" is a good, and honest, and valuable piece of work, but it is open to the just criticism that when it turns to its uses a real historian like Mr. Fisher, one is left regretting that he could not have written his volume untrammelled by the requirements of his editor.

History of the Sherman Law of the United States of America. By A. H. Walker. New York: Published by the Author. $2.

Mr. Walker is a firm believer in the policy on which, as he contends, the Sherman law is based. He does not recognize any distinction between reasonable and unreasonable restraints of trade, between good Trusts and bad Trusts; no matter what excuse could be given, no matter how important it may be to prevent cut-throat competition, every contract which directly restrains interstate commerce is within the law; the fact that the power exists to control prices is sufficient to constitute a monopoly, even though the power is never exercised and every element of unfair competition and oppression is lacking. He cites in support of his view the discussion in the Senate and the House on the original Sherman bill, the Reagan substitute, and the Sherman bill as it was finally enacted. The decisions of the courts, of which he gives summaries arranged chronologically, have, according to him, definitely settled the meaning of the words "restraint" and "monopoly." In the final chapter he examines the judicial records of the judges who will have to decide the Tobacco Trust and the Standard Oil cases, and comes to the conclusion that there is no doubt that the contentions of the Government in these cases will be sustained.

It appears to us that the author minimizes the difficulties which would result from the logical carrying out of his views. For instance, when he refers to the remark by Judge Lacombe, that if this construction is the correct one it would make invalid an agreement to join forces between two carriers running express wagons between two villages in contiguous States, the author contemptuously dismisses the contention with the remark that "the law does not regard trifles." The maxim does not seem to apply. If it is true, as was held in the Tobacco case, that a merger agreement entered into by a manufacturer voluntarily, without any unfair competition, for the purpose of protecting his business, which could no longer be managed by him individually, is really invalid merely because it diminishes the flow of competition, it is difficult to see why any contract of this kind should escape; the contract between the two carriers may, in its restricted territory, be much more effective to stifle competition than the contracts condemned by the author. The Government contended at the time of the argument of the Trust cases before the Supreme Court that the court in coming to its decision had the right to take public policy into consideration. If this suggestion is followed, the court may well hold that a policy which should procure competition against the operation of natural law and against the wishes of the parties interested, even when they are not under a public duty to compete, is not an enlightened public policy; it might hold that to the words "restraint" and "monopoly" must be given a technical meaning, the first signifying any unreasonable restraint, the second requiring the elements of oppression and coercion.

Nor are they so entirely precluded by prior decisions as the author contends. The Trans-Missouri, Joint Traffic, and Northern Securities cases, which formed the basis for the extreme doctrine, were directed against railways. There is an obvious distinction between railways and other public corporations which are bound to compete, and purely private concerns where no such duty exists. Moreover, these cases were decided by a bare majority. Judge Brewer, who was one of such majority, expressly states in his concurring opinion in the Northern Securities case that he did not agree with all that was said by the judge delivering the majority opinion, and that in these cases the decision might well have been placed on the ground that the restraints were unreasonable. If the law would punish, not the possession of the giant strength, but the use of it as a giant, it might be more efficacious in correcting the economic evils which may result from large combinations. The author admits that, notwithstanding the Trans-Missouri and Joint Traffic cases, virtually the same conditions prevail at the present time, and that the Northern Securities decision has not prevented the stifling of competition. If the law were directed exclusively against acts which were morally indefensible, and in every case the actual parties who committed such acts were criminally prosecuted, instead of merely the corporation fined and punished, respect for the law would be increased.

It is the very cipher of a function
To fine the faults whose fine stands in the record
And let go by the actor.

Die Kulturwerte der deutschen Literatur in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung. By Kuno Francke. I. Band, Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung.

Since the author of "Social Forces in German Literature" states in the preface of his new book, that it is not identical with the former, all but the first chapter having been completely rewritten, it is needless, and would perhaps be unfair, to trace the differences between the two works. For after all an author writing on German letters in the two languages is justified when he addresses a German public in taking for granted certain things upon which he would have to expatiate in writing for American readers. Nor would it be just to approach a work of such serious purpose and thorough scholarship in a cavilling spirit, because the patriotic note sometimes obtrudes itself a little too emphatically.

Dr. Francke succeeds admirably in abstracting from the transient manifestations of the racial spirit, during such periods as the migration and the Crusades, the basic qualities of the German character: fearlessness, loyalty, and an almost youthful race pride. He presents impressively the contrast between the Church and the State, and to the conflicting ideals of the two he attributes the slow and inferior development of German art. But even in the religious poetry of the Middle Ages with its variations of old Bibical themes, he detects distinct racial features, among them a lusty realism which enters even into the dramatized sacred legends of the first woman playwright, the German nun Roswitha. In such discussions he is penetrating as well as learned. When, however, he begins to compare the poetry of chivalry produced in Germany with its equivalent in France, Italy, and England, he seems to be too readily swayed by his national or personal sympathies. For whatever the merits of the songs of Walther von der Vogelweide, and however right the author may be in ranking that poet as a personality higher than any of the Provençal troubadours, the comparison with Chaucer and Dante certainly forces the note. On the other hand one cheerfully accepts Dr. Francke's summary of the qualities which differentiate Walther von der Vogelweide from his French contemporaries, viz., a certain democratization of what was primarily an aristocratic pastime, an anticipation of the individual's protest against the dictates of society, and an almost revolutionary view of the conflict between Church and State. His analysis of the two great national epics, the "Nibelungenlied" and "Gudrun," has also some illuminating touches, and toward the end of this chapter he tersely and aptly characterizes the three epic poets of the period of chivalry, calling Hartmann von der Aue a painter of souls, Wolfram von Eschenbach the poet of ideal aspiration, and Gottfried von Strassburg the analyst of human passion.

The chapter on civic culture shows how the individualistic principle in thirteenth and fourteenth century mysticism became gradually democratic, especially as it manifested itself in the ecstatic revelations of the Beguines, typified in Melchthild von Magdeburg, and in the robust personal note of the itinerant preachers, of which the quotations from Berthold von Regensburg are striking examples. Eckhart, whom he calls the head of German mystics, anticipates according to Dr. Francke traits of a classicism of a much later period. To Heinrich Seuser, whom he calls a romantic,

he devotes an extraordinary amount of space, and Johannes Tauler, he appropriately calls a practical idealist. In his discussion of the folksong of the period Dr. Francke argues convincingly in favor of the individual origin and personal character of a good number of the songs which other authorities have pronounced purely impersonal expressions of the folk-soul. In his comparison of these songs with those of chivalry, he dwells upon their more naïve conception of love, their more intimate sense of nature, and their more direct vitality, and adds:

> We can imagine ourselves in the world of Walther von der Vogelweide, we can enjoy his images and sympathize with his ideals; but the folksong we can actually live within ourselves even to-day; we can feel its kinship, we are not separated from it by social barriers and historical suppositions.

But the most distinctive feature of the work is Dr. Francke's lucid exposition of the close relation between the literature and the art of Germany. From his comparison of the art and the letters of certain periods he derives some of his most forcible arguments and brings into the light points that otherwise would escape the reader. The work is a valuable contribution to the history of German literature, and the three volumes which are to follow will be awaited with genuine interest.

Theocritus in English Literature. By Robert T. Kerlin. Lynchburg, Va.: J. P. Bell Co.

This is a monograph of 215 pages which should be interesting both to the student of English and to the student of Greek. The one important thing, which is the direct influence of Theocritus upon the long line of English poets, is very carefully studied, though this is unfortunately burdened and obscured by a great deal of unimportant and inconclusive matter which adds very little to the value of the book. There is a special chapter on Theocritus in America, in which we are told that "the younger American singers, whatever their merits, have paid more tributes to Theocritus than to any other ancient poet"; also, that "doubtless the chief means of making our poet known in America" was the prose translation by Andrew Lang. Apparently, the older American singers and the older American writers knew very little about the Idyls:

> To illustrate the change that has taken place, in American papers and magazines the name of Theocritus is not to be found until within the last decade—never a review or notice of any translation, never a comparison of any other writer with him, never an allusion to him such as the English papers and magazines have contained all along. But his name is now beginning to appear with some frequency in our weeklies and our dailies (p. 141).

The point of this illustration, such as it is, is somewhat obscured by the printing of two quotations concerning Theocritus (pp. 156, 159) from two American magazines of the years 1888 and 1893. And possibly some of our older writers could cite similar appearances of the poet's name from a period still more remote. In an introductory section entitled The Place of Theocritus in the World's Literature there is an unfortunate statement about the influence of Theocritus in France:

> Of the French little need be said. Marot, who was imitated by Spenser in the "Shepheardes Calender," cannot be certainly affirmed to have known Theocritus—at least directly. And so remote from shepherd-life and rural manners are the other French pastoralists, that if Theocritus was known to them—as he was to Fontenelle—yet their artificial taste excluded his rusticity and natural graces (p. 11).

This sounds like a bit of traditional criticism, but it entirely ignores such an important group of writers as the French Pleiad, and especially the two great names of Ronsard and Baïf. Both Ronsard and Baïf state definitely that they had studied the Greek bucolic poets; and even without their definite statement the fact would be obvious enough—not only in their eclogues but throughout their voluminous works. Indeed, the poets of France must claim a large share of space in any study of the pastoral. For although in France, as elsewhere, men were misled for a time by the spurious pastoralism of the eighteenth century, yet even before the close of that century the great Greek models found once more a worthy interpreter in the romantic figure of André Chénier. And even in our own time we have heard delightful echoes of Theocritus in the poems of Leconte de Lisle.

Notes

Henry Holt & Co. will issue within the next fortnight "The Newer Spiritualism," in which Frank Podmore, while inclining against the theory of spirit communication, attempts to show possible extensions of the human faculty; "Half a Hundred Hero Tales of Ulysses and the Men of Old"; "Studies in Language and Literature," in honor of Prof. James Morgan Hart of Cornell, which will consist of eighteen contributions by his former students; Kellogg's "The Animals and Man," and "Perrault's "Les Lunettes de Grand'maman," edited by Mary Sinclair Crawford, the illustrations being reproduced from the French edition by Geoffroy.

A number of religious publications will be brought out this season by the Scribners, a list of which includes: the third volume of the "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," edited by James Hastings, D.D.; "History of Christian Thought from the Reformation to Kant," by A. C. McGiffert, D.D.; "A Biblical Geography and History," by Charles Foster Kent; "John the Loyal, Studies in the Ministry of the Baptist," by A. T. Robertson, D.D., and "The Message of the Poets," by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell, being the eleventh number in the Messages of the Bible series.

The Scribners also promise: "Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon," by Charlotte Lady Blennerhassett; a new volume in the South American series, entitled "Brazil," translated from the French of Pierre Dennis by Bernard Miall; the last volume of the memorial edition of the works of George Meredith; "Narratives of Early Carolina," edited by A. S. Smalley, jr., and "Henri II. His Court and Times," by H. Noel Williams.

On February 18, A. C. McClurg & Co. will issue Gen. Hiram M. Chittenden's "War of Peace: a Present Duty and a Future Hope."

The spring announcements of L. C. Page & Co. include: "The Story Girl," by L. M. Montgomery; an as yet nameless novel, by Norval Richardson; "A Captain of Ralegh's," by G. E. Theodore Roberts, and a novelized version of a play, "A Soldier of the Revolution," done by Robert Neilson Stephens just prior to his death.

A book that is certain to attract wide interest is the "Letters and Journals of Charles Eliot Norton," in preparation by Houghton Mifflin Company for issue, it is hoped, in 1912. The book, which will run to two volumes, will be edited by his daughter, Miss Sara Norton, and M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

John Bigelow is at work upon the fourth volume of his "Retrospections of an Active Life."

Included in the spring books of the Baker & Taylor Co. are: "Dan McLean's Adventures," by Frederick W. Brown; "The Canon in Residence," by Victor L. Whitechurch; another Lawrenceville book, to be called "The Tennessee Shad," by Owen Johnson, and "The Blue Goose Chase."

Longmans, Green & Co. will issue shortly: "A History of Wales from the Earliest Times to the Edwardian Conquest," by Prof. John Edward Lloyd; "The First Decade of the Australian Commonwealth: a Chronicle of Contemporary Politics, 1901-1910," by Henry Gyle Turner; "The Sevenfold Unity of the Christian Church," by the Rev. Arthur C. A. Hall, D.D., Bishop of Vermont; "Prayer and Practice; or The Three Notable Duties," by the Rev. E. E. Holmes; "Studies in the Passion of Christ," by the Rev. C. H. Robinson, D.D.; "The Passion in the Spiritual Life," by the Rev. Jesse Brett; "John Viriamu Jones, and Other Oxford Memories," by Prof. Edward Bagnall Poulton; "The Religion of the Englishman: Six Addresses on Modern English Society Delivered at All Saints', Margaret Street," by the Rev. H. F. B. Mackay, and "The Resurrection and Modern Thought," by the Rev. W. J. Sparrow Simpson.

In the list of books promised by the English firm of Murray are: "Some Principles of Liturgical Reform," a contribution towards the revision of the Prayer Book, by Dr. W. H. Frere; "Japanese Poetry," by Prof. B. H. Chamberlain; "Reminiscences of a Paris Physician" (Dr. Poumiès de la Siboutie), edited by his daughters, and translated by Lady Theodora Davidson; "The British Empire," a text-book by E. G. Hawke; "The

Downfall of the Gods," by Sir Hugh Clifford; "Repton," a tale of Marlborough and the Jesuits under Queen Anne, by Lieut.-Col. F. Kane, and "Pot au Feu," by Marmaduke Pickthall.

Among the announcements of Nisbet & Co. is "The Position of Woman, Actual and Ideal," a series of studies by Miss Sheaven, Prof. J. A. Thomson, Sir Oliver Lodge, and others.

"Marriage and Divorce: Some Needed Reforms in Church and State," by Cecil Chapman, will inaugurate the Woman Citizen series, which is undertaken by the firm of David Nutt.

The same house has in hand "Monumenta Historica Celtica," a collection of references in classical authors by W. Dinan; "Thoughts on Ultimate Problems," by F. W. Frankland; and Matthew Arnold's "Celtic Literature," edited by the late Alfred Nutt.

A new book by H. Charles Woods, entitled "The Danger Zone of Europe—Changes and Problems in the Near East," will be published before long by Fisher Unwin.

Novels to be published by Little, Brown & Co. this month include: "A Woman with a Purpose," by Anna Chapin Ray; "How Leslie Loved," by Anne Warner, and "Alise of Astra," by H. B. Marriott Watson.

The nineteenth annual meeting of the American Jewish Historical Society will be held in the city of Philadelphia on Sunday and Monday, February 12 and 13. There will be four sessions: three on February 12 and one on February 13. The place of meeting is the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford, corner Broad and Walnut Streets.

The International Trap Shooting Tournament and Sportsmen's Exhibition, which will be held March 7-13, at Madison Square Garden, will have a book booth containing the literature of out-of-door sports, life and natural history. In like manner, the out-of-door art will be represented by an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and photographs by well-known men.

The Pan-American Commercial Conference will be held in Washington, February 13-18.

The noted Persian traveller, Major P. M. Sykes, gives, in the *Geographical Journal* for January, an account of a journey in the northeastern part of that country, the aim of which was mainly to solve some of its historical problems, especially those relating to the invasion of Alexander the Great. In the story of the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition to the Karakoram Himalayas, told by one of its members, Dr. de Filippi, emphasis is laid on the remarkable feat of camping at above 21,000 feet for nine days without experiencing insomnia or mountain sickness. David Thompson, of whose career a brief sketch is given, came from a London charity school in 1784 to this country in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. He educated himself as a surveyor in the forests and on the plains and mountains of the West, and did such excellent work that he was appointed by the government of Great Britain as its astronomer and surveyor to determine and define the boundary line between the United States and British North America under the Treaty of Ghent. Among the other contents is a most valuable contribution by Dr. J. S. Owens, to a subject closely connected with irrigation problems, the settlement of solids in water, seven different experiments being described.

The third and fourth volumes of "Emerson's Journals" (Houghton) comprise the years from 1833 to 1838 inclusive. About a third of the earlier volume is given up to the European trip that followed the death of his first wife. No American traveller of his time showed a finer appreciation of art. We regret there is not space to transcribe his eloquent words on the Church of Santa Croce, Florence. The years 1833-4 saw a consolidation of his health and nerves, and, with a fortunate second marriage, the institution of a new home. The ministry was now definitely behind him, and his journals and lectures were rapidly putting together the raw materials of the poems and essays. These journals are records of an inner life, and one reads them not for facts, but for opinions. He now had learned to accept his extreme self-consciousness and love of solitude. He writes cheerfully, "Certainly a man would be glad to do his country service, but he cannot cram his service down its throat. It is time enough if he come when he is called. It is enough for him if he has eyes to see, that he is infinite spectator, without hurrying, uncalled, to be infinite doer." One cannot read amiss amid these jottings. We take at random:

I told Landor I thought it an argument of weak understanding in Lord Chesterfield, his slippery morality. It is inexcusable in any man who pretends to greatness to confound moral distinctions. True genius, whatever faults of action it may have, never does. Shakespeare never does, though a loose liver. But such fry as Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, do continually. . . . I think it was of Socrates that Landor dared to say—so far can a humorsome man indulge a whim—"He was a vulgar sophist," and he (Landor) could not forgive vulgarity in anybody; if he saw it in a wise man, he regretted it the more.

Of Goethe there is frequent criticism. His "velvet life" seemed not quite true to the New Englander. Concerning Goethe's manysidedness is written:

Goethe is praised as murionous, or allsided. And, if I understand it, this is the apology that is made for his Epicurean life, compared with his religious perceptions. To praise a man for such qualities is like praising an observatory for being very low and massive, and a very good fort. It is not more the office of man to receive all impressions, than it is to distinguish sharply between them.

The volume containing the journals from 1836 to 1838 affords equally good picking. We may put together three extracts which suggest the tone and have a certain spiritual continuity. Regarding the older poets, and with Ben Jonson especially in mind, Emerson writes:

The great poets are content with truth. They use the positive degree. They seem frigid and phlegmatic to those who have been spiced with the frantic passion and violent coloring of the modern Byrons and Hemanses and Shelleys. But it is like taking a walk or drinking cold water, to the simple who read them.

Friends come and go in the pages, Alcott, Margaret Fuller; Thoreau begins to count. At the end of April, 1838, occurs the following entry:

Yesterday afternoon I went to the cliff with Henry Thoreau. Warm, pleasant, misty weather which the great mountain amphitheatre seemed to drink in with gladness. A crow's voice filled all the miles of air with sound. A bird's voice, even a piping frog, enlivens a solitude and makes world enough for us.

The growing sense of reality is shown in such sayings as these:

Elizabeth Peabody brought me yesterday Hawthorne's "Footprints on the Seashore" to read. I complained that there was no inside to it. Alcott and he together would make a man.

When I read the North American Review or the London Quarterly, I seem to hear the snore of the muses, not their waking voice.

I hate goodies. I hate goodness that preaches. Goodness that preaches undoes itself. A little electricity of virtue lurks here and there in kitchens and among the obscure, chiefly women, that flashes out occasional light and makes the existence of the thing still credible.

Here is some suggestion of the temper of these journals. Only reading can give any idea of their multiform charm and interest.

A book confessedly "compiled from very crude and careless notes" awakens unpleasant suspicions, but Harry De Windt's "Finland as It Is" (Dutton) is better than its promise. The author, an experienced traveller, at home in many lands, has a graphic pen, and presents a very attractive picture of a little-known country. A certain vein of journalistic exaggeration runs through the book, but it is too obvious to mislead, and the reader soon learns not to take too literally such statements as that "the shops of Helsingfors are quite equal to those of any European capital," that the hotel there is "equal in every respect to the Cecil or Savoy," and that the Societetshuset at Tammerfors is "quite equal in every respect to the Helsingfors hotel; indeed, the apartments were even more luxurious." Finland, according to Mr. De Windt, is the paradise of the travelling epicure, for even at the post-house of the little village of Virkulla, where "the floor was of polished *parquet*, bright as glass, and there were rocking-chairs, flowers, and pictures," the postmaster prepared a meal, consisting of "grilled trout, chicken, and a sweet omelette, served upon spotless china and a snowy tablecloth." And as for the treatment of visitors, the author doubts whether there is "another country in Europe where an absolute stranger would meet with such spontaneous and kindly hospitality." Finnish women excite his unbounded admiration. They are "certainly as well, if not better, educated than those of any other European country." In Vasa, the shops are "far better than those usually found in an English town of the same size and importance"; and, "booksellers are legion, for the Finn is a great reader." Dickens "always holds his own, and of American authors Mark Twain is the most popular." Thus he skims lightly and pleasantly over the surface of things, with a sharp eye withal for the less commendable aspects of Finnish life. He finds, like other observers, that "the administration of Finland is quite as intolerant where Jews are concerned as Russia itself." Another dark feature of the country is the prevalence, "for some unknown reason," of blindness. "Finland contains, for its size, more blind people than any country in the world, Egypt, perhaps, excepted." The book was apparently written during the South African war, and the preface is dated August, 1901; but the information conveyed has lost little of its freshness since then. The practical direc-

tions for travel in Finland will be found very serviceable by the intending tourist, and his curiosity will certainly be enhanced by the attractive full-page illustrations. The drawings in the text are less pleasing.

The plan proposed by P. A. Silburn for what he quaintly terms the "Governance of Empire" (Longmans), is the creation of an Imperial council composed of members to be elected by the legislatures of the various constituent parts of the empire, including Great Britain, and of representatives of India. All matters of Imperial nature are to originate in this body, but shall not have the force of law until the legislature concerned shall have ratified and adopted the same. It is gravely proposed that only 67 out of the 216 members shall be allotted to the United Kingdom, that India shall have 37 members, and Canada 30. While the question whether the colonies should not have some representation in the councils of the nation, especially if they are expected to share in its burdens, is one which deserves the serious consideration it has received at the hands of all political parties, it is evident that the plan proposed is so far removed from practical politics that it is unnecessary to criticise it at length or to point out that its adoption would mean not the "governance" but the destruction of the empire and the substitution of a loose federation of virtually independent states. The chapters devoted to the federal government of ancient, mediæval, and modern times contain little that is new. Much space is devoted to Greek and Roman history, but not a word is said about the Constitution of the German Empire, and only a few allusions are made to the United States. These, however, are decidedly novel. The American Constitution is substantially similar to that of the Achaian League, and the reason that this fact was unknown to Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and the two Adamses, is that "these hardy colonists were denied the advantages of that higher education which would have made them acquainted with the labors of their prototypes of twenty centuries ago."

Volumes XVII and XVIII of the "Journals of the Continental Congress," edited by Gaillard Hunt (Government Printing Office), carry the record of that body from May 8, 1780, to the end of the year. It was the darkest period of the war. On the twelfth of May, the British took Charleston. June 7, Congress informed the Virginia Assembly that, while every effort would be made to defend the South, "they are not to rely too far on the assistance which may be drawn from the army of the United States," but must employ their own resources to the utmost. Gates, ordered June 13 to take command of the Southern department, met disgraceful defeat at Camden, August 16. The States had failed to pay the requisitions, or to raise any of the 25,000 men which were to coöperate with the French forces that arrived in July. August 3 came a memorial from the general officers, on behalf of the army as well as of themselves, calling attention pointedly to the failure of Congress to provide for their pay, or even to take notice of their demands; while on September 30 dispatches were received announcing the treason of Arnold. That, under these distressing circumstances, Congress accomplished as much as it did is to be attributed, in large part, to the conviction that independence was not far distant. Burdened as it was with the interminable details of administration, Congress found time for notable constructive action. June 22, the new bank at Philadelphia was given cordial recognition; October 21, half-pay for life was promised to officers who should serve until the end of the war. The quartermaster's department was reorganized in July, the inspecting, mustering, and hospital services in September. The parties to the Vermont controversy were given a rehearing, though the influence of New Hampshire and New York was still sufficient to prevent any recognition of the new State government. September 6, Virginia and Maryland were urged to come to terms in the matter of the Western lands; while, on October 10, it was voted that unappropriated lands, when ceded, should be held as national domain and disposed of for the common benefit, and ultimately be formed into "distinct republican States," and admitted to the Union. In December, Dana was appointed minister to Russia, and John Adams commissioned to conclude a treaty of amity and commerce with the United Provinces. Instructions to Jay, in October, directed him to insist, in his negotiations with Spain, upon free navigation of the Mississippi; while Adams was informed that a "short truce" with Great Britain would be regarded as "highly dangerous," and that the indispensable condition of peace was the recognition of American independence. Students of American financial history will be grateful for the full plan of taxes to be laid upon the States, November 4, and for the detailed report on finances, submitted December 18.

"Life and Public Services of J. Glancy Jones," by Charles Henry Jones (Lippincott), illustrates the twist in the historic vision which earnest filial piety may produce in the minds of men fairly sensible. Mr. Jones, looking back through the perspective of half a century beholds in his father a conspicuous pillar of the State, and invites the world's attention to a biography of nearly eight hundred pages, dealing with characters and issues that passed out with the civil war. J. Glancy Jones was unquestionably a good father and a correct, law-abiding citizen. At first an Episcopal clergyman, he laid down that office to follow the law and politics, serving as a Congressman from Pennsylvania during most of the decade closing with 1860. In public life he was a Democrat of the most thorough-going type. If not pro-slavery, he at any rate would not disturb an institution which the Constitution so plainly sanctioned, and had no word to say as to righting any wrongs under which the black race might suffer. As chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and as minister to Austria during Buchanan's term, he discharged faithfully and well much routine work; but in the struggle of the country toward a humaner status he was strongly reactionary. He held opinions now discredited, and followed leaders and policies that proved inadequate and have long been condemned. Of course, it is well to get the point of view of such a man, but it may be better obtained from more succinct accounts of more significant characters.

The solemn inauguration in the summer, at Bagnères de Bigorre in the Pyrenees, of a bas-relief commemorative of Sophie Cottin (1770-1807) should excite as much interest in America as in France. Sainte-Beuve already said in his day: "Not a work of hers can be read now, except through curiosity to know our mothers' modes of sensibility." In the French course of our American girls' schools, her "Elizabeth ou les exilés de la Sibérie" has been a common textbook. The clear, correct, easy flow of its language made up amply for the old literary fashion of its story, whereas the "French novel" was a forbidden book to the American schoolgirl. Sophie was the daughter of Risteau, director of the Compagnie des Indes; and at twenty, just as the Revolution was beginning, she was married to the Bordeaux banker, Cottin, and went with him to Paris to live the short-lived triumph of the upper middle classes over the old régime. Her husband, much older than herself, fell dead of fright when the national guards came to arrest him under the Terror. Madame Cottin weathered the storm in discreet retirement, where she composed the romances "Claire d' Albe," "Amélie de Mansfield," "Malvina," "Mathilde," and the rest—which were long best sellers, and are now all but unknown. She died in full success at the age of thirty-seven.

English speaking students of the Old Icelandic language have, up to the present time, been without a short and handy dictionary, obtainable at a reasonable cost. The Cleasby-Vigfusson dictionary, published in 1874, which is still in certain respects the most complete thesaurus of Old Icelandic, contains a mass of quotations and other information which is invaluable to the scholar and the advanced student, but which is so much unnecessary lumber to the beginner. The need has now been met by a concise "Old Icelandic Dictionary" (Frowde), compiled by Geir T. Zoëga, first master in the grammar school of Reykjavik (Iceland). The book is based in the main upon the larger work, but deviates from it in some important respects, notably in the typographical arrangement, the alphabetical order of compound words, and in the separation of æ from æ and ö from ϕ, the latter changes denoting a great advancement in philological method and scientific sound notation. An appendix contains an outline of grammatical paradigms and a list of irregular forms.

We commend to the notice of American teachers M. A. Hamilton's "Junior History of Rome" (Clarendon Press) as an unusually successful attempt to make the early history of Rome interesting to young people. Although designed as a text-book, the volume has none of the external apparatus of a class-room manual; instead, it is a straightforward narrative of events, told in simple and attractive style, with emphasis on biography and action, and with praiseworthy attention to the earliest period. L. H. Herbert, who furnishes an introduction, speaks of the book as specially fitted to introduce pupils to the study of Latin literature; but while it should prove useful to that end, it is the historical rather than the literary side that is emphasized. As the story is not carried beyond the time of Julius Cæsar, the work obviously does not meet fully the prevailing college entrance requirements in this country, but it is a welcome addition to the list of really

good books for collateral reading, and will appeal to schools which teach Roman history, not as a separate subject, but in connection with the reading of classical authors.

Francis Philip Nash, emeritus professor of Latin language and literature at Hobart College, died suddenly at the residence of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. B. H. Nash, in Boston, on Sunday. He was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1856. Later, as a teacher, he belonged to what is becoming more and more a bygone type, for his achievement is to be measured not so much by what he actually wrote as by his sturdy scholarship, and by the nobility of his influence on students.

The death is reported of Owen Kildare, who popularly was known as "the Kipling of the Bowery." He was born in New in 1864, and started life as a newsboy. In turn he became a prize-fighter, a "bouncer" for a bartender, a dock laborer, and a social betterment worker in his district. Learning to read at thirty, he competed, a few years later, for a prize offered by a newspaper for the best love story. This began his career as an author. He contributed to many magazines and published four books: "My Mamie Rose," "The Good of the Wicked," "The Wisdom of the Simple," and "My Old Bailiwick."

Dr. James Albert Harrison, for fifteen years professor of English and Romance languages in the University of Virginia, and one of the best-known authors of the South, died last week at Charlottesville, in his sixty-third year. He had filled successively chairs at Randolph-Macon College, Washington and Lee University, and the University of Virginia, and was lecturer on Anglo-Saxon poetry at Johns Hopkins. He wrote: "Group of Poets and Their Haunts," "Greek Vignettes," "Spain in Profile," "French Syntax," "History of Spain," "Story of Greece," and "Autrefois" (a collection of Creole tales). He was joint author of several other works, and edited certain French, German, and Anglo-Saxon texts.

Science

To the series of "Garden Flowers in Color" Stokes has announced the addition of "Orchids" and "Daffodils."

"However cleverly written, an essay on guns soon becomes old and valueless," says Charles Askins in "The American Shotgun" (Outing Pub. Co.), and in this respect he is not far from the truth, for changes in style and make of guns are frequent, and a dissertation on them would be of less value, under ordinary circumstances, than the annual catalogues of the makers. Mr. Askins's book, however, tells many things about guns which the makers would be likely to conceal, and for that it is valuable. A part of the book is devoted to hints on shooting which are distinctly worth while; it is more than likely that the last chapters will be more carefully read than the first.

The supposition that the climate of the continent of North America has changed considerably during the last one or two thousand years, while at variance with the prevalent opinion of scientists, is a conclusion to which investigation of the ruins of the Hohokam has brought Dr. Ellsworth Huntington of the department of geology at Yale. In an article in the February *Harper's*, entitled "The First Americans," the investigator brings together the supposed conditions of life of a people who have left little except remains of implements and pottery. What remnants of their ancient villages there are, however, have not been much studied, owing to the fact that the ruins, while extending over large areas, are insignificant in appearance. Carved on the Picture Rocks, halfway from Tucson to Charco Yuma, can be seen the pictures of the feet and the bow and arrow of a primitive being whom Dr. Huntington christens Man-Who-Can-Shoot, and also the grotesque running figure of Man-Who-Ran-For-His-Life, pursued by an angry buck. The great mass of the ruins, lying in the valleys of southern Arizona and northwestern Mexico, are in places where it would be impossible now to locate villages, and where, during part of the year, not even drinking water can be obtained. At one time the almost uninhabited fifty miles below the main irrigated areas of Tucson contained at least seven villages, with a total population of about 5,000. This fact, taken in connection with others, such as the lack of tools for digging wells, means for the author that in the days of the Hohokam the climate was much moister than now, and that in favored spots cultivation could be carried on by means of the natural rainfall.

The reader of G. B. Grinnell's "American Game-Bird Shooting" (Forest and Stream Publishing Co.) is reminded first of the want of a satisfactory work upon this subject, and of the great difficulties of an attempt to deal with it within the limits of a single volume, as Mr. Grinnell has done. Sectional conditions vary so widely in shooting in this country that he would be brave indeed who ventured to think general observations sufficient. It is but fair, however, to say that Mr. Grinnell admits this, and makes allowances; the fault lies in the scope laid out for his work. The author defines his subject as upland shooting of those birds commonly sought with dogs. He devotes the first part of his book to a description of the natural history of the birds, including woodcock, the American snipe, the several varieties of quail and grouse, and the wild turkey; the second part to actual field conditions met with in shooting, with short chapters upon dogs, guns, and ammunition. It is unfortunate that Mr. Grinnell lacks an entertaining style, which makes books upon this sport so readable. One is often annoyed, too, by needless repetition of words and by a confusion of the singular and plural in speaking of certain birds. So, in the chapter on bob-white shooting (p. 348):

> In many parts of the South, where the quail are in greater abundance, their sweet notes may be heard in many directions, at many distances, in the early morning and evening hours. These calls often work great harm to it, for by them the shooter learns the whereabouts of all the birds.

The brief accounts of personal experiences in the field, told by the author, or quoted from other writers, are the most interesting pages of the book. In the end, Mr. Grinnell offers some thoughtful observations upon the shooting of the future, emphasizing the immediate need of better game protection. The volume is well illustrated, and the several plates in color are capitally executed.

"Ski-ing for Beginners" (Scribner) is interesting and instructive. This exhilarating winter sport is increasing in popularity, and as W. Rickmer Rickmers is the first to write for beginners, his book is timely. The ski is a much more difficult snow-shoe to handle than the Canadian variety, and until now there has been no such elaborate teaching. More than 100 pictures and diagrams, with explanations, form not the least important part of the book. For the experienced there are valuable hints on outfit, as well as directions for touring, in which respects Mr. Rickmers is a well-known authority.

Louis Gentil, from his scientific exploration of the Atlas Mountain chain in Morocco, brings up again the question of Plato's Atlantis in a note presented to the French Académie des Sciences. He does not find, as is commonly supposed, that the chain stops short fifty miles from the Atlantic Coast, with plateaux between. On the contrary its folds and fractures keep on, plunge beneath the ocean, and crop up again in the Canary Isles. The channel which separates these islands from the African mainland may be compared with the Strait of Gibraltar, except that the latter dates from the pliocene, while the former seems to belong to the quaternary, that is, to be contemporary with man. In fact, the central mass of the Atlas is the resultant of great fractures which gave rise to tremendous volcanic eruptions. Subsequent displacements and the play of the ancient fractures gradually lowered the regions of Marakesh to the north, and Sus to the south, leaving the giant volcano of Jebel Sirua, which M. Gentil has been the first to describe. This present state of the Atlas is undoubtedly far later than the constitution of the Alps; and it shows a possible existence of the land of Atlantis in the human era. M. Gentil concludes that a minute geological study of the South Morocco coast and Canary archipelago might clear up the legend.

Dr. Leonard Parker Kinnicutt, chemist, died at his home, in Worcester, Mass., last Monday, at the age of fifty-seven. He graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1875; for four years he studied in Germany, at Bonn and at Heidelberg, and later at Johns Hopkins and at Harvard, at the last-named institution being for several years a professor of chemistry. In 1890 he was made director of the chemical department of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. At the time of his death he was recognized as one of the greatest experts on sewage disposal and water supply in this country. He was a member of many scientific societies here and in Europe.

Drama

SOPHOCLES IN GERMAN.

BERLIN, January 20.

Had Sophocles returned from the shades last month, and chanced to visit Berlin, he might have had the pleasure

of witnessing three performances of his plays within a week. Whether he would have recognized them as his is another question, but he need by no means have been ashamed of their reception by the public. The "Œdipus Tyrannus" has, up to the present, been seen by more than 100,000 people, and the announcement of every new performance is greeted by a rush for tickets that exhausts the supply within a few hours. The "Electra" was given only a few times, on each occasion, however, to a crowded house. A third production—of the "Œdipus Coloneus"—put on the boards about twenty times, proved less successful, but attracted serious attention, partly, perhaps, because of its pretentious claims. All three plays were performed by professional companies, under professional direction, before the regular theatre-going public, and at playhouses containing seats that ranged from the priceless royal box to the humble fifty pfennig Stehplatz.

The "Œdipus Coloneus" bravely attempted to be quite true to the antique. Except for the members of the chorus, there were but four (male) actors, and to these all the rôles, both male and female, were entrusted. Masks and buskins were used, the scenery aimed at reproducing the conditions of the Greek stage, and various other details of the arrangements were intended to reproduce those of an actual ancient performance. A fairly literal, though fluent, translation by Adolf Wilbrandt served as text, and the chorus—that stumbling block of modern managers—was retained. This effort was generally conceded to be praiseworthy, but unsuccessful; students were interested, and yet they could but agree with the public in finding that at a comparatively small theatre, in a day when every spectator might use his opera-glass if he chose, masks and buskins were ludicrous, the consequent restraint in expression and movement an unnecessary sacrifice, and the presence of men in the female parts, to say the least, unnatural. It seemed an instance of clinging to ancient usages in such dissimilar circumstances that the true significance of the original, instead of being illumined, was almost completely lost.

A very different spirit directed the production of the "Electra." Although the text followed the Greek original quite closely—it was again a translation by Wilbrandt—modifications in arrangement and presentation were introduced at will. Two attendants spoke the lines of the chorus in a realistic fashion; the acting was wholly unhampered by ancient traditions; scenery and costumes were modern versions of the antique; exits and entrances were accomplished in the usual manner; and the action took place upon the ordinary stage level. Under such conditions, external distractions were minimized, and the onus of being effective was, so to speak, thrown upon the tragedy itself. And the tragedy undoubtedly was effective. The human elements in the fate of the heroine (excellently played by Adele Sandrock) clearly appealed to the audience, and there were unmistakable signs of weeping in the urn scene. Even the lyrics were appreciated, and the famous praise of Athens was roundly applauded. The concluding scenes were less successful, perhaps because the secondary rôles were unsatisfactorily acted, more probably because of the foreign religious and ethical conceptions involved, and the (to modern minds) anti-climax of the end.

It is the production of the "Œdipus Tyrannus," however, that has had the most vogue and that has literally become the rage in Berlin—the topic of conversation on every street corner—the subject of post cards and cinematograph performances—the butt of parodies and caricature. And this production pretends to be neither wholly ancient nor wholly modern. The director of the Deutsches Theater, a man noted for his artistic disposal of details and his painstaking attention to picturesque effects, has frankly used every resource known to the present-day theatre in order to make the tragedy as effective as possible to a modern audience.

In this he has been materially aided by the translation. Hugo von Hofmannsthal pretends merely to have translated and adapted the "Œdipus Tyrannus" for the modern stage. As a matter of fact, he clings closely to the original in form and substance, but manages—by the use of an emotional vocabulary, by abridging similes and long descriptions, by dramatizing stage directions, and by reshaping the parts of the chorus and the Second Messenger—to vivify and intensify the impression and decidedly to quicken the tempo of the whole. The lines of the chorus are greatly shortened and are so incorporated into the action and so distributed among the members as to become the utterances of a very realistic group of elders; and the substance of the extended speeches in which the Second Messenger announces Jocasta's death and the blinding of Œdipus is breathlessly imparted by a group of half-distracted maids from the palace.

The performance was given in a huge circus building, and heroic proportions were the rule. At one end of the arena arose the front of an enormous Doric palace, upon the twelve broad steps of which the action of the principals for the most part took place. Characters not supposed to be dwelling in the palace entered the arena from below, the actual distance from the entrances to the palace steps being one of the many details that contributed to the general impression of heightened reality. The size of the arena permitted the introduction of a mob of some two hundred supernumeraries, and the scene at the opening where these pest-ridden suppliants rushed with outstretched arms to beg the king for relief was one of the most striking in the play. The advantages of space and modern mechanical devices were also apparent in the direction of the chorus, the figures of which symmetrically, though unobtrusively, grouped themselves in the semi-darkness below the palace steps. The principal rôles were entrusted to actors fully capable of striking the remarkable range of feeling that the tragedy demands, and their finished impersonations contributed in no small measure to the perfection of the whole performance.

This production has again demonstrated that Greek tragedy can still be made effective to the masses—it has, in fact, been the incentive to a great movement for national Volksfestspiele in Germany—and it has also demonstrated, not only to the masses but to students and scholars as well, that a performance in the hand is worth any amount of archæological research in the bush. G. F.

Amélie Rives has written a one-act play called "The Kid Faun," the same being "an echo of 'The Faun,'" which William Faversham is presenting at Daly's Theatre. This little play will be presented at Maxine Elliott's Theatre on the afternoon of February 17 as one of the features of a charitable performance. The two leading characters in the play will be impersonated by E. Effingham Pinto and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Sir Charles Wyndham, it is said, has bought the English rights of H. S. Sheldon's play "The Havoc," and will himself assume the part assumed in this city by Henry Miller.

According to the Canadian papers, Louis N. Parker's play "Disraeli" and George Arliss, who enacts the famous British statesman, have both had a very favorable reception in that country. The piece seems to be nine-tenths fiction with just a dash of historical truth to give it substance. It is a drama of love and social and political intrigue, which reaches its climax when the hero, outwitting all foreign diplomatic and financial rivals, finally succeeds in completing his famous purchase of the Suez Canal shares.

When "Count Hannibal" has run its course at the London Garrick, Oscar Asche will give a series of Shakespearean revivals, including "Othello," "As You Like It," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Henry Hamilton is writing a new stage version of the career of Joan of Arc, in which Ellaline Terriss will be seen in London in March.

Miss Darragh and Basil Dean have taken over the repertory season in Liverpool (which was to have been given by Alfred Waring and the Scottish Repertory Organization), with the support of the Liverpool Playgoers' Society and others. The season will begin on February 20 at Kelly's Theatre with a fortnight's production of John Galsworthy's "Strife"; and among

other plays to be produced in the course of the six weeks are Sudermann's "The Vale of Content," St. John Hankin's "The Cassills Engagement," and J. M. Barrie's "The Twelve-Pound Look." It is hoped that the success of the venture will be such as to justify the permanent foundation of a repertory theatre for Liverpool. John Masefield will go to Liverpool to lecture on behalf of the scheme.

It is said that Gordon Craig will have a hand in the preparation of the scenery for Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "Macbeth" at His Majesty's Theatre, in London.

There seems to be a pretty general agreement among the London critics that Sir A. W. Pinero in his latest comedy, "Preserving Mr. Panmure," has been guilty of more than one offence against good taste. His cynical attitude of mind has betrayed him into lapses of this kind before. In the present instance he has chosen a peculiarly repulsive incident as the theme of laughter. Mr. Panmure is a grotesque old satyr, married to a saintly wife who has instituted an "Order of Pure Souls." His unpleasant character is insisted upon with great particularity. Therefore, when he forcibly kisses the pretty governess, the latter feels that she has been horribly outraged, but she is too fond of Mrs. Panmure to shock her by a recital of the matter. Nevertheless, she cannot keep her secret altogether, and the fact leaks out that she has been kissed by one of the half-dozen men among the guests of the house. The question, in which all the women are vitally interested, is, by which one? Mrs. Panmure decides that it is clearly her husband's duty to search out the offender, and so the guilty old rascal is compelled to begin an investigation which it is his prime object to defeat. It is easy to imagine to what excellent comic purpose Pinero would employ material of this sort, and it is said that the jealous and hypocritical complications that he has devised excited roars of laughter. But, as one critic observes, the laughter was often on the wrong side of the mouth. There was an uneasy feeling that the source of mirth was not wholly legitimate. Moreover, Sir Arthur, it seems, has also seen fit to make religious convictions the subject of his ridicule. Most of the critics say that the play is too long and that the fourth act, especially, seems thin and tedious, after the fun of the second and third. Arthur Playfair distinguished himself by a remarkable character study of the old reprobate Panmure, and Marie Lōhr made a bewitching little governess.

The seventieth anniversary of his marriage has drawn attention to the oldest Paris playwright, probably the oldest of the world. Ferdinand Dugué is ninety-five years old, and his wife ninety-two. His first play, "Gaiffer," was produced at the Odéon in 1843; his last "Un Drame au fond de la mer," at the old Théâtre Historique in 1877. This and other pieces of Dugué are still played in suburban and provincial theatres, and make a living wage for his old days. His "Pirates de la savane" has had more than 10,000 representations. Dugué is the last survivor of the school of the Boulevard du Temple, where so many theatres stood until they were swept away in Baron Haussmann's modernizing of Paris streets. It was called the "boulevard du crime," from the peculiar human interest then cultivated in playwriting. Dugué still inhabits this boulevard; and he is also faithful to the antique spirit of its drama. The other day, in answer to congratulations, he observed: "You know I am not tender for the modern stage. Its plays and their subjects are always the same one thing—adultery. Say what you will against the historic drama, there was good in it, and the public learned something from it; but all that seems old-fashioned now." Dugué has always refused to publish his Memoirs; but he says that he has notes of his lifetime classified and in order, and that he is willing they should be published when he is gone.

Music

Gustav Mahler. Von Paul Stefan. Munich: R. Piper & Co.

The announcement that Gustav Mahler has been persuaded to retain for another year the conductorship of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra is most welcome to those who have at heart the welfare of concert music. No other living conductor except Arthur Nikisch knows as he does how to interest the public in the music of all epochs and countries. He is, however, undiplomatic, and averse to lionizing, or even social intercourse; he dislikes the self-advertising methods of the day so much that he even refuses to talk about his symphonies when they are produced here, or to furnish "programmes" of their contents which would facilitate writing about them in the newspapers. The result of this lack of "push" is that he is not so well known to the general public as he ought to be in the interest of the art he represents; his aims are not fully understood; nay, newspaper misrepresentation of them has given many music lovers erroneous ideas regarding him, and kept them from enjoying his marvellous interpretations of the masters, from Bach to the present day.

Under these circumstances nothing could be more timely than the appearance of a book which tells the story of this unique man's career, and his triumphs and trials in Europe, where there is a large party which considers him the greatest of living composers as well as of operatic and concert conductors. While his compositions have heretofore received much less attention than those of Richard Strauss and Max Reger, his fiftieth birthday was celebrated last summer with great pomp by the performance of his eighth symphony, which requires a thousand singers and players for its production. This was in Munich, but it was in Vienna that he passed the most important decade in his life. Though not a Czech, he was born in a Bohemian village, and there is much of the true Bohemian spirit in his music. As a boy he heard, sang, and played hundreds of Slavic tunes, and these became part and parcel of his mental fibre. When only six years old he discovered in his grandfather's house an old piano of which he became so enamored that he did not hear, or neglected, even the calls for meals. Two years later he gave lessons! He was taken to Professor Epstein, who recognized in him the "born musician." At fifteen he was in the Vienna Conservatory, winning prize after prize for playing as well as for essays in composition. At eighteen he began an opera which he never completed; at nineteen, to make a start in practical life, he accepted the conductorship of a summer operetta company at $12 a week.

A performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth fired his ambitions. He wrote to Angelo Neumann, applying for a position as conductor. Neumann, who had just become manager of the Prague Opera, gave him one. Anton Seidl was the first conductor; he gave Mahler an opportunity, and was so much pleased with the result that he entrusted him at once with the preparations for the production of "Rheingold" and "Walküre." From Seidl Mahler got impressions and hints which had a great influence on the development of his mind. Subsequently, he conducted in Leipzig, and then in Hamburg, where Nikisch held the first place at that time, and at Budapest, where a strong man was wanted to stop the growing deficits. He succeeded, but owing to the accession of a new manager who did not approve of Wagner, Mahler left, returning to Hamburg, to which Pollini had summoned him by wire to be first conductor, as Nikisch had resigned. Among his singers were Ernestine Schumann-Heink and Katharina Klafsky. Here he showed his sympathies for French and Russian music. One of his most enthusiastic admirers was Hans von Bülow, who, when he became too ill to remain as conductor of the Philharmonic concerts, appointed Mahler as his successor.

Honorable though these positions were, the call of Vienna was irresistible when it came in 1897, for here Mahler was appointed not only chief conductor but director, with full authority over artists, repertory, and every detail of the management of the imperial institution. Dr. Stefan gives many interesting details concerning the reforms introduced by Mahler, and his ideals, which, in the main, were in accordance with Wagner's. He not only fired the artists to renewed efforts, himself being always the hardest worker, but he brought the audiences to behave in a more mannerly way, with more respect for those who came early and wished to remain to the end. Neglected masterworks were revived, and the works in the regular repertory were

rescued from slovenly execution and from the evil effects of alleged traditions. As a matter of course, in making all these reforms, he could not help treading on the toes of a good many easy-going people. Enemies multiplied; his iron will galled many; his passion for a perfect ensemble made him pay scant respect to "stars," who were not allowed to indulge in individual propensities at the cost of the ensemble. The friction steadily increased, until Mahler tired of it and accepted a call from New York; but the war between the Mahlerites and the Weingartnerites continued to rage for a long time.

Dr. Stefan gives brief analyses of Mahler's symphonies and songs, which must make every reader eager to hear more of them. He dwells on this composer's curious attitude toward the question of programme music, which is similar to Strauss's pretended attitude but the opposite of his practice; he tells an amusing story of how some of the critics were deceived when Mahler completed Weber's unfinished opera, "Die drei Pintos"; he quotes various striking aphorisms uttered by Mahler, and Mahler's own division of his works into three periods or styles; he calls attention to Mahler's curious indifference to the fate of his compositions after he has once made sure by a performance that the orchestration is correct in every detail; and at the end he gives a useful list of brochures and articles in periodicals on Mahler and his works. Concerning the alterations in the orchestration of older musical works which Mahler frequently makes in order to cover weaknesses in those scores and to cause them to sound to our ears as they sounded to those who first heard them, Dr. Stefan contends, with some justice, that it would be almost a crime *not* to make such improvements.

George P. Upton is publishing with A. C. McClurg & Co. "The Standard Handbook of Music," which traces the history of music, describes the functions of the orchestra, historically and instrumentally, deals with chamber and vocal music, etc., and gives separate treatment to religious music.

Several songs in English will be included in the programme which Mme. Johanna Gadski will give at her only New York recital, in Carnegie Hall Tuesday afternoon, February 14. Among them are "The Church Yard," Franz; "The Little Gray Dove," L. V. Saar; "One Gave Me a Rose," Edwin Schneider, who is Mme. Gadski's accompanist; "Dearest," Sidney Homer; and "Ecstasy," W. M. Rummel. Other features of the programme will be Lieder groups of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and Brahms.

Concerning Wagner's autobiography, which is soon to appear in the book market, Dr. Julius Kapp gives some interesting information in the Berlin *Tageblatt*. Wagner undertook to write the story of his life at the suggestion of King Ludwig II of Bavaria. He dictated it in the years 1865 to 1870, a time when Cosima von Bülow (later his own wife) exerted a great influence on him. The first volume covers the years 1813 to 1842; the second, the years 1842 to 1850; the third, 1850 to 1861. A continuation, begun later at Bayreuth, remained a fragment. The title of the work is simply "My Life." In 1870 a Swiss printer, Bonfantini, put the manuscript into type, and printed fifteen copies, which Wagner gave to friends under pledge of secrecy. One of these friends was Nietzsche, who subsequently became one of Wagner's most violent enemies, and declared that he should not believe a single word written by Wagner unless it was corroborated by others.

Richard Strauss is quoted as saying in regard to his new opera:

> The spirit of Mozart floated unconsciously before me, but I have remained true to myself. The orchestra is not as heavy as it is in "Salome" or "Elektra," but it by no means follows that I have yielded to the prevailing fashion which would produce all of Mozart's works with a reduced orchestra. In fact, this is not consistent with Mozart's own intentions, as on one occasion, when an English Mæcenas employed 100 violinists in a Mozart symphony, the composer was delighted with the result. The "Rosenkavalier" is scored for full orchestra, and while it is treated with a certain intentional simplicity, it, nevertheless, presents difficulties, equal in degree, if differing in character, from those to be found in "Salome" or "Elektra."

Art

THE ROYAL TREASURE OF EGYPT AND ETHIOPIA.

Ægyptische Goldschmiedearbeiten; unter Mitwirkung von Georg Möller und Wilhelm Schubart herausgegeben von Heinrich Schäfer. Mit 212 Abbildungen, 2 Farben- und 35 Lichtdrucktafeln. Berlin: Verlag von Karl Curtius. Königliche Museen zu Berlin. Mitteilungen aus der Ægyptischen Sammlung. Band I.

To find the fabled wealth of Homer's "blameless Ethiopians" lying before us in the sumptuous color plates of a modern art publication is not an event of everyday occurrence. The unique and turbulent history, ancient and modern, of this distant and inaccessible civilization, furnishes a rare and picturesque background for the Ethiopian treasure in Berlin, which the modern world has largely forgotten. As far back as the middle of the fourth millennium before Christ, the Egyptians of the lower Nile had established trade relations with the tribes of the northern Sudan, undaunted by the thousand miles of cataract region which lay between. Century by century the Egyptian frontier advanced up the river as the Pharaohs slowly absorbed the cataract country on their southern boundary, till the once rare gold, ivory, ebony, ostrich feathers, and aromatic gums of the south became habitual objects of traffic in the market-places of all the larger cities of Egypt. When in the sixteenth century, B. C., the Egyptian control of the southern trade-routes had developed into actual administration of the country to the foot of the fourth cataract, the land of Ethiopia or as the Egyptians and the Hebrews after them called it, Kush, gradually took on a veneer of Egyptian civilization. This superficial culture from the north, in some externals at least, was rendered more permanent than would otherwise have been possible, by the sumptuous buildings erected in the more important towns by the Egyptian architects on behalf of the Pharaoh. For eight centuries the land of Ethiopia was governed by the Pharaoh's viceroy. Detaching itself at last in the eighth century, B. C., an Ethiopian dynasty, probably Egyptian fugitives in the beginning, turned upon their old Egyptian lords and pushing down the river, took advantage of the complete and final decay of Egyptian power, to seize the venerable throne of the Pharaohs. These became the Ethiopian Pharaohs of Egypt, the Twenty-Fifth Dynasty, who were denounced as a "broken reed" by the great Hebrew statesman Isaiah. Unable to meet the powers of the Mediterranean world on equal terms, they suffered defeat at the hands of the Assyrians, and by 670, B. C., they had ingloriously withdrawn to their remote and inaccessible capital of Napata (Noph in the Old Testament) at the foot of the Fourth Cataract.

When later the Ethiopian kings put also the fourth and fifth cataracts between them and the Mediterranean world, by the transfer of their capital to Meroe above the Fifth Cataract, they turned their back upon the barbarism of inner Africa in complete isolation, and severed any surviving bonds which had united them with the civilization of the north. After the Persian conquest of Egypt in 525 B. C., when Cambyses endeavored to penetrate to the Ethiopian capital, he failed, and his expedition ended in such disaster as so often attends long desert marches in the tropics. Traditions of the wealth and splendor of this distant kingdom in inner Africa gained wide currency in the Greek world, and the impression was universal that Meroe and the land of Ethiopia were the source of Egyptian civilization. This tradition survived and was generally credited almost to our own day. So inaccessible was the cataract region where the land of Ethiopia lay, that it remained unvisited by travelers until two centuries ago. Then there began to reach Europe vague reports of vast and sumptuous buildings and splendid cities now in ruin. These reports were confirmed, early in the nineteenth century, as traveler after traveler, beginning with Burckhardt, who brought the first news of the great temple of Abu Simbel, returned with drawings and descriptions of the magnificent buildings which they had found. The obscure traditions of the Greek age

were now regarded as fully confirmed, and Ethiopia took its place in the old histories of two generations ago, as the primitive seat of civilization on the Nile, and perhaps of the whole world.

As Mohammed Ali's troops pushed southward in the conquest of the Sudan in 1820, he was followed by the usual train of European adventurers, among whom was the Italian army surgeon, Ferlini. Resigning from the service, Ferlini decided in 1834 to try his fortune in treasure-hunting among the ruins through which he had passed on his southward march. Entirely without archæological schooling of any sort, he tried several sites, including the city of Meroe, without success. Undaunted by failure, and entertaining the most preposterous hopes, he left the ruins of the city and turned to its cemetery, with its three imposing groups of tall, pointed pyramids. In the middle group he attacked the best preserved of these, with the intention of demolishing the entire monument and clearing it away to the base. Speaking generally in the light of modern knowledge, such a plan had not the remotest prospect of success. It was precisely like the methodless treasure-hunting of Schliemann, though far less laudable in motive. The results, however, were so anomalous and surprising, that some have doubted Ferlini's story, which is our sole evidence in the matter. Having cut down the pyramid to a short distance below its apex, he found behind a false window in one side, a small chamber six or seven feet long, in which was a long object covered with a white cloth. On removing this he found under it a bier or couch, beneath which was a bronze bowl, containing, wrapped in cloth, the elaborate and splendid golden regalia of an Ethiopian queen. Lured by this discovery, Ferlini continued the clearance of the pyramid, and actually did remove it to the very rock of the hill on which it was built. This barbarous annihilation of an ancient royal tomb brought Ferlini only two beautiful bronze vases of Greek workmanship, which he found in the masonry nearly half way down to the base.

Such was Ferlini's reputation that his discovery brought him little advantage. The treasure was looked upon with general suspicion. Ludwig I of Bavaria, however, selected a few pieces for his own collection; but it was not until 1844 that Lepsius succeeded in inducing the Berlin authorities to purchase the rest, comprising the bulk of the treasure, for £700 sterling. Lepsius, fresh from his memorable expedition through Ethiopia, had finally demonstrated the true character and place of Ethiopian civilization, and demolished the tradition which had enjoyed unchallenged currency for two thousand five hundred years. The regalia of Ferlini's Ethiopian queen became one of the chief treasures of the great Berlin collection, and the fact that it was worn by one of that line of Candace mentioned in the New Testament as Queen of Ethiopia, at the very time when the Apostle Philip preached as they rode in the chariot to the queen's Ethiopian eunuch, "who was over all her treasure" (Acts 8:27), naturally suggests a wider interest than the treasure would enjoy as exclusively works of art. The civilization which these beautiful works represent is now receiving unprecedented attention. Following the Ethiopian Expedition of the University of Chicago in 1905-07, four other expeditions have been dispatched thither by the Royal Academy of Berlin, the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Liverpool, and Oxford University. The Oxford expedition has just left (November, 1910), under the direction of the able Oxford Egyptologist, F. L. Griffith, who has in the last eighteen months made important progress in the decipherment of the ancient Ethiopian inscriptions. The publication of the Berlin jewelry is therefore peculiarly timely, and represents the first of a series of volumes in which the Berlin museum plans to issue in exhaustive form the most important works of art comprised in its great Egyptian collections.

There is no field of art in which early Egypt was so unquestionably supreme as in that of the goldsmith's work. Probably no room in the national museum at Cairo excites such surprise in the mind of the average visitor as that which contains its magnificent collection of works in gold, extending from the thirty-fifth century, B. C., down through the dynasties into Græco-Roman days. This surprise is in great measure due to the fact that the Cairo collection stands alone; none of the European museums contains anything approaching it, and the traveler has had no hint in Europe of what awaits him in Cairo. If we may make any exception as to the European collections, such an exception would be the Ethiopian jewelry in Berlin. Prof. Schäfer, one of the directors of the Berlin museum, has given us a careful and worthy account of these works, with elaborate reproductions and plates, some of them in color. These are done with the proverbial accuracy and beauty of German work in this field, and are accompanied by detailed description in the text, with full citation of related material.

The beautiful volume is, however, more than an elaborate monograph on the Ethiopian jewelry. Dr. Möller, one of the museum staff, has taken up systematically all the Egyptian jewelry in the Berlin collections from the earliest times to the Græco-Roman age, and presented them in the first two sections of the work, with plates reproducing every piece and an exhaustive text. Here are hollow golden beads from the middle of the fourth millennium, B. C., with a diameter of an eighth of an inch, built up of sheet gold in tiny sections so exquisitely soldered together that the seams are invisible. It was the early possession of such technical power as this which made the Egyptian goldsmith supreme in the early Orient. It is impossible in so brief a notice to speak of the individual pieces, but it is not a little interesting to find among the seals the golden seal-cylinder of the chief goldsmith of Mykerinos, builder of the third pyramid of Gizeh (28th century, B. C.). The treasure of the Ethiopian queen by Schäfer forms the third section, while a fourth on the works in gold and silver mentioned in the Greek papyri in Egypt is a valuable contribution by Dr. Schubart. Two useful appendices contain an account of gold and silver overlay and inlay (Möller), besides the original report and catalogue prepared by Ferlini, republished here in Italian.

In view of the fact that the great Cairo collection of jewelry has been published only piecemeal, partially and always inadequately, the Berlin volume will form the basis of our study of early Oriental jewelry, and enable us to test the conclusions of Vernier ("La Bijouterie"). The publisher has spared no pains or expense in supplementing the well-known ability of the authors, and the volume is a model in all matters of mechanical production. It will be indispensable in all art libraries and of great interest to private collectors as well as all students of ancient art.

Finance

LOOKING AHEAD AND BEHIND.

Two beliefs are firmly held in Wall Street concerning the relation of the stock market to the financial situation in general—one, that whatever the outlook for finance may be, speculation for the rise or for the fall will not long remain dormant; the other, that the movement of prices is bound to give some clue to the actual trend of events in the larger field. These presumptions explain why the daily stock market table is scanned every afternoon with interest, not only by bankers and stock-brokers, but by business men outside of Wall Street who never speculate for their own account at all. Yet, if the market is bound to move, even when a financial outlook is perplexing and obscure, it must sometimes follow that the actual basis for such a movement, up or down, will be difficult for the outsider to discern. Sometimes the course of prices seems so inconsistent with what it was a very little time before, when seemingly identical influences were at work in the financial situation, that the bewildered public is driven to

ask whether Wall Street has any serious convictions at all or any real deductive power. The very same news which is used to explain a collapsing market at one time, will be cited a few months later as the cause of a violent advance. Things which would cause terror to-day will be looked upon with the utmost calmness to-morrow.

The past week has provided some curious illustrations. Early last year, it was known that the railways were in need of capital. The Stock Exchange shook its head forlornly. James J. Hill declared that, with these requirements pressing, "the country is up against a stone wall." The companies could not get the money, and failure to get it "spells calamity." The stock market's comment, then, was a severe decline. On Tuesday of last week the Union Pacific management announced its purpose of spending $75,000,000 to complete its double-track—this despite rate regulation, high cost of capital, hostile legislation, and demands by laborers for increased pay. Rumors of similar requests by other railways had been general. The response of the stock market was a burst of enthusiasm and an advance in prices—this on top of a ten-point advance in prices since the close of 1910.

In October, 1909, the Steel Corporation's earnings were increasing at the rate of nearly a million dollars monthly. The company was about to raise its dividend and had planned for still another increase later on. Orders on the company's books increased from 4,700,000 tons on October 1 to 5,900,000 at the end of 1909, the latter figure being larger by 64 per cent. than at the end of 1908. Yet the comment of the Stock Exchange was a break in Steel common shares from 94⅞ on October 4 to 85⅛ on November 30. On Tuesday of last week the Steel Corporation reported for the three preceding months the smallest earnings by far of any quarter in its history, except for the period of violent reaction in the industry during 1904, the half-year after the panic of 1907, and the two or three months of "open market prices" early in 1909.

Not only were the quarter's earnings smaller by 36½ per cent. than the same quarter of 1909, but the decrease had been progressing rapidly. December showed the lowest of all past monthly earnings outside of 1908 and 1904, running 13 to 40 per cent. below the monthly figures of 1901 and 1902, when the company's plant was scarcely more than half as large as it is to-day. But the stock market, which had greeted the good news of the last months of 1909 with declining prices, received last week's very bad report by a rise in Steel common stock to a price 10 points above what it scored at the opening of January.

In this case, Wall Street doubtless would explain the anomaly on the ground that the market of October, 1909, was anticipating the steel trade reaction of 1910, that the present month's market is similarly anticipating a future change in the line of betterment, and that both markets were indifferent to the story of the past. This is entirely plausible. But there is yet another case of Stock Exchange inconsistency, which that explanation hardly fits. A year ago this month decision on the Anti-Trust cases was expected by Wall Street almost hourly. The stock market fell into great demoralization, and Wall Street authorities, great and small, ascribed the whole movement to the impending court decisions. It further professed the view that we could have no business revival in this country with so alarming a factor of uncertainty overhanging. As a matter of fact there was little real probability of a decision at that time. But the membership of the court is complete to-day, and when it adjourned at the close of January for a three weeks' vacation, the justices undoubtedly took home the Oil and Tobacco records with a view to an early decision.

But the stock market, which declined in anticipation of the action of the court exactly a year ago, has advanced with great enthusiasm on the present occasion. This week, if any one in the Wall Street offices suggested the dangers that might confront the market when the decision is handed down, other people listened to him deprecatingly and whispered to one another, "He must be a bear." Yet, so far as the scope and effect of the decision are concerned, Wall Street was either wrong this month or else wrong a year ago. If the Stock Exchange movement was really governed by the Anti-Trust situation, it must, apparently, have made at least one mistake.

No doubt the simple solution is that neither the Anti-Trust litigation, nor the Steel Corporation's earnings, nor the projected borrowing of Union Pacific and other railways, was a fundamental influence on the markets, either a year ago or now. The salient point of contrast is that the money market's resources had been tied up, a year ago, in a host of ill-advised and premature speculations, whereas to-day, after fully twelve months of compulsory readjustment of credit and capital resources, the market is again in a workable condition. Considered in the narrower way, such a change in the money situation would facilitate a rise in stocks to-day, where the similar influences made a decline inevitable in February, 1910. To at least some extent, this change will also affect, in a favorable way, the business situation generally. But it still remains to be seen how far that situation is to be governed or modified by other influences.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Indians North of Mexico. Bulletin 30, Part 2, N—Z. Bureau American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution.

Argentine Republic: Agricultural and Pastoral Census of the Nation. 3 vols. Buenos Ayres.

Argentine République: Recensement Général d'Education. 3 vols. Buenos Ayres.

Bragdon, C. Episodes from an Unwritten History. Second edition enlarged. Rochester: The Manas Press. 50 cents net.

Cathcart, W. L., and Chaffee, J. I. The Elements of Graphic Statics. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Comstock, W. P. Garages and Motor Boat Houses. W. G. Comstock Co. $2.

Farnol, J. The Broad Highway. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.35 net.

Hale, L. C. The Married Miss Worth; a Novel. Harpers. $1.20 net.

Hardy's Two on a Tower. Harper. $1.25.

Hayes, J. R. Brandywine Days. Philadelphia: The Biddle Press. $1.50.

Hempl. G. The Solving of an Ancient Riddle. Ionic Greek Before Homer. Reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*. Stanford University: The Author.

Hoffmann, H. Iwan der Schreckliche und Sein Hund. Edited, with notes, by C. M. Poor. Frowde. 60 cents.

Jones, P. L. Script and Print: a Practical Primer for use in the Preparation of Manuscript and Print. Phila.: Griffith & Rowland Press. 25 cents net.

Lecky, W. E. H. Historical and Political Essays. New edition. Longmans, Green.

Leroux, G. The Phantom of the Opera. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Lloyd, J. A. T. Two Russian Reformers: Ivan Turgenev, Leo Tolstoy. Lane. $3.50 net.

Loening and Arndt. Deutsche Wirtschaft. Selections, edited with notes, by J. A. Bole. Holt.

Lukach, H. C. A Bibliography of Sierra Leone. Frowde. $2.90.

Mackenzie, N. F. Notes on Irrigation Works: Course of Lectures at Oxford. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.

Neilson, R. M. Aeroplane Patents. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Nordau, M. The Interpretation of History. Translated from the German by M. A. Hamilton. Moffat, Yard. $2 net.

Patterson, J. E. Tillers of the Soil. Dufield. $1.30 net.

Phelps, W. L. Essays on Russian Novelists. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Reade, C. A Good Fight: Original Version of the Cloister and the Hearth. Intro. by Andrew Lang. Frowde.

Robertson, A. T. Commentary on the Gospel According to Matthew. Macmillan. 60 cents net.

Royal Historical Society Transactions. Third series, Vol. IV. London: The Society.

Saunders, R D. Colonel Todhunter of Missouri. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.

Snyder, W. Poetical Favorites—Yours and Mine. Wessels & Bissell. $1.25.

Swallow, S. C. III Score & X, or Selections, Collections, Recollections of Seventy Busy Years. Harrisburg, Pa.: United Evangelical Pub. House. $1.

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White, F. M. Dropped from the Fast Express. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 75 cents.
Widtsoe, J. A. Dry-Farming. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Womer, P. P. The Coming Creed. Boston: Sherman, French. 80 cents net.
Wyllarde, D. The Riding Master. Lane. $1.50.

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We welcome this morning the completion of a really great work—the preparation and publication of the Eleventh Edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."* Appropriately dedicated to the chiefs of the two great sections of the English-speaking world—to the King of Great Britain and the President of the United States—the first 14 volumes of this book appear simultaneously, with the high pretension of presenting, in an English dress, the best results of modern knowledge on all the main subjects that can interest the human mind. The second half, now in the binders' hands, will be ready soon, so that we may regard the book as practically complete. Its 29 comely quarto volumes, printed on thin India paper, light and portable, clearly printed and tastefully bound in dark limp leather, contain an enormous mass of facts, scientific and historical, in the widest sense of those terms, presented in ordered sequence by the best authorities in this country and in America, and expressed in a literary form which makes details and discussions alike intelligible to the average educated man or woman. Every one who has had a hand in preparing a coöperative work on a large scale knows that under the most favourable conditions the task is difficult. It is hard work to enlist your regiment, and often harder still to make them keep step. Planning and execution, if the book is large and comprehensive, demand knowledge and organizing powers of a high order. This has notably been the case with all the successive editions of the "Encyclopædia" from the year 1768, when "a Society of Gentlemen in Scotland" began to bring out the first edition in sixpenny numbers, afterwards collected into three volumes, down to the time when Spencer Baynes, and after him Robertson Smith, produced, volume by volume, their well-known Ninth Edition. It is obvious that these difficulties become immensely greater if the whole work is to be issued simultaneously, or nearly so, as, for the first time in the history of the different editions, has been done on the present occasion. But they have been triumphantly surmounted, a feat on which Mr. Hugh Chisholm, the Editor, his staff, the great body of his contributors, and, finally, the business managers and the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, may be most heartily congratulated.

The objections to the old system of publication are well stated in the Introduction to the present volumes. They do not exist, or they exist in a much smaller degree, in the case of works like the "Dictionary of National Biography" or the "Cambridge Modern History," since in those cases the subjects treated are in much less intimate correlation than they are in an encyclopædia. In the book planned by Lord Acton, the editors and writers of the volume on the Reformation had to deal with an epoch which had nothing to do with the volume on Napoleon, and nothing would have been gained by simultaneous publication. Obviously the case is far otherwise with an encyclopædia, where subjects mutually related in the closest manner are dealt with in different volumes, according to the accident of their initial letter. Some fifteen years elapsed between the appearance of the first volume of the Ninth Edition and that of the last volume; a period of time which laid the book open both to the accidents to which human life is liable and to the changes which come about with the rapid development of modern knowledge. In those fifteen years Spencer Baynes fell ill, and his place had to be taken by another editor; while, a fact of more importance in regard to the book's perfection, some of the articles under letters A and B had naturally become a little antiquated by the time Z was reached. It is obvious that if your article on Anatomy is to agree entirely with your article on Zoölogy, your Algebra with your Trigonometry, your American Literature with your biographies of literary Americans whose names come late in the alphabet, it is an immense advantage that they should all appear at the same time. But, as we have already said, the difficulties of simultaneous publication, in the case of a book of over 20,000 quarto pages, are colossal. First you require an ample supply of capital, in the hands of those who are so persuaded of the goodness of the venture that they will undertake the risk. Next, you require something still more important and still more rare—a clear plan, a directing hand at once wise and firm, and a perfect organization. The Introduction describes in a very interesting way what this organization has been in the present case. It was clearly understood from the outset that the Eleventh Edition was to be really a new book, and not a merely improved issue of the Ninth Edition, with those supplementary volumes which were issued in 1902 to form the Tenth Edition. These, as the editor puts it, were to be used as "building material" just as far as they were found adaptable, and no further. "The site—in this case the whole field of knowledge—was mapped out afresh under the advice of specialist departmental advisers, who, in providing for the occupation of the different areas, coöperated with the central editorial staff, comprising many members, each of whom was responsible to the Editor-in-Chief for a particular section of the work." It may be imagined that the choice of these departmental experts and of this editorial staff was no light matter, and that during the eight years which the preparation of the book has occupied many difficulties must have arisen. That they have been successfully surmounted, and that the efforts of all have resulted in a book which really is an organic whole, is greatly to the credit of all concerned.

No sensible man would attempt, at a day's notice, to criticize the matter of a book which deals in elaborate detail with the whole range of human knowledge. The scholars, the students of history or science, the geographers and the educated public who have to consult this book from time to time, must be left to decide as to its real value. All that we can pretend to do to-day is to speak of its general arrangement, its combination of readableness with painstaking detail, and the mass of authority which is represented by its contributors. What strikes one first of all is the care that has been taken to preserve something like a scale of relative importance in the articles. This was the first and most conspicuous merit of the "Dictionary of National Biography," and the lesson taught by Leslie Stephen and his successor has been duly learnt by Mr. Chisholm and his staff. They have had to deal with specialists, and specialists, as we all know, have a weakness for their own subjects, and, if uncontrolled, are apt to deal with them with a fulness not to be permitted in a book of this kind. Here the guiding hand is indispensable, and, so far as we can judge from a rapid inspection, it has applied itself with much discretion. To take a few of the scientific articles in the first volume; everybody knows the interest that now attaches to speculations about the physical constitution of the universe; and with this in his mind the editor has been well advised in allowing Sir Joseph Larmor to write exhaustively on

* The Encyclopaedia Britannica: A Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, and General Information. Eleventh Edition. 29 vols. 4to. (Cambridge: at the University Press, 1910).

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"Aether." Again, mathematics have seen such developments and changes of late years that perhaps 40 pages was not too much to assign to Mr. Everitt and Major MacMahon for their articles on "Algebra" and "Algebraic Forms." In the applied sciences, one of the most interesting subjects of to-day and to-morrow is that of aeronautics; and here we have an elaborate and well-illustrated article, though under that heading it only deals with balloons and airships and not with monoplanes and biplanes. In the historical sciences our whole attitude to antiquity has been changed of late years by the discoveries in Crete; and Mr. Hogarth's article, also fully illustrated, on "Ægean Civilization" is an admirable summary of what has been so far done to throw light upon a great epoch, overwhelmed by some catastrophe as yet obscure. Or again, in the department of geography, which has become so vastly important during the last fifty years, the articles on "Africa" (Mr. T. A. Joyce, Mr. J. S. Keltie, and others). "America" (Mr. David Hannay and Mr. O. T. Mason, of Washington), "Asia," and "Australia"—to say nothing of such minor matters as the Amazon, Arabia, and the State of Alabama—are all described in much detail, with an abundance of the latest information, and with ample bibliographical references, among which those bearing upon Africa are conspicuously full. In a later volume the article on "Ceramics," by Messrs. R. L. Hobson and W. Burton, is singularly complete and beautifully illustrated in colour.

We might speak in similar terms of a great number of other departments; but it will perhaps be enough to mention only one more—that of American geography, history, and literature. Without in any way forgetting that the "Encyclopædia" is primarily and in a predominant sense *Britannica*, those who have directed this new edition have determined that it should contain much more full and first-hand information about the Western Hemisphere, and especially about the United States—and of course about Canada—than has ever been the case before in a book of reference published in England. The reasons for this are obvious. The Americans have a reading public much larger than we have; their Universities, their public schools, and their free libraries are always on the look-out for first-rate books of reference; and they have such a just pride in their own country and its history that they would very naturally be set against a book professing to cover the whole ground of knowledge which did not deal adequately with their great events and their great men. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the American articles are intended for American readers alone. They are for ourselves as well, and the more we read them, the more we study the history of the great Republic, the present condition of the problems that lie before it, and the lives of its chief men, the better it will be for both countries. There is little need to specify the noteworthy articles, but, still confining ourselves to the early volumes, we may just mention, in addition to the treatises dealing with the country as a whole, and with great districts like Alabama and Arizona, a few biographies, and especially those of the family of Adams, from the President of that name to his eminent descendants, some of whom are still living and doing distinguished work.

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The Week

There is every reason to believe that the President is making a winning fight for his reciprocity policy. It will be difficult indeed for Republican Bourbons to make head against it when the Democrats have ranged themselves pretty solidly in its favor. The policy is one that has powerful Republican authority from the past in its favor, both Blaine and McKinley being on record in emphatic advocacy of it. It has passed the House of Representatives by a large majority. The only way it can be defeated in the Senate is by dogged resistance on the part of the most extreme of standpatters, in combination with a handful of Senators otherwise "progressive" but unwilling to have reform when their own State's tariff ox is gored. Such a combination, however, is by no means probable, and in any event it would not have strength enough to stand out.

Reciprocity with South America is only another example of our fondness for putting a new label on old wares. A year ago the probable formula would have been "the conservation of our South American interests." The thing for which Secretary Knox pleaded so eloquently before the Pan-American Commercial Conference was not so much reciprocity as the awakening of an interest in South American affairs which to-day does not exist and which must precede reciprocity. It is a cause for which our State Department has been working with refreshing zeal, and which, for that reason, is bound to make headway in spite of the many obstacles that must be surmounted. Of these, the two most formidable have been South America's suspicions of our political intentions, and our own manufacturers' indifference to the picayune profits of foreign trade so long as the tariff gave them the richest country on earth to exploit—even if it was their own. With the gradual hewing down of the tariff totem, the second of these obstacles is bound to disappear. The removal of the other calls for the rigid exclusion of every trace of rough-riding diplomacy from our State Department.

Local considerations, as distinguished from national, carried the day in the matter of the new Congressional apportionment. No State likes to suffer a diminution in its numerical representation in the House of Representatives, and yet at every new apportionment some States must necessarily lose unless the total membership is increased. In the present instance the desire to avoid this has led to an increase of forty-two members, since the House has voted to make the new membership 433, against 391 in the present body. There is little doubt that the Senate will accept the decision of the House. This enlargement of the membership gives additional force to the reasons in favor of the prospective change in the structure and arrangements of the hall of the House of Representatives, by which the size of the hall will be greatly reduced, the desks being got rid of. The larger the numbers, the more essential is it to put an end to the noise and confusion which attend the present arrangements.

It is matter for congratulation rather than otherwise that the Senate Committee on Pensions has gone "the whole hog" on the Sulloway pension bill, or at least very nearly so. There has been talk of cutting down the forty-five or fifty million dollars of annual expenditure the bill calls for to perhaps fifteen or twenty million, but apparently the Senate Committee has not cared to be outdone in pension patriotism by Uncle Joe and his enthusiastic followers. If the bill is to pass the Senate as it stands it will make the President's task in vetoing it less difficult than it would have been if the proposal were less extravagant. The general impression is that Mr. Taft has no disposition to give countenance to the scheme even if it should be reduced to less offensive dimensions, and so the bill may have been left in its present shape on the principle that it is as well to be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb.

It is to be hoped that the talk of a new Democratic organization in New York city is intended as something more than a fire set in the rear of Murphy. No doubt his sordid and stupid leadership has filled even Tammany Democrats with a spirit of revolt—as well as, incidentally, nausea—but a movement that is going to amount to anything must have an objective greater than the personality of the particular boss who happens at the time to be peculiarly offensive. The thing to aim at is a return to the plan of an active Democracy in this city, as well as up the State, opposed to Tammany domination. The former "County Democracy" was not an ideal body, but it certainly had men of weight and leading attached to it, who were often able to use the forces behind them to prevent the iniquity of Tammany Hall from triumphing. Meanwhile, every attack by Democrats upon Murphy himself, for the way in which he was made a tool of in the Senatorial contest, and all to no avail except further to discredit his leadership and injure his party, must help to hasten his retreat from a position into which he was forced and to take which he now sees as clearly as his angry followers was a huge blunder.

The corrupt practices act lately introduced in the Ohio Legislature—fittingly enough by Representative Kimble of Adams County—will, if enacted, go far toward making impossible any such debauching of the electorate as has been recently disclosed in that State. Although not so drastic as the measure urged by Gov. Harmon in his last message, the bill provides for careful regulation of campaign disbursements for specific purposes only, these to include nothing which may be called a personal inducement to the voter. It provides also for strict limitation of the amounts which may be expended, from a maximum of $5,000 by gubernatorial candidates to a maximum of $300 by candidates for county and municipal offices. Payments for travel, headquarters, halls, bands, fireworks, and printing are recognized as legal. Campaign accounts must be filed immediately after election, with penalty of imprisonment and fine for the candidate if the law has been violated. Further, employers are forbidden to coerce or even to attempt to in-

fluence their employees by distribution of political pamphlets, or by threatening statements.

Illinois has another sensational scandal in the facts revealed in the sixteen-volume report of the Commission on Submerged Lands, according to which private interests have obtained from the public domain land worth $250,000,000, with a prospect that this sum will be doubled if the inquiry is extended. It has long been known that the lake-front at Chicago, and the beds of rivers and waterfronts elsewhere, are subjected to such encroachment, but both State and municipal authorities have neglected to take measures to stop it. The Commission is of the opinion that the "made land" which has been improperly taken can be recovered, and to that end urges an immediate appropriation of $50,000 for expenses of litigation by the Attorney-General, together with establishment of a permanent commission to continue such litigation. Above four hundred individuals, corporations, and clubs are said to be occupying "made land" along the Lake Michigan coast line and the Chicago River alone. Of one important railway the report says:

> It is a history which reads like a romance, as to how the Illinois Central, starting in with a strip of 200 feet in width from the city limits northward, has continued to grasp and extend, until now substantially 400 acres of the most valuable lands in the city of Chicago are in its possession. It has not carried out the provisions of its charter. It has not dealt in good faith with the people of the State of Illinois, and in the opinion of this committee its charter is subject to revocation.

Probably the first impulse of nine persons out of ten, on reading the proposal that the Government shall create a National Forest of 100,000 acres immediately adjacent to Washington city, will be to say that it is nonsense. But it is anything but nonsense. The project was put forward at the meeting of the American Society of Landscape Architects in this city by Mr. William M. Ellicott, a Baltimore architect, who is thoroughly acquainted with the country in question, and whose familiarity with forests as a sportsman probably combined with his long-standing active interest in questions of city beautification to suggest the idea to him. That there is a considerable forest area in a primitive state in the region bordering on Washington and Baltimore must strike every one at all acquainted with that section: Mr. Ellicott says that there is land of this character amounting to about 100,000 acres, and not available for agricultural use, which could be bought at from $2,000,000 to $4,000,000. Of course, nobody can pass on the merits of such a project offhand; but it is eminently worth looking into. If the tract is all that Mr. Ellicott thinks it is, there is probably no investment of a few million dollars that would be better worth while. To preserve in perpetuity a genuine natural forest 150 square miles in extent, within a stone's throw of the national capital, would be an invaluable achievement.

Everybody will sympathize with Judge Martin in his reluctance to attach the stigma of imprisonment to a woman, in a kind of case that has hitherto been let off with no punishment beyond a fine. But everybody should also sympathize with him in the feeling that it was a necessary act, and should commend him for doing his duty. It was only three days' imprisonment that the Judge imposed in the case of this woman who regarded the purchase in Europe of several thousand dollars' worth of finery as necessary to her comfort, but felt no compunction in cheating the Government of the duties which the law requires to be paid on the purchase. Judge Hand's unqualified warning, some months ago, that smugglers of this class would receive prison sentences, had attracted general attention, and failure to impose such a sentence in this case would have been stultification of the courts. Persons contemplating the purchase of similar necessaries in the future and the committing of like fraud on the Government, will be well-advised to regard this three-day sentence as merely an emphasizing of Judge Hand's warning. If the thing continues, the punishment will undoubtedly be made heavier hereafter.

Two Cornell undergraduates have been sentenced to jail for periods of five and ten days, and the City Attorney of Ithaca announces that, if the ringleaders are caught, he will press for the maximum sentence of six months in the penitentiary. These are refreshing indications of a change of attitude toward student lawlessness. The trouble at Cornell is described as a pitched battle between students and police, in which property was damaged and participants on both sides were injured. More significant is the report that the student conference committee of the university will recommend the expulsion of some of the men implicated. There has been a pretty definite belief in student communities in the extra-territoriality not only of the college campus, but of any spot upon which an undergraduate sets his sacred foot. But a sounder view has been rapidly growing among students themselves, and the day is past when resistance to officers is regarded merely as a playful prank.

The passage by the House of the Embassy bill denotes a change of opinion upon the subject of building residences abroad for our diplomatic service. Five hundred thousand dollars is to be expended annually for the object of the bill for ten years, with a limit of $150,000 for any one residence, including site and furnishing. Representative Underwood objected and advocated the abolition of the entire diplomatic service on the ground that it has been rendered obsolete by the quickened means of communication among all Governments. But this plainly fails to recognize the vast importance of first-hand information and advice which it is the business of diplomats to supply to their Governments, and, even more, the value of an embassy as a concrete representation of a nation's greatness and power. The present payment of above $200,000 annually for rent is a more material argument in the same direction. What the Senate will do is not certain, but anything that will tend to remove the possession of wealth as a condition precedent to a foreign appointment of the first rank cannot be deemed negligible, while the endorsement of the bill by such a triumvirate as President Taft, William J. Bryan, and Samuel Gompers should help to effect its passage.

Few subjects have a more important bearing on the future of New York than that treated by the Architectural Committee of the Fifth Avenue Association in a report made to the Association last week. Owing to several causes, some of them arising from the peculiar shape of the island on which the city is built, others from want of foresight and still others from the extraordinary nature of the growth of the city in business and population, New

York is almost desperately lacking in beauty, or even attractiveness, except in a few special features. For the making of Riverside Drive and Riverside Park we have reason to be deeply thankful, and there are other things that might be mentioned. The towering structures in the financial and office district produce an imposing effect in spite of much that is jarring, and the district as a whole has an impressiveness of its own which will increase year by year. But in the main body of the city there is almost a total lack of anything that can be dwelt on with satisfaction by the eye or the mind. Fifth Avenue is the one feature of distinction, and it is a matter of real concern to the whole people that this be made—or kept, as the case may be—a feature in which New Yorkers can take pride. "There are many difficult problems ahead of us," said Mr. Kendall, of McKim, Mead & White, at the meeting, "but I think if the Association really wants to, it can save Fifth Avenue from perdition."

A limit to the height of buildings has at last been adopted by Chicago, and after September 1 the building ordinance of that city will allow a height of but two hundred feet. The cause of this action is to be found in the declaration of aldermen from the outlying wards that restricting the building height was the only means of compelling the growing business of the city to go outside of the "loop" district. It was urged on the other side that property values, and hence taxes, within this district would be decreased millions of dollars, and that property in the outlying districts would have to be more heavily taxed. An ingenious argument against any limit was presented by one alderman, who urged that the higher the buildings the more labor would be employed upon them. The ordinance may not prove permanent, but will surely cause a boom in skyscraper construction between now and September, and manœuvring for special permits afterward.

Without entering into the statistics of the controversy between the Postmaster-General and the popular magazines, one may point out how cleverly Mr. Hitchcock has turned the magazine publishers' own boasting against them. Business is perfectly justified in protesting against over-taxation, but to make the plea good the magazines have been compelled to sing a surprisingly different tune from that with which they have been accustomed to regale the public. There must be very few children above the age of six in these United States who have been left ignorant of the thousands of dollars which *Jones's Weekly* charges for a single back-cover advertisement, and the hundreds of dollars which it pays for a single short story. Circulations ranging close to the million mark, advertising rates going up by the dollar the agate line, advertising pages increasing by the dozen—all these have tended to create the impression that there was not a day in the week when magazine publishers did not feel sorry for the owners of a mere gold mine or Chicago packing-house. What the magazines are now saying about the precarious nature of their business is probably true, but it is a truth forced out by a threatened tax.

Party machinery is much under discussion in England just now, and Unionists are urged to take several leaves out of the Liberal book. While the Unionist Central Office since 1903 has become weaker, the Liberal Central Association has grown stronger. The executive of the Association is likened to the engine of a motor-car, with its ordinary members attaching it to the chassis, which represents the local associations. The closeness of the relations between party and Government in the Liberal organization is shown by the fact that the president of the Liberal Central Association is the Prime Minister, and the chairman of its executive committee is the chief Whip. The climax of the Unionist complaint comes with description of the Unionist Central Office, where one mounts a squalid staircase and is ushered into a small and uncomfortable waiting-room which a railway company would despise. There the visitor and presumptive seeker for enthusiasm is confronted with a series of wall-maps picturing the ground which the Unionists have lost. The Liberal voter, meanwhile, is received by an attentive doorkeeper, and shown into a room which might be in his own club.

In the cable dispatches relating to Mme. Curie's candidacy for election to the Paris Academy of Sciences, one point of great interest seems to have been overlooked. The vacancy to be filled was in the section of physics, and in voting to fill it the Academy as a whole made its choice from a list presented by the section of physics. In this list, however, as appears from the report of the proceedings of the Academy in the Paris *Temps*, the names were not put on an equal footing. The section recommended "en première ligne" Mme. Curie and "en deuxième ligne, *ex æquo* et par ordre alphabétique," five other physicists, of whom M. Branly—the candidate elected over Mme. Curie by a vote of 30 to 28—was one. Thus it should be noted that in the judgment of those who best know the merits of the case, Mme. Curie was clearly entitled, above all other French physicists, to the honor of membership in the Academy; and it may therefore safely be said that had it not been for the influence of the alleged "immutable tradition" of the Institute, she would have been elected.

Reviewing the work of the first session of the Chinese National Assembly, the North China *Herald* remarks that it has belied the expectations formed of it. Legislatively, the session seems barren. In its conflict with the Grand Council, the Assembly apparently sought to indict the councillors for not assuming responsibilities which at present do not belong to them. At the same time, the complete discomfiture of Prince Ching has shaken the forces of ultra-conservatism. The apparent subordination of finance to such matters as the shortcomings of the Grand Council and the abolition of the queue, is explained by the report of the budget committee. The magnitude of its task may be judged by the 3,280 "pamphlets" which buried the committee but did not dismay it, with the laudable result of its discovery of additional revenue to the amount of $3,000,000, and of the curtailing of expenditures to the amount of above $4,500,000. The original deficit of $20,000,000 promises to be turned into a surplus of $2,000,000. The weakness here is in the Assembly's want of control over financial matters. Its recommendations and the laborious work of its budget committee may go for nothing. Nevertheless, the educational effect of the Assembly has been immense, and, as it finds itself, we may expect, concludes the *Herald*, to see its efforts turned to the effective control of the purse and the constitution of the future Parliament.

SENATORS AND LEGISLATURES.

A large part of Senator Root's speech of last Friday, in opposition to the direct election of Senators, went over the ground, so often covered before, of the profound Constitutional reasons which, in the judgment of its opponents, make against the proposed change. But perhaps the chief emphasis of his argument was placed upon an appeal based on a wholly different order of considerations from those that belong to the higher philosophy of the Constitution. What is to become of the State Legislatures, he asked, if we take from them the power to elect Senators? "Our Boards of Aldermen have sunk to insignificance and worthlessness, as power after power has been taken from them." And the same thing he predicted for the Legislatures if their powers are taken from them. Here we are not in the shadowy region of Constitutional metaphysics, but on the solid ground of everyday experience. Has the power to elect Senators any sort of connection with the other powers of State Legislatures? Is it not an accidental attachment, the lopping off of which would leave the Legislatures freer to exercise those powers which in the nature of things belong to them? As a matter of fact, by the way, at least one Legislature out of every three has not that power at all, and where Legislatures are elected annually only two Legislatures out of six have it.

A few years ago Senator Root made a speech, which deservedly attracted the attention of the whole country, on the urgent necessity of reinvigorating our State governments. But by what strange mental prepossession he is led to believe that the election of Senators by the Legislatures contributes in any way to the strength of our State governments, we are at a loss to imagine. Last Friday he again struck the note of his Pennsylvania Society speech, but he quite failed to show the connection between it and his present thesis. "The most vital thing to be done in the United States to-day," he said, "is to strengthen the State Legislatures. I fear the breaking down of the Federal government through the accumulation of demands upon it and the failure of the State governments to do their part in taking care of their own affairs." Are State governments helped "to do their part in taking care of their own affairs" by the circumstance that the State voter is rendered unable to vote for members of the State Legislature on the merits of State issues? When a United States Senatorship is at stake, how many Republicans are willing to vote for a Democratic candidate for the Legislature simply because he is the better man? And apart from any such personal question, what chance have issues of State policy to get their due hearing in a State campaign when those issues are entangled with the question of whether a Republican or a Democrat shall be sent to represent the State in the Senate? To lop off this entanglement threatens no injury to the State Legislature, but promises to elevate it to its proper rank through the exercise of a freer and better choice in the determination of its membership. Only upon the supposition that State legislation is a matter of trifling importance can we hold that the loss of the incidental function of choosing a United States Senator would tend to reduce the Legislature to insignificance.

All these things would be so even if there were no scandals connected with the election of Senators by the Legislatures—no Lorimer or Quay or Addicks corruption, no Murphy caucuses, no deadlocks, no deals, no dickers. The scandals and deadlocks are spectacular events that have contributed vastly to the arousing of public sentiment on the subject, but the inherent defects of the system are deeply imbedded in its nature, as the experience of a hundred years and more has shown. No one has yet heard of a Legislature whose quality was the higher for having a Senator to elect; we have all heard of scores of Legislatures that have been flagrantly demoralized by the intrigues of the Senatorship. Mr. Root suggests that the evils might be remedied by permitting a plurality to elect, instead of requiring a majority; but this merely shows the desperateness of the case. Deadlocks would in that way be made impossible, but the deadlock is only the symptom, not the disease. Indeed, even this does not do justice to the matter. The deadlock may be—as it is at this very moment in New York—the one weapon which honest men have at their command to prevent the consummation of the worst evils of the legislative method of election. The plurality scheme might save appearances, but it would leave the reality worse than ever.

As for the nature of the choice exercised by legislators, it is utterly different from anything that the framers of the Constitution had in mind. In their plan for the election of Senators, as in that for the election of the President and Vice-President, they failed to take into account the existence of organized parties. Their scheme for the indirect choice of the President and Vice-President became unworkable as soon as the party system was clearly recognized; and, owing to the circumstance that the electors had no other function than that of making this choice, there was no difficulty in nullifying the Constitutional scheme. As the members of a Legislature have other functions, they, of course, cannot be chosen simply as representatives of a given candidate for the Senatorship; but the party system makes it impossible for them to make their choice in any such way as was contemplated by those who made the Constitution. It is a question of party action; if the party choice is a good one, there is no reason to suppose that it would find a whit less favor with the people than with the Legislature; whereas if it is a bad one, it may easily be put through by intrigue in the Legislature, when it would have been defeated by the people. At the present moment, in the greatest State of the Union, we have Depew put forward as the selection of the Republicans, and Sheehan as that of the Democrats, with the exception of a little band of independent Democrats whose hands are upheld in the struggle by the power of public sentiment. What chance would Depew or Sheehan have before the people? What element of benefit, what element of superiority of any kind, is obtained by substituting the "deliberation" of the Legislature for the "unthinking impulse" of the people?

CANADA'S FREE HAND.

Mr. Balfour has condemned the Canadian reciprocity agreement as "an imperial disaster." To the "tariff-reform" Imperialists, the probability that effect will be given to the agreement is, indeed, galling. But Mr. Balfour is the first British statesman to denounce any of the attempts in the past sixty-five years to establish reciprocal trade between Canada and the United States. In Canada and in the other over-sea posses-

sions of Great Britain, this new Imperialism must come with a shock—for if it means anything, it means that the new Imperialism would impair the absolute fiscal freedom which the self-governing colonies have enjoyed since 1846. This accrued to the colonies partly by accident. Sooner or later it must have been conceded them.

It was Peel's reforms of 1846 that gave the larger colonies their new freedom, simply because, when it was no longer the policy of England to maintain protective tariffs, it ceased to be possible to intertwine the tariffs of the colonies with the British fiscal system. Within ten or twelve years were enacted tariffs for Quebec and Ontario in which there were duties intended to protect Canadian manufacturers from British competition. British manufacturers—in particular the iron and steel interests of Sheffield and Glasgow—vigorously protested to the Colonial Office against these Canadian taxes. The Duke of Newcastle, then colonial minister, sympathized with the British manufacturers, and made some remonstrance to Galt, the Canadian minister of finance. But Galt was only extending a policy that had been begun a year earlier by Gayley; and his reply to the Colonial Office was that self-government would be annihilated if the views of the Imperial Government on colonial fiscal questions were preferred to those of the people of Canada. "It is, therefore," he continued in his letter to Newcastle, "the duty of the present Government distinctly to affirm the right of the Canadian Legislature to adjust the taxation of the people in the way they deem best—even if it should unfortunately happen to meet with the disapproval of the Imperial Ministry. Her Majesty cannot be advised to disallow such acts, unless her advisers are prepared to assume the administration of the affairs of the colony, irrespective of the views of its inhabitants." The royal assent was not withheld; and since that time a British Government has never intervened to prevent the enactment of a protectionist tariff in any of the over-sea dominions. Since 1859, there is not one of the self-governing colonies that has not sought to protect domestic industries from the competition of British manufacturers.

Even before the Galt and Newcastle controversy of 1859 settled it that fiscal freedom went with responsible government for the colonies, the British Government had been willing to assist in bringing about reciprocal trade between the United States and the British North American Provinces. They were not prepared for the sudden change which came in 1846. Montreal and Toronto complained that bankruptcy faced Quebec and Ontario with the ending of preferences for their exports. Gladstone, who was then under-secretary for the colonies, was reassuring. But it was said that Great Britain, in establishing free trade with the world, had not guarded the interests of Canada. It was insisted that England, when throwing open her ports to American grain, should have stipulated with the United States for reciprocity for Canada. The Elgin-Marcy Treaty was the result of the appeal to London from the North American Provinces. Twice since the abrogation of the treaty, Great Britain has used her good offices to effect a return to some such system of free exchange between the United States and Canada as was in existence from 1854 to 1866. Were Mr. Balfour at this time Prime Minister, and were Canada as now intent on obtaining reciprocity, his Government would not dare to withhold any diplomatic aid that might be necessary.

Canada is the only Dominion whose trade interests can be much advanced by a reciprocity agreement with a non-British country. Yet all the colonies would have been alarmed had the utterances of Mr. Balfour come from the Prime Minister. In Mr. Balfour, they are understandable in view of recent developments in both England and Canada. Three times since 1906 the British electorate has repudiated the scheme for a protective tariff with preference for the colonies. In Canada the Manufacturers' Association has repeatedly served notice on the Ottawa Government that there can be no British preferences in the Canadian tariff which leave Canadian industries without protection against all comers; and there were many curtailments of the British preference when the tariff was revised in 1907. The repudiation of the Chamberlain plan was the second serious setback in Canada that the movement for protection begun in England in 1903 has received. A third setback is the proposed free trade in all natural products between the United States and Canada. Canada is the keystone of the arch of the Chamberlain-Milner Imperialists; and it is easy to understand why Balfour takes the gloomy view that reciprocity between the United States and Canada is an Imperial disaster.

IMAGINATION AND POLITICS.

Napoleon's saying that imagination rules the world may not be literally true, but there can be no doubt of the great part which imagination plays in the conduct of public affairs. We refer particularly to the popular conceptions of policies and of leaders. There is such a thing as the idealizing sentiment of a nation; and under a democracy it is of the highest importance to a ruler to be able to evoke it in behalf of his own measures and to identify it, so far as possible, with his own personality. To succeed in kindling the enthusiasm of a whole people, as Chatham did, in favor of great national undertakings, makes the rest of the work of government easy; while for a public man to possess the secret of impressing himself upon the imagination of an entire electorate makes up for many faults of character and defects of statesmanship. Lincoln came to have it in the highest degree. Yet one cannot confidently say in advance just what qualities will have this effect. Grover Cleveland's sturdy and tenacious nature had in it this imaginative appeal to the people, and so had Roosevelt's impetuous and showy character. The power to touch the imagination of a democracy might almost seem a wilful gift of fate. We find it where we should not expect it, and it is often missing where we should look for it.

In the case of President Taft, for example, we think that shrewd observers would say that he has thus far not very well hit it off imaginatively with the country. He has done many excellent things and shown some fine traits; but somehow no act of his has been of a sort to cause a popular thrill, nor has his name been one to conjure with. He does not seem to be one of those born to make people's hearts burn within them. Even his latest and boldest policy—that of reciprocal trade with Canada—seems in his handling of it for some reason to be without the infectious quality of enthusiasm. People commend it as wise and they praise him as courageous, but one does not see in-

tense and glowing convictions aroused nor anything like hero-worship called out by the attitude of the President. He has unquestionably met with a heartier popular response to his Canadian agreement than that given to any other measure of his Administration, but even so there is no evidence of a deep and emotional movement flowing out to what he urges and what he is. Mr. Taft is not necessarily at fault for this. A powerful appeal to the imagination in politics is partly a matter of temperament and partly an accident; all that we say is that it is unlucky for a statesman not to be able sometimes to make it with great effect.

That inability is obviously one of the handicaps under which Gov. Dix has to labor. Many have been attracted by his personal qualities, and his programme of retrenchment and a thoroughly business-like administration found much favor with the State. But a high note of leadership is apparently beyond his compass. He may satisfy the people, but he has no gift for stirring them. Their conception of him has been rapidly forming during the past few weeks, and they do not look to him now for any word that will be like the sound of a trumpet, nor expect him to take an attitude visibly heroic and commanding. He has had the chance, from the first of the Senatorial contest at Albany, to impress himself powerfully upon the moral imagination of the people; to assert something of the indignation at base plottings with which Gov. Wilson flamed so effectively before the citizens of New Jersey. But Gov. Dix conceived it to be his duty to put this opportunity aside, and it will not be his again. He will not be classed, it is evident, among the executives who masterfully show the way and quicken the thoughts and feelings of the people while capturing their affections and enlisting their devotion.

But if the Democratic Governor of New York cannot attain the positive in this matter of the political power of the imagination, he can at least escape falling into the negative. For there is a reverse side to popular feeling. It may be drawn out and led, but it may be also repulsed and even horrified. And Gov. Dix has one element of imagination to deal with about which he cannot be too clear or decided, and that is the effect upon the sentiments of the people of New York, and indeed of the whole nation, which has been made by Tammany, and especially by its seeming desire to reach out and clasp the whole State in its foul embraces, and make of Murphy not merely a local boss but a State leader. Now, the point is that the reputation of Tammany is fixed. Its place in the popular imagination was long ago determined by the repeated crimes and incessant villanies of which it has been proved guilty. Tammany appeals to the imagination in politics, but only as a thing of dread and loathing. So that there can be no doubt whatever of what the result will be if Tammany is seen to be getting its tentacles firmly twined about Albany, and if the old purpose of an independent up-State Democracy, ready to make terms with the Democrats of New York County, but never to surrender to them, is now abandoned. That would mean such an imaginative shock to the people of New York that great masses of independent votes would be dislodged to crush and whelm the Democratic party. Gov. Dix is himself an up-State Democrat, knows what the tradition is, and must feel that it is a duty to fight, not only for his own political life, but for that of his party, in preventing Tammany from seizing the State.

NOTICING THE UNCONSIDERED.

Since Francis Galton's death many stories have been told of his remarkable and sustained habit of carefully observing what most men did not even see. It was a part of his equipment for the great work which made him famous, but he carried it also into the little things of life. One of his old and intimate friends writes of a recent illustration of this trait of Galton's. He went, three years ago, to the house of a neighbor where a paper of his own was read before a little company. He was too deaf to hear anything, but he said humorously afterwards:

> I was able to watch the bearing of the audience. My experience is that when ladies are not interested they indulge in fidgets, and the average of their fidgets is about two per minute. Now the average of the fidgets of the ladies present did not exceed two per five minutes. This proves to me that they have not been bored, and this is as much as I could hope for.

On two occasions, at least, Galton sat to have his portrait painted. This is ordinarily an experience of tedium, but the active mind of this sitter found something to interest him. He counted the strokes of the artist's brush! They numbered, in each case, about 20,000. Galton contributed a paper to *Nature* on the subject, in which he said:

> Graef described the very last stage of his portrait as "painting the buttons." When this stage was reached he poised his brush for a moment, made three rapid twists with it, and three well-painted buttons were hereby created. The rule of three seemed to show that if so much could be done with three strokes, what an enormous amount of work must go to the painting of a portrait which required 20,000 of them. At the same time, it made me wonder whether painters had mastered the art of getting the maximum result from their labor.

This may not be an important contribution to art, but it certainly exhibits Galton's marked faculty for giving attention to the unconsidered. It was the same sort of mental power that enabled Darwin to produce his fascinating and important books on earthworms and climbing plants. The material lay there before every eye, but nobody had taken the trouble to notice it. And those cannot be far wrong who say that this alertness of mind, which perceives and interprets what the ordinary man passes by all unknowing, must enter into the definition of genius. If genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, it is also the capacity for taking notice. And the vexing thing for those of us who do not see what is under our noses is that men like Galton see it with the greatest ease. It is merely for them opening the eyes; and then we reproach ourselves for not having done it long ago, the process seeming so natural and facile.

No word need be said about the value of this power of fixing the attention upon the unnoticed. It is the chief means of making scientific discoveries and giving new ideas to the world about old subjects. Bagehot said that the main reason why Ricardo made such advances in political economy was that he was skilled in taking account of the "imperceptibles." This, of course, is not the whole of it. There must be not only the seeing eye, but the understanding mind; not only the aptitude for isolating significant phenomena, but the interpreting reason to show what their significance really is. Agassiz used to take his students out to a great boulder near Cambridge and demand of them what they saw on it. Most saw nothing; some saw vague scratches, but it was only the vision of the master that instantly beheld in them ice-markings and proof

that the boulder had been deposited where it was by a glacier.

This reference raises the question whether any special kind of educational training can yield this faculty of being always on the watch for the overlooked. In the largest reaches of the power of minute observation, it seems obvious that it cannot be taught. The great endowment of some minds for this kind of work seems to be clearly a gift of nature, not an acquisition. At their marvellous achievements we can only wonder. But there appears to be no doubt that something can be done in the course of education to awaken and direct the faculty for examining and plucking the truth out of what the commonalty dismiss as unconsidered trifles. This is, in part, the aim of research work and the laboratory method in our colleges and universities. It is implied in what Professor Osborn has recently urged as the "centrifugal" method in education—the attempt, that is, to induce students to look away from the routine matter of studies, to think for themselves, to scrutinize and investigate for themselves, to try the original and inventive powers of their own minds. And the faculty of mind referred to is of the greatest use in practical affairs, as well as in the realms of abstract thought or pure science. All of our latter-day agitation about efficiency and scientific management in business and manufacturing and the conduct of railways, really is due to closely attentive minds coming along and noticing what those steeped in the work had failed to observe. It might even be that, if something of this quality of Galton's could be got into politicians—say, a Governor or a President—they would see more things in heaven and earth than are at present dreamed of in their philosophy.

UNREGULATED TIPPING.

The bill which was drafted recently by a restaurant-keeper of Paterson, New Jersey, providing fines and imprisonment for persons who tip excessively, and aiming to regulate the whole tipping system, is an interesting sign of the times. In this country, at least, there has always been much impatience with the very idea of giving or taking fees. It was un-American, we liked to think not so very long ago. In this respect our cowboys, we boasted, were as true gentlemen as courtiers, and to tip them was to invite a bullet. But when foreigners in large numbers brought along the foreign way, Americans yielded; with their instinct for lavishness some asked, some gave, fees of which Europe later learned, aghast. A poorer and wiser man might storm in protest; few really believed that the custom could be checked. More recently, however, conditions have been conspiring against such extravagance. A bill to control tips by law sounds rather less absurd to-day than could have been imagined only a few years back.

Nor is it difficult to account for the public's change of attitude. In the first place, the original idea of gratuities has long been dead. Once kings and overlords scattered gold, like Fortunatus, to show their magnanimity; respect and honor were due them anyhow; they were great gentlemen, and indulged in largess for sweet pity's sake. How much of its old nature remains in the custom to-day? Occasionally, no doubt, individuals still find pleasure in buying a newspaper or a "shine" for a quarter, all to help out one in humbler station. But in general the act has been rid of pleasure by the knowledge that a tip is expected, and that resentment will be shown if it is not given. The excesses to which tipping has led in this country have grown almost unbearable and are often grotesque. Head-waiters, foregoing wages and even paying for their positions, have often managed by virtue of tips to retire in wealth. The cartoonist was not far in advance of his time who represented a gentleman at a coat-room beset by four women holding, respectively, his overcoat, hat, stick, and gloves, and each as expectant as young robins at the approach of the mother bird. Matters would not be so bad if there were some such regulations as custom has imposed abroad—except at those resorts where, as foreigners complain, Americans have "spoiled the market." But in one form or another, the habit has become widespread.

The beneficiaries of the system, like those of the tariff, have been at pains to explain its necessity, as well as its advantages. Newspapers, we are told, cost more in hotels than on the street, because they must help to pay the rent; and the same explanation is offered for the numerous other extra charges which hotels demand. In line with this is a private dormitory on the Harvard "Gold Coast," where a hundred students each pay ten dollars a college-year merely for the hall lights! From that sort of thing it is only a step to a tipping Trust formed in Chicago, in which gratuities go ultimately to the stockholders. Still, there must have been some advantages in the system, for those who could stand the pace. For was it not brave to flaunt a bill and rush in where others feared to tread? To receive first, if scant, attention at the custom house; to enjoy the right of way on one's special train from Washington to New York and to whiz by regular trains—is not this glory?

Now, it is precisely this element of special privilege inherent nowadays in tipping, which has begun to excite violent protest. Practised as it is with such extravagance, tipping is really a form of bribery. Examinations of the methods of tariff-makers and of Trusts have so impressed upon the people the danger of special privilege that they seem at present in a mood to grapple with it even at its pettier end. Whether the giving of fees of whatever sort can actually be regulated by law is, of course, doubtful. The determination of officials to do away with it at the custom-house is encouraging. Yet even more so are the signs that public sentiment is sharpening and concentrating against it. With everything now in the way of being regulated, it may not be too much to hope that our unregulated tipping will one day come to an end. We might at least demand that a scale should be fixed, so that the American in his own land may know, as accurately as Baedeker enables him to know in Germany, what gratuities are expected because normal.

RECENT ITALIAN MEMOIRS.

FLORENCE, Italy, February 1.

Italy has not been so prolific in memoirs as France or England, and her public men are less prone to write their reminiscences. But within the last few months we have had quite a crop of books of this character, dealing with events of recent history. By far the most remarkable is the first instalment of the Crispi papers, a work of the highest importance, the appearance of which has long been awaited with great curiosity. After Francesco Crispi's death his papers remained in the possession of his family until they were purchased by the Italian Government a few years

ago; this statesman's nephew, Sig. T. Palamenghi-Crispi, has, however, been able to publish this volume dealing with Crispi's share in Garibaldi's expedition of the Thousand (Francesco Crispi, "I Mille"; Milan, Treves). The book begins abruptly with Crispi's flight from Sicily after the collapse of the revolution in 1849, plunges us at once *in medias res*, in the vortex of conspiracies and plots that characterized Italian history from 1849 to 1860, and ends with the return of Garibaldi to Caprera after the battle of the Volturno. It contains an ample selection of documents, mostly unpublished, connected together by means of such editorial comment as seemed necessary. Between 1849 and 1859 Crispi lived in exile in Turin, Malta, Paris, and London, looked upon askance by the police and frequently expelled, but ever plotting the downfall of the Bourbon tyranny, and the liberation of Sicily which was his one thought, his only aim. He was the arch-conspirator, the *âme damnée*, of the Sicilian expedition, and these papers make us understand the very important rôle he played in that event. In 1853 he was in correspondence with Kossuth, who had not only promised him arms, ammunition, and ships, but had even guaranteed him that the United States Government would prevent by force, if necessary, any intervention of the European Powers to help the Bourbons to crush the coming Sicilian revolution. However, nothing happened until 1859; Mazzini, of whom Crispi was an ardent follower, was constantly urging an expedition to Sicily, and Crispi determined to go there himself and inquire into the conditions and feel the pulse of the island. This he did, at the risk of his life, and what he saw convinced him that if only assistance and encouragement were given from outside, the Sicilians would rise as one man and the whole rotten edifice of Bourbon government crumble. His task now was to convince Garibaldi of this, Garibaldi being the only man capable of leading an expedition to Sicily; and the documents and correspondence show us how he succeeded in overcoming the general's hesitations.

That is Crispi's great contribution to the Italian Risorgimento. In these pages we can follow the situation day by day, and see how one insuperable obstacle after another was overcome. Garibaldi did not wish to go to Sicily unless the Sicilians had actually risen and were able to hold their own to some extent; under these conditions the Sardinian government, Rattazzi, La Farina (the president of the Italian National Society), and even Cavour were favorable; but they were not realized, and the abortive rising was quickly crushed. Yet Crispi succeeded (whether he actually forged the famous telegram or not is doubtful) in making Garibaldi believe that the rebels were still holding out, and the immortal Thousand sailed from Quarto. Crispi was no friend of Cavour, and indeed the republican conspirator could hardly be the friend of the monarchist diplomat and constitutional statesman. The editor shares his uncle's views, and in his comment he seeks to exalt Crispi by belittling Cavour. Crispi's fame had no need of being magnified at Cavour's expense, and Cavour certainly did not actually oppose the expedition of the Thousand, as Sig. Palamenghi-Crispi suggests, but does not prove. If Cavour did not openly favor it, this was because he could not, like Crispi, consider Sicily alone, but had to keep the whole Italian question in mind and circumvent hostile diplomatic intervention from many quarters and in many fields, intervention which the rashness of Garibaldi and still more that of some of his headstrong followers, might have precipitated. We perceive Crispi's genius and statesmanlike qualities when, after the occupation of Palermo by Garibaldians, we see him no longer a plotter but a supporter of government and administration; thus began the process of evolution which reached its climax when he became Prime Minister of United Italy.

A wider period, but on a narrower stage, is that dealt with in the memoirs of the Baroness Olimpia Savio (Raffaele Ricci, "Memorie della Baronessa Olimpia Savio"; Milan, Treves, 2 vols.), who during her long life (1816-1889) saw the whole pageant of the Italian Risorgimento pass before her. A member of that old Piedmontese aristocracy which was the bulwark of the House of Savoy and afterwards did so much for the creation of United Italy, her own direct service to her country was in the lives of her two sons, both artillery officers. Her *salon* at Turin was the rendezvous of most of the notable people of the day, and it was the first house of a thoroughly Italian character in the Piedmontese capital, for at that time Turinese society was not yet thoroughly Italianized. Among Baroness Savio's friends were men of letters like Manzoni, Tommaseo, Prati, Aleardi; statesmen and patriots like Carlo Poerio, Gino Capponi, Cesare Balbo, D'Azeglio, the diplomat Nigra, Garibaldi, and numbers of others; and many interesting conversations and correspondence with them are published in these volumes. The letters of the two soldier sons give vivid pictures of the campaigns of 1859-60; Alfredo died a hero's death at the siege of Ancona, continuing to give orders to his battery while desperately wounded, and his brother, too, fell bravely at the siege of Gaeta. It is impossible to read the story of these two counts, written by the bereaved mother, without emotion. The excitement of public affairs at a time when the scattered provinces of Italy were being welded into the Italian kingdom, and the meeting of the first Italian Parliament at Turin in 1861, to some extent enabled Baroness Savio and her husband to forget their personal grief. The book sheds some fresh light on the September Convention between Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon III, by which it was agreed that the Italian capital should be removed from Turin to Florence. When that change came about the Savio *salon* declined, but the Baroness continued her intercourse with many interesting personalities, and devoted part of her time to literary work. Sig. Raffaele Ricci has done well to publish these papers, which no one who is interested in the Italian Risorgimento should omit to read.

In the memoirs of Count Campello (Paolo Campello della Spina, "Ricordi di più che cinquant'anni"; Rome, Loescher), we have an account of Roman life during the Italian Risorgimento by a Catholic aristocrat who was also determined to be a good Italian. An enthusiastic Liberal in 1868, and a member of the Roman civic guard, he early accepted the idea of national unity, but has always bitterly opposed extreme Radicalism and anti-Clericalism. The book is slight, but full of curious details and side-lights on history, and is pleasantly written. The Roman aristocracy (with the exception of the house of Caetani), unlike that of most other parts of Italy, and unlike the Roman middle classes, was not Liberal, and was the last to be imbued with Italian sentiments. But in the late fifties, Liberalism in Rome increased, the campaign of 1859 aroused enthusiasm for the House of Savoy, and the occupation of the Papal States, with the exception of the city and province of Rome, came to be regarded as inevitable and necessary. Among the most active propagandists of these views were several noble ladies, including an Englishwoman, the Marchesa Calabrini. Count Campello was elected member of the Italian Parliament for Spoleto after Umbria had been annexed (the family is Umbrian), while his father became Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs. The author gives some interesting particulars of the negotiations between the Italian Government and the Pope in 1867 for a *modus vivendi*, which were broken off in consequence of the French expedition to Civitavecchia, and the Mentana campaign. After the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops in 1870, Count Campello took an active part in Roman municipal politics during successive Clerical administrations and continued his attempts at conciliation between the Pope and the Government, which he regarded as necessary for both to stem the tide of socialism, disorder, and atheism. Among the minor matters dealt with is an amusing history of Roman fox-hunting.

A very different biography is the Commendatore Augusto Bondi's "Memorie di un Questore" (Milan, Società editrice La grande attualità). Sig. Bondi was for twenty-five years in the Italian police administration, and having been removed from his post as *questore* or chief of police in Milan, and summoned before a disciplinary court for some offence of which he says that he himself is still ignorant, he has published his recollections. He writes simply and clearly, and absolutely without the bitter polemical spirit which one might expect under the circumstances. The most interesting part of the book is the account of the author's experiences as police commissioner of the Borgo, the quarter of Rome bordering on the Vatican. He held that position, always a difficult one, at the time of the death of Leo XIII and the succeeding Conclave, concerning which court he gives his readers a great deal of interesting information. The duty of the Borgo commissioner is to guard against any violation of the Law of Papal Guarantees, and to protect the Pope against anti-Clerical disturbances and insults; this has to be done by an implicit understanding, but without any official communication, with the Vatican authorities. Sig. Bondi also had some exciting experiences in Sardinia, where he was sent to help in putting down brigandage, and was entrusted with the extremely responsible task of protecting the lives of the King and Queen of Italy, the Shah of Persia, and other exalted personages on various journeys in Italy and elsewhere. The book tells of many quite extraordinary affairs, far more surprising than most detective stories.

L. V.

Correspondence

THE SUEZ CANAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial of January 19, entitled "Fortifying the Canal," you say:

> The Suez Canal was neutralized by England, the nation which built it,

thus repeating the unfortunate error made in the protest against fortifying the Panama Canal, signed by many eminent citizens and published last week, the third reason given beginning thus: "Because, though the Suez Canal was built with English money, England agreed to its neutralization."

The Suez Canal was built by the Universal Suez Canal Company, a private corporation. England was opposed to its construction and placed obstructions in the way of the work from time to time, which delayed its completion and added to its cost. At one time the Egyptian fellaheen engaged on the work were withdrawn by peremptory orders from the English Government to the Egyptian Government. This compelled the use of new machinery, specially constructed to do work that had theretofore been done by hand. With this machinery the contractors were able to excavate 50,000,000 cubic metres with less than 4,000 men in less than five years.

In 1856 Mohammed Said Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, granted a concession to build this canal to the celebrated French engineer, De Lesseps. Half of the shares in the company that was formed were taken by the Egyptian Government and half of the shares were sold on the Continent, most of them being taken by Frenchmen. It was the marvellous success of this company that led the French people to plunge wildly into the French Panama Canal scheme. The Suez Canal was opened in 1869. England had no connection with it until 1875, when the pressing demands upon the extravagant Khedive Ismail Pasha for money, forced him to accept the secret offer of the astute Disraeli, and the English Government became the owner of the 175,000 shares of the Egyptian Government, paying therefor about $20,000,000. These shares are now worth more than $125,000,000.

Besides this profit of more than $100,000,000, England has escaped the cost of fortifying the canal by shrewdly joining other nations in establishing its neutrality, upon the ground that the canal was built by and belongs to an international private corporation.

The preservation of the Panama Canal from fortification and its neutralization are so important, in order that a beginning may be made in establishing and maintaining the peace of the world and in preparing the way for the beginning of disarmament, that no mistake of fact should be made that would leave the discussion open to a charge of misstatement by those who are urging that the Panama Canal should be fortified.

Amasa M. Eaton.

Providence, R. I., February 8.

SELF-ACCUSATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your late article on "The Criminal's Privilege" shows the necessity of a reform in criminal procedure. The maxim, *Nemo tenetur seipsum accusare,* "No man is to be compelled to accuse himself," is comparatively modern, is of statutory origin, and originally had added to it the qualification, "Yet when once a man has been accused by general report, he is bound to show whether he can prove his innocence and to vindicate himself." It seems to have originated in the contests between the courts of common law and the ecclesiastical jurisdictions in England. Ecclesiastical courts sometimes permitted torture, which, though occasionally used in England, was never lawful there, and the maxim, *Nemo tenetur,* was intended as a protection of the subject against the infliction of torture. It may be translated, "No one is to be compelled by torture to confess." The rule that was originally intended as a protection against torture is now stretched so far as to put a person accused of crime into a privileged class, and to give him a sort of sacrosanct character. Every man, whether accused or not, owes it to society to tell what he knows about a crime. And to send a recalcitrant witness to jail for contempt of court in refusing to answer is not the same thing at all as the torture against which the rule was directed. A witness can purge his contempt by answering the questions put to him, whether the answers are such as the prosecutor desires or not. Torture was directed solely to compelling the confession of a crime of which the accused might or might not be guilty, and usually accomplished its object.

Courts are compelled, for their own protection, to wink at a most dangerous method of evading the force of the maxim, as interpreted by technically minded judges who have forgotten the reason of the rule. A man arrested for crime is often put through what is called the "third degree" by the police, a most dangerous practice. How much better it would be if the accused were to be examined in open court by the committing magistrate.

The evil of the rule, in its modern interpretation, is much mitigated by the statutory permission given to the accused to go upon the witness stand and testify. This virtually compels the accused, in nearly every case, to offer himself as a witness for examination and cross-examination. The New York statute provides that the failure of the accused to testify shall not raise any presumption against him, but jurymen are not generally fools, and know that an innocent man will be only too glad to tell his story. The failure of an accused person to testify raises, and must raise, a presumption of guilt, statute or no statute.

A. P. Rose.

Geneva, N. Y., February 2.

YONE NOGUCHI AT ENKAKUJI.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was much interested to hear, some three years ago, that Mr. Yone Noguchi had entered in the blessing of Enkakuji, the famous Buddhistic temple of the Zen sect at Kamakura, to use his own words, to study the oldest, yet newest, language of silence. He wrote me then:

> I came here to confess how little is our human intellect. The silence here does not awe you, and you have to submit to it without a challenge, with a prayer. It is not a weapon, as it might happen to be in some other place; but it is a gospel whose unwritten words can be read through the virtue of self-forgetting. Indeed, I am now in my third spiritual awakening.

It was, I believe, his first awakening when he left San Francisco, a year after his arrival in California, and went to the home of Joaquin Miller, that eccentric American bard, behind Oakland, where he stayed some three years, on and off. As "The Pilgrimage" was the fruit of his third awakening, "Seen and Unseen: Monologues of a Homeless Snail" came from his first retreat into dream and poetry, the world of silence where is no wind or speech, but the loneliness that is the soul of nature. He was then less than twenty years old, rather comfortably fat, contrary to his present appearance, carrying an air of a Spaniard or Mexican, rather than a Japanese.

My imagination's eyes see clearly Yone Noguchi of fourteen or fifteen years ago (he was already famous, this little lad, less than twenty years old, through America, by his lines of poetry), who wore a straw hat even in winter, and a velvet suit, as I remember, continually for three years, that he bought with the money he earned by washing the windows or scrubbing floors. He was working as a dish-washer or kitch-

on boy at a little country tavern of Menlo Park, near Palo Alto, where the Stanford University is, when the China-Japan war broke out. He gave up the job and walked back to San Francisco, for he wished to see his compatriotis (three of them are now members of the Diet), and discuss the Japanese movement in the field. He became a newspaper man of the *Shoko Shimbun*, or San Francisco *News*, which has a circulation of only 200. He was by turns translator of American papers into Japanese, and carrier-boy. He slept on a table, with old papers as a mattress. Before he went to sleep, he used to read English poems. That was before he went to Miller's with a book of Kochi Zenji, the Chinese priest of Zen Buddhis Basho's hokku poems, and, among English poems, Poe's works. With Poe he was often said to be spiritually related. I think it was in those younger days that he was really romantic, and even great, as a poet; perhaps more so than to-day, when his fame is quite established, even in England. It was his idea to become as free as a wind or a cloud, and a part of nature, like a flower or bird. His master was that vagabond poet, Basho Matsuo, who spent his life in travelling and uniting himself with nature. And Noguchi practised "tramp life" during three successive years in spring. He was a great tramp, even among the Japanese colony. He walked once three hundred miles into the Yosemite valley, where he wrote "The Voice of the Valley." Again, he walked down from San Francisco to Los Angeles. It was often whispered among us that he had gone insane from too much poetry. He always talked of death as the most beautiful thing imaginable, and we were much afraid he might put his fancy into realization. When he appeared in New York in 1899, he wrote frequently for American papers and magazines for a living. We who knew his fantastic but extraordinary life in California began to think that his days as a poet had passed. But when we heard the news that his "From the Eastern Sea" had created a sensation in the English capital, we were glad to think that he was the same Yone Noguchi. If his life history might be told, it would be the most interesting thing. He left Japan in his eighteenth year for America, almost penniless—worse than that, friendless.

His second spiritual awakening was, of course, in London, where he found that poetry and art were the great force of life; I think he was not so sure to make poetry his life's work till he appeared in England, because New York greatly robbed away his precious dream of younger days. Although his stay in London was short, the impression he received there was most intimate, and we shall not be surprised to see him soon again in London. He said to me the other day:

> I wish, indeed, more than anything else, to see again the large handsome illumined works of Blake at the British Museum. And I wish I had known more of Whistler's London pictures when I went there last; certainly I should have seen more beauty then. Oh, if I could be there again!

When he returned home in 1904, the reception prepared for him was perfectly unusual. (Whether he likes it or not, he comes out now from the Temple of Silence once a week and attends Kelo University, Tokio, where he delivers a lecture on poetry.) But he always doubts how far the Japanese people can understand his poems, and he has some reason to complain of neglect here; he is glad, however, he can have more liberty as a consequence, and can work independently, not a bit disturbed. As he believes, his life's work is still coming; the work he has done hitherto might be merely a prelude; and as a prelude, it was a beautiful prelude indeed.

I am not ready to say that he has turned a Buddhist, though we often found him sitting in the Meditation Hall of the Enkakuji Temple, where he hears the Voice of the Unknowable. Here in the temple ground we see him under the moon or fallen leaves, as if a sad spirit; the following poem he gave me the other day has not yet been published:

> In the voices of a bell
> Where prayer like a light all day
> Kisses the shadow-like chest of faith,
> I, awearied not of life, have a home.
>
> Along the path of the breeze
> Where love lone but happy sings and roams,
> I gather the petals of thought
> Nursed by the slumber of peace.
>
> Truth, like the moon of day and night,
> Ever perfect, all silent and gold,
> Shed thy light over sorrow and cheer,
> Make me regain my rest and song.
>
> Ah, through the mountains and rivers,
> Let thy vastness thrill like that of air;
> I read thy word in the flash of a leaf,
> Thy mystery in the whisper of a grass.

S. TSUSHIMA.

Kamakura, Japan, January 16.

THE SUPER-PROFESSOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was much interested in the theory, set forth in your editorial on the "Super-Professorate," that, when a course begins to be inspiring it ceases in about the same measure to be disciplinary. Is there not some danger that this theory of what one may call the inspirational "snap" may turn to the profit not of the super-professor, but of the super-dilettante? I am not, of course, denying the value of "open" courses, courses that do not count for a degree such as are given in foreign and occasionally in our own universities (that I conceive to be an entirely different question); what does seem doubtful to me is the notion that one qualifies for becoming a super-professor by giving super-snaps, courses that are frowned upon by one's colleagues and are "mildly scandalous" to parents. I believe that the one way to rehabilitate our literary courses in particular is to make them not less disciplinary but more disciplinary than the courses that deal primarily with facts. If we ask how literary courses may be made thus disciplinary we are led at once to the real weakness of our teachers of literature, which is not lack of enthusiasm, but lack of ideas. A lecturer cannot "solemnly examine men on the enthusiasms he has created," but he can examine them, as well as test them in other ways, on their power to handle ideas, on their intellectual grip, as one might say. What is hurting literary studies at present is the feeling that though agreeable they are rather aimless and just a bit unmanly. A certain type of undergraduate who looks on himself as literary is apt to develop an unwholesome complexion and read Oscar Wilde, and his more normal classmates decide that if that be literature, they will go in for football. Evidently the only hope for the teacher of literature is to have so many ideas and to use them with such masculine purpose that no one can confuse him with the mere æsthete and dilettante. I scarcely need add that a right training in ideas presupposes a severe training in facts. That is why so many great scholars (Jowett is the first example that occurs to me) have not disdained in their actual teaching to be humbly and minutely disciplinary.

IRVING BABBITT.

Harvard University, February 11.

GREEK AND SCIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial of the *Nation* of December 29 reference is made to the statement of a writer in the *Classical Journal* "who cites a Dartmouth professor's statement that the boys selected to assist in the science courses are almost uniformly those who offered Greek in preparation and no science." The writer in the *Classical Journal* probably had in mind a statement of my own, which was either loosely made or not quite accurately remembered.

The reference was confined to graduate students in science, who, while studying for their Master's degree, serve as laboratory assistants. My statement was, or should have been, that the Greek section of the college furnished distinctly more than its proportion of these assistants in science, and the science section distinctly less than its proportion. Permit me to give the facts as to these graduate assistants in science for the past twelve years, and as to the whole number of graduate students in science for the same period, I add also the facts as to senior honor men in science, and as to graduates of the college within this period who have been called to positions of more or less permanence as professors or instructors in the scientific departments of the college. I exclude from my computation men who have entered Dartmouth in advanced standing from other colleges, as the facts as to their study of Latin or Greek are not accessible to me. Since 1902 Greek has not been required for our A.B. degree. The effect of this opening of the degree has been fully felt since about 1906.

During the twelve years from 1899 to 1910 inclusive the men who had Greek in preparation for college (and by our requirements, at least one year of Greek in college) formed 36½ per cent. of all the graduates of the period. The men who had science and the modern languages in preparation formed exactly the same proportion. The remaining 27 per cent. had Latin without Greek, forming the so-called Latin-scientific section.

The Greek section of 36½ per cent. furnished 47 per cent. of the senior honor men in science, 58 per cent. of the graduate students in science, 62½ per cent. of the graduate assistants in science, and 58 per cent. of the graduates of these years called to faculty positions in science.

The science section of 36½ per cent. furnished to the science departments 15 per cent. of the senior honor men, 21 per cent.

of the graduate students, 25 per cent. of the graduate assistants, and 8 per cent. of the men called to faculty positions.

The Latin-scientific section of 27 per cent. furnished to the science departments 38 per cent. of the senior honor men, 21 per cent. of the graduate students, 12½ per cent. of the graduate assistants, and 33 per cent. of the men called to faculty positions.

In the past five years, 1906 to 1910, under the full effect of the opening of the A.B. degree without Greek, the Greek section has formed 25½ per cent. of the graduates of the college, the Latin-scientific section 32 per cent., and the scientific section 42½ per cent. In this period the Greek section of 25½ per cent. has furnished to the science departments 40 per cent. of the senior honor men and 54 per cent. of the graduate students; the scientific section of 42½ per cent. has furnished 20 per cent. of the senior honor men in science, and 15 per cent. of the graduate students in science; the Latin-scientific section of 32 per cent. of the graduates has furnished in science 40 per cent. of the senior honor men, and 31 per cent. of the graduate students. The Greek section has furnished to the scientific departments two graduate assistants and one member of the faculty; each of the other sections has furnished one graduate assistant and one faculty member.

Prof. Paul Shorey says in his masterly statement of "The Case for the Classics" (Reprint from the University Bulletin, New Series, xi, 17, University of Chicago Press; a paper which ought to be put into the hands of every superintendent and principal in the country): "Let not our scientific colleagues deceive themselves. They are more allied to us by the severity and definiteness of their discipline than divided by differences of matter and method." The fact that the Dartmouth departments of science have found the Greek section steadily contributing more than its numerical proportion to the group of advanced students in science, and the section entering with no classical training as steadily contributing less than its proportion, confirms Professor Shorey's statement.

It may be of interest to note the effect of the general movement of our schools away from Greek, and of the opening of the A.B. degree to students who have no Greek, as it has effected the numbers of our Greek section at Dartmouth. For the years 1899 to 1910 the percentage of Greek students in each graduating class is as follows: 53½, 54, 51, 59, 51½, 31½, 41, 29, 34, 24, 22, 19. The percentage of the Greek men in the classes now in college shows a still more rapid decrease. Of the present freshman class of 385 members (excluding men dropped back from other classes) only about 8 per cent. entered with Greek.

CHARLES D. ADAMS.

Dartmouth College, January 5.

HOW TO SPELL TOLSTOY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page nine of the first volume of Aylmer Maude's "Life of Tolstoy" these three sentences occur:

His name in Russian is Lyóf Nikoláyevitch (Leo, son-of-Nicholas) Tolstóy. Leo Tolstoy is the way he signs himself when using the Latin alphabet, and when pronouncing the name it should be remembered that the accent falls on the second syllable, and that that syllable rhymes with "boy." The fancy spellings *Tolstoi* and *Tolstoĭ* are due to the fact that some of the early translators and reviewers, not being able to read Russian, relied on French versions, and did not know how Tolstoy spells or pronounces his own name.

Mr. Maude returns to the charge in a preliminary note to the second volume. He says:

We have as yet (though it is much needed) no accepted method of transliteration from Russian into English. . . . I hope the day is not distant when some system will be generally agreed upon in the matter. Any system would be better than the present anarchy.

The American Library Association as long ago as June 11, 1900, adopted a careful and perfectly sensible system of transliteration for the Slavic languages, prepared by S. A. Chevalier, Archibald Cary Coolidge, and A. V. Bobine. In accordance with this system the short *i* (*i s kratkoĭ*, as it is called) used only in the formation of diphthongs and designated with a semicircle lying on its back, is represented by ĭ (i with a diæresis fairly represents this diacritical mark). This leaves our *y* to stand for the adjective ending *i* followed by the *i s kratkoĭ*, which is so useful in distinguishing between Russian and Polish names. Moreover, the last syllable of the word Tolstoĭ is not exactly the equivalent of our English word *toy*, though it approximates to it, the Russian *o* being like oah, just as our *o* is really a diphthong (*o* fading into *oo*), as any one may prove by repeating it. I have heard Russians speak the word *peró* (a pen), and it sounded like a trisyllable, *pe-ró-ah*).

A man has indeed a right to spell or pronounce his own name as he pleases, but it does not prove that he is correct in doing so. The family of Des Isles at Mount Desert, before fashion settled there, called themselves the Dee Sizzies, and the Scotch make their Campbells come as camels. It is certainly unfortunate that the first and most correct transliteration of the great Russian author's name, corresponding as it does with the common French form of it, should have been confused by Mr. Maude's strenuous endeavors to change it. It is a very small matter, and if the spelling with *y* had first obtained, I should not be in favor of making any alteration in it, but as long as the spelling with *oĭ* has the guarantee of the American Library Association and usage hitherto, I deprecate the use of the other. The heat and fervor shown by the advocates of the y-spelling are quite amusing, and go a long way to show that they are in the wrong.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., February 7.

WILLIAM B. GILES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am collecting material for a life of William B. Giles, United States Senator (1804-1815) and Governor of Virginia (1827-1830), and would appreciate information leading to a discovery of Giles's letters or other matter bearing on his life.

D. R. ANDERSON.

Richmond College, Richmond, Va., February 10.

HOUSING OF FEDERAL ARCHIVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The real organization of a record office of the United States is a highly technical matter, the mere site being but a detail. As to the site, it seems indicated by every administrative and æsthetic reason as the twin plot north of the Library of Congress. Our lawyers have long had an eye upon this ground for the new Supreme Court building, but there is no special reason for placing the Supreme Court there and every reason for putting the record office there as a mate to the library and to include all historical manuscripts. In this way Washington would greatly improve even upon London and Paris. Every student is well aware of the advantage which would ensue if the public record office and British Museum were side by side in London, and Les Archives and the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Some years ago Senator Lodge introduced in the Senate a bill carefully adapted by me from the act of the first of Victoria which established the magnificent glory of historic scholarship in London. The bill for a record office of the United States is a larger development of the previous bill introduced by Senator Lodge for an historical commission of the United States, the lack of which at this late date is an equal disgrace. These propositions especially appealed to my life-long friend, the late Senator Hoar, and it was at his suggestion not long before his death that I applied to his distinguished colleague.

Senator Lodge is entitled to all credit for his initiative in the Senate, but unfortunately he is bound, like all Senators, in non-controversial subjects by the unwritten law of Senatorial courtesy. The bills have been pigeonholed for years by Senator Wetmore of Rhode Island, the chairman of the Library Committee. I have no idea that Senator Wetmore has personally the least opposition to either scheme, but he naturally deferred to the very strong opposition of the late librarian of Congress. No one who like myself for forty years has known how much scholarship in all directions in Washington owed to the late Mr. Spofford can fail to honor his memory. Mr. Spofford, like all of us, however, had his weaknesses, and his most striking weakness was a mania for retaining in his hand a monopoly of all literary matters in Washington. This particular weakness, as is notorious, eventually got him into trouble, and brought much abuse from the vulgar who had no appreciation of his great qualities, or of the heartbreaking years of effort necessary to have at last our noble book palace erected. The opposition of Mr. Spofford was the solitary discordant note in a chorus of approval by resolution of State Legislatures and historical societies in favor of both bills. I have good reason to believe that the present librarian does not share his predecessor's antipathy, although he naturally in such matter would not, while Mr. Spofford was alive, controvert him in any way. I know that the late head of the manuscript department in the library, Mr. Worthington Ford, is in hearty support of the reform, as I have no reason to think his successor is not of the same opinion. In fact, the Library of Congress in future years will need all its space and all its admin-

istrative energies to handle its wealth of printed books, of prints, of manuscripts of non-historical matter, its maps, and of innumerable other collections. The intensely circumscribed and highly technical task of the professional archivist needs a quite detached foundation. Here I take issue in a minor way with the article in the *Nation* of to-day.

I deny that our archives begin only 140 years ago. I am now preparing for print for the Virginia Historical Society the first court book of Virginia, beginning in 1622, written inside the stockade at Jamestown, with all the intense dramatic flavor of such surroundings. The original is in the Jefferson papers in the Library of Congress, although strictly speaking it should belong to Virginia. In the Library of Congress also are the land records of Florida, removed from Tallahassee, which may refer to matters as far back as 1565. They actually have houses in St. Augustine built in 1580. I take it that it is the scope of a record office and historical commission of the United States to have a fatherly or motherly eye upon all historical records of the American hemisphere from 1492, or even before.

Washington should have a trained staff, authorized to speak, both at home and abroad, as the custodians of our history. I have had the pleasure this evening of calling the attention of Mr. Choate to your important editorial. He not only promised to read it, but to give the matter his support. With his London experience he is well aware how humiliating is the fact of Washington having no equivalent of the British institutions, and with his good word I am sure many others will bestir in the matter. Now that the American Historical Association has added its powerful official voice to the movement, I hope to see within the next ten years, and before my gray hairs have become quite snowy, a fellow palace to the Library of Congress sitting beside it, and housing not only our record office, but our historical commission.

LOTHROP WITHINGTON.

New York, February 2.

Literature

FIONA MACLEOD.

The Writings of "Fiona Macleod." Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. New York: Duffield & Co. Seven volumes, $1.50 net each.

William Sharp (Fiona Macleod): A Memoir. Compiled by his wife, Elizabeth Sharp. Duffield & Co. $3.75 net.

The writer who used the name "Fiona Macleod" has been brought into prominence by the publication of a revised and collected edition of his works and by an admirable biography (though a little too long) from the hand of his wife. For twelve years, until his death in 1905 permitted the revelation, his identity with the mysterious writer of the Highlands was kept secret by the small circle to whom it was known. When the secret of Fiona's existence was revealed, there rose in its place the question of Mr. Sharp's double activity—for all through this time he had purposely kept up his critical writing under his own name—and certain amateur psychologists began to spread the rumor of a mysterious dual personality in the man, as if he had really possessed two souls, one masculine and Saxon, the other feminine and Celtic. It is evident that Mr. Sharp liked to puzzle himself and those who were in the secret by posing as one under an extraordinary inspiration. As a matter of fact, there is nothing at all supernatural or even very strange in the matter. From a child the wistful, mystery-mongering vein that runs through the books of Fiona Macleod was marked in William Sharp, and if most of the writings before he assumed the Gaelic name show the ordinary qualities of Anglo-Saxon London, that was simply because he wrote for the market what the market demanded.

William Sharp was born at Paisley in 1855, and was in childhood very delicate. By his Highland nurse, Barbara, he was initiated into the vague superstitions of the Gael, to which he added the dreams and adventures of his own brooding, half-nurtured soul. Mrs. Sharp tells of having heard him speak often of a gentle white Lady of the Woods, who appeared to him in childhood by a well in Argyll, and threw upon him "blueness out of the flowers, as one might lift foam out of a pool." In later years, vacations passed in the western Highlands and on the Hebridean islands reinforced his imagination with the nature myths that still haunted those distant and then almost unvisited places. In particular, he came to love the lonely island of Iona, with its long-remembered traditions of the great Columba, who had come thither from Ireland, bringing to the new land the Gospel of Christ, not as an enemy, but as a friend of the pagan gods of nature. On that island, he became acquainted with an old fisherman, Seumas Macleod, who took the child of seven on his knee one day and made him pray to "Her," the spirit-woman at the heart of the world, and who, as he wrote long afterwards in a letter, "was indeed the *father* of Fiona." And elsewhere he tells of coming once as a boy of sixteen upon the old man at sunrise standing with his face to the sea and with his bonnet removed from his long white locks; and when the boy spoke to Seumas (seeing he was not "at his prayers"), the old man replied simply, in Gaelic of course: "Every morning like this, I take my hat off to the beauty of the world."

When Sharp was twelve years old his parents moved to Glasgow, and the boy was sent to the academy in that city. In 1871 he was enrolled as a student at the Glasgow University, where he remained for two years, leaving without taking a degree. He thereupon entered the office of a firm of Glasgow lawyers. Here for two years he is said to have allowed himself only four out of the twenty-four hours for sleep, wasting his strength, not on the law it may be supposed, but on more attractive studies. His health, always precarious, broke under the strain, and he was shipped off to Australia. The new world did not satisfy him, and he was soon back in Scotland, where he spent a year of idleness. In 1878 he came to London and took a place in a bank; but literature still lured him on, and after a while he threw himself on his pen for support and gradually through many hardships and moments of despair won for himself an acknowledged and profitable hold on the publishers. Naturally, as a servant of the press he wrote what the readers of magazines and popular biographies desired, hiding close in his heart the wayward mysticism and the grandiose philosophy he had learned from nature. Yet those deeper springs of inspiration were never forgotten, and in his intimate letters we hear continually of great projected epics and other poems that were to solve all the riddles of life. From the specimens of these suppressed masterpieces given by Mrs. Sharp in the biography, we conjecture that their loss to the world is not deplorable.

By the year 1892, when Sharp was thirty-seven, he was in a position to command his own time to a certain extent, and with his wife he settled down for a while in a little cottage near Rudgwick, Sussex. Here came the inspiration of Fiona Macleod.

It is not strange that Sharp should have taken a woman's name. He had for one thing the inspiration of a lately found friend in Rome, of whom we get only tantalizing glimpses in the biography and in his dedications—the woman who stood to him as a personification of the *Anima Celtica*, the Celtic Soul still brooding, as he describes it, in the "Land of Promise, whose borders shine with the loveliness of all forfeited, or lost, or banished dreams and realities of Beauty." Moreover, the feminine element, the Ewig-Weibliche, has always predominated in the ideals of the romantic *Schwärmerei*, and it was natural that this latest incarnation of the old hopes and dreams should have appeared in the disguise of a woman. The particular name is easily accounted for. "Macleod" he took from his old friend and mentor of Iona, and "Fiona" is the nearest highland appellation he could find to the name of the island which meant so much to his theory of inspiration.

The earliest book to appear under the new signature was "Pharais," published in 1894; "The Mountain Lovers," which with "Pharais" forms the first volume of the collected works, came out in 1895, and thereafter, for the ten remaining years of Sharp's life, there was a suc-

cession of stories, sketches, essays, poems, and dramas, making in the complete edition seven fair-sized volumes. "Pharais" caught the attention of the discerning at once, and the interest in the unknown writer never flagged. She became a cult with some, and with others a recurring escape from the world and from thought.

With advancing years, the restlessness that had been characteristic of Sharp's temperament from childhood grew to what can only be described as morbid excess. The first glimpse we have of him as a baby is in the guise of a run-away storming the make-believe castles of fairyland, and, at the end, until held in the leash by ill-health, we see him drifting, or rather running, from place to place, seeking excitement from the sea or peace from the hills, always in a feverish haste to overtake some vanishing, unimaginable goal of the heart's desire. He died in Sicily in 1905, beloved and regretted by those who knew him.

Mr. Sharp apparently valued most the later writings, in which the human motives disappear in a haze of disorganized symbolism, whereas the less enthusiastic reader is likely to find his interest centring, with some minor exceptions, in the tales of "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lovers." There the discipline Sharp had acquired from his long apprenticeship to the press kept him within the bounds of reason, while the new freedom and Celtic inspiration added a note that is not common in English fiction. There is more of passion in "The Mountain Lovers"; and the scenes about the lonely pool, the terrible unrelenting love and madness of the blind old man, the elfish fear and wisdom of the dwarf, the yearning of the girl Oona that a soul may be born in her wild, woodland worshipper—the whole tissue of emotions in this solitude haunted by the magic influence of forgotten gods is almost unbearably dark and tragic. But on the whole, "Pharais," with its calmer beauty and subtler pathos, is the finer work; Fiona Macleod never equalled that first lovely creation.

Having found his public in these two tales, Mr. Sharp, one may say, a little abused their good nature. A few of the shorter stories have a weird beauty not without some relation to human experience, and some of the nature-essays written at the very end of his life and brought together under the title of "Where the Forest Murmurs" display an intimate union of symbolism and real observation such as many in these later days have attempted but few have achieved. If he had written always in that vein he would have accomplished something memorable and large in English letters; but too often the symbolism runs quite away with him and leaves one vaguely wondering whether he really had anything in his mind to symbolize. Many of the old Gaelic superstitions and legends he has attempted to revivify strike one in his rendering as merely meaningless day-dreams. Though he never united himself unreservedly with the Irish Celtic movement and deprecated its too common hostility to everything Saxon, yet in his inability to distinguish between an idea or a clear emotion and the flutterings of a sick fancy he fell too often into vaporous nonsense that makes the loosest imaginings of "A. E." or Mr. Yeats seem solid and compact of reason. Possibly he deceived himself into thinking that he was dealing with real ideas and genuine emotions; in truth he was playing with an empty convention. Take a stanza of his poems—almost any stanza will do—

> Oh, fair immaculate rose of the world, rose of my dream, my Rose!
> Beyond the ultimate gates of dream I have heard thy mystical call:
> It is where the rainbow of hope suspends and the river of rapture flows—
> And the cool sweet dews from the wells of peace for ever fall.

Now it is possible that these phrases—"rose of my dream," "ultimate gates of dream," "rainbow of hope," "river of rapture," "wells of peace"—it is quite possible that these phrases when first struck out corresponded to some yearning for an ideal clearly conceived and strongly desired, but as they are used and endlessly reiterated by Mr. Sharp, and by others of his school, they become a mere poetic convention emptier of content than the *clichés* of the pseudo-classical writers. They require no effort on the part of the poet and mean nothing to the reader. One remembers the Grand Academy of Lagado which was once visited by a certain Mr. Gulliver, and the pleasant device of the academicians to produce literature without waste of brain. Something like that might seem to be the method employed in turning out a good deal of this late romantic prose and verse. All you need do is to have a frame of shifting blocks on which are inscribed severally the conventional phrases, and then by the turn of a crank to throw them into new combinations, and the thing is done.

In fact, there is at the base of all this literature, a double misunderstanding. Mr. Sharp and those who were working with him believed that they were renewing the old Celtic idealism and that, in this revival, there was the prophecy of a great spiritual and imaginative renovation for the world; whereas, in fact, their inspiration came essentially from a source that had little to do with any special character of the Celts, and they are the fag end of a movement, rather than the forerunners of anything. Something of the old Celtic imagination may have been caught up by these young enthusiasts. The mere use of the myths of a time must carry with it something of their emotional content, and the new and the old schools of the Celt are bound to have some traits in common—the sense of fateful brooding, the feeling of dark and bright powers concealed in nature and working mysteriously upon human destiny, the conception of passions as forces that have a strange life in themselves and come into the hearts of men as if they were independent creatures, the sense of unearthly yet very real beauty, the haunting belief in a supernatural world that lies now far away in the unattainable West, and now buried beneath our feet or just trembling into vision, the mixture of yearning and fear that is felt toward that world as a source of incalculable joys and dark forgetful madness to those who break in upon its secret reserve. But withal the essential spirit of the sagas is quite different from that of these imitators. The light in the old tales is hard and sharp and brilliant, whereas our new writers love to merge the outlines of nature in an all-obliterating monotonous gray. The heroes in the sagas are men and women that throb with insatiable life, and the emotions of these men, whatever mysticism may envelop their source, are the stark, mortal passions of love and greed and hatred and revenge and lamentable grief. The real source of this Celtic revival is in the romantic revolt of the eighteenth century—in Blake and Chatterton, and that whole movement—to which must be added the influences of Maeterlinck and the other modern pseudo-mystics of the Continent. It does not bear on its face so much the light of dawn as the twilight that precedes the night. It is the fading end of a great inspiration, not the promise of a new world. It is often obscure and meaningless, and sometimes silly; but at its best it carries a gleam of haunted and pathetic loveliness.

CURRENT FICTION.

Dixie Hart. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Bros.

A certain French critic writes of a certain Frenchman's composition, "His music is saying constantly the word *cher*." Mr. Harben's latest book is saying constantly the word "peanut-shells." Not that it occurs as a word, but that the atmosphere of the story is that of scuffling, scattered, and inexpensive husks. To whomsoever they represent a gala occasion, the book should be heartily welcome. An honest, peanutty flavor is not to be desplsed. But the shells should be treated neatly. There may be a humorous cast in the situation of a married woman devoting her energies and her tears to the memory and the glorification of her former husband. There may be humor in practical jokes and horseplay, if they are kept within bounds. But here they are not. The hero, held up for admiration and affection, is

chivalrous toward his unloved wife, and full of service for the other woman. He has the heart of the trader, however, and some of the most supposedly convulsing pages relate to his dickering and none too honest tricks. Dixie, the heroine, has a very human heart, a very feminine minxiness, combined with a fine capacity for toil and for the maternal care of others. All which qualities make it disappointing to find her so preposterously naïve in making love to Alfred before his freedom sets in. There is no lack of local color, particularly in relation to shops and crops. The greater transgressions are studiously avoided, but there is a low average of that sensitiveness to honor whose absence from stories either grave or gay leaves an unfilled sense of satisfaction. Finally, Mr. Harben, is it true of socks knit in Georgia that "the toe is whar the work begun"?

The Handicap. By Robert E. Knowles. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

This author's *forte* lies in the delineation of Scotch and Irish character, which he accomplishes intimately as if from within, with a merry twinkle of the eye in the one case, in the other with duly ingenious reluctance to let go the possibilities of an argument. Quite the cleverest chapter in the book—and a very clever one it is—is that wherein the kirk session convenes, in order to decide whether or not it may accept a gift of "tainted money" proffered by a tavern-keeper. The debate and the conclusions make a rich little scene of casuistry, very Scotch, very Irish, yet possibly translatable into other tongues. There are other effective incidents in the book to which the main story appears somewhat unrelated and certainly non-essential. To justify the title one of the characters is handicapped by a bar sinister which leads to episodes, but hardly touches the plot. In fact, it is not a novel of plot, but of scene and race characteristics in an early Canadian settlement. Much emphasis is laid upon the evils of unscrupulous liquor-selling. The chief figure is an engaging and honest little Irishman. He kept an honest tavern, as his father did before him, but in the end he tears down his sign and betakes him at a loss to other forms of industry.

Mothers and Fathers. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Mrs. Tompkins is one of the cleverest of our short-story writers, and this collection shows her at her best. The only blemish upon it is an hysterical bit of dialogue which stands in place of prelude. The stories proper deal, for the most part lightly, with some of the problems connected with parentage, much as Mrs. Cutting's stories have dealt with the little difficulties of married life. They are touched with real humor; and one is particularly grateful in this day of circumstance for their frequent restraint, and even inconclusiveness. In several of them a very delicate matter is successfully handled: the relation of the grown-up child to the ridiculous though devoted parent—a silly mother insists on advertising her son's literary wares; a bombastic and absurd father is, with all his inanity of speech, unfailingly devoted to a spoiled wife and an ungrateful daughter; another father unites abominable taste with the kindest and least resistible intent. In these and other instances the writer has interpreted without sentimentality certain important phases of an awkward relation. Other tales in the series are better fun and not less edifying. Most amusing of all is "The Modern Way," a good-humored satire upon the new gingerly method of disciplining children. The story-teller sketches her persons (for example, her Mrs. Nicholson and Mr. Turnbull in "The Lady from California") with few strokes, but so firmly and clearly that their images linger in the mind after the page is turned—a rare experience, after all, for the reader of short stories.

The Drums of War. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.

As this is a tale of private romance, and the drums of war sound only through its concluding pages, the choice of title is not above suspicion of catchpenny motive. This is proper enough, as the story is frankly of the type built to sell. It is well qualified as such by ingenuity of plot and liveliness of style. Beginning with deadly conspiracy against a defenceless child, it ranges through the well-defined romantic territory of duel, intrigue, high-born honor, low-born perfidy, and ever-dominating "love-interest." The action takes place in France of the mid-nineteenth century, but the flavor is none the less that of the "Three Musketeers." Our hero is the son of an Irish adventurer who has become a French general and count. He thinks nothing of his two bottles of port, and is as quarrelsome as Sir Lucius O'Trigger. A feud exists between his family and that of a German baron; and turns upon a half-supernatural mystery. Hence that desirable cloudiness of background for the picture of which the modern setting might have seemed to give so little promise. From the first moment omens of evil multiply. Indeed, so many pledges are given that the hero will find himself obliged by fate to drown the heroine that the actual and cheerful outcome is a trifle disappointing. But we must perceive on reflection that Mlle. von Lichtenberg, once out of the masculine garb in which, for safety, she has been brought up, is far too charming to die with the author's permission. The tale is told with great animation, and is a pleasant bit of literary confection.

THREE WORKS ON CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

A Handbook of American Constitutional Law. By Henry Campbell Black, M.A. Third Edition. St. Paul: West Publishing Co. $3.75.

The Constitution of the United States, its History, Application, and Construction. By David K. Watson, LL.D. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. Two volumes, $12.

The Constitutional Law of the United States. By Westel Woodbury Willoughby. Two volumes. New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co. $12.

The Constitution of the United States has not been the subject of such extensive treatment on a comprehensive scale as its importance would seem to warrant. A wide variety of monographs dealing with particular clauses has appeared, but the Constitution as a whole, its origin, its development through judicial interpretation, and its application to new conditions, has not been a tempting field for the labors of the jurist. This may be in large part due to the complexity of the legal questions involved. The construction of its clauses has given rise to a vast body of litigation, in which new principles have been advanced and old principles turned to new application; so that an adequate and comprehensive treatment of the Constitution can only be the result of years of painstaking study.

The purely legal relations to which the Constitution has given rise, as exemplifying the construction of that instrument at the present day, have been treated in a number of volumes. Of such character is Black's "Handbook of American Constitutional Law," of which a third edition has just appeared. This is the treatise of a lawyer written for lawyers. It consequently largely ignores the manner in which certain principles of constitutional construction have arisen, it overlooks their growth and development, and confines itself merely to the results obtained. Hence while it is a convenient manual of reference for those who wish to know the application of a given clause of the Constitution, it is inadequate to exhibit, as being beyond its scope, the succession of steps by which the Constitution of to-day has become in its practical application a different instrument from the Constitution as it came forth from the hands of its framers. While fairly well adapted to law students who can give but little time to any one department of the law, it is not suited, as it doubtless was not meant to be, to the student of political science, whose business it is to investigate cause and effect in the principles of the law, and to dis-

cover the hidden forces at work in the development of the law.

Of quite another character is the new work by David K. Watson. Its scope includes the history, as well as the application and construction of the Constitution. The author states in his preface that the "work is primarily based upon the proceedings of the Convention which framed the Constitution. The closer the student gets to the spirit which animated that assembly, the clearer will be his apprehension of what it accomplished." This advice is not to be taken too literally. What the Constitutional Convention accomplished was the bare written instrument—an immense work, but something quite different in many features from the Constitution, as it has been construed and applied and developed in the course of our national life.

In the division of his chapters, Mr. Watson follows strictly the order of articles, sections, and clauses, as they appear in the Constitution. While this method has the advantage of presenting the Constitution in a documentary aspect, it prevents the grouping together of correlated clauses, and the unified treatment, both of those principles which have developed from several distinct clauses, and of those other principles, not expressly stated in the Constitution, which have come into force from the construction and application of the Constitution during the course of its existence. For example, the doctrine of Federal supremacy, as it has been worked out in all its details by the Supreme Court, has not been derived from that clause alone of the Constitution which makes it the supreme law of the land, but has been developed from the clause which gives to Congress the power to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the powers enumerated in preceding clauses, and from the clause which defines the extent of the judicial powers of the Supreme Court, and from the clause which prohibits the States from passing laws impairing the obligation of contracts. Hence a unified treatment of the question of Federal supremacy, as of other questions, such as administrative law, military and martial law, the separation of powers, the division of powers between the United States and its member States, citizenship, etc., can with difficulty be presented under the method of exposition which follows the Constitution clause by clause.

We are far from wishing to give the appearance of underestimating the value of Mr. Watson's work. As an exposition of the interpretation of the Constitution in the making, and of contemporary criticism upon the objects intended to be obtained by the various clauses proposed, the work will be of great service. It discusses at length the more important cases, quoting freely from the opinions of the Supreme Court; and it frequently supports or elucidates the decision of the court by citations from the messages of Presidents and from other extra-judicial sources. We wish merely to make clear the fact that the book leaves another field of constitutional law still untouched; and this field is equally important and perhaps even more difficult. It includes within its scope, first, a systematic arrangement of the subjects covered by the Constitution and a grouping together of correlated clauses bearing upon these subjects; secondly, a unified treatment of those principles of constitutional law which are not expressly stated in the Constitution, but which have been developed from other principles expressly stated or from the construction of the Constitution as a whole; and, thirdly, a clear statement of the underlying principles of judicial construction, and of the processes of reasoning by which the Supreme Court has come to its decision in questions involving the statement of a new doctrine or the extension of an old one.

This field Mr. Willoughby has attempted to cover, and his treatise is in its method a distinct departure from previous works. How successfully he has accomplished his task it would be difficult to estimate without an extended discussion. Attention may, however, be called to certain external features. The problem of condensation, in a treatise which might normally extend over any number of volumes, was difficult; it seems to have been excellently handled. The corresponding problem of apportionment of space to the various questions has been largely determined by the practical importance of those questions in present-day American law. It can scarcely be hoped that a work involving the statement of so many difficult questions, upon which the Supreme Court itself has been frequently uncertain of its ground and has virtually reversed its decisions under cover of subtle distinctions, will altogether escape criticism; suffice it to say that the work is the result of lectures delivered during many years to students of constitutional law, and has thus been subject in advance to the criticism of many minds.

The House of Lords During the Civil War. By Charles Harding Firth. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $2.60 net.

The Regius Professor of Modern History at the University of Oxford has long since given abundant proof of the depth and accuracy of his scholarship, and the present volume is an interesting indication that his minute and prolonged researches in the history of seventeenth-century England have not made him lose touch with the problems of to-day. Nothing could be more timely, in view of the present perilous position of the House of Lords, than this clear, sane, unprejudiced account of its development, influence, abolition, and reëstablishment in the stormy period of the first two Stuarts and of Oliver Cromwell. What greatly enhances the value of the work in connection with the problems of to-day is the fact that much of it was written many years before the present controversy in regard to the powers and usefulness of the Upper House arose, so that it cannot be regarded as in any sense a piece of special pleading. The entire book, in fact, like all the rest of Professor Firth's work, is a dispassionate and scholarly statement of fact, given, as far as possible, in the words of contemporaries. The reader is left to draw his own conclusion, and to deduce his own lessons and morals.

Nevertheless, to all who have not utterly lost faith in historical analogy, the narrative which Professor Firth presents must inevitably prove a cogent argument for the retention of bicameral government—at least in some form. The facts which he sets forth are briefly these: From 1603 to 1640 the House of Lords, greatly increased in numbers by the policy (or impolicy) of the first two Stuart Kings, took an important, and at moments, decisive part in the defence of the Constitution against the Crown. At the time that King Charles began to get a party—*i. e.*, in the struggle over the Bishops' Exclusion Bill in 1642—about half the peers went over, wholeheartedly, to the Royalists; rather more than thirty remaining at Westminster at the opening of the war. Between these and the Commons points of difference developed during the next seven years, not so much because of the increasing conservatism of the former as because of the progress of democratic and revolutionary opinions among the latter. As the course of the war outside placed a steadily increasing proportion of the power in the hands of the Independents in the Lower House, every conceivable expedient was adopted to force the Lords to follow the lead of the Commons—coercion, purgation, limitation, and abolition of veto power:

> The Lower is the Upper House,
> And hath been so seven years;
> Your votes they value not a louse
> Ye antichristian peers.

Finally, as everything else had failed, the abolition of the Upper House itself was decreed, at the time of the King's execution.

The next ten years demonstrated the dangers and drawbacks of unicameral rule, and the difficulties of any remedy short of a return to the ancient Constitution. Government by a virtually omnipotent single chamber proved highly unsatisfactory between 1649 and 1653. The restoration of the executive by the Instrument of Government was an im-

provement, but did not go far enough. Three years later an "Other House," composed of nominees of the Protector, was created. It was exceedingly unpopular and frequently attacked in the course of the next two years, especially after the strong hand of Oliver was replaced by that of his son; yet there is distinctly discernible a general feeling that this new Second Chamber, though by no means good, was far better than none at all. "I am as little pleased with these Lords as any one," said the member for Hastings; "yet we are but one leg, and cannot go, but hop up and down without them. Though they be not to our content, I have seen a man walk very well with a wooden leg." But the reaction was too strong to be permanently satisfied with the gains it had already made. When the overturn of the government of Richard Cromwell brought England face to face with the ugly alternative of anarchy or naked military rule, thinking men saw that there was but one way out of the difficulty: to restore the King, and Parliament—as anciently constituted—with him. Their relative powers and importance were changed, indeed, but the forms stood in the main unaltered, as they had been inherited from the Middle Ages. From that time onward, the necessity of a Second Chamber was almost universally admitted, and the ancient constitution of the House of Lords was generally preferred to any other. Wrote Henry Neville, a member of the Long Parliament, in a curious treatise on the government of England called "Plato Redivivus," which he published in 1680:

> Our government imitates the best and most perfect commonwealths that ever were; where the senate assisted in the making of laws; and by their wisdom and dexterity, polished, filed, and made ready things for the more populous assemblies; and sometimes by their gravity and moderation, reduced the people to a calmer state; and by their authority and credit stemmed the tide, and made the waters quiet, giving the people time to come to themselves. And therefore, if we had no such peerage now, upon the old constitution, yet we should be necessitated to make an artificial peerage or senate instead of it. Which may assure our present lords, though that their dependences and power are gone, yet we cannot be without them; and that they have no need to fear an annihilation by our reformation, as they suffered in the late mad times.

Laokoon: Lessing, Herder, Goethe. Selections edited, with an introduction and a commentary by William Gould Howard, Assistant Professor of German in Harvard University. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

It was certainly a wise recognition of the limits of the ordinary American student's capacity that prompted Professor Howard to adopt the plan he did in his edition of "Laokoon." He has given us all the text that he regards as essential "to facilitate the approach" to Lessing's treatise, among the omissions being chapters xxvi to xxix, which contain Lessing's comments on Winckelmann's "Geschichte der Kunst des Altertums." This part of "Laokoon" may well be left to an advanced stage in the student's æsthetic instruction; as ample compensations are included Goethe's essay "Über Laokoon" and Herder's "Erstes kritisches Wäldchen."

Mr. Howard modestly speaks of the freedom with which he has made use of the labors of other commentators, but only the specialist in the field of æsthetics and the close student of German literature can fully appreciate the value of his own additions to the work of his predecessors. Take as an example of luminous exposition the note (p. 366 of the Commentary) on "Keine Stoffe," which not only condenses into less than a page all the reasons adduced by Lessing and Goethe for the avoidance of clothing in sculpture, but presents them with a convincing freshness and finality. Equally enlightening is the note (we quote at random) on p. 396, concerning Lessing's remark about "conscientious Madame Dacier." Here Mr. Howard, in order to show to what extent German writers have adopted Homeric phraseology, quotes from the "Nibelungenlied," from Voss's translation of the Iliad, from Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea" and "Achilleïs," and from Fichte's "Reden an die deutsche Nation." The student finds in this volume a wealth of syntactical, linguistic, philosophic, and literary notes; a valuable summary of the history of art, based on Springer; and an introduction to German æsthetic literature, preceding and contemporaneous with Lessing, in which the leading writers stand out with vivid distinctness. Probably in no other English book are set forth so clearly, within the same compass, the nature of the difference between the Swiss critics Bodmer and Breitinger and the literary dictator Gottsched; the degree of Germany's indebtedness to France and England in the science of æsthetics; the importance of Wolf and Baumgarten in developing the doctrines of Leibnitz, and, in particular, the intellectual relations between Lessing and Mendelssohn.

Mr. Howard has used the greatest care in modernizing, here and there, Lessing's orthography, and his proofreading is almost flawless. "So" for "to" counteract (p. cixvii), and "ihm" for "ihn" (p. 39), are the only misprints we have noticed. If he errs at all, it is on the side of reverence for Lessing's text. Thus he retains "ohne*dem*," "dunk*e*lere," "*die* Wulst," "wechselsweise" and a few other antiquated forms. "Endschaft" (p. 46) and such an obsolete turn of phrase as "im geringsten nicht" (p. 52) might perhaps have called for a word of comment in the notes. "Eine alberne Mönchsfratze" (p. 141) is rather too gently dealt with as "monkish whimsey" (would not *distortion* have been better?); while "degenerate rationalism" (p. clxiii) seems too harsh a term to apply to Iffland's "Jäger." On page 36 the connection between the end of chapter ii and the beginning of chapter iii is not absolutely clear. "Aber wie schon gesagt, die Kunst hat in den neuern Zeiten," etc., is an allusion to a passage omitted in the volume—that on later art and the theories of Montfaucon. We offer these trifles merely as suggestions for possible use in the subsequent editions, which are certain to be called for. Mr. Howard's book is a noteworthy product of the best American scholarship. It will be welcomed by instructors here as was Blümner's edition of Lessing by teachers in Germany. Such a treatment of a great classic is gratifying proof that American universities still maintain (we are tempted to say, alone maintain) our highest literary traditions.

Notes

One of the last pieces of writing done by the late J. Lockwood Kipling, father of Rudyard Kipling, will appear in the February mid-month number of *Country Life in America;* it is entitled, "The Origin of the Bungalow," and tells what a bungalow is and how it developed from the service tent in India.

The Putnams promise for February 17 "A Memoir of Lady John Russell," edited by Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell, the selections from the correspondence and diaries running from 1815 to 1898; and "Land Problems and National Welfare," by Christopher Turnor.

The Putnams also announce: "The Ashes of a God," by F. W. Bain; "The Return," an occult romance by Walter de la Mare; "A Question of Marriage," by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey; "The Little Cities of Italy," by André Maurei, translated by Helen Gerard; "East and West," a volume of nature studies, by Stanton D. Kirkham; "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates Relating to All Ages and All Nations, for Universal Reference," by the late Benjamin Vincent, twenty-fifth revised and enlarged edition; and, as representatives of the Cambridge University Press, "The Peace" of Aristophanes, edited by C. E. Graves, and "The Revelation of St. John the Divine," edited by G. H. S. Walpole, Bishop of Edinburgh.

Gustav Frenssen's "Klaus Hinrich Baas," a translation of which Macmillan will publish in a few weeks, is a story dealing with the rise of a self-made man in Germany.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce the immediate publication of "The World of Life: a Manifestation of Creative Power, Directive Mind, and Ultimate Purpose," by Alfred Russell Wallace.

Robert W. Chambers's new novel, which the Appletons will issue at the end of Feb-

ruary, bears the title "The Adventures of a Modest Man."

The list of books to be issued in March by Frederick A. Stokes Includes: "A Tenderfoot with Peary," by George Sorup, and "The Subjection of Women," by John Stuart Mill, with a preface by Carrie Chapman Catt.

The spring announcements of the Oxford University Press include:

History: "Federations and Unions within the British Empire," by H. E. Egerton; "Ireland and the Normans," by G. H. Orpen, two volumes; "Documents of the Continental Reformation," selected by B. J. Kidd; "The English Factories in India, 1634-6," by W. Foster; "Historical Geography of the British Colonies," by Sir C. P. Lucas, Volume V, part iii, Canada (geographical), part iv, Newfoundland, both parts by J. D. Rogers; "School History of England," by O. M. Edwards, R. S. Rait, and others, new edition revised to date; "Essays on Roman History," by H. F. Pelham, edited by F. Haverfield; "Six Roman Laws," translated, with introduction and notes, by E. G. Hardy.

Theology and philosophy: "Oxford Studies in the Synoptic Problem," by W. Sanday and other Oxford scholars; "The Coptic Version of the Gospels in the Sahidic Dialect," three volumes; "John, the Presbyter, and the Fourth Gospel," by Dom John Chapman; "Kant's Æsthetic," a translation of the "Critique of Judgement," with essays and notes, by J. C. Meredith; "Justice and Happiness," by W. Benett.

Classics: "Cicero, Orationes," by W. Peterson and A. C. Clark, two volumes of the Oxford classical texts, completing the edition of Cicero's speeches; The Works of Aristotle, translated into English under the editorship of J. A. Smith and W. D. Ross, "De Partibus Animalium," by W. Ogle.

English and modern languages: "The Oxford English Dictionary," a portion of *Se*, by Dr. Bradley; "Berksbire Place Names," by W. W. Skeat; "Old High German Grammar," by L. Armitage; "Drei Wochen in Deutschland," by D. Ll. Savory; "Macaulay's Clive," edited by V. A. Smith; "Macaulay's Addison," edited by G. E. Hadow; "Browning's Men and Women," edited by G. E. Hadow; "Nefrekepta," from a Demotic papyrus, put into verse by Gilbert Murray.

Henry Frowde will also publish: "The Authorized Version of the Holy Bible," a photographic reproduction of the Black Letter edition of 1611, with introduction by A. W. Pollard, and documents relating to the translation and publication of the Bible, in English; "The Autborized Version of the Holy Bible," a reprint in Roman type of the *editio princeps*, with introduction by A. W. Pollard; "Records of the English Bible," by A. W. Pollard.

"Songs of the Road" is the title of a new volume of verse, by Sir A. Conan Doyle, which Smith & Elder have in hand.

Maurice Hewlett has placed with Macmillan & Co. "The Agonists: a Trilogy of God and Man," which presents the stories of Minos, King of Crete, Ariadne in Naxos, and the death of Hippolytus, and attempts to reveal "the fallacy in the ancient conceptions of God-kind and Mankind, and in the ancient views of their relationships."

"Americans All" is a civil war romance, by John Merritte, which will appear under the imprint of Forbes & Co. of Chicago. This firm also announces: "Human Confessions," by Dr. Frank Crane, and "God and Democracy," by the same author.

Mr. Roosevelt's address before the National Geographic Society on his African trip receives the place of honor in the January number of the society's organ. In it he emphasizes the fact that it was a scientific expedition, whose unparalleled success—the zoölogical collections consisting of about 14,000 specimens—was due to the valuable services rendered by his companions. The most interesting incident narrated is that of the killing of a lion by Nandi spearmen. Some of the striking results of the last census are shown by Henry Gannett, with the aid of maps and diagrams. Referring to the increase of population, he says "there is no record of any such growth in any other country." Other articles are on Damascus, "the pearl of the desert," by A. Forder, who predicts that, by virtue of its railway connections, it will become "the hub of the East," and some notes on Oman by Rev. S. M. Zwemer. This Arabian state, though nominally independent, sustains virtually the same relation to Great Britain, as the native states of India, and now that the proposed construction of the Bagdad Railway is bringing up the question of the supremacy of the English in the Persian Gulf, all information in regard to it is valuable. The illustrations, more than 100 in number, are as usual the principal feature of the magazine.

In the last number of *Folk-Lore* there is a valuable article on the marriage customs of the Bedawin and Fellahin in Palestine by Mrs. Spoer, better known in folk-lore as Miss Goodrich-Freer and in psychical research as Miss X. It has much matter both for the Old Testament student and for the Orientalist at large. It shows, for one thing, the hatred between the Qaisites and Yemenites, northern and southern Arabians, an enmity literally millennial, still flourishing in Palestine as it flourished once from Khorasan to Spain. Not even the clashing of Celt and Saxon has such a pedigree or has travelled so far. For another thing, we learn that a girl must not twiddle her toes, behind which lies much folk-lore.

Willard B. Bottome, an official stenographer of the New York Supreme Court, gives profitable information in his new book, "The Stenographic Expert" (New York: The Author). The opportunities presented in this field of endeavor to the man of broad education are told in a convincing manner.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in selecting and editing a text for "The Oxford Book of Ballads" (Clarendon Press), has had a most difficult task to perform. With sometimes twenty versions of a single ballad to choose from, and with the considerations narrowing the choice none too precise, the problem requires ideally the exercise of the nicest literary instinct. For the measure of success which he has achieved, he gives abundant credit to the notable volumes of the late Professor Child and to that curtailment of the work by Professor Child's late daughter and Professor Kittredge. And it is true that without the efforts of all three such a book as this could scarcely have been issued. As it is, these Oxford ballads maintain, we think, the level set by the other texts of the series. The editor has wisely avoided in his introduction any discussion of ballad origins and any definition of the type, relying simply upon that vague and yet sufficiently distinct feeling which mediæval ballads excite in minds saturated with them.

To their thin-paper edition of Thomas Hardy, Harpers have added "Two on a Tower." In his preface to this novel Hardy remarks: "This slightly-built romance was the outcome of a wish to set the emotional history of two infinitesimal lives against the stupendous background of the stellar universe." The book is criticised in those few words. There is nothing in Hardy more grandiose or more characteristic of his special genius than the pages which give the amateur astronomer's awe of the vast stellar spaces; but the romance itself, at least in its ending, is thin in comparison. Another volume of this series that appears almost simultaneously is the great story of "The Woodlanders."

Francis Miltoun, author of "Royal Palaces and Parks of France" (L. C. Page), plans an itinerary which takes the tourist to many monarchical shrines within a relatively restricted compass of travel. About one-half the book deals with the royal palaces within the city of Paris proper—the Palais de la Cité, the Tournelles, the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Luxembourg, the Elysée, and the Palais Bourbon. The other half takes up in turn the suburban palaces, Vincennes, Conflans, St. Cloud, St. Germain-en-Laye, Versailles, and other lesser royal residences, including Malmaison, Marly, and the pleasure houses along the Seine, Maisons, La Muette, and Bagatelle; its furthest flights afield are to Fontainebleau, Maintenon, Rambouillet, Chantilly, and Compiègne, all of which are easily accessible from the capital. It is thus a very convenient and suggestive guide for the traveller who is not making a comprehensive tour, and who wishes to make Paris the centre of his operations. The chapters dealing with specific places and monuments are, on the whole, easily and pleasantly written, and contain useful information. It is only when the author attempts general historic summaries and surveys, as in his introduction and in those chapters that treat of "The Evolution of French Gardens" and "The Royal Hunt in France," that he gets beyond his depth and reveals to the full certain lamentable limitations of critical judgment and technical scholarship. He has read widely, but the vagueness with which he makes his distinctions and traces the steps in horticultural development, shows imperfect and hasty assimilation of the subject which is only too obviously got up for the occasion. In spite of his industrious accumulation of anecdotal material and pertinent facts, the palace-building period of the French renaissance remains to him a closed book, and his references to the life and literature of the age display a pathetic ignorance and confusion, as well as an incredible lack of general culture. Mr. Miltoun sprinkles French words plentifully over his pages, as, when, inspired by his meditations on mutability, he sighs: "Le temps va!" Alas for the treachery of the memory that would reproduce, no doubt, Ronsard's famous line: "Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, madame!"

The tide of books on Egypt still rises, and Egypt renders back to each writer of that which he brings. Percy Withers, apparently an English physician, certainly, if so, of the old-fashioned cultured kind, took to Egypt a leisurely taste for architectural and artistic antiquities, a breadth of reading in poetry and of unhackneyed and apt quotation, a feeling for humanity even in Egyptian tombs, and a very real power of clear description and sober suggestiveness struck neither too high nor too low. So in his "Egypt of Yesterday and To-day" (Stokes) he goes up and down the Nile, passing with light allusions the living life he meets, but rendering very keenly and happily the dead life which one must go to seek. He is not a professed Egyptologist or even Orientalist—Petrie, Sayce, and Wiedemann are his prophets—but all he gives has evidently been worked through his mind and is his own. The book will be useful to any one on the Nile except the professional student, and even he may find ideas in it. The thirty-two illustrations are fairly good.

A product, in part, of Egypt, too, but of an extremely different kind is "Islam Lands" (Putnam), by Michael Myers Shoemaker. Mr. Shoemaker is a wealthy American, a globe-trotter of the modern motor-car variety, and has already written several approved globe-trotting books. In that class this book is undoubtedly excellent. A good half is devoted to Nubia and the Sudan, especially to Khartum, an over large part of the rest to the Cairo of Shepheard's and the tourist world, and the remainder to a motor trip from Tunis to Oran. If the judgments tend to be hasty, there are intelligence and experience in them as well, and if the style is occasionally flippant, it is always clear and sometimes rises to dignity and force. The description of Khartum and the accounts of Gordon and Slatin and the whole miserable history of the abandonment are especially good. Nine-tenths of Cairo Mr. Shoemaker did not and could not know; thus he has the perennial confusion of the Mahmal and the so-called Holy Carpet; the other tenth he gives with zest and point. There are forty-four excellent illustrations from photographs.

Hajji Baba of Ispahan has come again in a grandson, but this Nurullah Khan is a chastened and almost moral Hajji. Major Sykes, the British consul-general in Khorasan, has "translated and edited" the tale of Nurullah's life, and especially of his pilgrimage to the shrine of the Imam Riza at Meshed, "from a Persian MS."—a wide and hard saying; possibly there may lie in it some kernel of fact. Practically, however, the book, "The Glory of the Shia World" (Macmillan), meaning thereby the shrine in question, seems to be of the authenticity of Morier's life of the original Hajji Baba. Yet against that view there are passages where the "translator" apparently did not fully take the point of his original. Thus in the story of the commander-in-chief at Tabriz, who on his deathbed insisted on a bribe of two thousand tomans instead of one thousand, and, holding up and shaking two fingers, so died, there is no recognition of the certainty that those two avaricious fingers hurried him at once to hell. He should have died holding up one finger in testimony to the unity of Allah. However all that may be, we have here without question a most vivid and trustworthy account of modern Persian life. The hero is no such picaresque adventurer as his literary grandfather, but a youth born and bred with good social standing and in official circles. He writes poetry and steps easily into well-paid posts. The nature of such posts, the character of the men in them, the way in which they are paid, throw floods of light on the present Persian situation. But that is more or less incidental, and the narrative has been arranged to describe outstanding elements in life—birth, marriage, death and burial, formal entertainments and campaigning, the New Year festival and the lamentation for the tragedy at Kerbela, and, above all, the pilgrimage to Meshed—the place, its shrine, and the ritual there. The New Year festival with its games leads naturally to professional wrestling, and the pilgrimage journey from Kerman across half Persia gives abundance of wayfaring life, from cholera to robbers. A wealth of illustrations has been added, both in color and in black and white, from Persian pictures, tiles, bronzes, carpets, etc., and also a number of photographs.

We do not know whether the noticeable revival of Scott, which is marked just now by new editions of "The Fortunes of Nigel" and "The Abbot" (Frowde), really means a reawakening of popular interest, or only concerted action by the publishers to keep these novels still in the company of good sellers. But whatever the reason, it is pleasant to feel that stories which have been so formative in the imagination of previous generations are not to fall out of the easy reach of any children who have the good sense to like them.

It is difficult to determine whether "Peter the Cruel" (John Lane Co.), by Edward Storer, is more remarkable in matter or in diction. The introductory chapter opens so promisingly with comments on the various writers on Pedro the Cruel from Ayala to Prosper Mérimée, that the reader is for the moment deluded into thinking that he is perusing serious history—only to be brought up sharply with the extraordinary statement that the author, like one of his predecessors, has "gone to't in rhyme," and with a unique bibliographical valedictory—"My dear authorities; your very humble servant!" From this point to the end the book goes on from bad to worse. Into the story of Pedro's conflict with Henry of Trastamara, the author weaves a weary tale of murders and mistresses. The language in which he describes how the Lady Aldonza hid herself from Pedro's lustful attacks in a fresh-dug grave in a convent garden sounds like the sophomore theme of a love-sick college girl. The book has one important merit—absolutely unblinking honesty. It does not pretend to be anything else than it is: a series of striking scenes, gathered here and there from different authors, accepted without the slightest hesitation, untested, save by the standard of picturesqueness and popular interest, and set forth in a high-flown style. But an accurate translation of Ayala's chronicle, even though it were destitute of explanatory notes and critical comment, would have accomplished just as much, and a great deal more besides.

Three volumes issued under the authority of the Historical Manuscripts Commission of Great Britain have recently appeared. These are the reports on the manuscripts in the Welsh language, Vol. II, part iv; on the Manuscripts of J. B. Fortescue, Esq., Vol. II; and on the Manuscripts of the Marquis of Salisbury, Vol. XI, commonly known as the Cecil Manuscripts. Of these reports the first, dealing with the Welsh manuscripts in the British Museum, concerns largely Welsh laws and ancient British poems, with a valuable list of hundreds and commotes, difficult to interpret because of the "fearful distortions," as the editor calls them, of the Anglicized orthography. Two special documents in Latin, of great interest to the Kymric historian, are also included. The seventh volume of the Fortescue or Dropmore collection continues the Grenville correspondence from February, 1801, to February, 1806. Grenville had left office and had become the chief of a small party in opposition, spending part of his time in retirement at Dropmore, engaged in literary and rural pursuits. Inevitably, therefore, the portions relating to Grenville himself are less interesting than formerly, though the period forms something of a turning-point in that minister's political career, marking his final separation from the close political intimacy with Pitt which had characterized the preceding twenty years. The volume contains a long and extremely valuable preface on the general situation, forming an admirable history of the period, and the correspondence includes important documents, bearing on British policy toward Napoleon Bonaparte, the schemes of the emigrant princes, the execution of the Duke of Enghien, the Cadoudal conspiracy, and the formation of the third coalition. A curious misprint in the preface is "Addison" for "Addington," many times repeated. The eleventh volume of the Cecil Manuscripts covers the last fifteen months of Elizabeth's reign, and is of less interest than some of the former volumes. It throws little light upon the queen's personal history, but has much to say of Elizabethan seamen and their exploits. The documents calendared are largely supplemental to those that have already appeared.

In similar form, but issued by the authority of the House of Lords, is the fifth volume of the new series of the manuscripts of the House of Lords for the years from 1702 to 1704, that is, from the death of William III to the end of second session of the first Parliament elected in the reign of Queen Anne. It is largely taken up with the consideration of public and private acts, and with petitions and appeals from English courts. But there are in addition many elaborate papers relating to the navy—especially concerning the proceedings of the victualling board—and to the accounts of that master grafter of this period, Earl of Ranelagh, who held the post denominated by Lord Rosebery, as that "subordinate but opulent" office, the paymaster of the forces. It also contains two very extensive sections relating to the plantations, one touching the general trade of the kingdom and the other, part of which has already been printed in the *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, 1907, on the general situation in the colonies, with reference to the irregularities of the proprietary and charter governments, especially Rhode Island. A third volume of the Acts of the Privy Council, colonial, published by the authority of the Lords

of the Treasury, has also appeared carrying the entries from 1720 to 1745. This extremely valuable undertaking, second in importance to none for the student of British administration of the colonies, is making rapid progress, and a fourth volume is likely to appear at an early date. The entire series of six volumes will carry the subject to 1783 and will contain all extracted portions of the Privy Council Register relating to colonial history up to that date, including many appendices. Either the fourth or fifth volume will contain a list of the members of the Privy Council and the sixth or supplemental volume will be made up of papers taken from the unbound collection of documents that came into the hands of the council. The present volume discloses the great activities of the committee of the whole council, which retained its deliberative and initiating powers long after the Privy Council itself had ceased to do more than give legal authority by its orders in council to the recommendation of official boards and departments and of itself as committee. The chief business here dealt with consisted of the consideration of colonial appeals and grievances, the confirmation or repeal of colonial legislation, and the drafting of the instructions of colonial governors.

Douglas Sladen's "The Secrets of the Vatican" has been reprinted in a popular edition (Lippincott), which contains all the material, including the many illustrations, of the first. As we remarked in noticing that edition, Mr. Sladen has not revealed the real secrets of the Vatican, but he has described in popular form the daily life of the Pope and his court, the functions ecclesiastical and political of the various cardinals and prelates, the proceedings at conclaves, and similar matters. In addition, he furnishes a history of the parts of the Vatican and St. Peter's into which strangers seldom penetrate. He retains the Archbishop of Westminster's attack on Modernism; but in general the work is non-polemical. Mr. Sladen himself is an agnostic, but he says that his work has been accepted in Catholic circles as the best of its kind in English.

Gen. Alexander Stewart Webb, ex-president of City College, one of the last of the group of division commanders of the civil war, son of an army officer and grandson of the man who commanded the Connecticut brigade of Continentals under Putnam and Washington, died last Sunday, at his home in Riverdale. He would have been seventy-six if he had lived until Wednesday, for he was born in New York city on February 15, 1835. His life was a crowded one. For four years he was a cadet at West Point, for fifteen years a soldier, serving in two wars—that against the Seminole Indians, in Florida, and the civil war—and for thirty-three years president of the College of the City of New York, during the period when it was evolving from an institution of secondary importance into one of the efficient educational factors in the country. He graduated from West Point in 1855, served in some of the hottest of the civil-war battles, receiving a medal from Congress for his bravery in the battle of Gettysburg. At the conclusion of hostilities he entered the regular army, from which he was retired at his own request in 1870, so that he might accept the presidency of the City College. Among his numerous writings was "The Peninsula—McClellan's Campaign of 1862," in which he defended his former chief.

Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan of the archdiocese of Philadelphia died at his residence in that city last Saturday, aged seventy-nine. He was born in Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, and studied at Carlow College; he came to this country in 1852, and was made professor of English literature in Carondelet Theological Seminary, St. Louis. In 1853 he was ordained priest. President Roosevelt appointed him, in 1902 a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners to succeed Bishop Whipple; from the University of Pennsylvania he received the degree of LL.D. He was the author of "What Catholics Do Not Believe" and "The Causes of Modern Religious Skepticism."

The death is reported from Baltimore of Rabbi Maurice Fluegel, in his eightieth year. Dr. Fluegel began to write at the age of twenty, and published works on historical, philosophical, and political subjects, successively at Leipzig, Paris, Bucharest, and since 1864 in the United States. He strove in his writings to do away with race prejudice. In 1902 appeared his "Quabbal and Vedanta," dedicated to President Eliot, in which by a comparative study of religions he tried to evolve a universal philosophy.

The death is reported, in his sixty-third year, of Henri Durand-Morimbeau, who wrote under the name of Henri des Houx. After a short career as a professor of rhetoric at Limoges, he turned to journalism; he helped to manage *La Défense,* and later became editor of *Le Journal de Rome.* He is best known for his "Souvenirs d'un journaliste français à Rome" and "Guerre au Papisme."

Science

The Age of Mammals in Europe, Asia, and North America. By Henry Fairfield Osborn, Curator of Palæontology in the American Museum of Natural History, etc. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.

The single word "Illustrated," on the title-page of this handsome volume, inadequately characterizes that important feature. Roughly computed, there are 56 maps, 34 localities, 24 sections and charts, 53 skeletons and teeth, and 60 restorations of extinct mammals, mostly by Charles R. Knight. Since, *e. g.*, Fig. 14 includes two skeletons, Fig. 187, three restorations, and Fig. 189, four maps, and since about 130 pages are occupied by tables of classifications, a bibliography, and the index, it is safe to estimate at least one illustration for every page of the text proper. Indeed, the pictures are so numerous, artistic, and instructive that the casual inquirer might gain much from them alone, while a preliminary survey of them will materially aid the comprehension of the text, which is confessedly far from "light reading."

The preface states that "the especial purpose of the work is to spread the knowledge of palæontology in the United States." This science, "the zoölogy of the past," demands for its successful pursuit an accurate knowledge of the skeletons and teeth of recent animals, their form, mode of locomotion, and food; likewise, a familiarity with the facts, methods, and principles of geology. A pupil of Huxley and Balfour, and for some years concerned mainly with comparative anatomy (the last of a series of papers on the brain having been published in 1888), the author has wisely employed unusual abilities, means, and opportunities for the advancement and dissemination of a science which constitutes one of the three sources of our knowledge as to how living beings, including mankind, came to exist. Palæontology has therefore a profound intellectual value, but lacks the material incentive pertaining to the study of many groups of recent animals and plants. This absence of economic association is merely emphasized by the curious fact recorded in the footnote to p. 333:

> In all the larger cities of China fossil remains are sold as "dragon bones" and "dragon teeth," and used in medicine. To bring out their supposed medicinal properties they are fried, boiled in wine, or even eaten in their natural state. Nearly all collections of Chinese fossils have been bought up from the druggists, who fortunately keep accurate records as to the provinces and even localities from which they have been brought.

An Introduction of eighty pages deals with general topics, that is, the history of the science, adaptive radiation, polyphyly (the evolution of parallel series of locally separate analogous phyla), the distribution of mammals in space and time, and the sources of the world's supply. The following are a few of many noteworthy passages of more or less general application:

> There is nothing more obstructive than reverence for old ideas and systems which have outlived their usefulness. . . . Every rudiment of a cusp on a tooth, or facet, or articulating surface on a bone has its value, not as a sign-post on which to hang a new species, but as suggestive of the dawn of some new character, or the instrument of some function or relationship. . . . Better, in the end, wrong results which have been reached by right methods than right results reached hap-hazard by vicious methods.

Cuvier's "law of correlation" is restated as follows:

> The feet, which are correlated chiefly with the limb and body structure, and the teeth, which are correlated chiefly with the skull and neck structure, diverge and evolve independently in adaptation to securing food and to eating food under different conditions of life and in different environments. Each part evolves directly to perform its own mechanical functions

and purposes, yet in such a manner that each subserves all the other parts.

After a long period of slow development, including the age of reptiles, and estimated at 15,000,000 years (p. 82), in the Eocene, the earliest epoch of the Cænozoic Era, there came a sudden expansion and evolution of mammals. The lay reader will surely be impressed with their variety and number, and by the size and aspect of many of them. In later periods there were horned beasts by the side of which the most corniferous rhinoceros would look tame. At one time it is estimated that mastodons were as numerous as the bison. Beginning about three millions of years ago (p. 58) with Eohippus, a four-toed quadruped of moderate size, there occurred a gradual reduction in the number of toes (Fig. 5) and a concomitant increase in the size and complexity of the grinding teeth (Fig. 15), until this continent literally swarmed with animals closely resembling the horses of to-day. Yet, during the period just preceding the present, they were all destroyed.

Pages 494-500 are devoted to the antiquity of man in North America:

> The time of the first appearance of man on the North American continent still remains to be determined, and is a problem of the very highest importance. Was man contemporaneous with the closing period of the second or Megalonyx fauna, or with the third, the Ovibos [musk-ox] and late Mastodon fauna? Did man enter this country from Asia or from South America? Are traces of human occupation found first on the Pacific or on the Atlantic coast? All these are questions which remain yet to be answered positively. No trace of human skeletons of the Palæolithic or Neanderthal type of Europe has been found in North America and all reported skeletons have been referred finally to the recent Indian type. There is some evidence of the coexistence of man with the late stages of the Megalonyx zone in California and in the Central States, as well as considerable evidence of the appearance of man before the disappearance of the mastodon in the Eastern States. This raises the further question as to the period of the final extinction of the mastodon. . . . It is necessary to exercise care in the use of facts that seem to bear on this question.

In this connection should be noted the comparatively recent discovery of the "Heidelberg man," whose lower jaw is shown in Fig. 178; with distinctively human teeth is combined the ape-like absence of the "mental prominence," or projection corresponding with the chin.

With this judicial consideration of the question most nearly concerning the human race, most readers would expect the text proper to close; somewhat in the nature of an anticlimax, yet not without interest, is the final section on the causes of the extinction, during the period immediately preceding the present, of the hosts of horses, camels, giant sloths, mastodons, and elephants that inhabited this continent. In place of the simple explanation that this was directly due to the Ice Age, the author concludes (p. 501) that "the Glacial Period originated certain new conditions of life which directly or indirectly resulted in extinction." Besides changes of temperature, diminution of food, etc., it has been suggested by the author and others that the horses may have been swept out of existence by some epidemic disease or diseases originating with or carried by insects comparable with the African tse-tse fly.

Among regrettable omissions are a tentative restoration of the problematic Barytherium of the African Fayûm Desert, a list of illustrations, and a chart of the evolution of Ungulates in Europe comparable with that for North America on p. 239. Although the index covers 30 pages, it lacks at least two-score words, *e. g.*, *arctogæa*, p. 36; *diphyletic*, p. 331; Heidelberg man, p. 403; horse (with no cross-reference from *Equus*); *miocene*, *monotremes*, p. 71; *phyla*, p. 30; *sewellels* (Haplodontids), p. 248; *phyla*, p. 30, and *Jeffries Wyman*, p. 2. Typographic errors might readily occur among so many technical and unfamiliar names; the only ones observed are "trace" for *traces*, on p. 494, fifth line from foot, and "afford" for "affords," p. 497, line 4.

"Forest Terminology," by J. Gerschel and W. R. Fisher, and "Australia: Physiographic and Economic Aspects," by T. G. Taylor, are among the science books announced by Frowde.

D. Appleton & Co. have in preparation "Extinct Monsters and Creatures of Other Days," by Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, fully illustrated.

"Plant Life" is the title of a forthcoming book by Professor Warming, which contains, besides 250 illustrations, sections on morphology, classification, and œcology. Messrs. Sonnenschein, the publishers, have procured Miss Thomas and Miss Rehling to do the translating.

Gustave Leveau, who died recently at the age of sixty-nine, had been long associated with the Paris Observatory; in 1892 he received the Damoiseau Prize of the Académie des Sciences for observations on the perturbation of the comet D'Arrest. He also computed the motion of the planet Vesta.

Dr. Edward Gamaliel Janeway, one of the best-known diagnosticians and consulting physicians in the country, and a specialist in nervous diseases, died on Friday of last week at his home in Summit, N. J., aged sixty-nine. He graduated from Rutgers College in 1860. He graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia, after having interrupted his course in the years 1862-3 to serve as an acting medical cadet in the civil war. In 1866 he was appointed curator of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College; from 1872 to 1876 he was professor of pathology and anatomy, and held other positions in this institution until 1892, when he was called to the New York University Medical School. Dr. Janeway had held several important public offices. He was a commissioner in the Health Department, a member of the advisory committee of the Chamber of Commerce during the cholera scare of 1892, and a delegate to the sixteenth International Medical Congress at Budapest in 1909. He received the degree of LL.D. from Rutgers, Columbia, and Princeton. He wrote many medical papers and was the author of "Clinical Points in the Diagnosis of Hepatic Affections."

Drama

William Morton Payne has republished (Chicago: Charles H. Sargel & Co.) his translation of "Sigurd Slembe," the dramatic trilogy of Björnstjerne Björnson, which appeared first in 1888 and has long been out of print. The recent death of the illustrious Norwegian makes the reissue timely. This work, dealing with the adventures of the bastard son of the King Magnus Barfod in his effort to wrest the regal power, or, at least, his legal share of it—for in those days illegitimacy was no bar to succession—from his half-brother, Harald, has always been accounted among the finest achievements of the poet. It has a semi-historical basis, the events upon which it is founded dating from the twelfth century. Whether it will appeal more now than in the past, as Mr. Payne hopes, to the great mass of English readers, is somewhat doubtful, but it will richly reward the attention of all those who can appreciate the romantic and poetic value of the ancient Norseland myths and sagas. In many ways it is a noble and stirring composition, and, although—as was inevitable—the full power of it is manifested only in the original, yet no small proportion of its imaginative vigor and literary skill is reflected in this English version, which long ago won the enthusiastic commendation of the poet himself. On the dramatic side it is strong in stirring incident, barbaric intrigue, an abundance of vigorous, diverse, and consistent characterization, tragic love, and pathetic maternal devotion. From first to last it sustains itself on the heights of tragedy, without ever sinking to the lower levels of melodrama. Slembe himself is an essentially heroic figure. But, for all this, the work is one for the study, where full enjoyment may be had of its purely literary beauties, rather than for the stage, upon which nothing more than a lean synopsis would be practicable. Such treatment, especially in any other language than the original Norwegian, would be fatal. Richard Mansfield's experiment with Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" ought to be a sufficient warning. But the play itself will fascinate every lover of the true romantic drama, none the less, perhaps, because of the dash of modern political and social ideas with which its prevailing atmosphere of the old Northland is occasionally flavored.

The "Nobody's Daughter" of the well-known English writer "George Paston" (Miss E. M. Symonds), which was produced in the New Theatre on Monday evening, contains many indications of its feminine authorship. The piece has been one of the great successes of the present London season and was well received here, chiefly on account of its comedy passages, which are

brightly written, and its somewhat cheap sentimentality. As a transcript from actual life, it will not bear examination, its conditions being at once artificial and improbable, while the philosophy of it is much more emotional than moral. The heroine is the illegitimate child of a prosperous young couple, who ceased to care for each other after it had been born, and parted as friends, after putting their offspring out to nurse. Then each got married without mentioning the existent incumbrance. But they continue in later life—as Col. Torrens and Mrs. Frampton—to visit their unacknowledged child, Honora, in the guise of beneficent guardians. Presently Honora, a type of unspoiled country maidenhood, falls in love with a rising young mechanic, and to break off this connection, her unknown mother, Mrs. Frampton, resolves to take her home, introducing her as an adopted niece, daughter of a dead schoolmate. She and Col. Torrens have invented an elaborate story to account for their joint guardianship. In the end Frampton discovers the fraud—in an effective scene—and furiously denounces the wife and the friend who have so grossly deceived him. This leads to the objective point of the play, the crucial question whether the husband is justified in punishing a wife, after long years of faithful devotion, for a fault committed before he knew her. This is debated long and passionately, and at last a reconciliation is effected through the agency of Honora, who goes off to Australia with her young husband, setting a wholesome example of love and constancy. All this makes a pretty bit of stage-romance, but bears only the slightest relationship to the facts of life, while the morality of it, from one point of view, at least, is decidedly shady. Character is involved here as well as circumstance. Mrs. Frampton, after twenty years of misrepresentation and treachery, has something more than her first lapse to atone for. But the pathos of her suffering and the magnanimity of her husband are a potent combination in a theatrical scene, and logic and sanity are once more sacrificed to sentimentality. The play is fairly well done—not brilliantly—at the New Theatre.

Sir John Hare has abandoned all idea of acting in London this winter. He is expected, however, to make his reappearance before the footlights in the autumn. The play he has selected for the occasion is an adaptation of Pierre Wolff's "Les Marionettes," a comedy produced in October last at the Comédie Française. It contains a delightful character, a Monsieur Ferney, uncle of the heroine, who has passed his life in the country, tending the flowers and the animals which have become the objects of his special care. These he deserts, in order to look after the welfare of his niece, unhappily married in Paris. In the end, he is largely instrumental in reuniting husband and wife.

It is probable that Sir Herbert Tree will revive "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at His Majesty's, in London, before his production of "Macbeth."

Laurence Irving has just received a notification from the Lord Chamberlain's office that permission for the production of his version of Brieux's "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont" cannot be granted save on his making certain changes, which, in his judgment, would utterly destroy its value. On the conclusion of the run of "The Unwritten Law," he will, therefore, produce at the Kingsway Belasco's adaptation of Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux's "The Lily." The three principal parts will be played by Laurence Irving, Mabel Hackney, and Geraldine Olliffe.

George Alexander has been an actor-manager twenty-one years. He is now meditating a revival of Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband."

The report that Gordon Craig was to assist in the production of "Macbeth" at His Majesty's in London is now denied.

There is to be a performance in London for the benefit of Mrs. John Billington, who was a favorite actress for many years. She was acting more than sixty years ago, and bore a prominent part in many of the romantic and melodramatic triumphs won by Benjamin Webster during his famous management of the London Adelphi. She played Juliet to the Romeo of Charlotte Cushman.

At a recent meeting of the coronation committee in London, a gala performance, to be held at His Majesty's Theatre, was officially incorporated in the scheme of festivities. The entire proceeds of the occasion will be devoted to theatrical charities. The idea has been warmly welcomed by the theatrical profession, and a committee has been formed including Oscar Asche, H. Granville Barker, F. R. Benson, Frank Curzon, George Edwardes, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Charles Frohman, William Greet, Laurence Irving, Gerald du Maurier, Otho Stuart, Edward Terry, Fred Terry, J. E. Vedrenne, Lewis Waller, and others. The executive committee includes Sir Charles Wyndham (chairman), Sir John Hare, George Alexander, Cyril Maude, Charles Hawtrey, H. B. Irving, Herbert Trench, Sir Herbert Tree (director), and Arthur Bourchier (organizing secretary).

A correspondent of a London journal recently saw the Italian tragedian Zacconi in "Othello." He writes:

He gave only the three last acts of the tragedy, and these with plentiful cuts. He was thus mad with jealousy from the beginning of the performance. In the famous scene with Iago, he gave an amazing picture of the physical pain of jealousy. It was not dignified or dignifying pain, but unbearable pain of the flesh, and he swooned as if worn out by the rack. In the scene in which he strikes Desdemona, his ferocity was tigerish. The end was very wonderfully played. Othello was calmed, but trembling with inward savagery. He spoke low, bent on the deed. He wavered for hardly half an instant when he kissed her asleep. The deed was done with his back to the audience, he turned, and his face had become ghastly to look at. While Emilia knocked, he hardly seemed to know what he was doing, and shuffled backwards and forwards from the door to the bed, as if in a nightmare. When he learned the truth, his face changed totally. All the ferocity was gone, and his eyes stared, hardly understanding the hideous thing he had done. Suddenly he leaped up, sprang like a tiger on to Iago's back, and stabbed him. He sank back again into stupor, then pulled himself together, and stood up for the "Nothing extenuate" speech, sank down again in the middle of it limply on a chair, and looked around him, helpless and downcast. He caught sight of a dagger on the floor, swiftly seized it without making a sound, stood up again, with one last moment of energy, and, speaking rapidly, "In Aleppo once," etc., stabbed himself in a flash and fell dead on the floor.

Walter Browne, the author of "Everywoman," died just a week ago.

Music

Daniel Bloomfield's "Games and Puzzles for the Musical," published in Philadelphia by the Theodore Presser Company, is a little book of 109 pages, containing a collection of selected puzzles and games for musical clubs and the home. Most of them appeared originally in the *Etude*, some of them in the *Musician*, and most of the games are of the author's own devising. To an adult reader some of them seem but mildly entertaining, but children have ideas of their own on such things, and it is likely they will find much here that will help to while away idle hours. Most of the games, at the same time, are more or less instructive, making young folks acquainted with the names of composers and some of their favorite pieces. Directions are given for the making of some simple musical instruments (tuned tumblers, etc.), but nothing is said about the most delightful of all such experiments, the making of a simple æolian harp by putting a tightly stretched horse-hair under a slightly opened window on a windy day.

Louis C. Elson's "Pocket Music Dictionary" (Oliver Ditson Company) is a condensation of the same author's "Music Dictionary." It contains the important terms used in music, in English, French, German, and Italian, with pronunciation and concise definition, together with the elements of notation, and a biographical list of above five hundred noted names in music, in which Americans are liberally represented, although the most popular American soprano and alto, Miss Farrar and Mme. Homer, are oddly missing. Under programme music it would be well to state in the next edition that Prof. Niecks has recently written a large and excellent treatise on this subject. The article on the organ is a model of concise description. There is a classified list of instruments, and the make-up of an orchestra and a military band is given in detail. The volume is in size literally a pocket dictionary.

The first volume of the "Catalogue du fonds de musique ancienne de la Bibliothèque Nationale" (Terquem), by Jules Ecorcheville, has just appeared under the patronage of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. It comprises both manuscript and printed pieces, and is to be completed in eight or ten volumes, with more than 10,000 music themes in the text besides insets. Only 150 copies will be offered for sale, at the subscription price of 500 francs for the entire work. This collection of ancient manuscript and printed music in the department of Imprimés is known to be the most important in the world; but it has hitherto, figured in no catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale. Thematic indexes will be given of the manuscript pieces, with facsimiles.

Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" had more performances than any opera in Germany during the season ending with September, 1910. It was sung 473 times. Bizet's "Carmen" came second, with 428, and D'Albert's "Tiefland" (which led last year) was third, with 409. Strauss's "Elektra," which had 105 performances the preceding year, fell to 65 last year, while "Salome" tumbled from 85 to only 37. Humperdinck's "Hänsel and

Gretel" had twelve more performances during the last operatic year in Germany than all of Strauss's operas combined! Wagner remains in the lead; his operas were heard 1,953 times, which is at the rate of five a day for every day in the year, with 128 days on which there were six. Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," which in the opinion of some enthusiasts was destined to drive Wagner from the stage, dropped from 31 performances the year before to only four last year. Mascagni's "Cavalleria" held its own with 258, and Leoncavallo got royalties on 294 productions of his "Pagliacci." But Puccini is now far ahead of his colleagues. Besides the 473 hearings of "Butterfly" there were 164 of "La Bohème and 138 of "Tosca," making a total of 775.

One of the great events of the musical season will be the production of Victor Herbert's grand opera, "Natoma." Philadelphia will hear it first, on Thursday evening, February 23, and five days later it will be sung in this city at the Metropolitan Opera House. Campanini will conduct and the list of singers includes Mary Garden, Lillian Grenville, John McCormack, Mario Sammarco, Hector Dufranne, and Gustave Huberdeau. The opera will, of course, be sung in English, and, if it succeeds, Mr. Herbert will be able to say justly that it marks an event in our musical history, the birth of real American opera. To be sure, Mr. Herbert was born in Ireland (he is a grandson of the great Irish humorist, Samuel Lover), but he has been in this country the greater part of his life, and has become thoroughly Americanized.

Art

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

If it were necessary to take the one hundred and sixth exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy in its eternal aspect, there would be little or, safer perhaps, nothing to say. Good advice to those who must have the best would be to look hard at Alden Weir's Spreading Oak, at Woodbury's snow-covered dunes heaving above a still sea, at Wilton Lockwood's beautifully seen peonies—to look at these three paintings and then go home satisfied. But apart from the eternities, this show must appeal pretty strongly to any lover of our own art. Well-sorted into kindred groups, the pictures are delightfully hung. The show is unusually small, with 375 paintings and 148 pieces of sculpture. It is less representative than usual, but in compensation more harmonious. The new school of frank painters and eschewers of black dominate the walls until harmony is a little in danger of passing into monotony.

This method of painting has been frequently discussed in these columns. In vigor and economy it has obvious merits, at the expense, however, of the especial depth and lustrousness proper to painting in oil and varnish mediums. In attenuating all shadows and insisting on the general shimmer, there is considerable impoverishment of effect. A Cotman, not to say a Homer Martin, would make many of the ablest landscapes of this exhibition seem just a little thin and chalky. In short, the effects of diffused luminosity now in favor seem unsuited to oils and well adapted to water color, or, better yet, to tempera. Already the most advanced painters of Munich and Vienna have taken on the gay and gummy medium. Such a revival would be logical here, unless, indeed, modern landscape still has something to learn from such old fogies as Ruysdael, Constable, and Rousseau. And here we may note that to general luminosity has been largely sacrificed the positive effects beloved of old painters. These required the unnatural and abhorred black. Your coming storms and passing showers also implied an emphasis that now seems not quite well bred—a shade too obvious. Ruysdael's Jewish Cemetery at Dresden is unquestionably melodramatic, but how splendidly so! And sometimes it seems as if the art that is not capable of melodrama is denied drama as well. And there are moments when much of our landscape painting seems settling into an imperturbable beamishness, quite as conventional in its way as the discredited brown tree.

Such misgivings make themselves felt even before the vigorous and wholesome work of Redfield, Schofield, Gardner Symons, Ernest Lawson, James Preston. These men sketch admirably, they command their material, they know many of the delectable shortcuts to representation, and, if all of landscape painting be strong and swift suggestion of reality, all these men have greatly achieved. If, however, all painting is chiefly valuable as a way of seeing and feeling, the world being improved and interpreted through a fine idiosyncrasy, then these painters and most of the newer men may seem to lack mood. They evidently love their own muscularity, and they have reason to do so, but they seem ill-stored with memory pictures. It will be said that it is precisely the merit of the modern school to approach nature without preconceptions, but here is fundamental error. What makes the artist is preconceptions. It is the *parti-pris* of harmony and nobility that makes Greek sculpture, of calligraphy that makes old Chinese landscape the most imaginative we have; and until these personal forms of feeling are developed and valued, our art will at best be fine craftsmanship—and not the finest, for that grows out of passionate preconceptions.

It is the pictorial quality, the sense of inner form, that gives distinction to William Sartain's little brown canvas, The Hills, to Harold M. Camp's ledgy mountain top thrust up into a bleak dawn. Daniel Garber, though his paintings—including the prize picture this year, The River Bank—tend to over-effacement in tapestry-like verdure, has this sense of the picture strongly developed. His April Day, lent by the Corcoran Gallery, with its two sapphire flashes of blue water before a blonde quarry, is most precise and refined. Higher ranges of pictorial capacity are shown in those canvases of Alden Weir and Woodbury which have already been noticed, and study of such work suggests that the pictorial sense in landscape consists mostly in the grasp of its larger rhythm and movement, implying, of course, a sense of its scale. Such knowledge really involves an intuition of geological and botanical fact—the growth of trees, the swirl of tides, the half-concealed workmanship of glaciers and torrents; in short, a culture amounting to a personal cosmology. The commonest shortcomings of modern landscapes are first to ignore these larger facts of movement, next to misapprehend the scale upon which they are pictorially available. Indeed, this indifference as to scale runs through all modern art, and is its most noticeable defect as compared with older art. It is possibly a corollary of the current delusion that we paint not things but the atmosphere at large; but to pursue this theme would take us far afield.

Neither Joseph T. Pearson, jr., nor Jonas Lie is quite a newcomer. John C. Johansen has had his share, we believe, of honors. To many visitors the chief interest of the exhibition will be the opportunity to estimate the work of these younger men. Of the three, far the most adroit is Johansen. His portraits are always decoratively, if at times rather obviously, arranged; his brush works loosely but accurately on the canvas; he has an eye for clever effects of illumination, and his persons have a winsome quality, as if appealing for sympathy. It is a sensitive art, recalling without imitation that of John W. Alexander; it could easily fall into the saccharine, which it ably avoids. It is very personal, and may yet attain that modicum of severity without which distinction is hardly possible. Mr. Pearson's landscape with cattle has this severity. A fine schematism regulates the placing of the planes; the very touch is schematic, consisting of multiplied firm, broad strokes. A similar precision is shown in the seated figure of a gunner with pointers, a large decorative composition, and in the vigorous and charming picture of white ducks feeding in a succulent meadow. There is an undeniable vividness in Mr. Pearson's work, and one awaits his development with interest. A certain dryness is clearly his danger. Yet so soundly constructed is the landscape which won the Jennie Sesnan medal that it could safely be hung by those Paul Potters which it distantly recalls. Jonas Lie

seems to the present writer to be the best eye among the younger painters. He builds up those expanses of sliding level sea which spell the hush of nature; he knows how luggers tend to free themselves soaringly from the water, while moored steamships nestle in the surface with perceptible weight. Beside these harbor scenes which apparently come from his native Norway, he shows a swirling black pool rimmed with snow, and a rush of tawny water over sloping ledges. With him everything is movement. His brush willingly takes all the mimetic hazards, and usually succeeds. Usually movement means rhythm with him, though he keeps the fresh and naïve quality proper to the land of his birth. There are minute signs that he may be adopting too readily certain approved Scandinavian formulas. One could wish that his native sense of rhythmical arrangement might reinforce itself from models too remote to be imitated, say the landscapes of old Umbria or of China.

Other paintings of distinct merit are too various to be held within any generalization, and may only be briefly enumerated. Paul Dougherty's two coast scenes are compactly put up and colorful. Augustus Koopman's Venetian fishing boats have quite extraordinary saturated color. By Elizabeth Roberts are two good studies of beach and sky, very simple and spacious. The astute visitor will have noted that Waugh's The Outer Surf, emphatically the prominent marine of the show, has been evaded, and in fact it is hard to find the right word for that remarkable experiment in aqueous anatomy and tumult. It shows the treacherous slant of a half-broken wave over the shallows, with the angry crests of oncoming rollers behind. And like the pendulum of Galileo, it moves. It might spill out of the frame and sweep away Benson's picnic party opposite. Great knowledge and diligence go to the making of such a picture, and the present writer reproaches himself a little for declining to be swept away. And yet if this is a fine picture all the men who have notably painted the sea, Ruysdael, Turner, Courbet, Winslow Homer, Korin, Hokusai must be wrong. None has desired or presented so clamorous and photographic a reality. There is a lack of personal attitude here, and to fall back upon an Irish paradox, the sea might possibly look like that if nobody had ever looked at it with love. The opposite of this kind of literalism is A. B. Davies's The Lifegiving Sea. Pale crags, in retreating perspective, cut across a faded nacreous sky. In the foreground is a tiny woman's form. Beside her the foam spurts up like a lily. Here are vast restful spaces and some hint of a solemn pagan annunciation, perhaps an ave to seaborn Venus.

Among the portraits Tarbell's Dr. Timothy Dwight, which receives the Beck medal; Lockwood's Dr. J. W. Elliott, and MacCameron's Joseph B. Thomas, jr., were shown in the winter Academy in New York. De Camp exhibits two portraits of men characteristically strong and satisfying. It would be an interesting exercise in æsthetics to distinguish between De Camp's portraiture and the more objective and official work of such men as Julian Story and Frederick P. Vinton, both of whom are well represented this year. The resemblance is close enough to deceive the ordinary eye. John Johansen's very ingenious and decorative work in this field has already been touched on. Ellen Emmett has as usual the gift of saliency, but still works more with her cleverness than with her sympathy. Cecilia Beaux is represented by two simple and forthright works, of which the head of a girl with a laurel wreath has rare distinction. Brush, who apparently can be had for exhibition purposes only by dint of borrowing, prevails against all present fashion and probability by the combination of severity and sympathy in his long observation and longer execution. None of his three contributions is quite of his best, but any of them make the average new-style portrait look both thin and loud.

What portraiture may be a glimpse about the early American gallery of the Academy will show, and the reason our neatest portraits look rather common beside Copley, Gilbert Stuart, or even Sully and Inman, is not that these older painters have the glamour of antiquity about them, but rather that they had more interesting ways of seeing their sitters, and probably a better economy of method. Possibly nature is too much in the way of the modern painter. Apparently he sees the sitter too often and observes too variously. The finest portraits in the world, those of Jan van Eyck and Hans Holbein, were, as every one knows, painted not from sittings, but from a sketch upon which the color was merely noted. To all intents and purposes the portraits were conceived within a few hours, though patient days doubtless went to the actual execution. It is a process that for sheer grasp and intellectualism puts to shame anything in the way of modern *premier-coup*. The painter, having once for all plucked the characteristic from the appearance, could safely dismiss the sitter, nay, must do so, for another sitting would imply another picture. And this may account partially for the odd, composite, uncharacteristic look of much portraiture faithfully done with the eye on the object.

What one might call the well-to-do interior is becoming something like a staple. These subjects afford to the modern artists, as they did of old to Terburg and Vermeer, a great variety of color, oddities of illumination and perspective, and interesting still life *ad libitum*. Tarbell and Paxton are, perhaps, the leaders in this kind. Their work seems a shade finer than the rest. Tarbell's interior, with its two figures set against the light from a casement, is most sensitively painted and observed, but lacks the concentrated interest that we find in his best work. Paxton's The Housemaid is wholly winning, though verging on prettiness. Both these painters usually observe the scale proper to these intimate subjects. Some of the ablest men unhappily paint these themes to salon measure. Richard Miller, in his richly-colored interior called The Chinese Statuette, gives us an Alfred Stevens creation on the scale of life. Stevens knew better than to stretch out these exquisite trifles too thin. Frieseke, whose picture of two women crouched about a parrot cage is, for sheer mass and vitality, perhaps the most remarkable bit of painting in the entire show, again must write his eclogue at dramatic length. At the risk of pedantry one must repeat that every subject has its normal scale, dependent upon its inherent character and destination. And much of the ablest work of the Paris men has no conceivable destination except the exhibition hall.

The nude is very little in evidence. Dufner's charming study of The Bathers is, on the whole, to be credited to landscape. Frieseke's girl crouching under a white parasol is clearly to be credited to flesh and blood, and the painting of the nude is exquisite. But again we have to do with a factitious exhibitionistic arrangement and an exaggerated scale. Sergeant Kendall's beautifully modelled nude, La Cicada, seems over-individualized. It was by way of being a fine academy when it unhappily determined to be picturesque. The strain of the intention is apparent.

One misses inevitably, the work of our mural painters, and less pardonably, it should seem, that of the men who paint the life of the people. In fact, the weakness of the show as a whole is just this suspicion that prunes and prisms are the sign in which one may conquer. The abstentions are of a serious kind. In many cases there are evident and good reasons. Mr. Hassam, for example, could not deplete his one-man show at New York. The independents probably prefer to detonate rather in New York than in Philadelphia. Such motives are evidently beyond the control of the Pennsylvania Academy. Yet the question is worth asking, if these exhibitions are not gradually sacrificing their most precious asset, their widely representative character, and falling insensibly into the sort of favoritism that afflicts most exhibiting societies. This issue is frankly raised because the Academy has set a high standard, and is still free from merely professional prejudices.

In the sculpture rooms Grafly's exhibits—especially the spirited bronze

head of The Painter Redfield, two fragmentary nudes representing figures of the zodiac, and two small heads in a severe and expressive style—seem easily the best. Abastenia St. Leger Eberle's splendidly poised housemaid sweeping a windy doorstep looks even better than it did in the Winter Academy. Beautiful craftsmanship is exemplified in Bela Pratt's Study of a Young Girl in bronze and in Frazer's marble head called Tristesse. There is good drastic expression in A. Stirling Calder's bronze statuette of a Dancing Sioux Indian. Roth's marble polar bear and Deming's bronze statuette of a she bear giving suck to her cubs have the rare quality of seeming modelled from the inside. Anna Hyatt's three colts are beautifully light on their feet, scrupulously modelled, and cleverly drawn into a seemingly impossible group. Enid Yandell's two children in a fountain group, The Water and the Flowers, is a very handsome bit of decorative sculpture. The sheer vigor and rightness of Grafly's Redfield makes it hard to pay due attention to other portrait busts, but the offerings of Edith Woodman Burroughs, of Theodore Spicer-Simpson, are excellent. Finally, one could not wish for more charming bijoux than the terra-cotta figurines of Bessie Potter Vonnoh, or the nervously modelled lizard by Albert Laessle.

If any very fine work has been omitted the present writer must put part of the blame with the hanging committee, which has made the whole so attractive that inspection of the parts becomes ungrateful. The list of prizes is added for the sake of the record: Beck medal, Portrait of Timothy Dwight, D.D., LL.D., by Edmund C. Tarbell; Temple medal, Chinese Statuette, by Richard E. Miller; Walter Lippincott prize, River Bank, by Daniel Garber; Jennie Sesnan medal, Landscape, by Joseph T. Pearson, jr.; Mary Smith prize, Portrait of Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, by Alice Kent Stoddard.

F. J. M.

Stokes will bring out in the Masterpieces in Color series "Corot" and "Delacroix."

Henry Frowde has in preparation the following books on archæological subjects: "Excavations in Nubia, 1909-10," by J. Garstang, F. Ll. Griffith, and A. H. Sayce; "Historia Numorum," by Barclay V. Head, second edition, and "The Suk, Their Language and Folklore."

An exhibition of the work of Ingres will be held at the Galerie Georges Petit, Paris, from April 25 to May 15, in aid of the Ingres Museum at Montauban. It will include 50 pictures, 200 portraits in crayons, etc., and 500 miscellaneous drawings.

Prof. Henry Thode will be succeeded as lecturer on the history of art in the University of Heidelberg by Prof. Carl Neumann.

Théodore Tchoumakoff, who died recently in Paris at the great age of eighty-seven, was born in Russia, but had long lived in Paris. He was a painter of landscapes and genre subjects.

Two Frenchmen, distinguished in the world of art, have recently died. Théophile Camel, the sculptor, was born in 1862; he exhibited frequently at the Salon des Artistes Français, and left the well-known works, Premier Regret, now at the Petit Palais; Montmartoise, and the group Maternité. Léon Ducaruge was born in 1842. He was both a *dessinateur fusiniste* and a painter, and was a member of the Société des Artistes Français.

Finance

A REMINISCENCE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The past week has witnessed the semi-centennial of the date on which occurred one of the most striking events, alike as to causes, circumstances, and consequences, in the country's history. On Thursday, February 8, 1861, the delegates from the six States which led the movement of secession, having met in convention at Montgomery, Alabama, formed the Confederate States of America.

The story of how that action, and its sequel in the events of fifty years ago, were received in the community at large, has been often told from the political, the social, and the military side. It has not often been told from the side of finance pure and simple. It is true that the financial history of the civil war is a familiar topic, but that particular chapter in the great events of the period can scarcely be said to have begun until months after the declaration of secession. It was not until December, 1861, that the New York banks suspended specie payments. It was not until 1862 that the issue of irredeemable paper money found a place, for the first time since colonial days, among the expedients of the country; and it was not until 1863 that the national banking system emerged from the financial chaos. But the question may profitably be asked at the present occasion, how financial markets in particular and the financial community in general received the first outbreak of the conflict. If we can find from the record just what were the ideas and impressions of those markets when a state of war was first actually created, it may throw some light on the expectations, hopes, and apprehensions entertained at heart by the general public of 1861. In these present days, when people watch the Stock Exchange with breathless interest, to interpret from its rise or fall what is foreshadowed by that unfailing index of political and financial conditions, it ought to be interesting to inquire what the markets did in the face of the extraordinary crisis which introduced the longest and most destructive war of the century.

Nowadays, the Stock Exchange is one of the first places to which observant people look, when war is impending, for a hint as to what the character and result of the conflict will be. Most people remember the collapse of prices and the rise in the European bank rates which occurred on the eve of the Boer war of 1899, and the subsequent violent tightening of financial tension which foreshadowed the duration and cost of the struggle. The "Paris panic" of 1904 in Russian government bonds, when the Russo-Japanese war broke out, the fall of Japanese bonds at London, the quick recovery in both markets, and the absence of unsettlement in other securities, were still more recent, and pretty accurately prophesied the character and results of that war. What happened when the Montgomery Convention opened the ball in 1861?

The New York stock market had been much unsettled at Lincoln's election of November, 1860, and at the subsequent ordinances of secession by the Southern States. It had recovered its equanimity with the beginning of 1861, however, and, in fact, there were numerous evidences—from interior trade, railway earnings, merchandise exports, and import of gold—that a prosperous year was opening. In the week ending February 9, when the Montgomery Convention was in session, the Stock Exchange did little; nevertheless, the market had advanced, on what the financial articles called "the favorable character of the advices from Montgomery and Washington"—a view of the news which certainly seems a bit grotesque to those of us who, in the light of subsequently-collected historical fact, are able to see what was going on behind the curtain fifty years ago, although, given the same circumstances, exactly the same error might occur to-day; for the essence of a political crisis of that nature is that neither party should know exactly what is going on in the minds of the other. News of the convention's action reached New York on Sunday, the 10th, and the market had its first chance to respond on Monday. It took the news calmly; "a little weakness under hammering by bears" was all. On Tuesday, the 12th—to quote a New York daily paper's market review—stocks were "very active and buoyant; the shorts were covering," and on Wednesday the fact that the electoral votes for Lincoln had been officially counted in the Senate without disturbance was made the basis for another rise.

By Friday, with the market still firm, "the impression among brokers was strong that political matters were in a fair way to be settled peaceably"—so said even the *Tribune's* money article. A day or two of moderate reaction followed; then, on Saturday, the 24th, "large

activity and a buoyant market, on the peace conference"; by Monday, "the outside public in the market, and the bears covering"; by Wednesday, the 28th, "a bull movement." All this with the Union visibly disintegrating, war in the air, and the bombardment of Fort Sumter only six weeks away. The reader of the narrative, fifty years afterward, will certainly rub his eyes, and ask if they may not have had such things as Sunshine movements, even in 1861.

Perhaps, however, it would be fairer to say that every great war has a Sunshine movement in its early stages, when "On to Richmond," or "Guerre avec cœur léger," or the "Christmas dinner engagement in Pretoria," embodies the hope even of financial markets, and the belief that arises from the hope. Possibly, indeed, the Stock Exchange—prophetic though its general rôle may be—is even more subject to such self-delusions than the community at large. But, if so, it is quite as rapidly undeceived. The "bull movement" with which February ended on the New York market of 1861 disappeared at once with March. On the second of that month, stocks broke heavily on rumors that Virginia also would secede. On the fifth, they broke again on Lincoln's inaugural promise to enforce the laws of the United States. Rallying on March 11, under the rumor that the Government would abandon Sumter, prices broke again with great violence on the news that supplies were going from Washington to the beleaguered fortress.

The downward movement proceeded rapidly, interrupted only on April 12, the day before Beauregard fired on Sumter, by a "rumor"—Wall Street even then was Wall Street—that Jeff Davis would let the provision steamer land. Needless to say, he did not do so. The shot that began the war was fired from the Confederate battery at Charleston, and then the Stock Exchange showed its mettle. The market was supported after the startling news had come, one Sunday morning, and the North had begun to arm and organize. Patriotic speeches were made in Wall Street; the flag was unfurled on every building. Bear sales of United States government bonds at a decline were hissed by the members on the floor of the Exchange. Nevertheless, Virginia State bonds broke eleven points in twenty-four hours. A day or two later all the market fell into panic, and markets, like the people, accepted the fact of a long and costly war.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1911.

The Week

It was certain from the beginning that if the Senate failed to vote on the reciprocity agreement, an extra session of Congress would come. Mr. Taft is pledged to the Canadian Government to use his best endeavors to procure action on the bill. He does not feel himself at liberty to weigh the advantages or disadvantages of an extra session. Party and personal considerations cannot enter into the matter; he is bound. At the same time, through the medium of Mr. McCall, he has applied persuasion and something that sounds almost like menace to the case. That reciprocity is an essential feature of orthodox protectionism is proved by a long list of historical citations. That reciprocity is the only way to stave off the downfall of the entire system of protectionism is an argument that would come nearer home to the practical men in the Senate to whom history is an academic amusement and consistency a moral luxury. The argument that will really come closest to the hostile Senators is that an extra session, with a Democratic House, must play the mischief with business and delay the return of that prosperity which the country has so long been awaiting. On this point the recalcitrant Senators will probably base their action. If they make up their minds that an extra session will hurt business, and that the responsibility can be fixed on the Democratic House, they will have an extra session. But if they decide that popular opinion will insist on fixing responsibility upon those who had the chance to give the country relief and refused it, there may still be a vote on the trade agreement before March 4.

Our Canadian friends should understand that although Champ Clark is the prospective Speaker of the House of Representatives in the next Congress, his *obiter dicta* are not regarded in this country as having world-shaking importance. When, in the course of his reciprocity speech last week, he spoke of being for the bill because he hoped "to see the day when the American flag will float over every square foot of the British-North American possessions clear to the North Pole," he was not expressing a permanent and deeply-cherished sentiment of his own—not to speak of the Democratic party, or the nation—but merely filling out a sonorous paragraph. The people of the United States are thinking so little about absorbing Canada that if Mr. Clark's remarks had not been telegraphed to that country, nobody in his own would have given them a second thought, and very few would have known that he had made them. This is not saying that Mr. Clark is without ability or even influence, but his best friend will not deny that he is a little given to exuberance.

The one thing quite clear about the second-class postage question is that the case is not yet clear enough to warrant action upon it. The question concerned is not only that of the popular magazines, but that of the entire second-class postage system, and indeed of the causes of income and outgo of the post office as a whole. But even in regard to the prominent popular magazines the basis of facts on which the proposed change is predicated seems to be very far from definitely ascertained. The matter is complicated by many elements not entering into a purely business question, but it ought not to be beyond the powers of the Department to have an investigation and report made taking into account all the elements of the case in a spirit so fair, and with a thoroughness so manifest, as to give its conclusions greater weight than has been commanded by anything thus far produced. To the charge made on behalf of the magazines, that the Administration is actuated by a desire to crush out the propagation of aggressive political views through the medium of those periodicals, we attach no weight whatever. But it does not follow that the methods of the Department have been free from the kind of unfairness that goes with overzeal.

In the jam of business in the Senate at the close of the session it is to be hoped that time will be found—and fifteen minutes ought to be enough—to pass the bill to do away with negligible error on appeal in the Federal courts. It passed the House without an opposing vote on February 6. There could be no serious opposition in the Senate if the matter were brought to vote. The measure is favored by the special committee of the American Bar Association, as well as by many eminent lawyers and judges and the President. The gist of it is in the following words: "No judgment shall be set aside, or reversed, or new trial granted, by any court of the United States in any case, civil or criminal, on the ground of misdirection of the jury or the improper admission or rejection of evidence, or for error as to any matter of pleading or procedure, unless, in the opinion of the court to which application is made, after an examination of the entire cause, it shall appear that the error complained of has injuriously affected the substantial rights of the parties." The whole is completely in line with common sense and with the movement to do away with merely technical delays and vexations in the trial of causes.

The real significance of the happy-go-lucky methods that have obtained in our management of the vast national domains is sharply brought out in such facts as those presented in the report on the lumber industry of the United States by Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations. Laws enacted many years ago for the purpose of facilitating the acquisition of moderate-sized homesteads have been allowed to operate unchecked in the case of millions of acres of timber land which has never served, and has never shown any sign of serving, any such purpose. Apart altogether from any question of fraud, an arrangement by which valuable timber land can be bought at an insignificant price fixed by law, by any one who is willing to go through the prescribed formalities, is calculated to have precisely the effect that the figures given by Commissioner Smith show it to have had. Such land stays but a very little while in the hands of the original claimant, whether there was any collusion or not in the filing of his claim.

Under these laws, the vast holdings, which threaten something like a monop-

oly of timber ownership in this country, have been continually enlarged. And yet whenever a vigorous and determined effort is made to save for the nation the natural possessions still remaining in its hands, an outcry is instantly raised by the so-called "practical men" against the "theorists" and "fanatics" who wish to block the country's development. That is the kind of thing upon which the anti-Pinchot and pro-Ballinger forces concentrated themselves in regard to the Alaska question. The fact is that what the conservationists desired, and still desire, in Alaska and elsewhere, is not to stop the use of our natural resources, but to prevent their being gobbled up by great private interests, and in such a way that the nation gets little or no benefit from their possession. The report tells of lands worth many hundreds of millions of dollars given away for next to nothing by the Government, and now held by big corporations for a still further rise in the future on the basis of real scarcity value for the timber.

Gifford Pinchot again displayed himself as dull, narrow-minded, and ignorant of New York political conditions at New Rochelle the other day, when he asked: "Who will dare maintain that Sheehan is the choice of a majority of the Democratic voters of New York—Sheehan, whom Murphy, except for a little group of patriotic men, would already have inflicted on the State?" Here is a prophet of the moral uplift who thus confesses himself unaware of all those good deeds of Mr. Sheehan since his retirement from politics, all his alliances with movements for reform and good government which made him so irresistible a candidate for the unwilling Murphy. But aside from this, we must admit that Mr. Pinchot tried to be fair to both sides. "Murphy and Tammany," he declared, "are well-balanced by Barnes and the Black-Horse Cavalry. The party controlled by one can throw no stones at the party controlled by the other."

Who at Albany took bribes during the anti-racing fight of three years ago, and who refused them, and who handled them, will never be completely known. But one thing is altogether certain, that an enormous fund was collected and distributed for the purpose of defeating the anti-gambling bills. Of what magnitude must have been the "interests" that could afford to throw so heavy a contribution in the scale! Opponents of the bill wailed over the tens of millions of dollars in property and vested rights that the Hart-Agnew bills were certain to destroy. Well, the anti-racing bills have been in force for two years and the threatened millions have presumably been destroyed. But has any financial panic followed the wanton destruction of so much property, have the ranks of the unemployed been swelled with waifs from the race-tracks and the stables, has the sum of human happiness in New York State these last two years shown any diminution as a result of the suppression of public gambling at the race-tracks?

Gov. Johnson of California calls the enactment by the Legislature of the Eshelman-Stetson railway law, by a unanimous vote, the greatest legislative achievement of the State in many decades. The fight against the domination of the commonwealth by the Southern Pacific machine, he says, ended in a triumphant victory for the people. Under the provisions of the new law, the Railroad Commission of three members is empowered to fix absolute instead of maximum rates only, as under the present law, and to establish and make fair division of joint rates between two roads, as well as to order through tariffs. The act provides also that the commission shall have means to determine the physical valuation of the roads, that it shall hear complaints of shippers, and that it shall have power to begin investigation of rates without complaint if it shall deem this proper.

President Taft's veto of the joint resolution of Congress reinstating at West Point the nine cadets who had been dismissed for hazing, is a welcome check to a very bad practice. Again and again have the authorities of the Military Academy seen their efforts to maintain discipline thwarted by act of Congress. In their determination to stamp out hazing and to make the future officers of the army learn the first lesson of obedience, they ought not to be interfered with by a too good-natured Congress too open to political influences. The President rightly states that the proposed restoration of the nine cadets would be "very injurious" and would "tend seriously to demoralize the discipline" at West Point. His veto will have a tonic effect. It will be easier, after this, to enforce the rules at the Academy, and insubordinate cadets will understand that they cannot so readily appeal to politicians to undo the work of their military superiors.

The new dean of Barnard College scored a pretty point in her address of acceptance last Thursday, when referring to the dread that a college education must make a woman a portentously learned and awe-inspiring person. "I have never discovered," she said, "that a young man graduated from Columbia, Yale, or Harvard, is looked upon as such a paragon of learning—rather the opposite, I fear." And she added the express statement, founded on actual experience, that "a college course does not make the average girl a profound scholar." One thing that it does do, Miss Gildersleeve went on to point out, is to make the world a more interesting place to live in. Whatever other purposes colleges may serve, this is one that ought to be looked upon as primary, though in recent years there has been a pretty general disposition to ignore it. More than one prominent figure in college circles has not only failed to maintain that the acquiring of a liberal education is in itself a worthy end, but has virtually affirmed the opposite. Yet the possession of liberal culture not only makes the world more interesting to those who have it, but tends to make the world as a whole more interestng. And it would be a hazardous venture to undertake to prove that, in the present condition of things, the "marginal utility" of whatever tends to enhance the interest of life in this way is not greater than that of anything else that the persons who seek it in college could otherwise acquire or produce.

The ominous report of the formation of a Literary Trust dominated by Wall Street has been received in Indiana with a becoming spirit of resolution. That State admits that it produces more and better literature than any other. What would happen to its present prosperity with its leading industry stricken down it is impossible to contemplate unmoved. For a lighter menace, peoples have risen in revolt. Indiana will not do

that. Careless both of her own comfort and of the literary prestige of the Anglo-Saxon nations, she will, if worse comes to worst, starve the Trust into surrender by withholding her accustomed supply of raw material. The extent of this practice can be comprehended only when it is considered what an amount of denunciation, arising from lack of appreciation of her motives, the self-sacrificing commonwealth will bring down upon herself by her prudent but too ideal course. Deprived of their daily Hoosier novel, the rest of the people will lose sight of the moral issue involved and will clamor for government ownership and operation of literary production.

With the introduction in the House of Commons on Tuesday of the Government's Veto Bill, the constitutional and political crisis in England came once more to the front. On the surface, all is clear sailing for the Ministry. They have a large majority; they obtained as plain a mandate from the constituencies to pass a bill limiting the veto power of the Lords as could well be got; they have the promise of the King to create new peers if necessary to overcome opposition in the Lords; their followers are united—at least on this particular measure—while the Opposition is divided and without firm leadership. Yet it is a fact that the best of the Liberals are not thoroughly satisfied with the situation. They press forward, because they are politically bound to do so, but they are troubled with grave doubts whereto this thing may grow. The thoughtful men among them are not deceived by glib assertions that the Veto Bill will settle the question of the Second Chamber in England.

One thing that helps to make this question acute and pressing is the unexpected decision of the Lords not to proceed with the plans for reforming their own body. No longer ago than February 6 the London *Times* set forth what was supposed to be the Unionist purpose to push forward the work of changing the composition of the upper chamber so as to make it both more representative and more efficient. It said that if the Peers were now to drop the project, it would expose them to "odium and contempt as never having been in earnest at all, and as having merely passed a few sham resolutions in a hurry to stave off something unpleasant." Yet on February 10 the *Times* had to announce that "the Unionist leaders in the House of Lords do not now consider it a desirable course to introduce a bill in that Chamber embodying their proposals for reform." This decision can only mean that enough of "the Lords from the wild" have made it clear to Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne that they intend to stand firmly on their hereditary privilege. At first sight, this makes the course of the Liberals still plainer; yet there has always been a hope on the part of their leaders that the House of Lords might be reformed—it is openly expressed in the preamble of Tuesday's resolutions—as well as limited in its legislative rights. They will now fear that a stubborn opposition by the Lords to all change will induce the Radicals to seek to go greater lengths.

Along with the news of the formation in Germany of a league for the restoration of good manners, comes the information that French politeness is sick unto death. Among those who have been in haste to ring its knell in the Paris papers, some attribute the trouble to the bad manners of women; they have, it is argued, by placing themselves on a level with men in the pursuit of a living, forfeited their right to that deference from the strong to which their former position entitled them. Such a narrow view of the nature of politeness excites surprise; politeness, we had supposed, was not confined to the relations of the sexes; that gracious abatement of one's absolute rights we had thought quite as much a matter of the relations of man to man. Politeness was born in an age when men wore swords for the purpose of exacting it, and the "very pineapples of politeness," as Mrs. Malaprop put it, lived before swords were utterly laid by. Politeness, it seems, is dying in an age of umbrellas and subway crowds, and it must be admitted that the manners of the eighteenth century could not, without serious disrepair, get across the Brooklyn Bridge. We may, in time, develop a code of manners less elaborately gallant than the old, but sprung, perhaps, from true good feeling.

A new crisis is reported from Lisbon, where the navy has adopted a menacing attitude toward the Provisional Government, because of the enforced retirement of a popular officer and revolutionary leader. Portuguese political crises, nowadays, need to be considerably discounted; but even if the difficult situation exists and the present Government is in some peril, it does not follow by any means that the Republican régime in Portugal is endangered. It is the misfortune of all military revolutions that the ease with which they are accomplished is a constant incentive to further revolution on the part of those who believe that things have not gone far enough. The navy and army in Portugal are more radical than the Government, and for the simple reason that a Government, setting out from no matter how radical a position, is forced to moderation by the very exigencies of the business of governing. Thus we have had in Turkey continuous dissension between the Committee of Union and Progress, which engineered the late revolution, and many of the Ministers whom the Committee itself placed in power. But whereas in Turkey such dissensions constitute a real peril, because of the presence of a powerful reactionary element that might learn to take advantage of the situation, in Portugal, it is generally understood, the monarchical system had so rotted away that even Republican dissensions can avail it little.

Russia's contentions in the frontier controversy with China have a sounder basis than we are accustomed to associate with Russian aggressive policy in the Far East. There seems to be no intention on the part of the authorities at Peking to take issue with the legal case made out by the St. Petersburg Foreign Office. It is a conflict between the rising national spirit in China and the vested interests of a foreign Power, and this particular incident is bound to hasten the movement within China for the abolition of extra-territorial privileges, which is one of the immediate aims of the progressive party within the Empire. It is a problem, however, that offers no easy solution. The foreign Powers will not yield their sovereign rights till China demonstrates her ability to maintain order within her frontiers. At the same time, the maintenance of extra-territorial privileges constitutes a perpetual source of irritation and national unrest.

OUR WASTE OF POLITICAL ENERGY

The question of the referendum has suddenly become one of the leading issues of English politics. Advocated for a considerable period almost solely by the *Spectator*, and adopted apparently without deliberation by Mr. Balfour in a campaign speech, it has now been taken up by the Conservative leader as necessary to the proper working of the British Constitution. In a recent speech at the Constitutional Club, Mr. Balfour declared that the referendum ought to be a permanent part of the Constitution for dealing with "great differences of opinion between the two houses of Parliament." He went even further and urged the application of the referendum even to cases in which the two houses are agreed, upon the demand of a sufficiently large minority of the House of Commons for reference of the question to a vote of the people.

It is not our purpose to discuss either the merits of the referendum as an institution or the prospects of its adoption in any form by the British Parliament. But it is extremely interesting to contrast the character of the propaganda now made in its favor in England with that of the movement in our own country in favor not only of the referendum but of the allied measures of the initiative and the recall. With us the keynote of the campaign for these "progressive" expedients has been the necessity of giving the people a weapon wherewith to counteract the influence of corrupting moneyed "interests" and corrupt politicians. Upon the fact, or the alleged fact, that Legislatures cannot be trusted to be honest, virtually the whole weight of the agitation of the initiative and referendum has rested; because mayors and other public officers may prove to be either corrupt themselves or under the domination of corrupt politicians, the recall has been regarded as necessary by those communities that have adopted it. But in the English discussion of the referendum we are in an entirely different world. There the referendum is not a police question, it is a political question—a question of the play of great political forces, not of the personal honesty or dishonesty of individuals. The *Spectator*, for example, has been using some very heated, perhaps even violent, language concerning the present coalition majority in the House of Commons; but it is always as a political coalition, and not as the tool of hidden interests, that the Government combination is treated. A leading argument, for instance, made in behalf of the referendum is that it would be a means of getting the nation's verdict on each one of two or three vital measures which a coalition might put through as part of their joint programme, but no one of which, taken separately, might command the approval of the people. How different this from the sort of discussion which necessarily forms so large a part of our American political life!

If we had but imagination to see what a price we are really paying for political corruption, the revelation would be staggering. One is in the habit of thinking of that cost as measured by stealing and wanton waste, by inefficient management, by bad workmanship; but it is very much to be doubted whether the aggregate of all this is comparable in importance to the injury inflicted upon the country by the diversion of so large a part of its civic and political energy from the consideration of real questions of public policy to the mere fighting of political abuses. In city, State, and nation, and in legislation and administration alike, the question of sheer honesty has, during a large part of our history, absorbed an inordinate share of the public attention. It is true that we have prospered in spite of this. It is true that the people of the United States are on the whole better situated materially, intellectually, and morally than those of any other nation. But our natural advantages are so enormous, the energy of our people and the freedom of our institutions are so superior, the absence of evils inherited from past ages has been so much in our favor, that merely being better off than other people is by no means sufficient to justify complacency. We do have bad tenement conditions, bad mine conditions, bad factory conditions, manifestly defective laws, staring imperfections in the administration of justice, and we are not quicker but slower than older peoples in remedying them. In the national domain we have allowed natural opportunities such as the world has never seen to melt away in great measure through sheer neglect. In the legislation of most of our States, year after year, the energy that should be devoted to making the most of our possibilities is largely expended upon the thwarting of evil schemes. Our cities have been growing up like Topsy, while the men who might have been engaged in making them what they should be have either kept out of "the mire of politics" or have had their hands full fighting bosses and boodlers.

Such a spectacle as has been presented at Albany during the session of the present Legislature should alone be enough to bring home the truth. That we should have to be happy because "Christy" Sullivan will probably not succeed in ripping up the principal courts of the common people of New York city for the benefit of political heelers; that we should look forward to a sensation of triumph when it shall finally be demonstrated that Murphy does not altogether carry the Legislature in his pocket—what could be more humiliating? Is it for this that we convene the Legislature of a great State? To what country can we point in which such an exhibition would be even remotely possible? But America will not tolerate these things indefinitely. They are already on the road to complete extermination in some of our States, and that they can be completely exterminated is perhaps even more fully evidenced by the history of England. Ancient wrongs and abuses undoubtedly still exist there; but a condition of corruption by the side of which even our condition is purity itself seemed there, a century and a half ago, to be part of the order of nature, and of this now no trace remains. But it is high time we were not reduced to the necessity of summoning up the shade of Robert Walpole when we need to keep ourselves in countenance.

RECIPROCITY AND THE FARMERS.

The trade agreement with Canada should set our farmers to doing some thinking about the effects of high tariff duties on their business. They have been ready to believe it when they were told that, because other countries cannot send us their farm products without paying heavy duties, therefore our farmers are "protected." Manufacturers and politicians have presumed on the gullibility of the farmers. That they have done this with so much success is one of the curious facts of our tariff history. Perhaps farmers are a bit slow to look into a complicated system that oppresses them. In France of the eighteenth century, it has been well said that the farm-

ers were the mules of the Old Régime. They carried the burdens; the other classes had whatever advantages there were. When the French peasants finally woke up to the situation, they became the mainstay of the Revolution. One may hope that our farmers, too, are on the eve of a great awakening. For, as a class, they gain nothing from the tariff; on the contrary, they suffer a huge economic loss every year from its operation.

If the farmer studies the case, he will discover that, in the first place, our tariff does not and cannot raise the prices of our agricultural staples. These are constantly exported; they have to find their markets abroad, and must accept the prices that result from competition with similar products from Canada, Argentina, Russia, and all other farming countries. The price of wheat in Liverpool is surely not "protected" by our tariff. And since the price of wheat sold at home, for consumption here, cannot even equal the Liverpool figure, it is as clear as day that our tariff duty on wheat has never added a cent to the price of wheat in the United States. And what is true of wheat is true of all other farm products that enter into our export trade. If our duties exclude some Canadian wheat, barley, meat, etc., the only effect is to increase Canada's export of those articles to Europe, where our products must meet their competition, and submit to the resulting price. And, we repeat, this European price governs the price here. Clearly, therefore, if our farmers will consider, they cannot fail to see what an empty favor the tariff on farm products offers them.

But this is far from being the whole case: it is only one side of it—the side of no gain. Now for the loss. This falls under two distinct heads. First, the obvious loss to our farmers from having to pay high prices for most of the things they buy for their own consumption. The prices of nearly all manufactured articles, whether imported or made at home, are enhanced by the tariff. When the farmer buys any of the thousand and one articles needed for himself and his family, he pays prices made higher by the tariff than they would be without it. That is what the tariff on manufactures is for. The tariff on farm products is meant to bamboozle the farmers. But the tariff on manufactures is a very different matter. The prices of our manufactures are not fixed in free competition with all the world. The tariff wall comes between.

This immediate and direct loss appears at once when a tariff is set up in a country. The producers of exports lose as buyers of other commodities. But there is another and probably greater loss that comes slowly and indirectly. It is more difficult to explain, because it depends on the working of more obscure though quite irresistible laws of trade. A tariff wall disturbs the natural movement of money between countries. It does not at once diminish exports, but does diminish imports. The customer countries have to remit money instead of the goods they formerly sent. This movement of money goes on through a term of years until a new equilibrium of trade is reached in which each country's exports are again roughly equal to its imports. One of the forces at work to reëstablish equilibrium is the rising scale of prices in the tariff country. The inflow of money has this sure result in the course of years. Producers of exports feel this rise of prices in all things that they buy; but in selling their own product they get no rise, for the price of their product depends, even at home, on the price it commands abroad. That is the precise position of American farmers to-day.

In this indirect price-raising by the tariff, as in the direct and immediate effect, farmers have no share as regards their own product. Their costs of producing are increased: they pay more money for labor and implements, and their family purchases are at raised figures. But the prices of their exportable crops are in fact lowered, for they are fixed in other countries where the supply of money is relatively small—fixed by the cost of producing similar crops in countries where money goes farther in paying costs. So our farmers are burdened by the indirect operation of the tariff.

Does some one think that in saying the tariff causes our country to have a greater supply of money than it would have without the tariff, we give a conclusive argument in favor of the tariff? Why, a common laborer has been heard explaining to his companion that if you get two dollars where you formerly got only one, but have to pay two dollars for what formerly cost you only one, you have gained nothing. That is good sense and good political economy. Unfortunately for our farmers, their case is different. They get no increase of price by the tariff, but have to pay more for what they buy. The excess of money brings *them* only damage and loss. Can they wonder that they are so often disappointed at the results of their labors?

THE DECLARATION OF LONDON.

It is announced that the British Government will not press for the Parliamentary ratification of the Declaration of London of 1909, until after the meeting of the Imperial Conference in May. The desire is first to consult the colonial authorities. But this does not imply that the Ministry has receded, or will recede, from its approval of an international agreement to which it had given official consent, and which Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Minister, has vigorously defended against the attacks that have been made upon it. The matter is adjourned, not dropped. Yet the protests against ratifying the Declaration have been so strong, some naval men and many chambers of commerce having pronounced against it, that the clearest understanding of exactly what is proposed, and of its advantages, will be necessary before Parliament can be got to act.

The Declaration of London may be regarded as a highly important addendum to the Declaration of Paris of 1856. It deals more at length and in greater detail with the chief questions taken up at the earlier conference—namely, the rights of neutral commerce in time of war, blockades, and contraband of war. The United States, it will be remembered, did not adhere to the Declaration of Paris. This was because it did not go far enough toward meeting the views of this country. Our position was that all private property at sea, not munitions of war, should be exempt from capture. This principle in its entirety was not accepted at the London conference of naval Powers, but so long a step in that direction was taken as to satisfy our representatives that much had been gained for the historic contention of the United States, and they assented to the Declaration. What it did was, first, to make out a list of articles which should under no circumstances be regarded as contraband. This list consists principally of the raw ma-

terials of manufacture, such as cotton, wool, silk, flax, rubber, hides, etc. With these goes a large number of enumerated manufactured goods, which are never to be treated as contraband; neither are articles serving exclusively to aid the sick and wounded. The Declaration likewise made out a list of "conditional contraband"—foodstuffs, grain, clothing, fuel, money, railway material, wireless telegraphs, telephones, and so on. These are contraband or not, according to their destination. If intended for the direct use of the enemy's forces, they are liable to capture; otherwise they are free.

Now, the agitation on this subject in England springs from two different lines of reasoning. One is that of the high and mighty sea-power men. They desire to have all these questions left to the navy, to the end that British commanders may seize whatever they please in order to inflict a blow upon the enemy's commerce, and may blockade his ports so completely that, as Sir Arthur Wilson, the First Sea Lord, has said, not one of his merchant vessels can put to sea. This is the extreme fighting theory of the Admiralty, by which the standard of British naval superiority must be kept so high that every hostile fleet can be destroyed, and every harbor blockaded. But it is another view which has influenced the business men. Their fears have been excited lest, in case of war, England should be starved by having her sea-borne food supplies cut off. This danger arises, it is argued, from the language of Article 34 of the Declaration of London, which would make foodstuffs contraband if they were "consigned to a fortified place belonging to the enemy, or other place serving as a base for the armed forces of the enemy." Might not Liverpool be made a "base"? Rosyth is a fortified place and has railway connections with Glasgow; would not food shipped to Glasgow be contraband? These are some of the questions with which Thomas Gibson Bowles has been seeking to alarm Englishmen, and to persuade them not to "embark in these international agreements."

It is to be hoped that all this excitement is but a passing flurry. The Government has so far stood firm, its consent to postponement of the matter until after the meeting of the Colonial Premiers in May being explained as only a fitting deference to colonial opinion. Neither Sir Edward Grey nor Mr. Asquith has wavered in the judgment that the Declaration of London represents a marked advance over existing practice, and ought to be ratified. In this position they are supported by many publicists of weight in England, and by several professors of international law. It is always easy to get up an outcry in England by any one who will affirm that the navy is not what it ought to be, or that the over-ocean commerce upon which the life of the island-kingdom depends is imperilled. But Englishmen have not the money, if they had the will, to build ships enough to outrank all the navies of the world and thus to be in a position to make their own rules of international law. The strong drift of peacefully-minded nations is toward such broad and humane provisions as are embodied in the Declaration of London, and it is probable that English sentiment will yet swing round to approving them.

FOR AN IMPROVED M.A.

About the time that the Teutonic Doctorate in Philosophy became an academic staple among us an attempt was made to give meaning to the venerable and decrepit Master's degree in Arts. No title more needed rehabilitation. By a misreading of the English precedent, which made the M.A. a qualification for graduate voting in Convocation, this easy honor was open to almost any American college graduate who managed to live ten years and spare ten dollars. But, naturally, the honor at length got too cheap, and there was a reaction, amounting in some cases to revolt. We know of a Princeton alumnus who deliberately dissuaded some dozens of his classmates from taking the degree "in course."

By way of mending matters, the better colleges abolished the degree in course and made it a reward for a single year of graduate study. That is the general practice to-day, and under these conditions, while the degree may not mean very much, it has at least come to mean something. Meanwhile the whole subject of graduate study has begun to clear up. It was assumed, when Johns Hopkins showed the way, that every university student was or should be engaged in original research and thus a candidate for the doctor's degree. This not unnatural assumption had the unfortunate result of dividing all graduate students, sheepwise and goatwise, into those who got the doctorate and those who failed, and here the M.A. came in as a *solatium*. To pursue higher studies for a year without enlisting as an investigator thus became respectable. This was a gain. It enabled school teachers and college graduates of scholarly tastes to undertake university studies without later having to explain that they had not been refused the doctorate.

As the university experiment has been tried more fully it has become clear that a great many graduate students with serious purpose and a just claim upon our universities have no vocation for original research and no need of it in their professional work as teachers, writers, or what not. Now, while the strength and the pride of a university will always lie chiefly in its productive scholars, and any lowering of the ideal of research would be calamitous, it is pretty certain that in most universities there will be a proportion of graduate students who wish a broad scholarly groundwork for the various learned professions, or men who indulge an intellectual curiosity of the merely acquisitive sort. It seems to us that such students should be cared for by the university, and that our present system provides very ill for them.

What we need is a reasonable attitude toward the doctor's degree. It is a certificate of proficiency in research. For a generation it has been treated as evidence of teaching capacity, but experience shows that many excellent teachers are not doctors, whereas some highly recommended doctors are but sorry teachers. As long as the Master of Arts is set at the end of the first year of graduate study, the inducement is strong to regard it as a goal. Many graduate students who would greatly profit by extended studies are thus encouraged out of the university, if only that they may not seem to fall into the class of disappointed candidates for the doctorate. The first year of graduate study is usually a time of orientation and uncertainty. Many a good student merely learns the use of his materials and sound habits of work within this space. In most cases a second year of university residence is desirable, and in some cases a third. We need a way of keeping men a little longer at work without forcing them into the routine of preparation for the doctor's degree. And

If the Master's degree were granted for two years instead of one, we should have an arrangement well adapted to the wants of a great many graduate students. Unless an undergraduate has already gained good habits of study—and this is the exceptional case—a year is not much time either for repentance or attainment. In two years something substantial may be accomplished, and men with this amount of training should be sufficiently equipped for ordinary college teaching. It seems to us that the complete rehabilitation of the Master's degree involves the raising of the requirement for one year of graduate study to at least two, and that such a reform is already implied in the present system. This change would be no mere furbishing up of an academic title; it would give a real inducement to wider and sounder studies, rid university life of quite unnecessary tragedies, and the scholarly work at large of much forced, premature, insincere, and relatively valueless research.

THE POPULAR MAGAZINE.

In the present controversy between the Post Office and the magazine publishers one fact stands out clearly, that something like a crisis has supervened in the affairs of the low-priced periodical press. The rise to power of the popular magazine has taken place within a very few years. The publication of Miss Ida Tarbell's history of the Standard Oil Company in *McClure's Magazine* for 1894 may be taken as the beginning of a movement which attained speedy culmination with Mr. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" in the pages of *Everybody's*. There were cheap magazines before Miss Tarbell and Mr. Lawson, but they were not the popular magazines that we know to-day. Lawson's success was both a symptom and an incentive. Boston's fervent rhetorician had tapped an abundant source of popular interest. But at the same time he had opened up a vast new field of publishers' profits. He had discovered the secret that circulation goes with agitation, a discovery that had been made in the newspaper world a goodly number of years before. Between him and Miss Tarbell the distinction might be made that, whereas the historian of Standard Oil, in spite of the bitter indictment she drew, set out to deal with a subject of wide public interest, Mr. Lawson valued his subject because it was capable of creating wide public resentment. Miss Tarbell forged the weapon and Mr. Lawson turned it to new uses, from which only now, after three or four years, we are beginning to see the blunted edge spring back.

We have said that Mr. Lawson was a symptom as well as an incentive. He was the first loud magazine mouthpiece of that widely-ramified movement which we have learned to speak of as the "uplift" and the "awakening." In the newspapers the battle had long been going on. It was then taken up by the weeklies and the monthlies. The periodical press, in great part, underwent an astounding transformation. From being merely recreative or "sedative," as some of the older magazines were content to remain, it became combative. The novelist retreated before the special-article writer, the "fiction-story" made way for the "fact-story." The editor's monthly instalment of mildly inconsequential chat became exhortation ranging from the oratorically vehement to the suggestively sulphuric. It got to be said of the magazine of to-day that it was largely a copy of the newspaper of last week. Not that this attached any stigma to the magazine. Given the great upheaval in public sentiment, it was inevitable that the magazines should rise on its crest. Mr. William Archer, an ardent admirer of our popular periodicals, has pointed out that for geographical reasons we cannot have in this country a national daily newspaper like the *Times*, the Manchester *Guardian*, or the *Scotsman* in Great Britain. The American farmer has always been dependent upon his weekly paper. The low-priced weeklies and monthlies found their opportunity and used it to the utmost.

That opportunity, it must be noted, was a double one. The years after 1903 were a period of material as well as of moral progress. Whatever may have been the case with the working population in the large cities, the farmer, and with him the great West and Middle West, was prosperous. If he cherished resentment against political and corporate dishonesty, he could also afford to subscribe to the magazine that voiced his resentment. Circulation growth, on a scale undreamt of a dozen years ago, became the rule. And with circulation came a great development in magazine advertising, for here again the magazine performed a function which the newspaper could not attempt. As we see it now, the magazines were not the Golcondas they were fond of pretending to be; but there can be no doubt that in the fat years between 1903 and the panic of 1907 the magazines were abundantly prosperous. With prosperity came both power and extravagance. Mr. Archer speaks with admiration, and justly, of the princely ways of American magazine editors. Thousands and tens of thousands of dollars would be spent on a single series of articles. Authors of established reputation got for their work whatever they asked. Even the ordinary magazine hack learned to expect two or three hundred dollars for his "story." It was all very magnificent, but, as events after October, 1907, have shown, it was not wholly wise.

It should be said at once that the power wielded by the magazines during the last five years, though exaggerated, has been very great, and that such power has had its good as well as its evil aspect. They have corrupted taste, and they have often hindered genuine reform by rousing a spasmodic hysteria. There have been weird exaggerations and aberrancies. This would not be America if, having seized upon a "good thing," we did not work it to death. Exposure of public evil is essential to public health; even the "muckraker" performs a useful function. But it is on record that, carried away in a frenzy of witch-hunting, we, an optimistic people and a people boasting of a lively sense of humor, began to see the world all in black. Having uncovered every imaginable political and social evil, we went into pathology and began a passionate hunt for anything that could possibly be the matter with us. After Standard Oil and Wall Street and the railways and the churches and the colleges came the hook-worm and pellagra, and heaven knows what. A vast appetite for horrors had been created, and to satisfy that appetite editors grew reckless; then they grew desperate; then they grew ridiculous. When one magazine began a crusade against dishonest dentists, it was evident that the possibilities of the situation had been exhausted, and that a change must come.

VERNACULAR LITERATURE IN INDIA.

SIMLA, India, January 15.

Our vernacular literature, of late years, has received a great impetus from the reactionary wave that has been sweeping over India. The immediate result of the introduction of English education in Hindustan was to infatuate the young men of the land with a reverence for everything Occidental, good, bad, and indifferent. Indians who passed through the schools and colleges organized on Western lines utterly gave up their old ways of life and thought. They adopted European clothes, and borrowed Occidental manners. They spoke pure Anglo-Saxon or their native tongue freely interspersed with English expressions, and some of them even changed their Hinduism for Christianity. The waning years of the nineteenth century saw the pendulum begin to swing back. When the Mongols beat the Slavs on the Manchurian battle-fields, and, as a consequence, the intelligent among the brown men of this country became fired with a pride and enthusiasm they never before possessed, the reaction against the Westernization of India set in at its full strength. Native Christians ate raw cow dung—the prescribed penance—in order to be re-admitted into the Hindu fold. Modernized Indians cast aside their European garb and donned the *dhoti* and *chaddar*, or *kurta* and *chapkan*. They vowed that they would boycott English goods and encourage indigenous industries. Some of them even went to the length of founding national schools and reviving the old ways of teaching. Hindustan resounded with the cry of "Back to Indian Civilization," and English-educated Hindus gave themselves up to cultivating their art and studying their philosophies and religions. This movement is finding its culmination in the propaganda for the culture of the various vernaculars.

Indeed, to-day the country has become a great battlefield, on which the numerous dialects and languages spoken and written by the congeries of races and religions that compose the Indian population are engaged in a fierce fight for supremacy. To the Hindu, the Devnagri or Sanskrit characters; to the Moslem, the Arabic or Persian alphabet; to the Sikh, the Gurmukhi script, are religiously sacred. As the Sikhs are confined to the Punjab, the controversy over Gurmukhi—a derivative of Sanskrit—is restricted to the province of the Five Rivers. The Hindus and Moslems, however, being distributed all over India, the contest between the characters sacred to them rages over the whole peninsula, though doubtless the battle is most sanguinary in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, and the Punjab. The Hindi-Urdu question, as it is popularly called, has, in fact, become so vexed that it is creating bad blood between the educated Hindus and Moslems. It is only fair to state that probably twice or three times as many people use Sanskrit as employ Persian or Arabic characters, and hundreds of thousands of Mohammedans have been using the Sanskrit; but, as education increases among the Indian Mohammedans, and the controversy between Hindi and Urdu waxes hotter, the followers of the Prophet are becoming more and more averse to teaching Sanskrit characters to their sons and daughters.

Meanwhile the larger question of the national language itself remains. One might say that in addition to English, Hindi and Urdu are the *lingua franca* here. One may also say that to all intents and purposes, the two are one and the same. The chief difference is that the Hindus use a number of Sanskrit terms, and the common language becomes Hindi. The Mohammedans, on the other hand, burden the *lingua franca* with Persian and Arabic expressions and phrases, and it becomes Urdu or Hindustani. This artificial process can be carried on to such a length that Hindi and Hindustani may appear to be absolutely distinct tongues, or it may be relaxed so that either a Hindi or Hindustani speaking people may be able to understand each other with tolerable ease and accuracy. But if the Hindus and Moslems are wrangling for their respective sacred scripts, they are fighting all the more fiercely for their own favorite language. Hindus are infatuated with Hindi, and Mohammedans with Hindustani.

Moreover, provincialism forms a marked characteristic among the natives of India, and as a consequence the discussion is enlivened by the agitation for various provincial dialects. The Bengalis favor improving Bengali; the Punjabis wish to concentrate on Punjabi; the Bombayites are engrossed in their Marhati and Gujerati, and the Madrasis advocate going ahead with their Telugu, Tamil, Kanarese, etc. Where such divergent interests exist, the chance for the evolution of a common, country-wide language is small and remote.

Depressing as is the situation in regard to a common language, or even common script in India, there is no doubt whatever that the various vernaculars are making a great headway. Every year the number of newspapers, periodicals, and books printed in one or more of the native tongues increases, and the publication of vernacular literature is coming to be highly remunerative to those engaged in it. India, especially Bengal, has produced a host of feminine writers. Most of them make it their life-work to edit newspapers and write pamphlets and more pretentious volumes for the particular benefit of the members of their own sex. Indeed, the most notable feature of the present-day vernacular literature is the number of papers and books exclusively devoted to feminine topics. In Calcutta a clever little magazine called *Bharati* is issued, in Bengali, by a Bengali woman, Mrs. Ghosal. In Allahabad a number of Hindu ladies, all belonging to the advanced family of Moti Lal Nehru, edit and publish a Hindi magazine in feminine interests. In Delhi, the Moghul capital of India, a Moslem woman conducts a woman's monthly magazine. At Lahore, Miss Fatima, the talented daughter of Mahbub Alam, the editor of the Urdu daily, *Paisa Akhbar*, gets out the *Shrif Bibi* (Gentlewoman), writing her articles and editing her "copy" while secluded in the privacy of the harem, and viewing the world from the narrow lattice-work of her *Burq'a*, which completely enshrouds her body as, properly chaperoned, she occasionally goes out of her home. Both of these last-named Moslem women's magazines are printed in Hindustani. At Lahore, too, is published *Chand* (Moon), a Hindi woman's magazine, of which Mrs. Harkishen Lal, a distinguished graduate of Bombay University, two of whose sisters are doctors, is managing editor. At Ferozepore, at the farther extremity of the Punjab, more than a thousand miles from Calcutta, a monthly magazine for women, quite appropriately called the *Punjabi Sister*, is published under the auspices of the Sikh college for girls. This is printed in Punjabi. About a thousand miles to the south, in Bombay, a woman's paper, *The Stree Bodhi*, printed in Gujerati, recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. This is by no means a complete list of the publications issued by women and for women in India, but it gives a fair idea of how the various vernaculars are pressed into the propaganda of uplifting the fair sex.

Many women use their native dialects to write novels. Most of these are poor things, but some notable volumes have been issued. "A Fatal Garland," written by a Bengali woman, Mrs. Swarana Kumari Devi, in Bengali, recently Englished, is a powerful and fascinating romance of the days when Moslems ruled Bengal. Before leaving the subject of Indian women who write in their provincial dialects, it is fair to add that many of them engage in writing serious books, some only translations of Occidental, mostly English, works—others volumes on sanitation, housekeeping, the bringing up of children, and even travel sketches.

Many men, also, try their hand at fiction. Indeed, novels in the different dialects are becoming very popular in this country. Not only do the half-educated men devour them, but the middle-class and aristocratic women with primary schooling are greedy for them. As a rule, Indians write much better nov-

els in their native tongues than they do in English, and, as a result, several notable volumes have been produced during the last generation.

In a country like Hindustan, where religion holds unquestioned sway, religious books naturally are the order of the day. The Bhagvad Gita, the Ramayana, and the Mahabarata are very popular, as are also the commentaries of the Vedas and Upanishads. Printed in various vernaculars, in easy language, they command fairly large sales, and are read out to thousands who cannot themselves read or own them. Commentaries of the Koran and Hadis, and the religious lore of the other sects, are equally popular. Enterprising publishers of vernacular literature are constantly bringing out translations and new editions of these old favorites, while fresh commentaries are always forthcoming. My attention has been called to a splendid concordance of the Vedas, recently compiled by Swamis Nitayananda and Vishweshvaranand, and published under the patronage of the Gaekwar of Baroda, which is so well done and printed that it might be the work of an Occidental *savant*. Some Hindus are making it their business to dig deep into the old literature, and are publishing brochures and books to show just what the ancient civilization was. These volumes tell us just how progressive the old-time patriarchs were, and all of them are written with a view to making the people of to-day hark back to "the old enlightenment." Creed-cursed Hindus and Moslems seem to be open to just one influence—the authority of their spiritual tradition. Naturally, religious and social reformers, no matter whether they advocate reform of early marriage, re-marriage of widows, the improvement of the status of the low castes, or of divorce and marriage laws, are forced to quote chapter and verse from the sacred scriptures. It must be said to the credit of these people that they possess the genius to use those very texts which have been quoted as prescribing these evils in such a way as to uphold the arguments for reform.

But, despite this reactionary wave that is carrying the Indians back to the old days, level-headed people are stirring themselves and writing books in the vernaculars that tell what the world to-day is doing, invariably appending a moral as to what India ought to do. Much of this work necessarily means mere translation or compilation—but it should not be under-rated on that account. The attempts of a man like Mahesh Charan Sinha, who lately wrote some treatises on chemistry and physical science, and of the Indians trained abroad, who have produced in their native dialects simple books dealing with scientific agriculture, fruit culture, and kindred subjects, mean much to the land where the prevalent methods and implements are too old-fashioned to be efficient. Great importance should be attached to the vernacular pamphlets which have been issued of late years, many of them by the Government, and which are being increasingly brought out on sanitary and medical topics.

The vernacular political literature has not been a very important factor in India—until the virulent pamphlet made its début a half-dozen years ago. Since then a great many vitriolic brochures, abusing the foreign administration of the land in unmeasured terms and inciting the people to murder English officials in cold blood in order to terrorize the Government, have been surreptitiously printed, and secretly circulated. The police have displayed a great deal of activity in running down those engaged in such agitation, but, despite their efforts, the flow of anarchistic literature has not been entirely checked. Many of the hundreds of daily, weekly, semi-monthly, and monthly publications printed in the different dialects have interpreted freedom of press as license, and have written rabidly about the Government and its officials. The advent of the terrorist in India is almost wholly attributable to the fulminations of these yellow sheets. The consequence has been the enactment of a stringent press law, which has been in operation since the beginning of last year. It promises to cope with the situation.

It must by no means be supposed that all the vernacular press in India is tinted red. On the contrary, there are many journals printed in the leading languages of the land which confine themselves strictly to purveying news and legitimate discussion of current topics. *Saraswati*, a Hindi magazine, may be mentioned as one of the best of this type. It may also be added that to-day in India there are some vernacular publications devoted exclusively to the interests of children, such as *Bachaun ka Akhbar* of Lahore.

SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

Correspondence

POSTAGE ON BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I believe that the following principles may be considered established beyond serious argument:

(1.) That the government should so conduct the affairs of the Post Office that it should be run without a loss, and, on the other hand, without any considerable profit.

(2.) That no considerable class of mail matter should be carried at such a rate that its handling will prove a loss to the Post Office, and on the other hand, that no considerable profit should accrue from handling any considerable class of mail matter.

The last of these two principles has nothing to do, it seems to me, with such questions as the rural delivery or the parcels post which the magazines have cited in their defence, but which belong in an entirely different category because they affect the country as a whole, and which may reasonably be established and carried on whether by so doing the postal service makes a loss or a profit out of such measures.

If the principle set down as No. 2 above is departed from and it should be decided still to continue to carry magazines at much less than the cost of distributing them, because of the alleged educational and other good influences that magazines are supposed to have, then, in that case, the government should also handle other classes of material in the same way.

Notably, there should be added to the class of matter which is carried at less than its cost to the government all books, which are at least as valuable to the public from the educational point of view as magazines, and which are now carried at a rate which is prohibitive when compared with the rate charged for magazines.

All publishers and distributors of books have felt very seriously the competition of the popular magazines, and most of the different classes of books have decreased in sale (some classes of books have been wholly exterminated), because of this competition of the popular magazines, while even the classes of books which have not decreased in sale because of this competition have failed to increase in sale correspondingly to the growth of the country in intelligence and population.

Thousands of book printers, book binders, publishers, and booksellers have serious cause to complain of the action of the government in discriminating in favor of the magazines, and against books, in the postal charges for the distribution of publications.

It is my opinion, and the opinion of many of those engaged in the above trades with whom I have spoken, that the charge for postage for magazines should be increased to a rate which would cause them to be carried without loss to the Post Office and that the new rate for magazines should be the same as that which is charged for the distribution of books.

In other words, there can be no question whatever that the rate on magazines is too low and that the present rate on books is too high, and that the one should be advanced and the other reduced until both pay precisely the same rate of postage.

GEORGE P. BRETT.

New York, February 18.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS IN ITS STORM AND STRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Johns Hopkins University Circular, 1911, No. 1, is dedicated "In Memoriam A. Marshall Elliott." Truly, a noble tribute to a noble scholar and man. Far be it from me to attempt to associate my feeble voice with the voices of Gildersleeve, Mardon, Bright, and other intimate associates of the deceased. I merely seek to enter a brief comment upon one passage in Gildersleeve's address. In speaking of the early days of the university, its Nestor says:

To the few survivors of that joyous storm and eager stress nothing can ever have the personal value of those first few years. Charles Wesley sings of the sweet comfort and peace of a soul in its earliest love; but he is singing of a divine love. There was not much comfort in the hall-bedroom studies and kitchen laboratories. There was not much peace in the to-and-fro of drawing up programmes and holding consultations and going to lectures in order to encourage our colleagues, but it was a glorious time for all that and by reason of all that, and that was the time when Elliott came to us, etc.

Professor Gildersleeve will be glad, I am confident, to get confirmation of his historic sense, to learn how the youthful Johns Hopkins appeared to an outsider. In March, 1881, while professor in the University of Cincinnati, I made my first visit to the Johns Hopkins, of which I had heard so much. I passed the entire week in Baltimore—it was spring recess in Cincinnati—and made the acquaintance of all the staff and many of the students in language and literature. True, I did not visit "kitchen laboratories," science not being in my line. But I did visit many a "hall-bedroom" study, and got there many a wonderful revelation of the possibilities of work. I saw accomplished before my eyes things which I had regarded only as fond dreams for America. No need to go into particulars. Two impressions only I will recall as characterizing the whole. The one was that the young university was dominated by the *demon* of work. The term is used deliberately, and Professor Gildersleeve will not challenge it. The other was that the barrier between instructor and student seemed to be nonexistent. Teachers and taught were merely fellow-workers, sitting round the tables, using the same books, exchanging views rather than giving and accepting dogmas. On both sides was inspiration, unstinted, unquestioning devotion.

Well, my impression of 1881 is still fresh in 1911. I give it for what it may be worth; it will help other scholars to understand why and how the Johns Hopkins rose to eminence.

Yes, "it was a glorious time." Shall I not quote, in Miss Swanwick's translation, the famous passage in Goethe's "Iphigenie"?

> Endless, my friend, the projects which the soul
> Burns to accomplish. We would every deed
> Perform at once as grandly as it shows
> After long ages, when from land to land
> The poet's swelling song hath rolled it on.
> It sounds so lovely, what our fathers did,
> When, in the silent evening shade reclined,
> We drink it in with music's melting tones.
> And what we do is as it was to them,
> Toilsome and incomplete.

And it is fitting to conclude in the minor key, in the words of another great poet. It was a time when "to be *young* was very heaven."

J. M. Hart.

Cornell University, February 13.

PENSIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* for January 12 appeared a letter from Mr. T. G. Dabney of Mississippi on the subject of Confederate pensions. In the main, I am disposed to agree with Mr. Dabney. Especially, I glory in the honor and pride of those old veterans who, as a body, not only pass no resolutions about service pensions, but who, as individuals, scorn to take aid from the state when not actually in need. I am personally acquainted with a veteran who enlisted when a mere boy and fought all through the war, but would not for a moment think of taking a pension. For a time he was associated in business with a man from the North who, I believe, never smelled powder on the battlefield, but is now drawing a handsome pension.

No, the veterans themselves are not inoculated with the virus so prevalent and deadly elsewhere, but it begins to look as if some of our lawmakers were. The last Georgia Legislature seriously discussed a service pension, and the Arkansas House of Representatives, after being in session only about ten days, has passed a bill increasing the appropriation for pensions from $1,000,000 to $1,250,000 for two years. Yet the treasury is now facing a serious deficit. Tennessee has also voted an increase of $250,000.

If this continues, can any one say that education will not suffer? We have almost reached the limit of taxation in this State. Along with the pension bill goes one to limit the rate of taxation for school purposes to seven mills. Yet our public schools are inadequate and the university is seriously handicapped for lack of funds.

But the main purpose of this letter is not to discuss pensions and education in the South; rather I wish to enter an emphatic protest against the shameless and outrageous system of Federal pensions. It has been bad enough, really beyond endurance, for years, but now the nation is to be outraged and insulted by another raid in the Sulloway service-pension scheme. We talk of tariff reform—heaven grant that this generation may live to see it!—but a reform is needed in the pension business also. Indeed, this raid for an additional $45,000,000 looks as if it were timed to create a deficit which would make tariff reform impossible. Where is the manhood of the North that it does not rise up against this outrage?

David Y. Thomas.

University of Arkansas, February 10.

WOMEN STUDENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent number you remark that "to a logical mind" the election or non-election of Mme. Curie to the French Academy would be equally useful in an argument against the contention that women are incapable of the highest scientific work. If the discussion of this contention were relegated to logical minds, probably little would be said on it for some time to come; but a great deal is said on it, in indecent haste, generally to the effect that women have had a fair trial and have been found wanting. How unfair the trial has been perhaps only those familiar with the leading co-educational institutions really know.

There are two things which exert much subtle influence on the intellectual accomplishment of women. One is the basis on which women are chosen for intellectual positions. The other is the attitude toward women of those who have assumed the charge of their education.

Of the first little need be said. But apart from the weight given in this connection to "feminine charm" and social graces, it should not be forgotten that the demands in such things as dress are far heavier on women than on men, and at the same time variation from the customary standards more severely penalized. Let me add only that I have seen a woman's plainness of feature bewailed on a teachers' agency blank by a professor of astronomy!

As to unfavorable treatment of women students, this ranges all the way from subtle condescension to downright insolence. One professor recommends a student "for any position which a woman can fill, that is, anything but a head-professorship." Another boasts that no woman has taken the doctor's degree in his department, or ever shall. Two professors, standing in the presence of a woman student, calmly compare the relative importance of their departments on the basis of the number of their men students. To be sure, the student who with a lordly air delivers the opinion that it is hardly worth while for a woman to apply for a fellowship, as there are so many men applying, may find himself third on the departmental list, after two women. And there are men on the faculty who blush for these manifestations of masculine pettiness. But my point is that the college girl who, while the tenderness of youth is upon her, gets her impression of the spirit of the learned world from such incidents can hardly be said to start fairly on the scholarly career.

In the case of one young woman some of the things said during the discussion of segregation at the university in which she was then a student induced a deep sense of shame and injustice which broke her spirit for years. I do not know how typical this experience is. The only parallel to it which I have known is the case of Mark Pattison. The results, that is to say, were very similar; but the cause of her depression seems less inadequate, because the meanness which shattered her confidence in life was displayed immediately in the men whom she had most honored, while it was directed against the freedom of all her sex, and was greeted with widespread applause.

Perhaps stronger natures do not let mere expressions of opinion affect them so much. But perhaps, also, as Darwin thought, great mental ability is likely to be associated with extreme sensitiveness. Be this as it may, there are many women who go ahead and do their work, their best, and do it well, who take such things as a matter of course, and with no apparent resentment. I have sometimes been astonished by the sex-humility of rather able women. "Oh, yes," they say, "Women can do all the ordinary things fairly well, but can never equal the best men." I think the women's colleges abound in instructors with that spirit. But I remember that when Bain remonstrated with Mill for not basing his argument for the improvement of the opportunities of women on a more moderate estimate of their endowments, Mill replied that women needed to be stimulated to confidence in themselves. And I almost think that if I were educating a girl I would rather have her stay at home and study Mill than go to a woman's college.

E. B. Harrison.

Chicago, February 11.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to correct Mr. Kildal's letter on "Scandinavian Literature" (February 2) in one item in the part dealing with

Swedish books. August Strindberg's "Svarta fanor" is not a volume of essays, but a satirical novel, in which he attacks what he regards as a coterie of literary pirates. It created a sensation when it appeared, in 1907. The first edition was sold out within a very short time, and second-hand copies sold at fabulous prices. On the last page of the book the following statement was printed: 'This book is printed in only a limited number of copies. A new edition will not be issued." In spite of this, a new edition was issued last year by another publisher than the one who had published the first, without any indication of its being a new edition.

Strindberg published last year three volumes of essays: "Tal till svenska nationen," "Folkstaten," and "Religiös renässans." The first-named, in which the author plays havoc generally with Swedish traditions, both historical and literary, gave rise to an animated free-for-all fight of a not very edifying character, which finally terminated with a controversy between professor Bengt Lidforss and the critic, Dr. Frederik Böök, about the integrity of the late Oscar Levertin as literary critic.

AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

Chicago, February 5.

FRESHMAN ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A number of your correspondents have complained of "Freshman Composition" as being very poor. It is true that the writing of freshmen often is poor, yet many of these very students, one feels sure, are perfectly capable of conducting affairs in which they feel an interest, and of writing efficient letters concerning them. They are grown persons, they have graduated triumphantly as seniors from their recent high school courses. It is strange that they should so lose their efficiency when they enter the college theme course, unless there is a reason for it for which the situation is partly responsible. The situation, I think, really is that the ordinary young college student "does not know what the instructor wants," supposing the matter personal. Not having a subject, he postpones getting one to the latest moment, and then begins to write at once without shaping it. Moreover, he is pressed for time, and means to give no more to his theme than is absolutely needed.

If the instructor, who, of course, knows that a subject must be thought on, perhaps talked over, fully absorbed, hence cared for, should himself take these preliminary steps with his class, he will find that the members of it will "talk up" a subject well, with mere chairmanship on his part, and that they will leave the classroom in the state of the real writer, with a subject in heart which they are eager to express. The well-formed paragraph comes, then, of its own accord. This method of teaching English partly, at least, banishes those weaknesses which instructors abhor with such good reason. The idea was pronounced long ago in the words, "of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh." H. C.

Simmons College, February 17.

A MAN OF TWO MINDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whether Mr. Taft's journeyings have lately taken him over the road to Damascus, I do not know; but he has evidently seen a great light since last November. He now, very wisely, asks why we should put a duty on commodities of which we produce a surplus. Why, indeed? And the Aldrich-Payne tariff is the best ever evolved by merely human wisdom.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit free trade and stand pat. That is bad Latin; but here is a bit of good Latin uttered by an old Roman twenty-one hundred years ago: *Vir ancipitis animi communis hostis.*

H.

Rider, Md., February 11.

THE BOY SCOUTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a pity that such promises of good results as are given by the young organization called the Boy Scouts should be injured by any association with militarism. The denial of such methods and allurements is often made; but if this be the truth, why not remove all objection by a return to the original name and purpose, "Woodcraft"? G.

Andover, Mass., February 18.

FRENCH WORDS IN ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Comments published in distant parts of the country evince the interest which is felt in the attempt by a New York public-speaking club to select the twenty-five most beautiful words in English. Sixty-three lists of twenty-five words each were submitted. The list of Mr. James Shea, a lawyer, was voted the best. It was as follows: Melody, splendor, adoration, grace, eloquence, virtue, innocence, modesty, faith, joy, honor, love, divine, hope, harmony, happiness, purity, justice, truth, liberty, peace, radiance, nobility, sympathy, heaven. It may be added that the censors struck out from this list grace, divine, justice, and truth as lacking in euphony. Experiments of this sort have often been tried, and have a real value, in spite of the sneering attitude of many who consider themselves as of the elect. While no such list can be considered "final," it has its value from the historic point of view, as a record of what seemed at a given time the preference of an intelligent jury. A list prepared by a jury of specialists—of philologists, for example—would lack the popular interest of this one, since the philologists are certain to be influenced by considerations of etymology, by theories of their own, perhaps. The rôle of the philologist, however, begins when such a list has been prepared by popular preference, for he it is who can analyze the list, indicating the sources of these supposedly beautiful words, thus enabling us to judge of the elements which enter into our so-called vocabulary of beauty. Of these twenty-five words, four come from Anglo-Saxon: love, hope, truth, heaven. One is derived from Scandinavian: happiness. Three are said to come into English from Latin: splendor, adoration, radiance. These three words all show French influence, and some dictionaries state that they came into English from French. It is better to ascribe their immediate derivation to the Latin, in accordance with the recent edition of Skeat's "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," Clarendon Press. As for the remaining seventeen words, they are all derived directly from the French.

An experiment of a different sort was recently tried at Columbia University with two clever classes. The students were requested to select fifty English words of basic importance in the expression of human life. In choosing these words, they were to aim at reality and strength rather than at beauty. No attention was to be paid to the rhyme value of a word, and the matter of etymology was not even mentioned until after the lists had been prepared. In the two lists that were thus made, a number of words were common, although fewer than might be supposed. When united, the lists offered seventy-eight different words, whose etymologies were as follows: From French, thirty-nine words (exactly one-half of the total), to wit: nature, disaster, suffer, pleasure, tender, flower, spirit, beauty, joy, honor, virtue, fantasy, ambition, country, devotion, peace, despair, regret, paradise, grief, glory, noble, mortal, divine, parting (with Germanic suffix), mercy, justice, destiny, enchantment, fortune, age, courage, faith, melody, eternity, melancholy, immortality, harmony, solitude. From Anglo-Saxon, thirty-five words, as follows: love, tears, soul, fair, man, death, sleep, spring, youth, star, night, heaven, hate, life, sorrow, song, friendship, longing, time, hope, day, heart, freedom, earth, god, sea, knell, moon, wind, pride, sigh, weep, glow, whisper, dream. From Scandinavian, three words: happiness, bloom, dawn. From Latin, one: dirge. (Of course, the French words given above nearly all came ultimately from the Latin; the point noted in the experiment is the immediate provenience of the English words.) It is evident that this list of seventy-eight words could easily be improved upon. None the less, it has considerable interest. One of the two classes carried the experiment further, in a tentative manner, and decided that, if an additional list of a hundred words should be prepared, it would be found to contain a larger proportion of French words.

RAYMOND WEEKS.

Columbia University, February 16.

SHAKESPEARE AND HOOKER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two passages in "Macbeth" appear to owe something to Hooker's "Chronicle of Ireland," published in Holinshed in 1586. The first (act v, sc. iii) is in the conversation between Macbeth and the doctor concerning the mental condition of Lady Macbeth:

> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?

To which the physician replies:

> Therein the patient
> Must minister to himself.

With this compare Hooker's account of the death of the Earl of Essex, in which after denying the common report that it was due to witchcraft, he continues:

It was thought and so affirmed by the

most part of all men, that some inward griefe of the mind and secret sorrow of the heart had hastened that which no infirmitie of the bodie nor anie other devises extraordinarie could compasse. For where that maladie is once entered, and hath seized and taken possession, and which by no physicke can be releeved or cured, it is but in vaine to minister the same to the bodie.—(Holinshed, ed. 1808, VI, p. 386.)

A few pages farther on (p. 441) is a passage, which, if not the source, is more closely analogous to one of Macbeth's striking similes than any parallel I have found cited. It will be remembered that in the great soliloquy (Act I, sc. vii), in which Macbeth argues why he should not raise his hand against Duncan, he concludes:

> I have no spur
> To prick the sides of my intent, but only
> Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
> And falls on the other—

Hooker tells of one Henry Moile, who was thrown by his horse into the middle of a ford. A friend led the horse to the other side, whereupon Moile, being hard pressed by his enemies, and

> coveting with all hast to leape up, did it with such hast and vehemencie, that he quite over leapt the horse and fell into a mire fast by, and so his horse ran awaie.

E. A. Greenlaw.

Brooklyn, February 16.

Literature

RECENT MOVEMENTS IN PERSIA.

The Persian Revolution of 1905-1909. By Edward G. Browne. Cambridge: University Press; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.25 net.

More even than the Turkish revolutions—first, counter, and, so far, final—those of Persia have been tenebrous and almost unintelligible to the western onlooker. In Constantinople the newspaper correspondents too often did their work poorly enough, but their ignorance in Teheran was plainly thrice confounded and confounding. For one thing, the Persian constitution, with its basis in the Shi'ite faith, is far less generally understood than the simpler Sunnite Islam of the Turks. We have all grown up with some vague idea from the Arabian Nights of what a Caliph is, and Commander of the Faithful rings familiar in our ears. But a Shah means little or nothing, and if we imagine, as has happened to too many, that we can regard him as only another kind of Caliph, we are mazed in error from the very start. A Caliph—leaving aside the question whether any now reigning Moslem ruler can claim that title—combines constitutionally the rights, powers, and duties of the Head of the Church with those of the Head of the State; his position is about such as we should see if that of Pope had become combined with that of Emperor in the Holy Roman Empire, but with the large restriction that a Caliph has absolutely no authority to promulgate or state doctrine. His spiritual authority is thus administrative only. He can, further, legally be deposed, for cause, but otherwise is, by the nature of the case, an absolute ruler in both spiritual and temporal things. The Sultans of the Ottoman Turks claim that title, and, in consequence, a Parliament with them cannot in strictness be anything more than an advisory council. Of course, the Turkish Parliament is very much more than any such inactive body, but there exactly is where the essential breach with the past has entered. It is easy to find legal support, both in the Koran and in the traditional sayings of Mohammed, for the existence of such a body of advisers—Mohammed used himself to consult with his followers—but successors and representatives of the Prophet, and such the Caliphs are, must still bear the personal burden of maintaining the institutions of the faith and administering the empire. The democracy of Islam elected to fulfil itself by choosing an individual and putting all authority and power in his hands. The only limitations are (1) a sacred right of insurrection inherent in that democracy by which it can remove such a ruler when he has plainly broken fundamental laws of Islam, and (2) a more or less vague belief that the theologians and canonists—the Ulama or "learned"—are the interpreters of Islam. This has even crystallized into a tradition, "The Learned are the heirs of the Prophets." So, when the people rise the legal process is that a question is solemnly submitted to the Shaikh al-Islam, the head of these Ulama: "Can one who does such and such things be a Moslem ruler?" and on his negative answer deposition by the people follows. The opinion of the Ulama as jurisconsults has this weight and may overthrow the Caliph himself.

But the Shah is in very different case. He is a mere maintainer of public order, and, even as that, is only a *locum tenens*. According to the Shi'ite faith, the state religion of Persia, the real ruler and head of the people is the Hidden Imam, Mohammed al-Muntazar (Mohammed the Expected One), the twelfth in descent from Ali, who vanished from mortal eyes in A. H. 260 (A. D. 873) and who now, from the place where God is preserving him, follows and directs the fortunes of his people. At the end of time he will return to restore justice to the earth and to bring about the final victory of the true faith. It was by his blessing and assistance that the recent revolution was carried through. Compared with him, the Shah is only a temporary head, chosen by the people and deposable by them, whereas he himself was divinely appointed and rules by divine right. The Ulama of Persia, and especially their chiefs, the Mujtahids, are his representatives, and through them his will can be mysteriously conveyed and interpreted. This last point is always somewhat obscurely expressed, but apparently a quasi-inspiration from him is implied in these theologians, similar to the divine illumination which Sunnite Islam teaches to be accessible to all true believers. They are not the only theologians who have claimed to know more of the will of the Lord than other people. According to the Supplementary Fundamental Laws of October 7, 1907, an ecclesiastical committee of these Mujtahids was to be appointed to act as a Supreme Court and to decide with regard to all new laws whether they were in accord with the principles of Islam. By this it is evident that the doctrine of the Shi'ite Church is extremely "high" and far removed from that of low church Sunnite Islam. But such distinctions were quite beyond the grasp of the newspaper correspondents, one of whom, according to Professor Browne (pp. 165, 335), used to confuse the Mujtahids, these Persian archbishops, so to speak, with the Mujahids or national volunteers.

In one way the confusion was pardonable, for the Mujtahids gave themselves as absolutely to the popular cause as did the Mujahids, and suffered as grievously after the *coup d'état* of June 23, 1908, which for a time swept away the Parliament. And their devotion to liberty is much more intelligible than many on-lookers—as, for example (pp. 123 and 164), an anonymous correspondent to whose letters from Persia Professor Browne was much indebted—seem to have found it. Their position was almost exactly that of the leaders of the Scottish Kirk for the first hundred years after the Reformation. The Kirk was equally high in its doctrine with the Church of England; as to that there was really no difference between Laud and the Covenanters. But the English church accepted the headship of the crown, while the Scottish clergy would have nothing but the headship of Christ, and asserted for themselves that they were the mouthpieces of that invisible head. They were thus free from all subordination to the crown, and virtually claimed to rule in both spiritual and temporal things. But, not holding with the court party, they of necessity stood with the people, and so the Kirk of Scotland, with all its branches and secessions, has been to an elsewhere probably unparalleled degree the representative institution of the country. It is quite possible that the nearest parallel is in Shi'ite Persia, with its clergy frankly opposing to a purely temporal and temporary sovereign the divinely appointed rulership of an invisible Head and themselves as his representatives. Professor Browne's explanation (pp. 146, 237) of their attitude is that the Persian clergy "are, like the Irish priests, a truly national class, sprung

from the people and thoroughly in touch with the people," and there is undoubtedly forec in it. But whatever their origin, their whole attitude toward religion and the state leads them to independence of the Shah and his government.

That being so, it is strange to find some of the higher clergy playing with the idea of a union with Turkey, which would involve virtually an abandonment of the fundamental Shi'ite position and an acceptance of the Ottoman Sultan as Caliph. It is noteworthy that, so far, the practical steps toward such a union have been made in Russian territories where Sunnites and Shi'itcs are living intermingled together. There, too, the question of the caliphate as opposed to the imamate is not a burning one. Yet for a Persian to give up the privilege of damning Abu Bekr, Omar, Othman, and, above all, Yezid, is as though an orthodox Jew were to bless Haman and curse Mordecai. Further, the entire doctrine of the headship of the Hidden Imam would go by the board—a change perhaps possible in process of long years, even as the descendants of the Covenanters have so largely abandoned their high estate and become Voluntaries, but not to be brought about by any *coup d'état*. References, it is true, to such a plan of union occur again and again on Professor Browne's pages (30, 83f, 95, 107f, 169, 412, 417). But they are, more than anything else, a tribute to the tremendous influence exercised through the Moslem East by Sayyid Jamal ad-Din al-Afghan, the great protagonist of Pan-Islamism.

With a biography of this man Professor Browne fitly begins his book. Dying in 1897, Jamal ad-Din was probably, during the last twenty or thirty years of his life, the most weighty figure in the Moslem world. As a wandering scholar, teacher, orator, author, publicist, European statesmen were either ignorant of his existence, or despised him as negligible, or regarded him as a dangerous adventurer, or, in rare flashes of insight, made clumsy and generally short-lived attempts to use him. Yet if the Pan-Islamic movement had any one creator, it was he, and he was certainly its most eloquent preacher. That the different countries of Islam should sink their variances and unite to face the instant European peril was the dream of his life. That dream he pursued in India, Persia, Egypt, and Turkey, everywhere also laboring to quicken the intellectual life of the people. It is curious to watch this Moslem Erasmus and Mazzini combined working in part at the same cause with England, the power which he most hated. It might even be said that it was the work and influence of that power in the East which made him possible. On another side he was a belated pupil of Averroes, and an incautious allusion to the "Two-fold Truth" led to his expulsion from Constantinople; for that is evidently the meaning of the incident on p. 6f. He returned, however, and his last five years were spent there as a pensioner of Abd al-Hamid, who was prepared to use the Pan-Islamic idea for his own purposes. Apparently, Jamal ad-Din thought at one time that the Moslem world could be rallied around the Ottoman Sultanate, but was later undeceived. There is no sign that his memory was an influence in the Turkish revolution. That had no contact with Pan-Islamism.

But in the moulding of the new Persia he had a great part. It was he who urged the Mujtahids to the religious boycott which overthrew the tobacco monopoly in 1891, and it was by pupils and friends of his, if not with his connivance, that Nasir ad-Din Shah was assassinated in 1896. More peacefully and legitimately he, by his writings, stimulated the national sentiment, the breaking out of which into action he was not to live to see. Yet, as in Turkey, the outbreak, when it came, took no Pan-Islamic direction but was strictly an expression of the Persian nationality.

With that great upheaval Professor Browne deals step by step. His materials are newspaper reports—European first, and, after the Constitution, Persian—personal letters from Persia and conversations with Persian leaders, Persian documents, journals, and books. During Muzaffar ad-Din's reign the story is one externally of Anglo-Russian rivalry and internally of growing discontent at the extravagance and lack of patriotism of the government, at the Russian loans and at the arrogance of the Belgian customs officials. It culminated in the great taking of *bast*, or asylum, on the part of some 15,000 Persians of all classes in the gardens of the summer quarters of the British Legation at Gulahak, a protest which forced the Constitution of August 5, 1906. Muzaffar ad-Din died on January 4, 1907, and Mohammed Ali Shah succeeded. He was a thorough reactionary, and it could be only a question of time when the struggle would open between him and the Parliament. One attempt against it in December, 1907, failed, but in a second on June 23, 1908, he succeeded, assisted by his Cossack body-guard and Russian officers, and Persia was again under absolute rule. Meanwhile the agreement on spheres of influence between England and Russia had been concluded on August 31, 1907, and Persian feeling had been sorely shaken as to England's support of their integrity. But Tabriz, the Manchester of Persia, as Professor Browne calls it, rose and endured the long siege from June to December, 1908, and when it was forced at last by famine to open its gates to Russian troops, other provinces took up the struggle, and finally a revolutionary army, largely mountain tribesmen of the Bakhtiyaris, marched on Teheran, and captured the city July 13, 1909. Absolutism was over. Elsewhere, too, great things had been done. On July 24, 1908, had come the first Turkish revolution; on April 13, 1909, the mutiny and the counter-revolution; on April 24 Constantinople had been captured, for the second time only in Turkish annals, and constitutionalism ruled —in a fashion—from the Ægean to the Indian Ocean. If Pan-Islamism had been a dream, freedom had not.

With the accession of the little Shah, Sultan Ahmad, and the reconvocation of Parliament, Professor Browne closes. He adds in an appendix the basal documents of the Persian Constitution, and forty-eight pages of notes, or rather excursus. Throughout the book are scattered forty-six excellent illustrations. There can be no question that he has accomplished his object of making the Persian revolution intelligible, even though some of the theological and constitutional problems involved, and in the East these are one and the same, might have been more clearly developed. He is enthusiastic, and with good right, over his Persians, but he also sees clearly the ever-instant northern danger in the entanglements of Russian loans and concessions. The events since then, and especially the latest news, have amply justified his fears. While England's anxiety has been that the trade routes of the south should be kept guarded and open, Russia has maintained an army of occupation in the northern provinces of thousands of men, and has attempted to extort concessions as the price of their withdrawal. It is not then unnatural, though hardly quite just, for Persians to view both as working for the same end. As in the case of Turkey the situation calls for patience, good will, and letting alone. The issue is on the lap of the gods, but Persia, like Turkey, has at least—and at last—a chance.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Root of Evil. By Thomas Dixon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The new novel of a writer who has qualified as a "best-seller" always has one sort of interest, at least. Has it the kind of merit that produced the earlier success? If so, it is entitled to a certain consideration. Mr. Dixon's books are not written upon a high plane, as works of literary art; but they are written upon a plane to which a large class of readers is restricted, a plane of emotional and vague didacticism. Mr. Dixon, for example, has been shocked to discover that the time is out of joint; but the prospect of setting it right does not appall him. In "The Leopard's Spots" he had a race problem to tilt at, and

reaped the reward due to the prestige of that burning national question. The theme of the present prophetic utterance is Mercenary Woman. Blazoned upon the cover in red ink is the device under which the champion battles: "Has the woman who turns from a great love to marry for money a soul? If she can deliberately break the heart of a lover, will she not commit murder when put to the test? What is the true source of crime? These are some of the questions asked in my story."—So efficiently does Mr. Dixon officiate as his own press agent.

From the point of view of the reader who demands people and action, not merely wax images and situations, from their writers of fiction, this prolonged tract (or melodrama, for every melodrama is a tract, and most tracts are melodramas) will prove a tedious performance. The figures propelled by wires ill-concealed, and made vocal by means of a megaphone in the wings, are far from "convincing." But they are probably convicting—in the minds of that order of society which the British critic would have the advantage of us in being able to denominate "the lower middle class." It is a national foible of ours to spurn the intimation that there can be anything lower than the middle of society.

He walked with leaden steps through Tenth Street to Broadway, stopped and gazed for a moment on the graceful spire of the church before whose altar Nan would soon stand and perjure herself for money. How could she! . . . Why? Why? Why? His heart fairly shrieked its cry of despair.

The plain answer would be that she did it as in duty bound, because her author expected it of her. But no conscientious lower middle class mind gives a plain answer: the conventional answer is so much more respectable. It would take for granted that this alleged female represented in some vital way all lapses from that perfect indifference to dollar-and-cent considerations which should mark the perfect heroine. The "Nan" of this tale would have been called by uncomplimentary names in the eighteenth century; here she is simply a type of the New Woman.

When God Laughs. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

If Mr. London's more recent novels show an increase of power, his short stories still exhibit mere crude energy, and are content to stand for that alone. Crude energy and the unblinking record of harsh or even brutal fact are the earmarks of this writer. No doubt his popularity with the magazine-devouring public demands that his shorter work shall continue to bear the familiar brand. The stories here collected are the accumulation of the past five years. The initial tale, with its sensational title and sexual theme, is not particularly characteristic of the writer. The relations of men and women have a secondary interest for him, and women make a purely incidental appearance in the succeeding stories. There is, to be sure, "A Wicked Woman"; but the writer is altogether at a loss in the treatment of her femininity—she is meant to be touching and humorous, and is merely silly. Of the other ten stories, it is interesting to note that there are two which are not based upon brutality. "Just Meat" is the pretty tale of two thieves who steal a fortune and rather than divide it poison each other at the same moment, dying horribly together. "The 'Francis Spaight'" is an edifying account of a cruel and useless murder at sea: no detail is spared. "Semper Idem" is the hospital nickname of a man who, under surgical advice, cuts his throat properly—a second time. "Properly done upon my life, sir, properly done," says the surgeon pleasantly, when the suicide is brought in a second time. "Took my advice to the letter. . . . Take it along to the morgue." There is one story in the book which is neither revolting nor futile. It is called "The Apostate," and deals with a poor young weaver who, after giving up his youth to the endless and thankless labor of the looms, has the monstrousness of it all suddenly revealed to him, and takes to the road, a free man. If Mr. London could only strike so true a note a little oftener!

The Shogun's Daughter. By Robert Ames Bennet. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A melodramatic tale of an American who becomes involved in Oriental intrigue has, inherently, an abundance of thrilling opportunities. In the present instance they are utilized to the full, and usually with sufficient plausibility. The hero, who tells his own story, is "the equal though younger heir of one of the largest plantations in South Carolina," with the exaggerated feeling of his social rank proper to the part. Among his ancestors was one who became a Japanese noble, and this fact, together with a longing for adventure, made him accept eagerly the chance and the risk of joining a young Japanese in an effort to induce the Shogun to enter into commercial relations with the United States and to introduce Western ideas into Japan. The Japanese youth was of high rank, and betrothed to the daughter of the Shogun, but all his ambition was for his country's enlightenment. The danger lay in the deadly rivalry of court factions, especially in his violation of the ancient edict prohibiting a native from leaving Nippon and an alien from entering. The arrival of an American fleet causes a truce in the factional struggle, but its departure is the signal for the renewal of even more desperate adventures, in which high treason, ambush, poison, torture, and hara-kiri deepen the tragic atmosphere. The dénouement, which comes with the rescue of the American and with the close of a romantic love affair, is not the least dramatic episode of the book.

The Gilded Way. By Victor Mapes. New York: Neale Publishing Co.

An easy recipe for writing a novel is to file carefully for several years one of the sensational newspapers, and then to string together the scandals recorded therein of members of our richest and vulgarest set. Fashion all this into one well-rounded narrative, spice it thoroughly with descriptions of life with the demi-monde, then add as a final flavoring a dedication to the "mothers and fathers of America, who are blessed with riches," in the hope that it will help them to bring up their children properly. This Mr. Mapes has done in his latest novel. The misdeeds of the dissipated rich he sets forth any newspaper reader can identify who has read that sort of stuff for the last five years, or had it forced upon him by the headlines of the sensational press. The hero runs through his vast inherited wealth in most approved style, and after a final *débâcle* takes up his residence in France. The heroine, his wife, procures a divorce and marries the modest but useful doctor whose love she could have had from the beginning. The story is well enough told; it is, as already said, based upon actual happenings. But he would be rash, indeed, who should say it will serve any useful or moral purpose. That it will not add to the author's reputation is certain.

A BRIEF FOR GOLDSMITH.

The Life of Oliver Goldsmith. By Frank Frankfort Moore. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

In "A Georgian Pageant" Mr. Moore turned his pen from fiction to miscellaneous studies of the eighteenth century, with the boast that at last the truth was to be told about the men of that age—particularly about Goldsmith and Johnson. He now publishes a formal biography of Goldsmith in which that truth has plenty of room to expatiate in. Of this volume, extending to nearly 500 pages, it would be safe to estimate that one-third is concerned with the known facts of Goldsmith's life and with proper criticism of his works; while the other two-thirds contain Mr. Moore's inferences, and moralizings, and his exposition of the "truth." The biography proper is commendable for a certain sprightliness of tone, and for its full delineation of the Ireland in which Goldsmith was born and passed his early years. It is spoiled by the intolerable deal of padding. Mr. Moore evidently likes to write as a novelist,

and indulges in endless psychological disquisitions that have, to say the least, the most insubstantial basis. For example, he devotes a chapter to the three years, 1749-1752, that Goldsmith passed in idleness after leaving the University of Dublin, and this is his manner of comment:

> It was in these idle years that he learned, though without realizing it, all that was necessary for him to learn. It was during these years that he acquired his way of looking at things, his perfect sense of proportion, so that he never shocks by exaggerating any detail—his grasp of character and of incident—that happy appreciation of the mingling of the elements of seriousness and comedy in daily life—of the comedy of vanity, and the humor of pretence—of the divine beauty of simplicity, etc., etc.

No doubt Goldsmith learned a good deal of life in his three years of idleness, as he learned of life at Dublin and Edinburgh and London and on the Continent; but where, in the sacred name of whatever Muse once presided over biography, did Mr. Moore acquire this exact knowledge? This sort of presumption, endlessly extended, grows tiresome.

But the main thing in the book is Mr. Moore's thesis. Mr. Moore holds that Goldsmith's works are the best beloved of all that was written in the eighteenth century, and that the name of the author is the best beloved in the long roll of English literature. Few will disagree; certainly the present reviewer will not, for he thinks, to go no further, that "The Deserted Village" has a charm of language and sentiment that can scarcely be matched elsewhere out of the lines of Virgil. But Mr. Moore also believes that Goldsmith, as an Irishman, was not understood, and, when understood, deliberately maligned by the circle of Englishmen and Scotchmen among whom he lived, and particularly by Boswell, who is responsible for our present conception of that society. Goldsmith is represented in the memoirs of the day, and again particularly in Boswell's "Johnson," as childishly vain and ineptly garrulous—

> Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.

Now, to a certain extent, we will admit that Mr. Moore has made his points. For example, the story of Goldsmith's wounded vanity at Lille, when the French officers admired the Miss Hornecks at the window of the inn and neglected the poet, is probably a bit of stupidity. No doubt Goldsmith was merely jesting in mock gravity when he pretended to be hurt. Mr. Moore has done well in insisting on this explanation, and indeed his whole account of the friendship of Goldsmith and the Hornecks is the best thing in the book—as it has long been the author's peculiar province. It is easy to suppose that other misunderstandings of this sort occurred, and that men accustomed to Dr. Johnson's form of humor may have had their senses blunted to the slyer Irish wit of Goldsmith, and laughed sometimes at him when they should have smiled with him. But after all, the tradition of Goldsmith's vanity and prattle is too persistent to be explained away, nor were his English friends quite such dullards as Mr. Moore would have them. And why this fury of resentment? Mr. Moore admits, indeed takes many pages to show, that Goldsmith was a scatterbrain in the affairs of life, as were all his family. "In his achievement, he [Goldsmith] was, as Dr. Johnson said, a great man, but in the ordering of his life he was, as Cooke said, a fool. Of every step in life that he took it might be said that no one but a fool would have acted thus." Why is it so much worse to be heedless in conversation than a fool in practice? and why is the former so much more inconsistent with greatness of literary achievement and lovableness of character than the latter? Indeed, Mr. Moore himself quotes the well-known story of Goldsmith's reply to Lord Shelburne (always spelled Shelbourne in this book), which shows how a man can be a Malaprop in language and practice at the same time. Said Goldsmith, who was then in sad need of a pension, to Lord Shelburne, who had been reviled by "Junius" as a Malagrida: "Do you know that I never could conceive the reason why they should call you Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very good sort of man."

But enough of a book conceived in a spirit which made fair biography out of the question. There are many sophisms that might be pointed out, and much might be said in regard to the author's almost frenzied jealousy and dislike of Johnson and Boswell, and others of that circle. "Really," he observes, "we do not think that the conversations, as reported by Boswell, differ so greatly in character from the gossip of the wheezy village gaffers around the ale-house fire." We submit that such comments as these are not necessary to maintain Goldsmith as the best-beloved author of his age.

Pennsylvania in American History. By Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, LL.D. Philadelphia: William J. Campbell. $4 net.

This volume consists of a series of studies mostly in Pennsylvania history which were "delivered upon the mellowing of occasion"—either at the dedication of a statue, the opening of a park, the celebration of a birthday, or the memorial services for a defunct boss. There is no particular consistency in the subjects, and the effort to obtain it by the occasional mention of Pennsylvania in the essays on "The Purchase of Louisiana" and "The War of the Rebellion" is merely amusing. The biographical essays concern Anthony Wayne, Washington, Johann Gottfried Seelig, and Matthew Stanley Quay, "this statesman that Pennsylvania has lost." In the last essay we are forced to wonder how we could have got such mistaken ideas of Mr. Pennypacker's hero. The only explanation is that we belonged to "the dull and grubbing flock" which "pecked and abused" the "strange bird" which "one day rose aloft on strong pinion and soared away to the distant ether" to return to us no more. As Mr. Pennypacker, having reference to Quay, sagely remarks: "However much we may admire, we seldom love the austerely virtuous." The political virtues of "Wolsey, Shaftesbury, Clarendon, Disraeli, and Gladstone" are all drawn upon to illustrate those of Matthew Quay. Miletus, too, and William Pitt and Cæsar and Cromwell are merely prototypes of this great Pennsylvania hero, who without the sources of power possessed by a great general or captain of industry "prevails upon a million of men to forget their diverse views and to walk together for a common political purpose." He "overcame his opponents because he saw more clearly, reasoned more accurately, and delved more deeply." The unselfish devotion of the man is shown, the essayist points out, in Quay's assertion that "of all this Union of States, Pennsylvania is the fairest and the happiest and the most intelligent and the best governed." It was "this real leader among men" who saved us from President Cleveland's rash efforts to "destroy the tariff." "Neither Marlborough nor Bonaparte ever contended with such odds in opposition." All this comes as a revelation. It takes a man like Mr. Pennypacker to understand a statesman like Matthew Quay.

Several essays of an ethnological character, "The Dutch Patroons," "German Immigration," and "The Pennsylvania Dutchman" contain some interesting results of an antiquarian's researches, though here, as in the other essays, we are obliged to be content with the author's assurance that the studies are "almost exclusively based upon original sources of information," for the pages are nearly guiltless of footnotes. However, there are few palpable misstatements of facts, though we are provoked "to ridiculous smiling" by thrasonical Teutonisms. "The hammer of Thor, which at the dawn of history, smote upon the Himalayas, now resounds from the Alleghenies to the Cascades" is only the summit of an imposing rhetorical mountain up whose steep slopes our author has toiled for several pages.

One essay which no one should fail to read is that entitled "Pennsylvania and Massachusetts," written to refute an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the

"Ills of Pennsylvania." Among the refutations of the charge of political depravity in Pennsylvania of to-day is the unanswerable assertion that "the English Bible and Testament, Milton, Shakespeare, and Blackstone were all reproduced for the first time in America in Philadelphia." Moreover, the ancestors of some who are charged with corruption fought in the Revolutionary War! Still more convincing is the fact that Massachusetts men failed at last to prevent the British from climbing up Bunker Hill, while at Stony Point, Pennsylvanians climbed up the hill and captured the British defenders. Finally, there is a comparison of Matthew Quay and Daniel Webster.

Notes

Houghton Mifflin Co. issues this week: "Robinetta," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary and Jane Findlater, and Allan McAulay; "The Soul of the Indian," by Charles A. Eastman; "Reminiscences of the Geneva Tribunal of Arbitration," by Frank W. Hackett, and "Partners of Providence," by Charles D. Stewart, which is taken over from the Century Co.

A new series of books for the young, called The Washington Square Classics, is announced by George W. Jacobs & Co. The volumes now in preparation are: "Treasure Island," "The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales," and "Black Beauty." These will be followed by "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," "Water Babies," "Tales from Shakespeare," "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Andersen's Fairy Tales," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Robinson Crusoe," etc.

The Macmillan Co. will bring out March 1 Josephine Daskam Bacon's "While Caroline Was Growing."

A book dealing with Finnish music, painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, and politics will be issued shortly by Fisher Unwin. The title of the book is "Finland To-day," and the author is George Renwick.

Messrs. Constable have in the press "The Memoirs of Sir William Butler."

Giuseppe Baretti's writings in Italian, English, French, and Spanish are to be included by Laterza & Figli of Bari in their series, Scrittori d'Italia. They will occupy about ten volumes.

The Macmillan Co. announces the transference of the agency of the Columbia University Press publications to Lemcke & Buechner, No. 30 West Twenty-seventh Street, New York city.

Mrs. Russell Codman has placed in the hands of the Century Co. her new book, "An Ardent American," which is the diary of a young American girl visiting America for the first time.

It was some time in 1875 or 1876 that Lafcadio Hearn began work on a translation of Flaubert's "Temptation of Saint Anthony." After thirty-five years Hearn's version has been put into print by the Alice Harriman Company of New York and Seattle. Elizabeth Bisland, in the introduction, echoes Hearn's "scornful mocking" of the blind puritanism of American literature, "which complacently accepted the vulgar seductions and the theatrical Brocken revels of Faust, while shrinking piously from Flaubert's grim story of the soul of man struggling to answer the riddle of the universe." But America shared in the sin of Flaubert's own countrymen, who eagerly seized upon the sensualities of "Madame Bovary" and refused to read the "Temptation," for all its jewelled magnificence.

If the character and personality of Sir Philip Sidney had not possessed such charm, doubtless more prominence would have been given, from his day to this, to his writings. His life was held up as a model by all, even by his father, who said of him:

> He is a rare ornament of this age, the very formula that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners and life by. In truth—I speak it without flattery of him or of myself—he hath the most rare virtues that ever I found in any man.

Naturally, then, it has grown more and more the fashion to treat what he wrote merely as links in the chain leading up to his last supreme act at Zutphen. Yet when one considers that he first introduced into England the study of literary criticism in something like Aristotle's manner; that his "Arcadia," though indulging the privilege of romances then to be crude and formless, has an imagination which throughout hundreds of pages seems seldom to flag; and when one considers that in his sonnets to Stella he often turned the Petrarchistic convention of his predecessors into original poetry—one must admit that his literary achievement, quite apart from his life, should excite an important interest. We are glad to observe that "The Poems of Sir Philip Sidney" have at length been included in the Muses Library (Dutton), in this instance edited, with introduction, by John Drinkwater.

R. M. Leonard has compiled, and the Oxford University Press has published, "A Book of Light Verse," which will give more pleasure to many a reader than the ordinary anthology based on a severer principle of selection. To be sure, a standard that admits such poems as Byron's "Stanzas to Augusta" is light in no trivial sense and is far from the gayety of the mere *vers de société*. It is, in fact, difficult to see on just what theory of taste the selection is made, but the result is good. The starting point was Locker-Lampson's "Lyra Elegantiarum" (how admirable a title!), but recent years have necessitated the inclusion of "upwards of 60 poets, contributing between (*sic*) them 120 poems, whose names will not be found in the last edition of the older anthology." Mr. Leonard has searched wisely and well, but he has made one extraordinary oversight. A volume of "light verse" that embraces Lowell, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, and other Americans can offer no excuse for omitting Thomas Bailey Aldrich; yet Aldrich's name is not in the index, and we have come upon no poem of his as we turned the pages. The book is brought out in attractive form, and may be had in ordinary or thin paper.

The January number of the *American Journal of International Law* opens with a paper by Robert Lansing, who was one of the counsel of the United States in the recent North Atlantic Fisheries arbitration at The Hague, setting forth certain historical and legal antecedent conditions deemed requisite to a complete understanding of that proceeding and its results. For two hundred years after the opening of the sixteenth century, when Europeans began regularly to frequent the fishing banks near Newfoundland and use those harbors for refuge and the shores for curing and drying codfish, methods changed but little. By the close of the nineteenth century the British and French had monopolized the industry, and as early as 1713, by the treaty of Utrecht, rights were defined, those accorded to France remaining in force until 1904, when, by reciprocal concessions, Great Britain obtained their surrender. By the definitive treaty of peace of 1783 between Great Britain and the new American republic we obtained the acknowledgment of certain rights, which were enjoyed without dispute until about 1812, after which, on renewal of peace relations, the English contended that the war had abrogated the fisheries article of the treaty of 1783. After a diplomatic controversy that lasted three years, the treaty of London was signed, containing the article which the recent arbitration tribunal was asked to construe. The differences between this article and that of 1783 were marked. Mr. Lansing briefly sets forth certain of those differences. The coasts accessible to Americans were defined more closely, and when any parts thereof should become settled the right to cure or dry fish there was to terminate. Had not those settled areas been enlarged there would have been no fisheries controversy to be arbitrated. Then, the scope of the fisheries broadened. At first only codfish had been caught and cured. Later the mackerel fisbery was begun, then the herring. Thus the American fishermen were brought into more frequent conflict with the local; restrictions were imposed which the United States believed to be in flagrant violation of the treaty provisions. A perusal of Mr. Lansing's paper will convince the reader that his lucid setting forth of the antecedent conditions was important. The president of the Fisheries Arbitration, Dr. Lammasch, the eminent Austrian diplomat, acted also in the capacity of umpire in the more recent adjudication of the controversy between the United States and Venezuela in the matter of claim of the Orinoco Steamship Company, and we next have his opening address in that proceeding, followed by an elaborate paper by William Cullan Dennis on that arbitration, giving the adjudication on the several claims submitted, then Dr. Lammasch's brief closing address. A departure from the usual course of the *Journal* is the insertion of a translation from the French of Ernest Nys's remarkable paper on "Francis Lieber, His Life and Work." Those who recall the great war meetings held in Cooper Union and elsewhere during the time of the civil war, and the frequency with which the platform was graced with the presence of Dr. Lieber, and also recall that in 1856 he had come to Columbia College to occupy the chairs of history and political economy for twenty years, will be glad of this opportunity to become acquainted with the details of his career. Another important paper, also translated (from the French of G. Scelle), discusses the Eastern question, especially the government of the Young Turks, its

purposes and policy, and the new outlook for Bulgaria, now independent. A translation of the principal agreement between the two Powers, stipulating for this result, is appended, dated April, 1909.

It is not easy to appraise with either impartiality or discretion a book which, like Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion" (Putnam), comes heralded from the other side of the water as the wisest and most convincing thing on its topic that ever has been said. What Mr. Angell has done is to frame, with considerable acuteness and cogency, an interesting and partly novel argument against war. The substance of his contention is that the wealth of nations, being founded, not on military or political prowess or on physical ability to defend themselves against aggression, but upon "credit and commercial contract," cannot, economically speaking, be destroyed by another nation; since the "credit wealth" would vanish under such conquest, and drag down both victor and vanquished to economic ruin. Moreover, since the wealth of acquired territory must remain in the hands of its conquered inhabitants, territorial aggrandizement is of no advantage; while, at the same time, the complicated conditions of international finance render it impossible for war to help trade. That nations still talk of war or prepare for it, is due, he maintains, to a widespread misconception of the law of social evolution. War does not make for survival, physical force is a diminishing factor in modern society, and the broad social and economic interests of peoples, rather than their geographical or political divisions, are increasingly the bases of social classification. While we cannot think that students of economics or sociology will find these views wholly new, the skilful and forceful presentation of them, and the pertinent illustrations adduced in their support, merit cordial praise. Doubtless, in the present imperfect state of political morals, such doctrine is the familiar counsel of perfection; but the volume should do something to develop the state of mind which will make unjust war a relatively remote contingency, and reduction of armaments practically possible.

In "Sociology and Modern Social Problems" (American Book Co.), Prof. Charles A. Ellwood has furnished a convenient and readable handbook for the student who wishes to get, in brief compass, a summary of the most advanced thought on some of the important problems of modern society. The discussions are of necessity somewhat superficial, since such weighty topics as the family, immigration, pauperism, crime, the negro, and socialism—subjects upon each of which volumes have been written—are treated altogether in three hundred pages. Neither is there much here that is new or original. But the author's views are, on the whole, sound, and his conclusions rational and definite. A wholesome spirit runs through the book, which is in pleasing contrast to the tone of some sociological writings; and the author finds the generally accepted institutions of morality and righteousness to be backed up by fundamental sociological principles. The family, in its present status, and in its historical development, receives a particularly extended and enlightening treatment. Certain dangerous tendencies in twentieth century life are clearly and fearlessly stated, but they are, in almost every case, accompanied by a practical programme of reform. To be sure, certain great mooted questions, such as the existence of an early state of promiscuity among the human species, and the truth of the Malthusian doctrine, are dismissed with a somewhat surprising degree of finality. But the ordinary reader of such a volume desires a certain amount of finality, and it is possibly best that he should have it. One profound truth, on which Professor Ellwood lays frequent and commendable emphasis, is that the explanation of a social phenomenon is scarcely ever to be found in a single principle, but in the combination of a number of complex and interrelated forces. The search for the single set of causes he characterizes as "the bane of social science in the past."

The present interest in missions is so great that it is gratifying to be able to call attention to the biography (published some months ago) of an English missionary who won for himself the title of Central African Livingstone. Its appropriateness is shown by Sir Harry Johnston in his "George Grenfell and the Congo" (Appleton), for his aim is not so much to tell the story of Grenfell's religious work—that is being done by another—as to give the results of his extensive explorations and careful, painstaking studies of the natives. The Baptist Missionary Society sent him in 1874 to the Cameroons and Fernando Po, and six years later transferred him to the Congo, where he remained till his death in 1906. His work was extremely varied in character. To the ordinary duties of his profession he added those of the explorer, and to him more than to any other man, with the exception possibly of Stanley, we owe the opening to the world of the great Congo Basin, which in the not very distant future will be one of its principal granaries. He founded stations, introduced industries, fought diseases and the evils which civilization brings to the savage, studied languages and reduced them to writing, and made copious notes on the plant and animal life of the regions visited. His exploration work was so important as to win for him the Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, while King Leopold made him his commissioner in settling the boundary between the Portuguese territory and the Congo state. In addition to the biographical record Sir Harry gives a history of the state and much valuable information, anthropological, linguistic, and biological, derived chiefly from the manuscript notes and other material collected by Mr. Grenfell and his co-laborers in the mission.

Three large volumes, packed with information of the enduring rather than the entertaining type, constitute a notable output for a single historical society in a single year. The Colonial Society of Massachusetts in 1910 issued two volumes of Transactions (X, 1905-6; XI, 1906-7), and one volume of Collections (IV, the first volume of Collections to be published being IX), two of which, XI and IV, are before us for notice. The contents of these volumes are exceedingly substantial, though there are pages in the Transactions that may be read with pleasure by any one who desires to turn to history for diversion. The rescue of Dr. Thomas Young from an undeserved oblivion is admirably achieved by Henry H. Edes, and the title of Andrew McFarland Davis's paper on "Barberry Bushes and Wheat," though it suggests a new volume of poems, covers, in reality, an interesting supplement to Professor Kittredge's "The Old Farmer and His Almanac," and concerns the colonial war against barberry bushes as destructive of wheat. The most valuable pages of the Transactions are taken up with thirty letters of Washington, written between 1789 and 1793, to his nephew and to the manager of the Mt. Vernon estate. The collection, very little of which has ever been printed, supplements the volume of letters to Tobias Lear and others, issued in 1906 and reviewed in the *Nation* for October 4 of that year. Additional contributions are a learned paper on "The Feoffees of Impropriations," a phrase that will be Greek to most people; a disquisition on "Mr. Blackstone's Excellent Spring," which seems rambling and inconclusive; and a very valuable article by Albert Matthews on the "Snake Devices, 1754-1776," in which the writer convicts the late John Fiske of five errors or misleading statements in a single paragraph of ten lines in his "American Revolution" (1891). A number of minor original documents are printed in the same volume, and many admirable engravings, particularly of snake devices to illustrate Mr. Matthews article.

The volume of Collections is designed strictly for the serious student, investigator, and antiquarian. It is composed of three parts: seven papers relating to the land and silver banks of Massachusetts Bay, prepared by Mr. Davis; a biography of the Massachusetts Home Journals, 1715-1776, by Worthington Chauncey Ford; and a bibliography of the laws of Massachusetts Bay, 1641-1776, by Mr. Ford and the editor, Mr. Matthews. Mr. Ford's bibliographical contributions have wide interest and great value. He has been able to locate and describe in the first case a nearly complete file of the Journals of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts Bay, 1715-1776, and in the second instance all, or nearly all, of the official and contemporary issues of the laws of Massachusetts Bay from 1641 to 1776. This laborious undertaking, which had engaged Mr. Ford's attention for a number of years, was brought to a successful conclusion, with the aid of Mr. Matthews, in 1905 and 1907, when special editions from advance sheets were issued. Copies of the laws are widely scattered in a dozen or more libraries, and it is noteworthy that one issue, the Book of Laws of 1648, exists to-day in but a single copy, in the collection of E. D. Church of Brooklyn.

News has been received from Weimar, Germany, that, on account of failing health, Bernhard Suphan has resigned the directorship of the Goethe and Schiller Archives, which he has held for nearly twenty-five years. He has won a permanent place in the history of German literature as editor-in-chief of the definitive edition of Herder (32 vols., Berlin, 1877-1909), and of a large number of volumes of the monumental edition of Goethe (135 vols., Weimar, 1887-1910).

John Rickman, of whom there is an exceedingly readable account by O. Williams in the February number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, was thus described by Charles Lamb in a letter to Manning: "He is a

most pleasant hand; a fine rattling fellow, has gone through life laughing at solemn apes; himself hugely literate, oppressively full of information in all stuff of conversation, from matter of fact to Xenophon and Plato, . . . up to anything; down to everything; whatever *sapit hominem*. A perfect man." Rickman was an intimate of Lamb, of Coleridge, and especially of Southey. With the last he was almost in daily communication, and his unpublished correspondence which forms the basis of the *Blackwood* article, comprises more than a thousand letters between the two men. Rickman was for nearly forty years a clerk of the House of Commons and was the originator of the population census in Great Britain. He was a fanatical Tory and had the power to give adequate utterance to his opinions. He pays his respects to the "Whiggamores," the "mobocracy," the "hell-hounds of the Press," and "O'Connell's squadron of Irish devils." His early admiration for Fox is not lasting. In 1806 Rickman writes:

> Charley Fox eats his former opinions daily, and even ostentatiously, showing himself the worst man but the better minister of a corrupt government where three people in four must be rogues and three deeds in four bad.

Yet this bitter dogmatist had a very soft spot in his heart for the weaknesses of his friends. Among Rickman's letters are two from George Dyer, that absent-minded, kind-hearted, incompetent, whom Lamb is continually laughing at. It was Dyer's craze to make himself useful to his friends, and one of the letters to Rickman recommends to his good services a young man in great destitution, who "was warmly spoken of by his washerwoman."

The Rev. Dr. Amory Howe Bradford, who died at Montclair, N. J., last Saturday, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, had for many years been a notable figure in the councils of the Congregational Church of this country and Europe, and in the history of the New Jersey suburban communities. He graduated from Hamilton College and from Andover Theological Seminary, and studied at Oxford, where subsequently he was the first American clergyman to preach a baccalaureate sermon. He was long an associate editor of the *Outlook;* contributed to other religious publications, and was the author of the following books: "Spirit and Life," "Old Wine, New Bottles," "The Pilgrim in Old England," "Heredity and Christian Problems," "The Growing Revelation," "The Sistine Madonna," "The Holy Family," "The Art of Living Alone," "The Return to Christ," "The Age of Faith," "Spiritual Lessons from the Brownings," "Messages of the Masters," "The Ascent of the Soul," and "The Inward Light."

The Rev. Dr. Charles Marsh Mead, for fifteen years a professor at the Andover Theological Seminary, and later at the Hartford Seminary, died suddenly last week at New Haven. Dr. Mead, whose home was in Cornwall, Vt., was one of the original members of the American Bible Revision Committee, and was active in the work of the revision of the Old and New Testaments. He was born in 1836; he graduated from Middlebury College in 1856, and from Andover Seminary in 1862. Three years at German universities led up to the Ph.D. degree which he gained at Tübingen. From Middlebury he received the D.D. and LL.D., and from Princeton the former degree. His works include: "Exodus" (in Lange's Commentary), "The Soul Here and Hereafter," "Supernatural Revelation," "Romans Dissected" (under pen-name E. D. McRealsham, also in German, "Der Römerbrief beurtheilt und gevlertheilt," under pen-name Carl Hesedamm), "Christ and Criticism," and "Irenic Theology."

The death is reported from Bonn, in his sixty-ninth year, of Wilhelm Wilmanns, philologist, and professor at the university of that town since 1877. He is remembered chiefly for his studies of the "Nibelungenlied" and Walther von der Vogelweide, and for "Beiträge zur Geschichte der älteren deutschen Literatur."

Science

Henri Fabre's "The Life and Love of the Insect" has been translated by A. T. de Mattos, and is to be brought out by Black.

The "Poultry Laboratory Guide" (Macmillan), by Prof. H. R. Lewis, will enable students easily to grasp the principles of poultry raising, and will furnish them with many shortcuts to efficiency. It is a digest of valuable information contained in various bulletins and reports of some of the most successful State experimental stations and of the Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Animal Industry. The practical poultryman will be repaid for a careful reading of the book; it shows no patience with the *laissez-faire* attitude which has wrecked so many poultry establishments, nor, on the other hand, with high-flown theories. Especially useful is the rotation of crops suggested by Professor Lewis for those following the double-yarding system, as well as his insistence upon discrimination in the selection of eggs for incubation. The illustrations are numerous, but rather ineffective.

The text-book for second-year engineering students on "Continuous Current Machine Design," by William Cramp of the Victoria University, Manchester, discusses the construction and operation of these machines in a thorough manner. The tentative and empiric aspects of the subjects are dealt with rather than the theoretical side. The eighth edition of the text-book on "Dynamo Electric Machinery," by Profs. Samuel Sheldon and Erich Hausmann of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, has been issued. The book, which has been completely rewritten, is undoubtedly successful, but it still seems thin and meagre. It is designed for ordinary classroom exercises of students pursuing electrical or non-electrical engineering courses. Such students should have a stiffer course, and should have also, for the price charged, a book printed on decent paper and bound in a less flimsy fashion. Professors Crocker and Arendt of Columbia University, in their new book on "Electric Motors," have written on the operation of electrical machinery rather than on its design and construction. It is, in fact, a curious thing that most books have but little space for the details of operating electrical machinery, and many students who have a fair knowledge of a machine must feel helpless when they meet the problem of keeping it running. This book, therefore, is useful. The same criticism of weak binding applies to this, and, indeed, to all the books mentioned in this note. Nearly every piece of electrical machinery and apparatus has connected with it a solenoid, and, unfortunately, the solenoid cannot be determined accurately from theoretical deductions. Charles R. Underhill has prepared a very useful book on "Solenoids, Electro-magnets, and Electromagnetic Windings." Not only the ordinary types of the solenoid are discussed, but also many of the rarer forms. Much of the constructive details and testing is the result of his own observation; many useful diagrams and tables are given. The definitions and physical laws are not always well chosen, and often are not presented in the best form. It should be quite possible to preserve the concreteness demanded by the engineer, and, at the same time, scientific accuracy. (All published by D. Van Nostrand Co.)

"La Conquête du Sahara" (Paris: Armand Colin, 260 pages, 3.50 francs) is an "essay of political psychology" by E. F. Gautier, who, with R. Chudeau, has already published two large volumes—"Sahara Algérien" and "Sahara Soudanais"—containing results of exploring missions of the French government. The present volume leads up to a practical conclusion, not more startling than the increase and development of French colonial dominion in Africa. This is nothing less than the Trans-Saharian Railway, that is from Algiers to the Niger, along the postal route already in use by which French officers also go and return to their posts. A carefully studied chapter is given to this enterprise, which is neither so Utopian nor so distant as those unfamiliar with what is doing in Western Africa might believe; and this chapter properly concludes the book. It is preceded by chapters on the conquest of the Touareg Sahara, which has passed all but unobserved in our own time; and the conquest of the Moroccan Sahara, which is contemporary history still in the making; the camel service, which has enabled France to accomplish such conquests; the oases; and the Touareg tribes, whom French tactful administration has made its willing instruments. M. Gautier has the experience of twenty years in Algiers and eighteen months of continuous exploration of the Sahara. He has no illusion as to any probable exploitation of the desert itself. At best, there may be mineral discoveries (all the states of Europe are seeking within their bounds or colonies for the great modern staple, petroleum). "The Sahara must be taken for what it is—a solid surface, which is a possible platform for the inter-communication of Berbérie and the Sudan—between the tropics and the Mediterranean. . . . Restricted to this modest point of view, it is not difficult to conceive of the Sahara paying, even from the economic side."

The death is reported from Cassadaga, Fla., in his seventy-fourth year, of Dr. Emmet Densmore, the author of "How Nature Cures," "Sex Equality," and "Introduction to Arcana of Nature."

Dr. Edward Hitchcock, professor of hygiene and physical education, and the oldest member of the faculty of Amherst College, died last week, at the age of eighty-two.

He was the first physician in this country to be placed in charge of a college gymnasium, and was the author of "Anatomy, Physiology and Anthropometry."

Drama

Monsieur D'Or. By John Louis Haney. Philadelphia: The Egerton Press. $1.20 net.

This "dramatic fantasy," as it is called, is one of the most capable and pregnant plays that have appeared in the last decade, or longer. Fanciful, as it undoubtedly is in one sense, it is yet essentially veracious in its representation of existing conditions, and fulfils one of the true functions of the drama in uttering a message, sound in both morals and philosophy, under the guise of light, satiric, comprehensive, and occasionally sentimental comedy. This is a work written by a man possessing literary facility and knowledge of men and affairs, with a firm grasp of his subject, and is worth a dozen of recent commercial sensational plays on similar subjects. It shows how a progressively interesting story may be made out of the development of character by circumstance, without the use of one abnormal or lurid incident. Moreover, the story, if fantastic, is human.

Monsieur D'Or is the adopted name of Bobbie Dorr, the son of an American Crœsus, who assumes that title when he inherits his dead father's millions. He is a clever, well-educated, attractive young materialist and sensualist, who believes in nothing but the omnipotence of gold for success or happiness. It is his creed that all men and women may be bought and that idealism of any kind is rubbish. The play shows—in a prologue, four scenes, and an epilogue—how he is finally converted. There is no continuous plot, each scene being a comedietta in itself; but the interest, centred in the development of D'Or himself, is not diminished by this episodical arrangement. The study of this dominant figure is minute and admirable, and the characterization of many of the minor personages—mostly familiar types—are deftly sketched. At first D'Or is the golden idol of Lenox; but there is one in the subservient crowd who rebels against his selfish cynicism; and she is the girl to whom he is engaged. He meets his first check when she breaks the engagement. In the second scene, as the controlling shareholder in a great lace factory in France, he violates all his principles by compelling a ruinous surrender to the demands of the striking hands to gain the good will of a working girl who has taken his fancy. He is hailed as a savior by the mob, but the girl is honest and stanch and will have none of him. Next in his château at Versailles he illustrates the money power by bribing a great radical journalist to turn conservative and an idealistic artist to paint a grossly realistic picture; and by corrupting a banker's wife; but he is routed ignominiously by the dainty daughter of a musician whom he coveted. At Interlaken, as the agent of the greatest capitalists of Europe, he meets the representatives of the Powers on their way to a peace conference at Geneva, and, pleading the interests of trade, exacts a pledge from them that no real step in the direction of a reduction of armaments shall be made. But in a junior secretary and in the stenographer, whom he had suborned, he finds two rebels who treat him with defiant scorn. In the fourth scene, where, for the first time, there is a touch of symbolism, he lies a victim of nervous prostration, despondent, and forlorn in a Balkan palace; and here—in chance meetings with a boy, a nurse, a physician, and an Oriental pilgrim—he is awakened fully to a sense of the failure of his life and his philosophy. All this is very naturally told. For the first time he gets an inkling of the possible happiness to be found outside of self-indulgence; and while in this chastened mood he hears that the first love of his boyhood, Eleanor Richmond, still unwed, is at the head of an international movement for the relief of famine in India and is on her way thither to superintend the work. Inspired by her example, he makes over to her, anonymously, the bulk of his millions, intercepts her at Port Said in the guise of a ruined spendthrift, and the curtain falls upon the prospect of wedding bells and a new philanthropist.

There is nothing novel in this story or its moral, but no recent drama has treated the subject of wealth, its power, and its use and abuse, with such veracity, intelligence, and point. And the piece is not a preachment, but a genuine comedy, full of living types, of effective situations, of keen observation, and sharp satire upon the social and political shams and follies of our modern civilization. And the significance of it all is general, not merely local. Altogether this is a notable piece of work.

Maurice Baring's "Diminutive Dramas" is one of the books which Houghton Mifflin Co. promise this week.

Granville Barker is trying the experiment of presenting some of Arthur Schnitzler's sketches in one of the London music halls.

Miss Horniman and the well-known company from her Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, are acting in the Coronet Theatre, London, for a brief season. They began with a revival of Sheridan's "The Critic." A prominent London critic writes:

There is happily no doubt about there being a public for Sheridan, or, at all events, for "The Critic." Line after line was followed last night with delighted laughter, especially when Miss Edyth Goodall as Tilburina and Miss Hilda Davies as her confidante were on the stage.

During his present English provincial tour Martin Harvey will produce several new pieces. One of these is from the Spanish of Angel Guinera, and, as translated by Wallace Gilpatrick and Guido Marburg, bears the title of "The Wolf of the Lowlands." The action takes place in Catalonia, and special Spanish costumes have been imported for the production.

The London critics confidently predict success for "The Witness for the Defence," the play by A. E. W. Mason, which has just been produced at the London St. James's Theatre. The piece itself, judging from the accounts of it, seems to be more valuable theatrically than in other ways. In the first act, in India, the curtain falls upon Mrs. Ballantyne defending herself with a gun against her brutal, furious, drunken husband. The natural presumption is that she shoots him. Two years later, she has been tried for killing him and acquitted, chiefly on the testimony of a lover, Henry Tresk, who swore that Ballantyne had confessed that he was in terror of his life because of a Hindu assassin, who had already tried to shoot him. Tresk added that he himself had seen a swarthy arm beneath the folds of Ballantyne's tent. So the jury acquitted her, and she is living happily in an English village, where the squire's son, Dick Hazlewood, has fallen in love with her. An old uncle, a shrewd lawyer, doubts the justice of the verdict and slyly cross-examines Tresk, who, however, sticks manfully to his earlier story, although (in the eyes of the audience) he is plainly lying. Then there is a midnight interview between Tresk and Mrs. Ballantyne, in which the whole truth is revealed. Tresk offers to take the whole blame upon himself and pay the penalty for perjury, if she will promise to wed him afterward. When she refuses to do this, he says that she must, at least, tell the whole truth to Dick. This she is unwilling to do, and the discussion grows so warm that Dick's father is awakened, enters the room, and so, necessarily, is admitted to a full knowledge of the situation. Finally, Mrs. Ballantyne pledges herself to make a clean breast of it to Dick. The piece ends happily, after all the storm of passion.

Music

Resonance in Singing and Speaking. By Thomas Fillebrown. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.

The Brain and the Voice in Speech and Song. By F. W. Mott. New York: Harper & Bros.

The world clamors for great singers. Opera companies are springing up in various cities, but unless the singers are of the first rank these companies do not prosper. Under these circumstances music-lovers must welcome as a public benefactor every writer who contributes something of importance to the vexed problem of creating great singers. Such a writer is Dr. Fillebrown. For twenty-one years he has been professor of operative dentistry and oral surgery at Harvard University; he has lectured on voice development and has mastered the contents of more than fifty

books on this subject, of which he gives a list. His own book is, naturally enough, concerned chiefly with the cavities of the head, to which his professional duties have daily attracted his attention.

His main contention is that voice-trainers have heretofore given too much attention to the vocal cords, treating them as the principal cause of tone, whereas these are in themselves insignificant as sound producers. "It is the vibrations of the air in the resonance chambers of the human instrument, together with the induced vibrations of the instrument itself, which give tone its sonority, its reach, its color, and emotional power." Loudness of tone is less due to increase of breath pressure on the vocal cords than to the character of the resonance. As long ago as 1863 Helmholtz pointed out that in respect to resonance the human voice is far superior to all other instruments, for other resonators are fixed and unchanging, whereas the human resonator is flexible and "admits of much variety of form, so that many more qualities of tone can be thus produced than on any other instrument of artificial construction." The importance of such resonance as compared with mere vibration of the vocal cords is illustrated vividly by the analogous case of a tuning fork, which, set in vibration, can, unaided, scarcely be heard by the person holding it, whereas, if rested on a table, or, better still, on the bridge of a violin, it can be heard distinctly throughout a large hall.

Dr. Fillebrown demonstrated in his surgical work the existence of a hitherto unrecognized connecting passage between the cavities of the face and those of the forehead, which helps to explain the play of resonance in the cavities above the nostrils. Sometimes the thin walls of the cavities and the contained air vibrate with such surprising force that the singer is blinded for a moment, when sounding a note intensely. The author points out that perhaps the most important element is nasal resonance, and he comments on the folly of the numerous teachers who, in their desire to overcome the common American nasal twang, increase it by shutting out the nasal chambers from all participation in speech and song. He does not overlook the fact that the chest also serves as a resonance chamber, but this does not falsify his thesis that the principal vibrations are above the vocal cords. In several pages of examples with musical type, he clearly shows how the all-important head resonance can be acquired. It is hardly too much to say that if teachers and pupils throughout the country were to follow these hints, a new epoch in voice culture would begin and the opera houses would soon have all the great singers they need. These singers would last longer, too. Lilli Lehmann, at the age of sixty-four, is still delighting audiences, because she recognized the importance of nasal and head resonance. Jenny Lind had been taught wrongly, and her beautiful voice began to fail while she was physically in her prime.

While the neglected but all-important subject of resonance is the main theme of Dr. Fillebrown's book, he also discourses soundly on registers, on placing the voice, on throat stiffness, and its remedies, on the way to overcome stage fright, etc. His directions for deep breathing are, perhaps, the most lucid and valuable ever printed; they are important not only to students of singing who have to become professional breathers, but to all who wish to enjoy perfect health, for, as the author remarks, "we seldom find an individual who breathes correctly without education in the matter." He also dwells on the fact that a good way to improve the speaking voice is to cultivate the singing voice, and maintains that an orator may, by cultivation, develop a speaking voice of musical quality without being able to distinguish "Old Hundred" from "The Last Rose of Summer." Here, too, resonance is the all-important consideration. A broken nose spoiled the splendid voice of the elder Booth and virtually ended his career as an actor.

Dr. Mott's volume is not, like Dr. Fillebrown's, a guide for singers and teachers, but a collection of papers on popular science appealing to readers who are interested in such questions as the origin of speech, the cerebral mechanism of speech and song, speech and right-handedness, localization of speech centres in the brain, the primary site of revival of words in silent thought, pathological degenerative changes producing speech defects and what they teach, etc. The writer's statements are based on the latest researches in physiology and pathology, of which he is professor in the London County Asylums. Numerous diagrams help to show "how the wheels go round" in the human brain and organs of speech, and the author has endeavored to write in as simple language as scientific accuracy and requirements permitted. The most eloquent page in the book is the last, in which he tells how a mad Frenchman's facial expression and whole personality changed when, by request, he sang the "Marseillalse."

The interest in folk-music is growing apace; hardly a musical periodical appears without an article on some phase of it. In England there is great activity in collecting what remains of these treasures of former generations, under the direction of various organizations, one of which is the Oxford Folk-Music Society. In a lecture delivered before this society, J. Steuart Wilson expressed his belief in the communal origin of folk-songs. One paradox is pointed out by him in these words:

I believe that our English folk-songs do give undoubted evidence that we are fundamentally musicians, and yet it must be confessed that most of our cultivated music, whether creative or interpretive, has seldom up to the present shown any very definite characteristics of its own. When we hear French or German music—whether good or bad—there is no doubt that it is French or German. But can any one ever say, except in a very limited degree, "That violinist belongs to the English school," or "That piece of music is obviously by an Englishman"?

In this country there are still a number of persons who call genuine negro songs the "folk-songs of America." That they are really African is shown conclusively by Jeannette Robinson Murphy, in her book, "Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers and African Music in America" (New York: The Bandanna Publishing Co.). Mrs. Murphy is a well-equipped folk-lorist, a composer herself, and a singer who can reproduce exactly the curious qualities of the music of the Southern negroes. During her childhood in Kentucky she followed the one-time slaves in their tasks, listening to their crooning in their cabins, in the fields, and especially in their meeting houses, and all of them assured her that the tunes they sang came from Africa. She explains what a singer must do to reproduce this music as it is sung by the blacks; the voice must be made nasal and undulating; around every prominent note must be a variety of small notes, called trimmings; he must sing notes not found in our scale; he must carry his breath from line to line and from verse to verse, even at the risk of bursting a blood-vessel; he must introduce peculiar humming sounds, etc. All this, surely, has nothing in common with real (white) American folk-songs, such as were written by Stephen Foster and others. Nevertheless, the American-negro music is decidedly worth studying, and it would be well if some one interested in the subject provided Mrs. Murphy with the funds necessary for carrying out her researches. She lives at Orlando, Florida.

Art

Art's Enigma. By Frederick Jameson. With eight illustrations. New York: John Lane Co. $2 net.

This book has the merit of treating æsthetics strictly as a branch of psychology, but like other works that have assumed this obviously sound attitude there are concrete analyses of the conditions and effects of the several arts. At the outset the author clears away current misconceptions. "Bad art" is a contradiction in terms. As well say incorrect arithmetic. Bad art can only mean inartistic art, or no art at all. More sweepingly, such terms as "realism, idealism, and impressionism describe and distinguish nothing in art. . . . These terms are meaningless in relation to some arts, and could not, therefore, denote any fundamental artistic qualities." We think realism and idealism, which mean only more or less correspondence to the vision of ordinary folk, might well go to the scrap heap. So might impressionism in the sense adopted by our author of a sum-

mary or incomplete form of execution. But, taken psychologically, the word impressionism serves a useful purpose. It denotes an art that makes a minimum use of memory. In this sense it denotes a fundamental attitude and is applicable to all the arts.

From a study of harmonized melody Mr. Jameson deduces his definition of the work of art. It is a projection of a form of feeling, its ingredients being naught; their relations everything. We quote:

A work of art is the representation of an imaginative conception of a group of things composed together in such a manner as to produce a number of æsthetic and emotional impressions, not all pleasant in themselves, but combining into one whole intensely delightful, complex, but harmonious mental impression. Its essence and the source of its charm and of all the effects above quoted—emotional suggestion, change of painful impressions to pleasant ones, unity and perfection of the whole—lie in the form and the relation of the parts, and not at all in the separate component elements. The work appeals to the imagination alone, and the reason, or consciously acting part of the intellect, is insensible to its appeal, and is unable to explain or in any way account for its attraction or even to tell whether any group of things form a work of art or not. Its sole aim, so far as we can see at present, is a certain kind of pleasure, of which the source is a highly complex kind of beauty.

There are certain elements of *petitio principii* in this definition, but it is suggestive, clear, and—granting the presupposition that an æsthetic experience cannot be rationalized at all—pretty satisfactory.

We have no space to notice Mr. Jameson's vigorous comments on the various arts, but refer the reader especially to the final chapter, in which a theory of relative impersonality in art is effectively urged. It should be said, however, that what Mr. Jameson calls an impersonal attitude might with equal warrant be called the employment of the whole self. All that is implied is a kind of detachment from ordinary and partial emotionalism. The æsthetic experience is incompatible with concurrent personal passion. One emotion must slay the other. On the practical side art renders harmless usually harmful subject matters, but in a larger sense art can do us neither good nor ill. Nor is art merely a vehicle of select emotions:

The whole effect of a work of art is different from and deeper than that of any feelings it expresses. These are transferred from our ordinary consciousness to the realm of the imagination, where they become part of a broader and profounder kind of emotional experience. . . . In other words, emotion of any kind must cease to be absorbingly personal before it can find poetic expression, and the value of such expression depends on its universality, and not on its personality.

In closing Mr. Jameson hints at a possible broadening and purgation of ordinary experience through the cultivation of the artistic imagination. The peculiar, almost neo-Platonic, mysticism of the book is maintained with eloquence, and the analytical portions are both picturesque and sensible.

"Cathedrals of Spain," by John A. Gade, is issued this week by Houghton Mifflin Co.

A new contribution to a special form of literature is "Indiana Bookplates," issued through the Nicholson Press of Richmond, Indiana, by Esther Griffin White. Information is given concerning the bookplates of the author's State, and about their makers as well. Incidentally, she pays a tribute to her late brother, Raymond Perry White, a designer of many plates. She is an enthusiast in the subject, and this enthusiasm shows itself on every page of the present volume. The book is well printed and copiously illustrated. The edition is limited to 250 copies.

William Edgar Fisher, the well-known engraver of this city, has issued "A Portfolio of Book Plates, No. 5," which contains twelve signed proofs executed by him since the issue of his portfolio No. 4. The edition was printed in December of 1910, and was limited to 128 copies. The present collection includes Mr. Fisher's recently executed plate for Bowdoin College Library, the gift of the class of 1882. The proofs are printed directly from the original coppers on Japan vellum approximately 8x10, and are uniform with the preceding issues.

The archæologist and anthropologist will find much valuable material in a recent volume consisting of a treatise entitled "Antiquities of the Ouachita Valley," by Clarence B. Moore, and a "Report on an Additional Collection of Skeletal Remains from Arkansas and Louisiana," by Dr. Ales. Hrdlicka. The former is a reprint from the Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Volume XIV, and is the work of an eminent archæologist. The latter deals with ninety-one lots of bones obtained from certain of the old burial places in Arkansas and Louisiana. In addition to the human remains described, a detailed account is given of those mounds and dwelling sites which were found by the party, earthenware pipes, and earthenware bowls, pots, and bottles; also pipes of limestone, ceremonial axes, and pendants of hematite. The volume, which is thoroughly scientific, contains also maps, illustrations in text, and eight colored plates.

Several interesting excavations are being carried on in Athens by the Archæological Society of that city. Northwest of the Acropolis, on the site of the Bouleuterion, several important antiquities have been brought to light, among them a marble head of a youth belonging to the fifth century B. C. of the type of the Apollo of the Omphalos. In order to determine the date of the retaining wall which supports the soil of the Pnyx, the public meeting-place of the Athenians, the embankment behind this wall is being cleared away. Here have been unearthed vase fragments of the fifth century and some stamped vase handles belonging to the fourth century B. C. It should therefore seem that the retaining wall could not be older than the fourth century. However, at a distance of about eight yards inward, there has been discovered another retaining wall, built of smaller stones laid in courses, which is considerably older, though the exact time of its construction cannot as yet be fixed. In the Agora, the ancient market-place, have been found in an almost perfect state of preservation a portico consisting of two pillars of Pentelic marble, three metres high, the torso of a youth in marble similar to the Eleusis boy, and several interesting bas-reliefs and portions of inscriptions. These excavations will be continued throughout the winter.

Dr. Paul Richer continues the publication of his lectures at the Paris Beaux-Arts by a little book on the artistic anatomy of the horse. It follows the same method of adapting scientific information to the needs of artists which was followed in the author's previous book on the artistic anatomy of man. Text and plates are all that could be desired.

For more than twenty years a distinguished Paris artist, Paul Baudouin, has been making experimental studies in the fresco painting which gave such brilliant and lasting results from Giotto to Michelangelo. The technical secret of the art was thought to be lost beyond recovery. Some years ago Paul Baudouin declared that he had discovered it and that the painting was perfectly adapted to the Paris climate. The first application of the colors must be successful, for the process admits of no retouching; and the colors must form one body with the lime and sand mortar to which they are applied, becoming an integral part of the architectural material and lasting quite as long. The Paris municipal council has given the artist an opportunity to test this new painting, revived from the old, on a large and splendid scale. He has decorated with his frescoes the semicircular gallery forming the eastern side of the beautiful interior court of what is popularly known as the Petit Palais, that is, the Fine Arts Palace of the City of Paris. The entire painting covers nine hundred and fifty square metres. Two hundred figures are enlaced in the rhythm of a lozenge trellis, with leaves, flowers, and fruits running all along above the gallery. It is an interpretation of the course of the year. In each of the four entering squares there are four nude figures, two men and two women, symbolizing together one of the seasons. In the three vault sections are the Months; the Hours of Day and Night; and the Animals associated with Months and Hours. The trellis catches up the Months in great medallions; the Hours in medium ovals; the Animals, which are between, in small octagons, the entering squares alone breaking the rhythm. On steps supported by the cornice, around the whole gallery, groups of personages recline in prolongations of the ovals or springing of the arches. Idyllic Latin inscriptions complete the Virgilian character of the varied, rhythmical, and harmonious, delicate and fresh-colored decoration, which also agrees well with the blue and gold enamels of the two water basins of the court. In one thing alone has the Paris climate taken its revenge; the great glassed doors leading into the court let in such draughts that they are permanently closed in cold weather, preventing a near view of this novel and important achievement of the new fresco painting.

Thomas George Linnell, an English painter of country scenes, died a fortnight since, at the age of seventy-five.

Alice Morse Earle, whose books on old costumes, antique china and furniture, and gardens of a bygone day are authoritative as well as charming, died just a week ago in her fifty-eighth year at the home of her son, Alexander Morse Earle, at Hempstead. She was a member of the Colonial Dames and the American Historical Association, and author of the following volumes: "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," "China Collecting in America," "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," "Life of Margaret Winthrop," "Diary of a Boston Schoolgirl," "Costumes of Colonial Times," "Colonial Dames and Goodwives," "Old Narragansett," "Colonial Days in Old New York," "Curious Punishments of Bygone Days," "Home Life in Colonial Days," "Child Life in Colonial Days," and "Stage Coach and Tavern Days." Mrs. Earle was also part-author of "Early Prose and Verse," "Historic New York," "Chap Book Essays," "Old-Time Gardens," "Sundials and Roses of Yesterday," and "Two Centuries of Costume in America."

Finance

PASSING OF THE "GOULD REGIME."

Shortly after the close of business on the Stock Exchange, one day last week, a St. Louis dispatch announced that attorneys acting for the Rockefeller interests, and for the international banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., had made formal demand for the stock books of the Missouri. Pacific Railway. That action had been taken, it was explained, to procure the names and addresses of shareholders in a contest for proxies to oust the Goulds from control of the system. George J. Gould has been president of that company since 1893, and at each annual election. he has named all thirteen of the directors. On learning of this action, Wall Street leaped somewhat hastily to the inference that a struggle for control of this important property was at hand—possibly such as occurred in Northern Pacific during 1901, or in Illinois Central during 1907. It did not come. Instead, after prolonged conferences between the opposing forces, it was officially announced next day that Mr. Gould would retire from the presidency of the company and that at the annual meeting of shareholders, to be held on March 14, new directors would be elected. Wall Street at once declared that this marked the end of the "Gould régime."

Something of historic interest is attached to the railways known as Gould properties; they are a relic of one of the most picturesque episodes in American finance. In 1881, Jay Gould occupied, in the mind of Wall Street and the public, very much the place which Harriman occupied in 1909. He was by no means the equal of the late Union Pacific chieftain in pure constructive ability; Gould was a wrecker in the long run, where Harriman was a builder. But the newspapers none the less called him the "wizard of American finance." While he lived, every one wondered where his programme of railway acquisition would stop. When he died, leaving to his family an estate of $200,000,000, with a controlling interest in half a dozen great railways, people wondered what would become of the "Gould régime."

The properties controlled by the Gould régime were not always the same. Once Jay Gould absolutely dominated the Erie; later, the Union Pacific. Neither was handed over to his heirs; when his methods had brought each company to the verge of unsuspected insolvency, he sold out and deserted the ship. Similarly, he once owned and then quietly dropped the St. Louis and San Francisco and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas. Control of the Manhattan Elevated was disposed of by his will; it remained a "Gould road" until the Interborough bought it in 1902. Control of the Western Union Telegraph Company remained in the family until 1909, when the Mackay interests bought it. At the present time, the term "Gould properties" applies to the Missouri Pacific and allied lines which, as part of the Gould estate, were turned over to the present management.

It is not generally believed that the Goulds went into Wednesday's conference with more than 25 per cent. of Missouri Pacific's $83,000,000 stock in their own possession. What had happened on previous occasions of the sort was that enough other shareholders had voted with the Goulds to give them a majority. At last week's conference, when a strong opposition was able to show holdings of the stock sufficiently large to dispute the Gould control, these other holders turned over their proxies to the interests who favored a change in management. Next year the Gould interest will have only four representatives on the board, instead of the whole thirteen. The retiring president will be made chairman of the board, with the understanding that his successor will follow out the instructions of a majority of the directors.

Few people realize what the magnitude, on the railway map, of this Gould system actually is. Very recently it was possible to say that the interest which controlled this system controlled more mileage than belonged in any other railway system in the country. With the Harriman system in the field, this sounds improbable. But, including the Southern and Central Pacific, the Union Pacific system comprises 17,500 miles. As the head of the Missouri Pacific, the holding company for the Gould system, George Gould at one time personally controlled nearly 19,000 miles of road.

After the appointment of receivers, after the panic of 1907, for the Western Maryland, the Wheeling and Lake Erie, the Wabash-Pittsburgh Terminal Railway, and the International and Great Northern, the mileage of the Missouri Pacific system was reduced to the extent of 2,175. But even with that disputed mileage eliminated, the president of the Missouri Pacific controlled the Wabash, the St. Louis and Iron Mountain, the Denver and Rio Grande, the Texas Pacific, the Colorado Midland, the Western Pacific, and certain smaller allied lines, which make a system of 17,000 miles. Since the death of E. H. Harriman, no other man has occupied a similar position.

With the passing of the Gould régime in the railway world, the question is again raised as to whether in time all of the railways of the country will not be part of three or four consolidated systems. Certainly the trend of events during the past decade points in that direction. First A. J. Cassatt, to protect the Pennsylvania against rate-cutting, acquired control of the Norfolk and Western, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Chesapeake and Ohio. The New York Central then joined hands with the Pennsylvania, and control of other Eastern roads was acquired. Then James J. Hill of the Great Northern bought control of Northern Pacific, and Northern Pacific and Great Northern jointly acquired the Burlington. Harriman, starting with the Union Pacific, soon merged the Central and Southern Pacific and the Oregon Short Line. In New England the New Haven began to reach out for other lines, and in the South the Southern Railway and the Atlantic Coast Line accomplished the same results.

To-day there is only one railway in the country of any real strategic importance, which can be called independent in the sense applied to that word ten years ago. That is the Pennsylvania. All the rest are either controlled by other companies or allied with interests which control the other systems also. It used to be said, as long ago as 1901, that American railways were even then, after allowing for banking affiliations, virtually divided up into the Vanderbilt system, the Hill-Morgan system,

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the Harriman system, and the Gould system; and in 1904 Supreme Court Justice Brewer, in his opinion against the Northern Securities merger, remarked that "if the parties interested in these two competing railways," which had been placed under common ownership, "can, through the instrumentality of a holding company, place both under one control, then in like manner . . . could the control of all the railways in the country be placed in a single corporation." Considering the ultimate possibilities of combination, the justice concluded, three or four individuals might through the same machinery obtain "the control of the whole transportation system of the country."

The Northern Securities decision itself squarely blocked the path to this result; the two merged systems were returned to their original owners. It still remained to see what would happen as a result of outright purchase in the market, without the paraphernalia of a holding company. The ending of the "Gould régime" is in this regard an interesting landmark. In operating efficiency and financial judgment the Gould management has long been notoriously wanting; the new management is certain to improve matters in both directions. Just what will be the result of the lodging of control of this hitherto independent system in the same hands as exercise general control over the Union Pacific lines, is a question for the future.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Audoux, M. Marie-Claire. Translated by John Raphael. Introduction by Arnold Bennett. Doran Co.

Barrington, Mrs. R. Essays on the Purpose of Art. Longmans.

Blackwelder, E., and Barrows, H. H. Elements of Geology. American Book Co. $1.40.

Bond, R. W. Early Plays from the Italian. Edited, with essay, etc. Frowde. $2.50.

Brindley, J. E. History of Taxation in Iowa. 2 vols. Iowa City, Ia.: State Historical Society.

Brooks, S. D. English Composition, Book One. American Book Co. 75 cents.

Camp, S. G. The Fine Art of Fishing. Outing Pub. Co. $1.

Chase, J. S. Cone-Bearing Trees of the California Mountains. Chicago: McClurg. 75 cents net.

Chittenden, H. M. War or Peace. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Cook, G. C. The Chasm: a Novel. Stokes. $1.25 net.

Gayley, C. M. The Classic Myths in English Literature and in Art. New edition, revised. Boston: Ginn. $1.60.

Giesecke, A. A. American Commercial Legislation Before 1789. University of Pennsylvania. (Appleton, agents.)

Gildersleeve, B. L. Syntax of Classical Greek. Part II. American Book Co. $1.50.

Gordon, W. J. Our Home Railways (illustrated). 2 vols. Fred'k Warne & Co. $4.50 net.

Greene. Psychisms Through Anvernetta Greene. Newark, N. J.; Anvernetta Greene. $1.

Hebbel, F. Agnes Bernauer. Edited, with notes, by von Klenze. Frowde. 60 cents.

Hunter, G. W. Essentials of Biology. American Book Co. $1.25.

Langlois, Ch.-V. La Connaissance de la Nature et du Monde au moyen âge. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

Lowry, E. B. Truths: Talks with a Boy Concerning Himself. Chicago: Forbes & Co. 50 cents net.

Luk-Oie, O. The Green Curve, and Other Stories. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.

Mackay, H. F. B. The Religion of the Englishman. Longmans.

Madan, A. C. Living Speech in Central and South Africa. Frowde. $2.

Martin, H. R. When Half-gods Go. Century. $1 net.

Montague, C. E. Dramatic Values. London: Methuen.

Neilson, W. A. The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists. Selected Plays, edited from the original quartos and folios. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.75.

Reynolds, Mrs. B. The Girl from Nowhere. Doran Co. $1.20 net.

Rule, L. V. The House of Love. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.

Russell, Lady John Russell: a Memoir. Edited by D. MacCarthy and A. Russell. Lane. $3.50 net.

Shook, C. A. Cumorah Revisited, or "The Book of Mormon." Cincinnati: Standard Pub. Co.

Spearman, F. H. Robert Kimberly. Scribner. $1.30 net.

State Commission in Lunacy. Annual report for year ending September 30, 1909. Albany, N. Y.

Tacitus. Cornelii Taciti Historiarum Libri. Ed. C. D. Fisher. Clarendon Press.

The Unity of the Spirit. Proceedings and Papers of the First Congress of the National Federation of Religious Liberals, held at Philadelphia, April, 1909. Boston: National Federation of Religious Liberals.

Turnor, C. Land Problems and National Welfare. Lane. $2.50 net.

Warner, A. How Leslie Loved. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.

Watson, H. B. M. Alise of Astra. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Wetmore, M. N. Index Verborum Vergilianus. Frowde.

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The Nation

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The Week

In spite of the negative votes of several Southern Senators, due solely to their objection to the Sutherland amendment, the resolution for a Constitutional amendment providing for the popular election of Senators came very near being passed by a two-thirds vote of the Senate on Tuesday. Why the question of the Federal control of elections should have been brought up at all is inexplicable. Had no mention of it been made in the Borah resolution, the existing satisfactory conditions would have prevailed, under which the Federal Government has control over the election of Senators and can prescribe the qualifications of voters, and the resolution would have been carried triumphantly. Northern Senators like Root and Depew challenged the Borah resolution on the correct ground that it deprived the Federal Government of a control it ought not to relinquish. Being opposed to it anyway, they were glad of the additional argument. And when the Sutherland amendment, which properly corrected the Borah resolution and met this argument of its critics, had been adopted, the resolution was defeated by the votes of Southern Senators who feared that it might interfere with the disfranchisement of the negroes. Thus we have another illustration of the way a gross injustice to a certain portion of our citizenship works injury to the whole body politic. It is a comfort to find, at least, that many of the Southern Senators were not afraid to vote for the resolution as amended.

Attempts by Senator Cummins and other Republican insurgents to defeat the Canadian reciprocity agreement by arguing that it is not so much of a free-trade measure as they would like, can hardly be regarded as sincere, even by their authors. They know the facts. To them as to everybody else it must be perfectly apparent that a bargain of the sort struck between the Canadian Government and our own is never of an ideal nature. It merely represents the best that could be got by the method of give and take. Either side would, no doubt, have liked to see it different in important respects. But there it is, to be taken or left as a whole; and any effort to improve it now is really an effort to defeat it. This is scarcely denied by Senator Cummins, who must be fully aware of the impossibility of proceeding now as if the framing of a better bill were fairly before the Senate. His proposal to add wool and clothing and some other things to the free imports from Canada was, moreover, instantly exposed by Senator Root. The concessions we make to Canada are in each case for concessions received. If we add others without any equivalent in return, we at once compel ourselves, under our most-favored-nation treaties, to extend them to other countries. That is the last thing which Senator Cummins would wish to do. But this demonstrated hollowness of his contention will not prevent him from urging it, or doing everything else in his power to bring about the rejection of a trade agreement which very shame, after his tariff speeches of last year, ought to drive him to support.

Congress will fail in the performance of an urgent duty of patriotism if it does not pass the Burton joint resolution for the protection of Niagara Falls from further spoliation. The American Civic Association is making an earnest fight to procure the passage of the resolution, in default of which the restrictions imposed by existing law on the amount of water that can be diverted from the Falls for power-generating purposes will expire by limitation on June 29 next. The chief of engineers of the United States army, in a report made September 20, 1909, after the most careful investigation, said: "As a whole, the Falls have unquestionably been seriously injured by the diversions already made. Additional diversions, now under way, will add to the damage." How great the additional damage is likely to be if the Burton resolution should not be passed, is clearly pointed out in the Civic Association's circular. Even if a great public revenue were derived from the use of the Falls, it would still be an imperative duty to protect this glorious national possession from destruction; but, as a matter of fact, the exploiters of the power have been getting it without payment for the privilege, either to the State of New York or to the United States.

The Treasury Department at Washington now knows the exquisite delight of coming across an overlooked half-dollar in the pocket of an old coat. It is a pleasurable sensation altogether out of proportion to the intrinsic value of the retrieved coin. Not that ten million dollars is a sum to be sniffed at, even by a Secretary of the Treasury. Ten million dollars is the amount that has been recovered during the last two years' crusade against customs defrauders. Of greater value, however, is the knowledge that honesty and efficiency have replaced graft and slovenliness in the custom-house. It is something to have found the missing half-dollar; it is more important to have sewn up the hole through which a good many more half-dollars might have slipped in the course of time.

The opinion of the coroner's jury that the great dynamite explosion at Hoboken was caused by a careless smoker does not contribute anything to the question of the supervision of explosives, but it ought to direct general attention to the inexcusable practice, indulged in by so many persons who ought to know better, of throwing away stumps of cigars or cigarettes while still alight. Nobody can tell what will happen to such a stump, what frightful loss of property and even of life may be caused by it. The great Baltimore fire of 1904 has been traced with a very high degree of probability to such a cause. The place where the fire originated was absolutely known, namely in the cellar of a great wholesale dry-goods house. The day was Sunday, and the only probable cause of the fire that could be found was in the fact that one of the sidewalk bulls-eyes over this cellar was missing, and that a lighted cigar or cigarette might have fallen through this hole and set fire to the stuff underneath. To throw into the street a thing that will keep burning perhaps for several minutes, and may be carried by the wind or otherwise no

one h[illegible] whither, should be looked upon as an act of criminal carelessness.

It is no easy matter to determine whether crime is actually on the increase in a given country; and in this country, owing to the very defective character of our criminal statistics, any conclusion on the subject must be viewed with great caution. But when the English Home Office, with its highly organized system, speaks of "the steady increase of crime during the last ten years," as it does in the blue book on criminal statistics for 1909, it is safe to say that that increase is a demonstrated fact. The conclusion arrived at by the English authorities, that the increase of crime "is largely due to a general relaxation in public sentiment with regard to it," may also be accepted as in the highest degree probable. To say that the inhumanity and cruelty which marked the treatment of criminals in England a hundred or two hundred years ago did not keep crime down is no answer to this view; from the fact that one extreme is bad it does not follow that the opposite extreme is good. The full report has not reached us, but it would be interesting to know to what extent the relation is traced not to mere sentimentality, but to the spread of the doctrine that the only justifiable aim of enactments relating to crime is the reformation or restraint of criminals, not their punishment. That doctrine is deliberately held by many estimable persons who are not wanting in intelligence, but on the contrary have done excellent and highly intelligent work in the improvement of methods of dealing with crime; nevertheless it is a most harmful doctrine, and the arguments on which it is maintained—so far as they are grounded on practical experience and not on abstract dogmas—are thoroughly fallacious.

When the Attorney-General of the United States, speaking at the dedication of the new law-school building at the capital, declares, according to the press dispatches, that American lawyers have made a fetich of procedure and have created a mass of artificial rules that are an obstacle to justice, it begins to look as though something might be expected in the way of reform. President Taft is, of course, emphatically on record to the same general effect, and, indeed, the volume of protest from high legal quarters is steadily accumulating. Nothing could be more appropriate than to tell young men about to enter the profession of law that it is their privilege to contribute to the clearing away of this accumulation of obstructions. There is a splendid opportunity for a law school that should devote special effort to the cultivation of this spirit and the equipment of young men to bear their part in that work of law reform the need of which is now becoming so widely recognized.

In the fifth annual report of the President of the Carnegie Foundation, a point not generally taken into account is brought forward conspicuously. "In every report issued by the Carnegie Foundation," says Dr. Pritchett, "the effort has been made to call the attention of colleges and universities to the fact that the endowment in the hands of its trustees would provide at most an adequate retiring allowance system for only a small minority of the institutions in the United States and Canada bearing the name college or university." The Foundation, he adds, has only hoped to establish the custom in a sufficient number of institutions to make the principle of it an accepted part of the American system of education; and it now records with gratification the fact that the trustees of Haverford College have provided a scheme of retiring allowances within the college, upon the same basis as that obtaining in the Carnegie Foundation. It must be a satisfaction to every one to find a college preferring to continue on its own lines—in this instance, the requirement that the trustees of Haverford shall be members of the Society of Friends was the point at issue—rather than waive its traditions for the sake of pension relief. Brown University has taken a similar decision, and is engaged in an effort to raise the necessary funds.

The main body of the report deals with "The Relations of Colleges and Secondary Schools," and throughout the discussion the changes are rung on two dominant notes—the want of proper co-ordination between secondary schools and colleges, and the want of thoroughness in the training obtained by the ordinary student at either the higher or the lower institution. It is impossible to deny the truth of either the one criticism or the other; both have long been familiar and admitted. But Dr. Pritchett brings out many phases of the matter in fresh and illuminating ways; and though, in the process, he can hardly fail to impress most readers with a heightened sense of the complicated difficulties in the way of a radical improvement, he does not hesitate to point out at least one specific change which he thinks will be highly effective. Instead of either accepting the mere certificate of the secondary school, or on the other hand (as is now done by the examining colleges) demanding the passing of examinations in a large number of special or technical requirements, Dr. Pritchett would have the colleges impose an examination test which should require real mastery of a few fundamental things and prove the student's power to think. Failure to pass that examination as a whole he would make an unconditional bar to admission.

Reciprocity between Canada and the United States was of course at once recognized by the organs of the Conservative party in England as knocking out the last hope of its tariff-reform programme; but their lamentations were by no means so moving as might have been expected. The London *Economist*, indeed, looks upon it as quite plain that they are glad to have so fine a chance of bidding farewell to a lost cause with good grace. Instead of making a frantic effort, as might naturally have been expected, to impede the ratification of the reciprocity agreement, the leading Conservative newspapers, it says, have "seized upon it as a convenient pretext for throwing over Mr. Chamberlain." A cruel experience has been that of the English "tariff reformers" these seven years or more. They started out with wonderful zeal and spirit, decrying the free-traders as blindly sticking to an outworn formula, and seeing victory plainly written in the sky for their crusade. But the two things on which their chance of making headway with the nation depended broke down disastrously. The decline of British trade, the supposed indications of which formed the chief staple of Mr. Chamberlain's arguments, refused to come about; and Mr. Chamberlain, whose extraordinary vigor and power of leadership were the mainstay of the movement, failed in health. With either of these factors

missing, the protectionist agitation had little chance; with both wanting, it was doomed. The trade figures for 1910, by the way, again show a record-breaking total, both of exports and of imports.

The virtually unanimous vote by which the new treaty with Japan has been ratified should mark the beginning of the end of the jingo delusion on the Pacific Coast. Great credit is undoubtedly due to Mr. Taft for the skilful way in which he went about allaying the fears and suspicions of the timid West. The Japanese Ambassador's formal pledge on the part of his Government to continue its restrictions on coolie emigration to this country has satisfied pretty nearly every one in California. And in that rests the significance of the treaty. The Japanese laborer is to be kept out not because we are going to stand like stout Cortez, gazing out eagle-eyed on the Pacific, club in hand, but because the Japanese Government has pledged its honor not to allow its laborers to come. In other words, the people of California are actually willing to trust to the honor of that perfidious nation which has seized Manchuria, is just about to seize the Philippines, strives for the supremacy of the Pacific, threatens the dominance of the white race, and interferes with Capt. Hobson's sleep.

The controversy between Slavs and Hungarians centring upon the person of Count Albert Apponyi has taken a slant that is scarcely relevant to the point at issue. It may or may not be that Apponyi as an individual has been an enemy of Hungary's Slavic subjects. The fact remains that he is one of the leaders of the Magyar majority in Hungary whose treatment of the minor races within the kingdom, Slav or Ruthenian, has been inexcusably harsh, and, as events have shown, inexcusably unwise. The Kaiser's Government has not been half so resolute or ruthless in imposing German institutions on the Prussian Poles, as the authorities at Budapest have been in their attempts to Magyarize the people of Croatia-Slavonia. This circumstance does not detract from Count Apponyi's merits and sincerity as an advocate of international peace. It is an inconsistency from which no nation or race is exempt. The record of every people of importance is besmirched with the charge of oppression or injustice toward a weaker people. And too often it is true that the victims of oppression will in turn deny justice to a race over whom they have been given power. On that score there are no pots that can call the kettle black.

The continued rioting at the Comédie Française over Henri Bernstein's latest play shows to what a piteous level the royalist cause in France has fallen. It is not to the play itself that the monarchist crusaders take exception; such a course would be fairly comprehensible. The fault lies with M. Bernstein's Jewish origin, which in some mysterious way constitutes an outrage upon the divine right of kings. That the Orleanist cause should be reduced to fighting battles of this kind must afford great comfort to all good French republicans. Within the royalist camp itself dissension is rife. Léon Daudet and his rowdy gang of *Camelots du roi* have been virtually disavowed by the Duc d'Orléans upon the representations of the more respectable element among his followers. But Daudet and his young ruffians have announced their intention to keep on serving their "king" in spite of himself. In the way of advertising these "servitors of the king" have been fairly successful. To assault a Prime Minister and go to jail, as Lacour, one of the vice-presidents of the *Camelots*, has done, is an act that impresses the popular imagination. But what the violences of the royalist faction really advertise is, at bottom, its own impotence and futility.

Senatorial reform is another feature in the Spanish Premier's democratic programme. The upper house of the Cortes comprises 360 members, of whom one-half are elected for a term of five years. The other half comprise Senators for life, nominated by the Government or holding their seats *ex officio*, as in the case of certain grandees, the captains-general of the army, the archbishops, and the presidents of various State councils. Of the 180 elective Senators, thirty are designated by the archbishops, the universities, and various learned societies. It is the Liberal contention that the Conservatives are thus in control of a permanent majority in the upper house. M. Canalejas proposes to change this state of affairs, and without going to the trouble of tampering with the Constitution. The number of *ex-officio* seats is to be reduced and the number of appointive seats for life is to be correspondingly increased. The Spanish Liberal Ministry, in the exercise of its normal powers, hopes to accomplish what the British Liberal Ministry is contemplating as a weapon of last resort only—a wholesale nomination of peers. The casuists may go on demonstrating the failure of democracy; the fact remains that in the United States, Great Britain, Spain, and Italy, there is the same movement on foot to bring the upper houses of the national Legislatures into closer touch with the masses.

India is smoothing her brow and preparing to evince joy in anticipation of the Delhi coronation. The Viceroy has been permitted to travel to Allahabad without any special precautions or guards on the line. The tours of the Lieutenant-Governor are being made without throwing heavy guard duties on the regular officers. There have been no political outrages for some time. The tone of the vernacular press for the last few months is described as remarkably moderate, and the speeches at the recent Indian Congress were wanting in the undercurrent of hostility to British rule which called out the suggestion some years ago that the organization should be proclaimed an illegal association. The Government is even said to be thinking of withdrawing the notifications issued under the Seditious Meetings act, and it is asserted that, unless a change for the worse occurs, all the special laws that were passed at the time of the unrest in Bengal will very shortly be suspended. Defenders of British rule in India attribute these evidences of improved feeling less to dislike of the restrictive laws than to fear of anarchy. The best element in the situation, however, is the recognition by those loyalists that "we have here three hundred millions of people whose outlook on life is alien, whose character is but little understood, and who are liable to be swayed by strange gusts of passion and religious emotion." The Durbar ought to be made a means not only of impressing the Indian imagination with the power of the British Raj, but also of widening the Englishman's view of the real nature of his task.

OTHER AMERICANS WHO "RISE."

The clinging of Americans to the tradition that theirs is the land of unlimited opportunity, where the poorest may rise by his own efforts to be the greatest, was made a little harder and a little more pathetic last week by Senator Lorimer's recital of his personal struggles and triumphs. He is not exactly the sort of man we have been in the habit of pointing to as an illustration of our proud possibilities. By preference we have dwelt upon Lincoln or Garfield, working their way from lowly beginnings to the highest station; or an Edison mounting to fame over obstacles; or a Carnegie starting on meagre pay and ending as the possessor of a dazzling fortune. Such men have been the examples perennially held up to our youth, with the swelling reminder, "What man has done man can do." It has been the delight of our orators and moralists and teachers to show that rail-splitting or canal-boat driving in early life is no bar to the greatest distinction in manhood. They have eagerly seized upon the "men who have risen" from the cabin or the attic or even from the gutter.

It is obvious, however, that there is more than one way of "rising." The question is not so much from what as to what. The mere fact of climbing up from the bottom, we now see, does not make a man an exemplar. Much of what occurred in Senator Lorimer's career we might easily call typically American: the sordid poverty of his boyhood, the alert, indomitable spirit, the steady advance out of adverse conditions. Yes, but the result! Wealth and power, to be sure, but ignominy. Many another political boss could look back to similar hardships and exertions. Cox and Ruef and Murphy—what limitations were laid upon them in early manhood, and with what sure skill they rose to be feared and hated! In any full estimate of the career open to talent which America holds out to the aspiring, we must not forget these other Americans who "rise."

Nor can we comfortably dismiss them as simply instances of perverted energy and misdirected ambition. When we see able but unscrupulous politicians go far, we are apt to sigh over them as men who would have been ornaments of our public life if they had only been honest, and we let the matter go at that. Nay, if we are stubbornly patriotic, we even try to get a certain amount of satisfaction out of such cases as theirs. "Wonderful country," we say, "in which a man can go so high even though he be wicked. If he had been high-minded, now, what could have stopped him?" The fallacy here is to forget that, in the particular career which he chose, his wickedness was no handicap, but an aid. Will any man contend that Murphy has an intellectual power which would have carried him much further if he had not been unscrupulous? It is his very lack of scruples which largely explains his rise.

This shows that we have to look outside of the disagreeable Americans who have risen, before we can arrive at a complete account of the causes of their rise. In general, a man becomes what he is, owing, first, to native endowment, and, secondly, to environment. And after we have granted all that is asked in regard to the inborn vigor and astuteness of a Cox or Lorimer or Croker, we shall have to admit that their inherent genius for bad politics was somehow furnished with uncommonly favorable surroundings. In other words, the worst party boss ever known is not a mysterious monster. He is a man whose rise is humanly explicable, although the explanation is not soothing to our pride. There is a common social and political responsibility for having produced him and allowed him to flourish. We are not entitled to draw away shudderingly as from one with whom we have no part nor lot. Rather, as in the old story the pious and humble exclamation was made, when a deep-dyed criminal was led away to be hanged: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bunyan," we ought to look about us with compunction, when a Lorimer or a Murphy afflicts our sight, and try to discover what share of responsibility we have for the conditions that spawned him.

Properly used, therefore, the other Americans that we do not like to think of among those who rise may serve as well as our more favored and treasured examples to point a moral. They may be singled out as highly successful Americans whose success is a reproach to their country. Whether we see them in that light and perspective or not, we may be very sure that the rest of the world does. We know, too, how common is the experience of Americans being away from home for a time and getting abroad reports of public affairs in the United States with much of the shock that Lowell felt in 1874 when he "scanned the festering news" from his own land, and

> —read of public scandal, private fraud,
> Crime flaunting scot free while the mob applaud,
> Office made vile to bribe unworthiness,
> And all the unwholesome mess,
> The Land of Honest Abraham serves of late.

If it can be said, and we think it can be said truly, that things are not as bad now as they were when Lowell wrote those lines, the improvement has come about partly from the greater willingness of Americans to concede that their beloved country provides unexampled opportunities for the rise of scoundrels as well as heroes; and also from their giving more attention to the need of incessantly fighting the scoundrels, political and other, and doing away with the conditions that breed them.

THE PROBLEM OF BANKING REFORM.

With the end of the Sixty-first Congress, the question of preparing for debate and legislation on the banking system of the country enters upon a new stage. It has apparently been felt by Congressional advocates of such legislation that to urge it while the Congressional elections of 1910 were on the calendar would have been to throw the discussion into the arena of partisan politics, and that to bring it up in the present short session would only have led to the side-tracking of the bill, under stress of other immediate and urgent legislation.

It is true that even the Sixty-second Congress will be handicapped in regard to this question, first by the fact that politicians will be laying their plans for the Presidential contest of 1912, and secondly by the fact that the new Congress is Democratic, whereas the Monetary Commission, with which the concrete proposition of reform would originate, was appointed by a Republican Congress. But there must be a beginning in the matter, and it is difficult to see how even a beginning is to be made except through formal public hearings by the Commission during the Congressional recess.

If it should prove to be advisable that declarations on the subject should

find a place in the national party platforms of 1912, the subject ought to be canvassed beforehand with thoroughness and publicity. The history of the discussion, since the Monetary Commission was organized in 1908, shows the necessity of such action. It cannot be said that the country as a whole is at present in touch with the discussion, much less that it is prepared to decide the question upon its merits. Congress has taken no interest in it; the Monetary Commission itself has not yet acted as a unit. As was to be expected, the banking community has made more progress toward defining its ideas; but there is in that profession also wide divergence of opinion regarding specific plans. The recent informal conference of bankers at Atlantic City, summoned for careful consideration of Senator Aldrich's scheme of banking reform, agreed on the main essentials but differed widely in respect to particular provisions. Until these differences are reconciled and the ignorance or indifference in other quarters is removed, it is useless to expect any genuine progress.

As readers of the *Nation* are aware, we have approached with reserve the proposal of a central bank pure and simple. Apart from the familiar objections based on political tradition, sectional prejudice, or doubt as to possible controlling influences, there still remains the fact that the great central banks of Europe, which were cited as a model, were themselves almost invariably the outgrowth of circumstances which made them the logical nucleus of a growing system of private banks, not a superstructure imposed on an already fully developed system. Senator Aldrich's recent scheme of reform was interesting because of its suggestion of ways in which this difficulty might be obviated. The framework there outlined may in a sense be said to have contemplated building from the bottom up rather than from the top down.

Instead of a central bank with branches, distinct in its organization from the existing smaller institutions, it proposed that national banks in a given section of the country should constitute themselves into a district board, and that from these boards (fifteen in number) certain larger powers over the general banking system should be delegated to a central board. Mr. Aldrich's plan did not insist on special supervisory responsibilities for these several district boards; to them were specifically assigned only the duties of electing part of the national directorate, and of endorsing or guaranteeing certain classes of bills presented by banks in their several districts for re-discount by the central institution. But it is not difficult to imagine enlargement of these duties, along wholly conservative lines, in such shape as should distribute geographically the task both of promoting the interests of sound banking and of restraining the excesses of unsound banking.

It seems to us that discussion may profitably be directed toward the extent to which this part of the scheme of banking reform can be developed. This would do something to remove the prejudices of interior banks against a central institution which should deprive them of a part of their own autonomy. It may also be conceived as a means of preserving and extending an influence which has been gradually assuming an important place in American banking—the supervision of individual banks in a given community or section by a committee representing all the banks. At present it is the clearing-house organizations which have, with greater or less success, performed this task; and the good work which such committees have done has prompted many observant people to urge, in the course of the discussion, that the process of national organization and unification shall be pivoted on the clearing houses themselves. This plan, based simply on existing institutions of the sort, has never seemed feasible. It is at least worth discussing whether similar ends may not be accomplished through the scheme of district boards.

The essential need, however, is that the general plan be brought into the focus of active discussion. If this is not done now, it will almost certainly have to be postponed until after the inauguration of the next President.

M. BRIAND'S RESIGNATION.

In the Parliamentary debates that followed on the collapse of the French railway strike last autumn, M. Briand was accused of having virtually driven the railway servants into revolt in order that he might pose as the saviour of his country. The charge cannot be taken seriously. But if M. Briand did resort to such Machiavellian tactics, it is certain that he made the mistake of his career. His immediate object, of course, was attained. The fear of social revolution rallied to his support men who did not hesitate to express their hostility toward the Prime Minister, his associates, and his general policies. But at the same time M. Briand split his own party in two. He had, to start with, the solid vote of the Unified Socialists against him. Of the group with which he was formally affiliated, the Socialist-Radicals, nearly half joined hands with the Socialists. Ever since the days of Waldeck-Rousseau and the Dreyfus case, these two groups, the Socialists and Socialist-Radicals, have formed the majority in the Chamber and described themselves as the only true republicans. M. Briand, driven to accept the support of the moderate republicans, exposed himself to the charge that he was governing with an anti-republican majority. The fact that even a few monarchist votes were occasionally cast for the Government only gave color to the charge.

Hence it was certain that if the Briand Government could not be overturned only because it pointed to the labor-union menace, it could count upon but the very briefest respite. M. Briand had won the hatred of the great body of Radicals and Socialists, without really winning the favor of the Moderates and Conservatives. M. Jaurès rose to the very heights of his impassioned eloquence in denouncing the turncoat, the "climber," the Minister who ordered out troops against the men whom, only a few years ago, he had fed on anarchistic doctrine. And, in fact, it was the weakness of M. Briand that he had grown too fast. It is customary for politicians to rise upon their dead selves to higher things. Yet M. Briand's revolutionary past was not dead, but a living memory. The day after M. Briand made his dramatic declaration that if extra-legal means had been necessary to break the strike he would not have hesitated, Jaurès, in his paper *L'Humanité*, announced the sale of an interesting pamphlet on the inalienable right of armed insurrection by Aristide Briand. And if the Socialists were enraged against M. Briand, they fell little short of the indignation aroused among the Moderates and Conservatives when he boldly gave a portfolio in his reconstructed

Cabinet to M. Lafferre, head of the Masonic order in France, the man most prominently associated with the system of espionage on army officers which stirred the country to wrath a half-dozen years ago, and overthrew the Combes Ministry.

Something more than personal resentment, however, has brought about the fall of the Briand Cabinet. The Government's Church policy has been condemned by the Radical majority as excessively mild, and the Government's foreign policy has been criticised as ineffective. The separation of Church and State is an accomplished fact, but its consequences are still a source of unsettlement. Now the anti-clerical fight centres upon the public schools. The spirit of elementary public-school instruction in France today is undoubtedly anti-clerical and largely anti-religious. The Church has attempted to combat this tendency by invoking the rights of parents to have their children brought up in their own faith. The question of the *école laïque* and the neutral school is complicated, and is bound to prove the undoing of more than one Ministry. In the sphere of foreign affairs, the policy of the Briand Cabinet has been bitterly criticised. M. Delcassé has carried on a sharp campaign against M. Pichon, whom he accuses of having allowed the Triple Entente—England, France, Russia—to fall into decrepitude. The British Cabinet recently found it essential to affirm formally the integrity of the understanding with France, and Russia's growing friendship with Germany has naturally aroused the resentment of her ally.

The names of the men who are mentioned as possible successors of M. Briand indicate that something like a reconstitution of the old "bloc" has taken place. M. Combes, the "pope" of the anti-clericals, and M. Delcassé are both spoken of. M. Delcassé was Foreign Minister under M. Combes, and a Cabinet comprising the two men would be a return largely to the condition of six years ago. Yet neither man is conceivable at the head of the French Government. The advent of M. Combes would mean a virulent outburst of religious strife. M. Briand may have been too mild to suit the Radical majority, but the accession of M. Combes would drive things farther than the Radical majority would care to see them go. As for M. Delcassé, he is the man whom Germany forced out of the Foreign Office under the threat of war. His appointment would mean a challenge to the Kaiser, and France is not yet prepared for that. The chances are that the new Ministry will be organized by one of the second-rate men in the Radical group—a man of the type of Berteaux, Monis, or Cruppi, all of whom have had Cabinet experience.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE SMALL COLLEGE.

We have increased our machinery of education enormously and have thrown the old engines into the junk heap, yet somehow we cannot get away from an uneasy feeling that the product has in some respects deteriorated. The continual complaint that athletics and social functions have usurped the place of study in our colleges is only one expression of a pretty wide dissatisfaction. President Lowell made this the key-note of his inaugural address, and declared that the one thing necessary was to reawaken the imagination of the students and to arouse their ambition by some sharpening of competition for honors in scholarship. Many causes have contributed to this condition of benumbed intellects: perhaps the most obvious is the simple fact that students no longer have any real community of intellectual interests, owing to the variety of courses followed. What common ground of conversation can there be, or what basis of stirring emulation, between the student, for example, who is spending his afternoons in a laboratory investigating the pressures of steam and one who is giving laborious days to a comprehension of the human problems that underlie the Greek tragedy, or between the student who is absorbed in the delightful research into Gothic roots and one who is concerned with the literature of an age that used the word Gothic as a synonym for barbarous?

Here is a difficulty which, for the large university at least, may seem at present insurmountable. The university, in the very nature of the case, may feel bound to foster all the diverse activities of the world for which it is at once a place of training and of progressive experiment. And in truth the lack of community among the students of our universities is only a reflection of what has come to be the state of society at large. Compare any circle of men who meet together to-day for the discussion of intellectual matters with a similar reunion of one or two centuries ago. It used to be a common rule of such gatherings that any subject might be the centre of conversation except politics. On the contrary, any such circle to-day, which does not exclude men of affairs, is almost sure to drift away from every theme except politics and reform—only there can all minds touch. There is no greater error than to suppose that bodies of men are attracted together by diversity of interests.

The way of escape from this deadening dispersion is thus almost blocked, as matters now stand, for the large university. But with the small college, technically so called, the case is different. The very limitations of its means and faculty prevent it from competing with the large university as a general work-shop, so to speak, of all the intellectual activities of the age. If it develops its laboratories the humanities are bound to suffer; and if its money and choice of men are for the humanities, the laboratories are sure to go unfed. And even within a particular study it cannot look for completeness from a number of balancing specialties, but must cultivate the subject itself in a general way.

This limitation has been recognized by some of the more firmly established Eastern institutions. A few years ago there was a good deal of talk, for example, about definitely limiting the number of students at Williams; but we note that this year's freshman class is considerably above 200. An "Address to the Trustees of Amherst College by the Class of 1885," recently published, goes into the question more thoroughly and with more decisive purpose. The committee makes five proposals:

(1.) That the instruction given at Amherst College be a modified classical course as the meaning of that term has been described;

(2.) That the degree of bachelor of science be abolished;

(3.) That the college adopt the deliberate policy to devote all its means to the indefinite increase of teachers' salaries;

(4) That the number of students attending the college be limited;

(5.) That entrance be permitted only by competitive examination.

The real difficulty is likely to lie in the matter of the first two articles, which define the quality of the excellence to be aimed at. To abolish the degree of bachelor of science, and make

the classics the heart of the curriculum —one can hear the protests that are likely to be hurled at the authorities. Yet it is not easy to see how the small college, leaving out of account the technical institutions which give science degrees and have their own exclusions, is to derive any advantage from its limitations save in just this direction. In salary it can scarcely hope to go beyond the richer universities, if it can equal them. It can, however, attain that unity of scholarly interests—with, of course, proper variety—the absence of which is having so benumbing an effect on the larger and more heterogeneous institutions. At a dinner where were present several members of the faculty of a certain small college which apes notoriously the university system, the talk turned into kindly remembrance of the absent brothers; and said the learned investigator in biology to his neighbor of the physical laboratory: "Do you know that Smith came to me to-day and wanted to know about something in biology; what has a philosopher to do with biology?" It is just that spirit of dispersion that might be eliminated by giving to education, where it can be given, a sure order and hierarchy. And, whatever may be said here and there against the "dead languages," however they have been abandoned for easier and seemingly more direct paths to success, there are no studies other than Latin and Greek that can be practically proposed as the centre of such a system. Indeed, the committee whose report we are considering makes a strong appeal for their unique value in individual culture and in the national life. And there are other indications that such views in regard to the classics are becoming commoner to-day among men of wide knowledge of life than among our professional educators. It is not unusual to hear from practical men such opinions as Mr. Bryce put so well in his letter to the Symposium on the Classics held at Ann Arbor in 1909:

> It is a mistake to live so entirely in the present as we are apt to do in these days, for the power of broad thinking suffers.
>
> A mastery of the literature and history of the ancient world makes every one fitter to excel than he would have been without it, for it widens the horizon, it sets standards unlike our own, it sharpens the edge of critical discrimination, it suggests new lines of constructive thought.

In the same spirit Mr. James Loeb, formerly of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., could say: "That a classical course is a valuable training for business life has always seemed to me a self-evident proposition."

Latin and Greek are still the humanities, and the first small college that shall be brave enough to bring back to its halls the true humanistic spirit, may be an influence in education the ends of which no one can foresee.

A LITERARY BOYCOTT.

We have had many instances of stage censorship, more or less intelligent, in this country and in England, but something of a novelty in that line is reported from Italy. "Salome" and "La Samaritaine" had at least been produced in some cities before being suppressed in others, but the Italian proposal is to boycott a drama not yet seen anywhere, and not even entirely written! Gabriele d'Annunzio is the object of this anticipatory attack, and his forthcoming play, "San Sebastiano," is expected to be so offensive a mingling of immorality and sacrilege that Italians are called upon to subject it to the severest kind of *boicottaggio*.

Catholic authorities, naturally and to their credit, are taking the lead in the movement. The *Civiltà Cattolica* of February 4 sounded the alarm. It had a long article on the subject, in which a due meed of praise was given to D'Annunzio as an artist in words, but a strong arraignment made of the repeated affronts to the moral sense encountered in his writings. As for the coming play on the martyrdom of Saint Sebastian, it is denounced in advance as an "outrage not only upon morality but upon all that is most sensitive in the religious conscience." And then an impassioned appeal is made to Italians, especially to Italian women, to abstain in every way from giving countenance to D'Annunzio's work. They are asked to boycott his dramatic representations, to refuse either to buy or read his books, and to refrain from anything which could in any way "contribute even indirectly to the spread of the dangerous poison." We quote a few of the vigorous sentences of the *Civiltà Cattolica:*

> There has been far too much foulness, with provocations to licentiousness, in D'Annunzio's works. He has no right to abuse his indisputably great gifts in offending the conscientious convictions of Italians and corrupting what is still most sacred in our youth. Enough of this! Away with the barbarians! Away with them from the beautiful Italian sky and the country of Dante and Manzoni!

It will not do to dismiss all this as the ravings of an intolerant religionism. The Church authorities often show themselves narrow and short-sighted, but in this matter they are wisely jealous in guarding that purity in widely-read literature which we must all struggle to preserve if our civilization is not to fall into the pit. And clamorous methods against D'Annunzio are the less objectionable because he is one of the most persistent and clamorous self-advertisers living. Every art and trick of *réclame* he uses without delicacy or scruple. His going to Paris last year was attended by endless artifices to fasten attention upon him and give him vogue and increase his gains. It is this unblushing attitude of his that makes his position distinctly apart from that of a sincere and self-forgetting artist, devoted to his work for its own sake, and feeling that he has an important contribution to make to the world's thought and ideals. Such a man, laboring in silence and obscurity, may more plausibly be forgiven for perverse and even harmful ideas; but when a writer lives forever in the glare so as to make his indecencies the more conspicuous and profitable, the ordinary excuses cannot be made for him.

The article on D'Annunzio to which we have referred is entitled, "Sensuality and Mysticism." This gives the clue to the kind of treatment of Saint Sebastian's martyrdom which is to be expected of the author of "Più che l'Amore." Renan was guilty of the same sort of unwholesome toying with lascivious possibilities in the work of his old age, "L'Abbesse de Jouarre." Now, such things may exist—such mixtures of grandeur with dust, such mystical exaltations of the spirit alongside the grossest fleshly lusts—but what have their presentation and exploiting to do with art, what place can they have in books for broadcast circulation? Filth for sewers and sewers for filth, but let us see to it that art be kept sweet and books and plays untainted and newspapers disinfected, lest the love of whatsoever is pure, lovely, and of good report utterly perish.

Correspondence

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE ACCUSED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial entitled "The Criminal's Privilege," in the issue of February 2, is a praiseworthy contribution to our persistent but tardy agitation for the reformation of our procedure in the detection, trial, and punishment of criminals. The Federal constitutional provision, that "no person shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself," or its equivalent in the State constitutions, has, as you say, been "stretched beyond its natural scope, even though it be manifest that such stretching can serve no purpose whatever except the escape of the guilty." I hesitate, therefore, to direct your attention to a part of one sentence in your editorial which seems to me to be open to amendment. I refer to your assertion that "the danger of persecution or intentional injustice in criminal proceedings has long ceased to be a real and practical consideration." I regard this as not only an error, but a grave one, entertained far too widely.

To illustrate the erroneous character of this assertion by a single example, I direct your attention to the prevalence of that form of extra-legal police examination of prisoners figuratively designated "the third degree." Under this form of inquisition, a person suspected of a crime, of which he may be entirely innocent, is clandestinely carried to a municipal jail, there secretly withdrawn from every form of communication with friend or counsel, and placed in the hands of lawless policemen, who themselves are too often guilty of most of the crimes denominated in the criminal code, as a helpless subject for their torture. A young man was recently tortured by the police of one of our American cities into signing a written confession that he had poisoned his wife and six-year-old daughter. Afterwards the cause of their death was, by conclusive and unimpeached evidence, by chemical analysis and by a scientific experiment on a dog, proved to the satisfaction of the trial judge, a jury of twelve men, two able prosecuting attorneys, and a distinguished university professor of chemistry, to have been the inhalation of carbon-monoxide gas, given off from a defective gas water-heater. He, too, was seriously poisoned by the gas, was rendered unconscious by it, and was locked in a hospital for treatment and police surveillance. Upon gaining semi-consciousness, he was carried from his hospital bed to the municipal chamber of torture. In his weakened physical and distressed mental condition, he was subjected to such bodily violence at the hands of the police, for the purpose of procuring from him this confession, that his body bore the marks of it for several weeks. He was indicted for murder solely upon that confession, which was the only evidence against him. He spent three months of his life in jail waiting for the trial by which he was not merely found not guilty, but judicially proved innocent. Nor is this an isolated case. The third degree is firmly established among the police throughout the United States as an instrument in the administration of criminal jurisprudence. Similar atrocities are of more than daily occurrence in this country. The United States Senate, during the present session of Congress, has taken notice of the character and prevalence of this national disgrace by appointing a special committee to investigate it.

Most persons assume that such conduct on the part of the police, being unlawful, has its appropriate penalty. Under the best of statutes the infliction of punishment would be infrequent on account of the difficulty of proving the offence. But Colorado, which has made this offence a felony, is, I believe, the only State in the Union which has provided specific punishment for it. In most of the States the punishment for this offence, if indeed in many cases there may be punishment at all, is only that applicable to a simple assault, or an assault and battery, a punishment which is shamefully inadequate. Many persons confuse with the proposition to provide punishment for this monstrous cruelty the rule of evidence by which confessions thus obtained are inadmissible. It is apparent that the inadmissibility in evidence of the confession of guilt obtained from a prisoner by torture, while that rule humanely safeguards innocence in the trial court, is not a suitable deterrent from the infliction of the third degree, nor in any manner a punishment. In torturing a man until he confesses guilt, the police are seeking not merely the confession, which in itself is often unimportant, but such other evidences of crime, or alleged crime, as the confession may incidentally disclose, evidences receivable in a court of justice irrespective of the manner in which they are obtained. The police are willing, moreover, to take chances on deluding the court and getting the confession to the jury.

It is my judgment, therefore, that the constitutional inhibition referred to was never more necessary or applicable to an existing peril than it is now. I conclude from my knowledge of human nature that the persecution which it was designed to prevent will be ever imminent. While a sane interpretation of it is demanded by the necessity and justice of administering punishment to the guilty, an equally sane enforcement of it is demanded by the necessity and justice of safeguarding the lives and the liberties of the innocent.

Harry Eugene Kelly.

Denver, Col., February 14.

COMMERCIAL ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Beyond question the purity of our mother-tongue is threatened by incursions of "commercial English," as pointed out in the interesting letter from Mr. McKnight in your issue of February 9. Unfortunately, it is to be feared that—if he will pardon a locution of so flagrantly "middle-class origin"—he has started out to lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen. For consider to what extent the English language has already been corrupted by adopting terms with "vulgar" associations. Such expressions as, "let the mind lie fallow," "harrow up the soul," "sow sedition broadcast," "winnow a mass of testimony," have crept into the writings even of authors generally held in repute. These phrases smell of the plough-tail. But the base mechanical crafts of the smith, the joiner, the tanner, and the rest have also had their share in the evil work. But, on second thought, is it so alarming that in an age when the highest intelligence and energy are drawn into commerce more largely, perhaps, than into any other career, some of the technical terms—the "cant," if you will—of commerce, no less than the cant of the law courts or of the card-table, should be absorbed into the common speech? Is not this the very way in which a language is enriched—is kept alive? Take some of the offending words: "To be posted" is something more than to be informed—the knowledge in the one case is possessed; in the other it is also classified and kept ready for immediate reference. "Endorsement" is something more than approval—it implies responsibility, whether the thing endorsed be a promissory note or a person's character. And so with other words in the purist's Index Expurgatorius.

Nor is it an answer to say that such discriminations are not made by the careless speaker. The same is true of the finest old crusted vocables in the dictionary. Take "temperament," "atheist," "artistic." Nothing "middle-class" about them. But when eager aspirants to culture get to handling them—"Lord, what work they make of it," as old Selden says.

Weston Jenkins.

Talladega, Ala., February 16.

THE CENTAURS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is not generally known that there exists at Paris a Society of Centaurs—not of the classic type to be found in the marbles of Phidias and the pages of de Guérin, but centaurs of modern style. The members of the society are students at the Beaux-Arts: Italians, Americans, Tchecks, what not. This band meets every Sunday morning at the station of the Luxembourg, and goes out to a town just south of Paris, by name Robinson. Here they take on their true centauresque form, each one mounting a hired courser and clattering through the town in the direction of the Wood of Verrières. Their curvets, their caracoles, their high feats of equitation, would awe the most distinguished cow-puncher in all Wyoming. As horsemen they have become so famous that all the slim-waisted, long-legged young officers come in from the forts of Chatillon, Paliseau, and Villeras, "for to admire and for to see"; they realize that even the aptest pupil of the Cavalry School has much to learn from this extraordinary society.

Personal acquaintance with many of the centaurs has given me some opportunity for observing them, though I regret to say I have not been able to join their company. All candidates for membership must be able to whistle the "Mass of Saint Hubert" from one end to the other—which I cannot do. But there is nothing to prevent my studying them with great interest from without the pale. Consequently, I often accompany them to Robinson and add my involuntary cries of wonder to those of the officers mentioned above. When the centaurs leave the town I hurry after, and plunge into the Wood of Verrières, eagerly foi-

lowing their trail with notebook in one hand and pencil in the other. In every direction I hear them tearing through the underbrush and galloping over the fallen leaves; in every direction I rush in eager pursuit, on foot unfortunately, because they have hired all the horses in Robinson. Of course, it is not often that I catch more than a fleeting glimpse through the trees, and of their more extended raids over the countryside I have seen nothing.

But I am determined to write a "History of the Society of Centaurs," though I am perfectly aware of the traditional difficulties which beset the historian who writes of events he has not seen. In this respect I admit that Xenophon and Gabriel Hanotaux have a certain advantage over me. Not being a direct witness, I feel some hesitancy in relating matters of which I personally may not doubt the truth and accuracy. Furthermore, the exploits of the Centaurs already begin to be disguised by the romantic and grandiose veil of Legend. Good people of the peasantry who live round about, in the neighborhood of Villaine, of Vauhallan, of Vélizy, have told me the most astonishing things with respect to these wild riders. Many are convinced that the Centaurs are envoys of the Evil One; and certainly the tales they tell in proof of this, crossing themselves anxiously, are marvellously strange: horses that clear at one leap the great redoubts on the plateau of Verrières and thereby cause all the guns to go off of their own accord, through the influence of some infernal sympathy; furious races on the highroad, in which the fastest motors are overtaken and passed with ease, while the amazed chauffeurs, in confusion and terror, stamp on their accelerators and call on Saint Christopher; stag-hunts by the light of the moon, where hounds and quarry are phantoms, and all the woods ring with the sounding of ghostly horns. I should not dare repeat a sixth of all I have heard on this subject. These facts must be scanned with a close and critical eye before being set down on the august page of history.

CRANBURY PIKE.

Passy, France, February 5.

SCIENCE AND THE CLASSICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Such extravagant attacks upon the classics as are made by a college professor in a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly* cannot be answered, because the writer shows himself incapable of understanding the other side. It is only to be regretted that a serious journal should choose to print such indiscriminate denunciation. Would it print (let us suggest) an equally sincere plea from a student of literature with no taste for scientific studies and no sympathy with them, who felt called upon to assert that science is without educational value? In spite of the utilitarians, there will still remain some who, in their secret souls, cherish the belief that culture is the end of true education, even as practical efficiency is the proper object of technical or professional training; that culture provides not only the broadest, but also the surest, foundation for the highest type of efficiency; that vision should precede service, and that "where there is no vision, the people perish." We may be grateful to this rash assailant of Plato for his "ponderous" style, of Marcus Aurelius for his "dreary platitudes," of the Homeric poems for their "inferiority" to the "Kalevala," in so far as he admits that "Socrates was unquestionably a man of great intellect," and lets off Aristotle with a patronizing pat on the back. Perhaps, however, we shall prefer the judgment of Emerson, the most "useful" man that America has produced:

Rather let me be "a pagan suckled in a creed outworn" than cowardly deny or conceal one particle of my debt to Greek art, or poetry, or virtue. Certainly I would my debt were more, but it is my fault, not theirs, if 'tis little. But how pitiful if a mind enriched and infused with the spirit of their severe yet human beauty, modulating the words they spake, the acts they did, the forms they sculptured, every gesture, every fold of the robe; especially animating the biography of their men with a wild wisdom and an elegance as wild and handsome as sunshine; the brave anecdotes of Agesilaus, Phocion, and Epaminondas; the death of Socrates, that holy martyr, a death like that of Christ; the purple light of Plato which shines yet into all ages, and is a test of the sublimest intellects—to receive the influences, however partial, of all this, and to speak of it as if it were nothing, or, like a fool, underpraise it, . . . I call that mean-spirited, if it were Channing or Luther that did it. ("Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1833-1835," pp. 418f.)

Perhaps we shall prefer the view of another professor of science who has been called "the greatest physician in the English-speaking world":

The tap-root of modern science sinks deep in Greek soil, the astounding fertility of which is one of the outstanding facts of history. As Sir Henry Maine says: "To one small people . . . it was given to create the principle of progress. That people was the Greek. Except the blind forces of nature nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin." Though not always recognized, the controlling principles of our art, literature, and philosophy, as well as those of science, are Hellenic. We still think in certain levels only with the help of Plato, and there is not a lecture-room of this university in which the trained ear may not catch echoes of the Lyceum. (Dr. William Osler: "Man's Redemption of Man," the *American Magazine*, Dec., 1910.)

"Utility" and "efficiency" are words that need defining as much as do "culture" and "education." The writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* maintains that "a curriculum which ignores utility is wasteful." What, then, are the "useful" studies, and how does the schoolboy know what subjects will prove "useful" to him in after-life? We have the testimony of an eminent professor of psychology—that his broad training without reference to future vocation up to the time when he "reached the intellectual level of the graduate school" proved in fact the best possible preparation for his life-work. (Hugo Münsterberg: "American Traits.") From all the years spent on the study of arithmetic—a supposedly "useful" subject—many a man retains for use little more than the simple processes of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. How few find use in their after-lives for algebra and geometry! How much of the physics and chemistry learned in school is of actual service to the average man in his calling? And these are imagined to be practical studies in contrast with Latin and Greek. In fact, there is only one subject in the curriculum of which we may predict with absolute certainty the future "utility" for all students, and that is the study of English, the cultivation of the ability to express one's self correctly and clearly in speaking and writing. All divergent views as to the curriculum must find in this their common point of departure; and on this rock of agreement the oft-assailed citadel of the classics stands, we believe, and will forever stand unshaken.

> Sta come torre ferma, che non crolla
> Giammai la cima per soffiar de' venti.

As to the old and outgrown quarrel of modern *versus* ancient languages, which this same writer picks up again—here he may be answered. The scholar whose work lies in modern languages will be the first to assert that no adequate knowledge of his subject is possible without some acquaintance with the linguistic and literary sources. Modern literature is unintelligible without Greece, modern language is inexplicable without Rome. Here are the words of one of the most experienced and efficient teachers of modern languages in America:

An eminent professor in a scientific school has been heard to declare that he would rather have, as advanced students of applied science, men who had devoted themselves to Latin, than those who had spent their time on scientific studies; and his voice is one of many. It appears to be the unanimous opinion of college professors of modern languages that their best pupils are those whose school years were given mostly to Greek and Latin, while their poorest are those in whose previous curriculum French or German or "science" was the principal factor. (Prof. C. H. Grandgent: "Is Modern Language Teaching a Failure?" in the *School Review*, September, 1907.)

But this writer says: "Since the study of language is essential, the language in the curriculum should be useful. English, German, and French are quite as difficult as Latin and Greek; and their literature is sufficiently inspiring." He tells us that "neither the 'Iliad' nor the 'Æneid' is superior to 'Paradise Lost' or to the 'Inferno.'" No classicist is likely to come short of his admiration for Dante and Milton; and any classicist may ask him the pertinent question: Where would Dante and Milton be without the Classics, and what modern reader can appreciate them at all without knowledge of the Classics? Their poetry is an outgrowth from the rich soil of Graeco-Roman culture; it is fed by the streams of Virgil and Plato and many another ancient spring of inspiration; and it cannot be transplanted.

Translation, we are told, will suffice to give acquaintance with ancient literature, at least; but how much more true this is of modern literature! English versions of French and German classics are far more satisfactory than translations from Greek and Latin, because modern modes of thought and expression, and modern verse-forms, have much in common; whereas no ancient poet has been rendered in a way to satisfy those who know him: the magic remains incommunicable. If one must get great literature through the unsatisfying medium of translation, it is far better that the modern literatures should come to him that way; both because they are essentially less great than the ancient, and because translators can do them greater justice. It may be added that the classicist is more likely to have a fair reading-knowledge of modern languages, a fair acquaintance with modern literatures, than is the modernist to have a first-hand acquaintance with the classics. The cause of the modern lan-

guages, including English, is bound up with that of the classics; there can be no quarrel between them. To the sober and far-seeing eye, we believe, the cause of the sciences appears almost equally bound up with that of the classics. No classicist would wish to banish the sciences from the curriculum; least of all would he wish to return to the days of compulsory study of the classics for all; but every lover of literature must regret the publication of a reckless attack on the classics from the pen of a man of standing in the scientific world, because it is just such rash and uncalled-for utterances as this, with their catch-words of "utility" or "waste of time," which make it possible for even the best minds among our youth to miss the chance of drinking at that perennial source of inspiration.

H. H. YEAMES.

Hobart College, February 14.

THE DISCOVERIES AT SAMARIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For some time past the newspapers of Europe and America have had much to say regarding the excavations carried on at Samaria by the Harvard Semitic Museum. And well they might, in view of the important Roman, Greek, and Hebrew discoveries made at Samaria. But in some points ill-informed writers have circulated exaggerated accounts of the work. I refer specially to the statement that a letter from an Assyrian King to Ahab has been found, and that a "tablet" has been discovered containing an inventory of the furniture in Ahab's palace. There is no such letter and no such inventory.

We have good reason to believe, however, that the massive structure resting on the rock underneath the buildings of the Greek and the Roman period is the palace of Ahab; and equally good reason to believe that about one hundred fragments of pottery with writing in the ancient Hebrew character are from the time of Ahab. The records on these fragments are written in ink; they are memoranda relating to wine and oil, and the discovery is one of the greatest importance.

DAVID G. LYON.

Harvard University, February 23.

HAWTHORNE'S SMOKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest Mr. Kennedy to know that a portion of the letter by Hawthorne from which he quotes in a letter in your issue of January 26, appeared in Moncure D. Conway's "Life of Hawthorne." On page 115 of that work it is stated that Burchmore, who was head clerk in the Custom House at Salem when Hawthorne was surveyor of the port, and whom he vainly endeavored to save from his own fate, after his dismissal opened a small shop; and that Hawthorne sent him several letters. Mr. Conway quotes from that dated April 7, 1851, which was written at Lenox: "Do you deal in cigars? If you meet with any good ones, at a reasonable rate, I should like to have you reserve a quarter of a thousand for me; and I will call for them when I come to Boston," and from one written in July, 1852, at Concord: "Is there any first-rate brandy to be had? I shall want a gallon or two before the liquor law goes into operation." Mr. Conway comments, "So his patronage went all the way to Salem for the sake of this humiliated clerk."

WM. DALLAM ARMES.

University of California, February 12.

"HOWARDS END."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since a writer is naturally particular about the form in which his work is presented to the public, I should like it to be known that the chapter headings that appear in the American edition of my novel, "Howards End," are not by me, and were added without my knowledge.

The book should be read without chapter headings.

G. M. FORSTER.

London, February 9.

Literature

CHINA UNDER THE EMPRESS DOWAGER.

China under the Empress Dowager, being the history of the life and times of Tzu Hsi. Compiled from State papers and the private diary of the Comptroller of the Household. By J. O. P. Bland and E. Backhouse. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4 net.

It used to be said that Chinese history was too dull to be studied by any but specialists or Germans, and that the Germans had not discovered it yet. The authors of this volume have shown that it may be made to compare in romantic interest with the history of any nation, and that the Chinese themselves are masters of graphic description. For this illuminating account of the great Empress Dowager and her court is essentially a story by Chinese writers, and is chiefly valuable because of its numerous and admirably translated documents. It constitutes the first authentic record of the acts and opinions of the ruling group in China which has ever been disclosed to the world outside.

Tze Hi—to adopt a more familiar spelling of her name than that employed by the authors—is the first pair of sixteen honorific characters imperially decreed to the Empress Mother after the birth of her son, and is a title rather than a name. As every maiden's name is taboo outside of her own family, she was known in the palace, either by her clan name of Yehonala, or as the "YI" Concubine. To the mass of her subjects, she was either Empress Dowager or the Old Buddha—a nickname safely used even to her face. Her husband, the Emperor Hsien-feng, a nonentity given over to the pursuit of pleasures that were chiefly carnal, upon attaining the throne at nineteen dismissed the narrow, but respectable advisers of his father, replacing them with favorites who added to an equal amount of bigotry greater sensuality and greed. Into this immoral court, the child of sixteen was introduced as a concubine of the third class to live with some two hundred ladies of the highest rank in the empire, and two thousand other Manchu females, employed as handmaidens, under the direction of eunuchs. The legends of her origin, which have floated about the markets of Peking—that she was once a slave, and the like—must be finally discarded in the light of the precise information which we now possess about her early youth. There can be no doubt that she was brought into the palace in the ordinary way among the eligible daughters of "Bannerman" rank, and that she owed her influence from this time onward to her natural charm, sheer ability, and determination to equip herself with the best classical education offered at court. By this means only could she expect to hold her own with Chinese statesmen, when her high ambition was fulfilled. We get a pleasant glimpse in these early days of a graciousness that never wholly left her, when she obtained permission to visit her mother:

> All the neighbors in Pewter Lane turned out to see the eunuchs and the yellow-draped chair. The mother and all the members of the household (including some of an older generation) ranged themselves on either side of the entrance courtyard as the chair was borne within. At the head of the steps leading to the inner courtyard the eunuchs in attendance requested her to descend; she then entered the main room, where she took the seat of honor. Her family approached respectfully to salute her, all kneeling except her mother and the elder relatives. A banquet was then served, at which, by special arrangement, the mother took a seat lower than that of the daughter, thus recognizing her position as mother of the Heir Apparent. All present were most favorably impressed by Yehonala's unaffected and affectionate disposition; she seemed quite unspoiled by the formalities and splendors of court life, talking with all the old vivacity as a daughter of the house, showing the keenest interest in the family's affairs, and particularly in the education of her sisters.

What strikes the Western observer in making his first acquaintance with the palace life which these pages reveal is its commingling of ceremony and laxity in social intercourse. There is always the nicest determination of rank and etiquette, but with it goes a sort of freedom that reminds us that absolute autocracy in itself develops none of the stiffness inevitably associated with the officialdom of bureaucracy. Into this court, which persistently maintains the theory of a sacrosanct sovereign before whom all other rulers stand in fealty, youths are admitted as eunuchs to rise, if they have the brains, to controlling positions in the empire. Two of these have played parts of the first magnitude during the life of Tze Hi; the elder, An Te-hai, met his fate through the hatred of Prince Kung, whom he once insulted. After his execution—which she never forgave—his mistress consoled

herself with another and shrewder eunuch, Li Lien-ying, who for forty years held the fortunes of the highest and best in China in his supple hands, amassing an enormous property by blackmail and corruption. Invincible in the might of her favor, he levied "squeezes" upon every official in the empire, virtually making common cause and a common purse with his mistress, to whom he was unflinchingly loyal. And so precious is this quality in an Asiatic court that Li survived the awful dangers of a power behind an autocratic throne to walk in the funeral cortège of the old empress, the only one of all the vast throng of officials and palace servants to show signs of genuine grief.

In a book of such extraordinary interest to students of modern China it is possible to indicate here only a few hitherto obscure matters that are at last revealed to outsiders. Those who are familiar with the recent history of the Empire will recall in such incidents as the Tsai Yuan conspiracy, Tung Chih's death, and the coup d'état of 1898, some critical occasions in Tze Hi's career when the fate of the dynasty may be said to have rested in her hands. It would be interesting to examine them all, but there is only space now to inquire how far in the supreme crisis of the Boxer uprising the doom of China depended upon the temper of this resolute woman. Upon her lies the blame for the great disaster, it should seem, but hers is the credit also for the recovery. Yet from the Chinese standpoint she is hardly culpable. It was a magnificent venture, a blind bargain, and she lost. She hoped to find in the Boxers a ready means of meeting the ogres of the West by magic and fanaticism. If she erred in the conviction that this rabble was the instrument required for the great effort, it must still be allowed in her defence that the terrible miscalculation was rather her misfortune than her fault. There were a few, indeed, such as her cousin Jung Lu, who deplored her growing infatuation, but no one *knew*, and all to whom she turned for counsel urged her incontinently to the fatal decision. It is difficult for any one unacquainted with life in China to realize what to most outsiders is its inconceivable ignorance of physical science and of the strength of other nations, but if this is once appreciated it becomes possible to understand how her Boxer proclivities passed into an obsession. She was conjuring, she thought, with a supernatural power, and she believed, in the intensity of her hatred of those Europeans who had humiliated China and flouted her supremacy, that their science and resources must succumb to this inspired host. That she listened at all in the heat of her passion to the protests of such as Jung Lu and the Viceroy Liu, shows some conflict in her emotions, but when, at the critical moment, the arch-conspirators, Prince Tuan and Na Tung, forged a dispatch from the foreign ministers, couched in most insolent language, "demanding her immediate abdication, the degradation of the heir apparent, and the restoration of the Emperor, . . . the wrath of the Old Buddha was beyond control." So the colossal blunder conceived in ignorance seems to have been consummated in a burst of passion engendered by a deception. It is a fearful tale.

The principal contribution of importance to our understanding of the siege which follows is the diary of a Manchu official found in his *yamen* at the capture of Peking. It is a story of absorbing and even pathetic interest, for its author was intimately acquainted with the chief actors in the great drama and was careful to note every item and opinion that came to his ears until the day of *débâcle*, when he fell a victim to the cupidity of his unnatural son. From this relation we obtain for the first time some idea of the distraught gang that attempted to influence the Empress and frustrate their personal rivals, of the utter recklessness of the extremists, and of the fine determination with which Jung Lu resisted them to the end, thereby saving the legations because he withheld his trained troops and artillery. Yet through the turmoil the redoubtable Dowager maintained her place as the undisputed master of them all. She loses her temper often, yet she gives ear to unpalatable warnings and quotes the classics in rebuttal. She orders two righteous patriots beheaded because they worry her by their repeated protests, but she has the grace to call them brave men. She seems never to have appreciated the enormity of assailing the envoys of foreign states in her capital; in the midst of the siege she sent them presents of vegetables and ice, "to which she subsequently referred with pride as convincing proof of her good faith and good will." And through all her inconsistencies she showed herself consistently feminine. Here is a laconic note of the Manchu diarist:

> Yesterday afternoon the Empress Dowager crossed over to the Lake Palace for a water picnic, attended by several ladies of the court. The continual bombardment of the French Cathedral eventually made her head ache, so she dispatched a chamberlain to the officer commanding at the Hi-Hua Gate, ordering them to cease firing until her return to the Forbidden City.

The charge of cruelty against Tze Hi must be considered as fairly proved by the disclosures of this volume. She had the typical Asiatic's indifference to inflicting pain or death, if her purpose seemed to demand it. We may easily exaggerate such indifference, and call cruelty blood-thirstiness, but blood-thirsty she was not. As to the alleged murders of her coadjutor, the Eastern Empress, of her son Tung Chih, and of his widow, frequently laid at her door, the authors admit her capable of the crimes, indeed, but dismiss the charges as not proven. Her most brutal deed, a swift stroke delivered in the hour of agony, when she fled in disguise from the palace on August 15, deserves to be told in the old diarist's own way:

> All the concubines were summoned to appear before Her Majesty at 3:30 A. M.; she had previously issued a decree that none of them should accompany her for the present. The Pearl Concubine (the Emperor's favorite) came with the rest, and actually dared to suggest that the Emperor should remain in Peking. The Empress was in no mood for argument. Without a moment's hesitation, she shouted to the eunuchs on duty, "Throw this wretched minion down the well!" At this the Emperor, who was greatly grieved, fell on his knees in supplication, but the Empress angrily bade him desist, saying that this was no time for bandying words. "Let her die at once," she said, "as a warning to all undutiful children, and to those owls who, when fledged, peck out their own mothers' eyes." So the eunuchs Li and Sung took the Pearl Concubine and cast her down the well, which is just outside the Ning Shou Palace.

It is not a pretty tale—neither are some of those told of Queen Elizabeth—but there must have been something fine about her fierceness, for men admired her, even when they feared her most. Kwang Hsu, the wretched Emperor, upon whom the rigor of her wrath reacted more cruelly than upon any other, could not utterly condemn her, though in his dying hour he wrote, "She has always hated us."

There was hatred, greed, and guilt enough in the old tigress to make us turn with relief to the better side of her nature, and note some of the good she did. After regaining her ravished capital, she was sufficiently heroic to acknowledge full responsibility for her mistaken policy and declare

> a change of front unparalleled in the history of China. Certain it is (as was fully proved in the case of the Emperor in 1898) that no other ruler of the Dynasty could have proclaimed such drastic changes without causing serious dissensions and possibly civil war. But so masterly were her methods of dealing with the necessities of the situation, and so forcibly did the style and arguments of her decrees appeal to the *literati*, that they carried very general conviction.

The sincerity of her conversion was proved by six years of consistent action that has brought the party of Young China to the fore and made genuine reform possible. Without her, it is not easy to see how any conceivable force in the empire could have dominated at once the just indignation of the foreigners, the susceptibilities of the provincial gentry, "the backbone of China's collective intelligence," and the lethargic fa-

talism of her Manchu kinsmen. For though the Manchus have been ruling nearly three centuries over China, they have, as a race, learned as little of their business as the Parthians did in old Persia. In the lapse of these centuries, the direct descendants of the founder of this clan have multiplied into a mob of poor relatives whose kinship to the Emperor forbids them to work, and whose presence near the throne inevitably restrains them from taking any course that might endanger their unearned incomes. The fact that the habits of these parasites unfit them more and more, as the clan endures, for intellectual leadership drags the whole policy of the ruling house down to the dead level of maintaining widespread corruption throughout the empire and petty intrigues within the palace. The most enlightened monarch cannot wholly escape from this paralyzing influence. That Tze Hi, though not undefiled, rose above it to see in which way salvation lay, marks her as a woman of genius and entitles her, despite her iniquities, to the title of great.

CURRENT FICTION.

Marie-Claire. Roman. Par Marguérite Audoux. Préface d' Octave Mirbeau. Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier.

Marie-Claire. By Marguérite Audoux. Translated by John Raphael. With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co.

In his preface to the recently published fragments of Taine's single projected work of fiction, "Etienne Mayran," Paul Bourget presents two probable explanations of its unfinished state. The first was the author's repugnance for self-confession in the person of a hero who was only too palpably himself; the second, his perception that in carrying out the story along the lines it was beginning to take, he could not avoid going directly counter to the basic canon of his artistic creed, complete objectivity. We are reminded of this clash between instinct and theory by "Marie-Claire," the work of the Parisian seamstress, Marguérite Audoux, which, as almost everybody must know by this time, is the literary sensation of the hour in France, where it has taken a great prize established for women writers of fiction. Like "Etienne Mayran," "Marie-Claire" is at bottom nothing but a bit of autobiography served up as fiction. Aside from the difference in the sex of the characters, and from the fact that Marie-Claire employs the first person, whereas Taine's hero is presented in the third, the two books show a singular resemblance, particularly in the opening pages. Both begin with scenes of death, with the breaking up of homes, and the entrance of children, in early infancy, upon a new and strange life, that of school-room and dormitory. Both, too, follow the objective method so far as mere emotionlessness and a certain restraint of manner are concerned, and in this particular it is noticeable that Marie-Claire speaks of herself quite as impersonally as Taine talks of Etienne. In either case the author seeks simply to record facts, ideas, and impressions, without critical comment or sentimental enlargement on the theme.

Yet in spite of all these precautions, it is as impossible for one as for the other to keep himself out of his book. Through the carefully measured sentences, deliberately shaped, it should seem, to give the effect of remoteness, the personalities of the great thinker, divided between his avidity for sensations and his passion for intellectual system, and of the little Parisian dressmaker, looking on life with eyes of infinite purity and a nameless, half-conscious longing, shine as fully revealed as in the ostentatious outpourings of any egoist. Thus the conflict between intention and achievement is present on both hands, but the perception of this conflict which acted as an inhibition upon Taine and prevented him, to the loss of literature, from finishing his novel, is happily absent in Marguérite Audoux. The result is a work through which is effected that complete release of an individual soul which, if not the end of great literature, is the source of one of its most delicate and abiding charms; while the self-imposed objective discipline, the scrupulous regard inculcated by naturalism for the precise and, as it were, scientifically accurate statement of every significant detail of exterior and interior life, operate simply to chasten the style, to chisel it to a crisp clarity and concision of form.

M. Mirbeau in his preface to the original French edition notes, as the supreme miracle of the little book which Mr. Bennett characterizes as "a divine accident," the elegance of expression achieved by this hard-working woman without any literary culture save such as she acquired by her own efforts and through her own infallible instincts. More, perhaps, than any other French writer since the reign of romanticism and naturalism set in, she has restored French prose to that mood of dreamy and delicious revery, half-spiritual, half-sensuous, which it possessed after Rousseau had revealed nature to man as the great source and storehouse of his sentiments and emotions. What she has accomplished is very much that which Renoir accomplishes in painting. Just as Renoir interprets scenes and characters of modern life with the grace and intimacy of a Chardin or a Watteau, so Marguérite Audoux has, without sacrificing anything of its essential reality, transfigured her experience so that the commonest and crudest episodes, the simplest and most undistinguished actors, with her, in the ordinary but infinitely moving little drama of her life, attain charm and significance.

This is particularly seen in the second part of her book, which Mr. Bennett notes as "full of marvellous beauty," and in which Marie-Claire, after leaving the convent orphanage described in the first part, becomes a little shepherdess on a farm in Sologne. Here her daily duties and small adventures form a pastoral idyll of the freshest simplicity and loveliness. The familiar rural motive of modern fiction is revived with new poetic force and imaginative fantasy. Marie-Claire is unhappy at first, separated from her old friends, and runs away to return to the convent. It was at night. "The wind was blowing very hard, and big black clouds were rolling across the sky under the moon." It was a long way to the highroad, and she had to cross a slippery bridge to reach it. At a fork she did not know which branch to take. Choosing that to the left, she walked very fast:

> In the distance I saw a black mass which covered the whole country. It seemed to be coming towards me, and for a moment I wanted to turn back and run. A dog began to bark, and that gave me a little confidence, and almost directly I saw that the black mass in front of me was a wood through which the road passed. When I got into it the wind seemed to be rougher than ever. It blew in squalls, and the trees struck at one another and rattled their branches and moaned and stooped down to get out of its way. I heard long whistling sounds as the branches cracked and clattered and fell.

The flight ends by her being overtaken by the farmer, Master Sylvain, when she is nearly overcome by fatigue. He carries her tenderly home, and very soon she becomes reconciled to the new life and quite happy in it.

With the dog, Castille, she goes out to tend the sheep, and tries to keep them from wandering and getting lost. Once she herself loses her way in a heavy mist and lets the flock lead her towards home. Another time she sees a yellow wolf carry off one of her charges. When she tells about it on her return, the men get their guns and give chase to the thief. It is all as simple as this, but the simplicity is that of a deep and responsive nature. The author combines those two qualities of sentiment and sensuality as they are to be found combined only in the finest French temperaments, so that when she is most absorbed in the interior movements of her sensibility, she is most attentive to the sights and sounds of the outer world, and her mood gives them their imaginative coloring:

> There were days when I felt so lonely that I began to believe that the earth had fallen all to pieces round me, and when a crow cawed as it flew past in the gray sky, its hoarse voice seemed to me to be singing of the misfortunes of the world.

She feels the wet, the wind, and the

cold; notes the blue curling smoke, the white fog folded like a soft thick blanket above the water in the river, all as part of her revery, of that strangely intense concentration, only dimly and half consciously turned inward on itself, which is the condition of her existence.

It is not difficult to trace analogies and affinities between this work of Marguérite Audoux and that of other contemporary writers in France. Her simplicity, her feeling for nature, immediately suggest the poetry of Francis Jammes, but she is without the diffusive sentimentality that marks that writer, or the bizarre flights of fancy, the rather pedantic cult of the inanimate, and the precious eccentricities of phrase and of diction, that afflict much of his utterance with an air of affectation. The fineness of her taste and of her sincerity relates her more closely to certain of the less merely sensational among the poets of her own sex—Marie Daguet, for example—whose senses have awakened to a new passion and seduction, that of nature, and who have transcribed their impressions and the stirrings of their sensibility with truthful observation, just sentiment, and genuine imaginative originality and power. The accession of Marguérite Audoux to this small band of real poets is one proof more that to-day the creative traditlon of French letters has passed into the hands of women rather than of men.

A NOTABLE PHILANTHROPIST.

Morris Ketchum Jesup: A character sketch. By William Adams Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Mr. Jesup left but a brief autobiographic fragment, and he wrote few letters, hence there was little material for a memoir, beyond what is revealed by his connection with the many institutions for which he labored so incessantly. The list of those of which he was president is a long one. But even more impressive is his early determination to give away money as soon as he made it. His benefactions were rarely the result of sudden impulse. He believed that charity must rest on a firm economic basis, aiming to remove the causes of poverty. Hence, in the language of his biographer, "his interest in industrial education, in the cause of which he was one of the pioneers. Hence his earnest advocacy of forest preservation and his efforts to obtain the application of sound business principles in the administration of public affairs. Hence, finally, his interest in those studies which increase our knowledge of the conditions of productive industry." When, in 1884, Mr. Jesup decided to retire from business and devote all his energies to public matters, it was after a training in practical philanthropy such as few men have had.

In 1852, when but twenty-two years of age, he became one of the founders of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York city, and through it he was led into wider fields. The measures advocated by him in behalf of railway employees, while serving on the International Railroad Committee of the association, were gradually applied to miners, lumbermen, cotton-mill hands, factory operatives, government employees in the Canal Zone, and in construction camps, as well as in military camps and naval stations generally. Equally absorbing and effective was his work for the Five Points House of Industry, his connection with which began in 1867, and ended only with his death. Each successive sphere of usefulness widened his outlook and led to new activities. The knowledge gained by him in gathering the collection of woods for the Museum of Natural History awakened an interest in forest preservation, and led to his presenting in the Chamber of Commerce, in 1883, a memorial urging the acquisition of the Adirondack wilderness as a forest preserve.

Mr. Jesup became early interested in the cause of the negro. His sympathies were aroused in the course of a business trip to Richmond, in 1858, when the horrors of the slave market so impressed him that he abandoned his idea of investing capital in Virginia. He made up his mind that no State or community could prosper that sanctioned slavery. In 1882, he was consulted by Mr. Slater as to the best method of devoting his gift of a million dollars to negro education, and thenceforth he proved an invaluable member of the board of the Slater Fund. He became interested in the industrial education of the negro in the South, familiarizing himself with conditions in the Southern States by thorough investigations on the spot, and always giving liberally and wisely. In general, he was not a believer in endowment that rendered yearly gifts unnecessary. "Charity," he said, "needs a constant living stream running every day."

In 1899, Mr. Jesup was elected president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and in this capacity he rendered most important service to the city, particularly in connection with the Rapid Transit Commission. On the occasion of the destruction of St. Pierre, he purchased, on his own responsibility, several vessels loaded with grain which were bound for Martinique, and telegraphed to the American Consul at the nearest point on the island to take possession of the cargoes for the relief of the sufferers. Equally prompt was his action at the time of the San Francisco earthquake, when, largely on his initiative, an efficient bureau of relief was established in that city. Mr. Jesup's address at the dinner given by the London Chamber of Commerce to a representative delegation of American merchants testified to the grace and dignity with which he acted for the chamber on all official occasions.

Of the many religious associations which claimed Mr. Jesup's attention, none appealed to him so strongly as the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, whose president he became in 1896. He had known its foremost professor, the admirable Dr. George E. Post, from boyhood, and the unsectarian though distinctly Christian character of the institution enlisted his enthusiastic support. With all his profoundly religious convictions, he had no tolerance for narrow theological opinions. This was further attested during the trial of Dr. Briggs for heresy, when, as one of the leading directors of the Union Theological Seminary, he stood most earnestly for religious liberty. His donations to American universities were prompted by a desire to procure for others educational benefits of which he had himself been deprived in his youth. In various ways he made gifts to Harvard, Yale, and Princeton.

Mr. Jesup's name is inseparably connected with the American Museum of Natural History, one of whose organizers he had been, and whose president he became in 1881. As his biographer amply shows, he procured for the Museum money, men, and a place in which to house properly the increasing collections. With his own means he purchased the unique palæontological collection of lower vertebrates by Professor Cope. Through his interest in various explorations, he added largely to the anthropological department of the Museum, helped organize the Peary Arctic Club, and gave powerful aid to the explorer in his crowning work.

The personal touches lent by the biographer, in the chapter "In the Home Circle," complete the picture of a singularly attractive and forceful man. One of his most striking traits was his tact—not the least important element in the make-up of the successful philanthropist—which sprang from a ready self-control and a spontaneous regard for the feelings of those, high and low, with whom his manifold activities brought him in contact. And perhaps the most valuable lesson which his life conveyed is expressed in this tribute to him, by Bishop Lawrence:

> Some men seem to reach the climax of their development at forty; others, at sixty; and a few continue to the very end of life. To this last group Mr. Jesup belonged.

Reason and Belief. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

Most of this book of sermons, as it might be called, is made up of addresses

to students and Sunday talks to workingmen. It has three parts, which are entitled, respectively, Incarnation, The Old Testament in Education, and The Scope of Science. Of these the first is the longest and much the most important, as it gives an outline of Sir Oliver's philosophy, of which the fundamental thesis is suggested by the title of Part i—Incarnation—and is expressed as follows:

> My message is that there is some great truth in the idea of preëxistence; not an obvious truth, nor one easy to formulate—a truth difficult to express—not to be identified with the guesses of incarnation and transmigration, which may be fanciful. We may not have been individuals before, but we are chips or fragments of a great mass of mind, of spirit, and of life—drops, as it were, taken out of a germinal reservoir of life, and incubated until incarnate in a material body.

This thesis is put forward as a strictly scientific working hypothesis. And although, of course, he does not regard it as verified, it is rather surprising to find the author so convinced of its truth. His evidence consists in part of the common experience of "false memory," while the rest of the argument is supplied by an appeal to the poets, especially Wordsworth, Tennyson, and F. W. H. Myers. The book, in fact, from cover to cover, is so packed with poetical quotations that the author gives up his final chapter to a justification of their use. This, however, was quite unnecessary; for no one who reads the book will deny that the quotations form by far the best part of it.

The Philosophy of Incarnation naturally (and quite properly) concludes with a consideration of Christianity, and especially Christology. The traditional view of the nature of Christ is accepted with little variation or question. In speaking of this doctrine of the Church, he says:

> As a student of science, I am bound to say that, so far as we can understand such an assertion, there is nothing in it contrary to accepted knowledge. I am testifying to it because I have gradually found that it may be true—because I have gradually become assured of the possibility of such an incarnation. The historical testimony in its favor is entirely credible. The Christian churches have hold of a great truth. That is what I want people to realize distinctly and forcibly and without any convention.

There can be little doubt that these words of the great physicist will be quoted from innumerable pulpits all over the world as the last deliverance of "Science." The warfare of science and theology, we shall now be told, is at last over and science has capitulated. But, seriously, it should be clearly understood once for all (though it probably never will be) that a man who is an authority in one field is not therefore necessarily an authority in all. Since this fact is so often forgotten, this little book, which in itself is perfectly harmless, is quite likely to mislead a good many of its readers.

Part ii, on the Old Testament, contains some quite sensible, though not very original, remarks on the use of the Bible in education; and Part iii proves beyond dispute that hypotheses are useful in science. In short, while the book contains much that is true, and much that is appropriate for Sunday afternoon talks to workingmen, it is a little hard to see why a man of Sir Oliver Lodge's attainments found it worth his while to publish them.

Letters to Severall Persons of Honour. By John Donne. The text edited, with notes, by Charles Edmund Merrill, jr. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $5 net.

It is fitting that Donne's Letters in their first reprint in the original form since the original edition of 1651 should appear in a style worthy of the author, and this the publishers have certainly given them. The paper is of the best texture and the type clear and handsome; we can only regret the deckel edges, the chief practical function of which is to accumulate dust. And the letters are well worth reprinting, if only for the fame of the author as perhaps the chief influence of the Elizabethan age upon the new "metaphysical" manner of the Carolinians.

Readers, however, who take up this volume expecting to be carried along by the piquant and extravagant wit, mingled with flashes of profound inspiration, that characterizes Donne's poetry, will, of course, be disappointed. Here and there, to be sure, these sudden sallies enlighten his correspondence. The very opening words of the first letter, "To the worthiest Lady Mrs. Bridget White," have the fine alluring flavor of his best verse: "I could make some guesse whether souls that go to heaven, retain any memory of us that stay behinde, if I knew whether you ever thought of us, since you enjoyed your heaven, which is your self, at home." And that note, or something like it, is heard elsewhere, as, for instance: "So in our souls health, an innocence is better then the heartiest repentance" (Letter ii); "I have occasion to sit late some nights in my study, (which your books make a pretty library) and now I finde that that room hath a wholesome emblematique use: for having under it a vault, I make that promise me, that I shall die reading, since my book and a grave are so near" (Letter xii); "For I have much to take in, and much to cast out; sometimes I thinke it easier to discharge my self of vice then of vanity, as one may sooner carry the fire out of a room then the smoake: and then I see it was a new vanity to think so" (Letter xxvii). There are, too, occasional sentences that give a glimpse into the real character of the man. In an interesting letter to Sir H. Goodere (No. xviii) we catch the note of his weariness of this world and his desire of the next, and we learn how he was diverted from the study of the law "by the worst voluptuousness, which is an Hydroptique immoderate desire of humane learning and languages." And in another letter to the same person (No. xxxiv) we get the expression of the feeling, common to other writers of the age, that there was something derogatory to a serious character in the production of profane poetry. But these more intimate passages are rare, and as a rule the letters move in the peculiar field of generalization that makes most of the correspondences of the age neither quite literature nor quite familiar self-revelation.

In fact, it would appear that the aim of these letter-writers some three centuries ago, when they were not dealing with practical or political matters, was entirely different from our more homely purpose of to-day. Friendship was then one of the ideals of many minds (it was to Donne a "second religion"), and the letters that passed from man to man were written not so much to acquaint the recipient with the details of the sender's life, as to foster this ideal; they were little fragments of a "De Amicitia" with personal application. It is in this vein that Donne speaks of his writing as "the coarse but durable garment of my love," and it is with this understanding that we must approach his Letters to-day if we would not be grievously disappointed.

It remains to be said that Mr. Merrill has appended to the Letters a series of explanatory and historical notes that show both judgment and learning.

Through Five Administrations: Reminiscences of Col. William H. Crook. Compiled and edited by Margarita Spalding Gerry. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.80 net.

The reminiscences of any honest observer at close quarters of the great men of our civil war period have their value, and Col. Crook's are no exception to the rule. At first a soldier, then a District of Columbia policeman, then a body-guard of President Lincoln, he became finally a clerk and an assistant secretary in the White House, remaining until the end of Arthur's Administration. In these humble capacities, he was a careful, if not always discriminating, spectator of what went on in the Executive Mansion. His recollections of matters political, as set down by Miss Gerry, are not distinguished by insight or good judgment. Yet, as a whole, the book has been worth doing.

For Lincoln, Col. Crook had the same

reverence that marked all those who came into intimate contact with that lofty soul, and the incidents he relates of Lincoln are welcome contributions to the picture of the great martyr, to which ten thousand pens have already contributed. Particularly valuable is Col. Crook's story of Lincoln's visit to Richmond, during which he walked by the President's side, ready to protect him with his body from any rebel bullet." Mr. Lincoln," he records, "never looked sadder in his life than when he walked through the streets of Richmond and knew it saved to the Union and himself victorious." Even more interesting is the fact Col. Crook brings out that, although Lincoln's regular body-guard, Parker by name, was absent on the night of the assassination, no inquiry was ever made as to that neglect of duty or as to Parker's whereabouts, and no punishment was ever awarded to him for this negligence, which Col. Crook believes to have been fatal. If Parker or he had been on guard that night at the entrance of the box, Col. Crook feels that Booth could never have reached his victim. It is an idle speculation now, yet the failure to clear up this mystery is certainly astonishing, particularly because it was fully understood before the assassination, according to Col. Crook, that Lincoln's life was in danger.

For President Johnson, Col. Crook had the warmest affection. Here was a President who was a hero to his guardian. He bears testimony to Johnson's sobriety, and against the old stories of intemperance. Johnson's Congressional enemies were Col. Crook's enemies, and are so to this day. The narrative of Johnson's personal bearing during the days of the impeachment would alone lend value to the book. Like the rest of the story, Miss Gerry tells it artlessly, with no attempt at literary flavor. Evidently of a kindly disposition, Col. Crook speaks warmly of the other Presidents he observed at close range—Grant, Hayes, and Arthur—and has much of interest to record of their family life.

Woman in Italy: From the Introduction of the Chivalrous Service of Love to the Appearance of the Professional Actress. By William Boulting. New York: Brentano's. $4 net.

Mr. Boulting is already favorably known as the author of a one-volume condensation of Sismondi brought up to date, and of an excellent book on Tasso. The present volume should give him an honorable position among the few persons in England who speak with authority on Italian history between the thirteenth and the nineteenth centuries. The number who revamp well-known material and send it out adorned with fine illustrations is very large, but Mr. Boulting does not belong to this class. He has made an important contribution to an important subject.

If the eternal feminine leads mankind on, then it must follow that the position of woman at any given period ought to give, more or less accurately, the measure of civilization at that period. It is the great merit of Mr. Boulting that he enables us to trace the unfolding of woman's capacity in Italy during some four hundred years. He has done for his special theme what Burckhardt did for the Italian Renaissance, as a whole.

He pursues the topical method, which, whatever objections may legitimately be raised to it, has three great advantages —continuity, clearness, and possible brevity. These more than compensate for the loss of contemporaneousness. Thus he opens with two chapters on the late mediæval ideals of chivalrous and celestial love, in which there is much sound sense. Then he takes up the "real woman" and describes her at every age and in all her family and social relations. He takes up the customs pertaining to betrothal, marriage, death and burial, the perils and amusements, the dress, the superstitions, the pieties, and the morals. He touches on her legal status, her efforts toward greater freedom, her gains in economic independence. He treats in one section of beatified women and nuns, and in another of courtesans—the two extremes in his survey.

From first to last, we discover no attempt on the author's part to stretch his facts to fit any theories. He states each case simply, with a straightforward charm, and leaves his readers to draw their own conclusions; or, where he himself sums up a topic, he does so without heat or perversion. In the main, his verdict is cheering: for he shows that the position of woman constantly improved, though slowly or intermittently, and that with her ascent society advanced—that is, the lot of the average human being was a little brighter.

The value of Mr. Boulting's researches lies in the fact that they are his own. He has not merely pilfered Burckhardt, Villari, Symonds, and the rest, but has gone to the sources himself. The result is that he has gathered much evidence which will be fresh to English readers. But in appraising works of this kind the final question is, how far are the pieces of evidence representative? Should we maintain that posterity could judge us fairly if our times were remembered by only a single issue of a yellow journal? Is the case of cruelty or of immorality or of piety, which happens to have survived in some musty document, typical of the community and time in which it occurred? or is it exceptional? Mr. Boulting seems to us to possess that instinct for the typical without which it is a waste of time to labor in the quarries of *Kulturgeschichte;* and this it is which makes his extensive researches fruitful, this and his talent for setting forth his results in an attractive style. The general reader will read him with much entertainment; the specialist will recognize how solid and valuable his studies are. Such a book, we may remark in closing, ought to be of service incidentally in throwing light on the burning issue of woman's political destiny.

Notes

Our readers will be pleased to learn that the novels of George Gissing, many of which have been scarcely procurable, at least in any edition of reasonable price, are to be reissued. They are promised by the English firm, Sidgwick & Jackson.

The same house announces "The Glory that Was Greece," an account of the ancient Hellenic civilization, by J. C. Stobart.

John W. Luce & Co., who plan to bring out the works of J. M. Synge, the Irish poet and dramatist, promise four volumes in March, which include "The Aran Islands," with twelve illustrations by Jack Yeats, and "Kerry and Wicklow."

This spring the Putnams will publish: "Anglo-American Memories," by George W. Smalley; "The Republican Tradition in Europe," by H. A. L. Fisher; "Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage," by Carrie Adell Strahorn," and "John Murray's Landfall," by Henry Nehemiah Dodge.

The first number of a new quarterly publication, the *American Labor Legislation Review,* has been issued by the American Association for Labor Legislation. It contains a paper on "Practical Methods in Labor Legislation," by Henry W. Farnam; Alice Hamilton of Hull House writes on "Lead Poisoning" as one of the occupational diseases; Sidney I. Schwab discusses "Neurasthenia in Garment Workers," and (not to mention all the papers) a "Memorial on Occupational Diseases" is prepared by Henry Baird Favill and others, who attempt to show that every year $772,892,860 is lost to society because of sickness due to occupations; a large part of this sickness, they contend, could be avoided.

"The War Maker," which is to be brought out this spring by A. C. McClurg & Co., is the life story, taken down by Horace Smith exactly as it was related, of that extraordinary soldier of fortune, Capt. George Boynton, who died last January in this city.

McClurg & Co. also announce "From Rough Rider to President," a new biography originally written in German by Dr. Max Kullnick and translated by Prof. Frederick von Rietdorf; "Gettysburg: The Pivotal Battle of the Civil War," by R. K. Beacham; "French Men, Women, and Books," by Miss Betham-Edward; "Frederick Nietzsche: The Dionysian Spirit of the Age," by A. R. Orage; "The Humbler Poets," by Wallace and Frances Rice; "The Lawrence Reader and Speaker," by Prof. E. G. Lawrence; "The Soul of a Flower," by Sara A. Hubbard; "My Friend Will," by Charles F. Lummis, and "The Gold Fish of Gran Chimu," by the same author.

Spring books of Doubleday, Page & Co. include: "Margery," by E. F. Benson; "Reminiscences of Gen. Basil W. Duke" of the Confederate army; "Music of the Wild," by Gene Stratton-Porter; "The Southerner," by Walter H. Page, being the autobiography of Nicholas Worth, new edition; "Two on the Trail," by Hulbert Footner; "Life and Letters of Moses Coit Tyler," by Jessica Tyler Smith; "Life of Andrew Jackson," by Prof. J. S. Bassett; "A Comedy of Circumstances," by Emma Gavf; "The Vanity Box," by Alice Stuyvesant; "Chapters from My Experience," by Booker T. Washington; "Fenella," by Henry L. Stuart; "The Harvester," by Gene Stratton-Porter; "The Coward of Thermopylæ," by Caroline Dale Snedeker; "The Cabin," by Stewart Edward White, and "One Hundred Masterpieces," by John La Farge.

Houghton Mifflin Co. has in the press Mary Johnston's new novel, "The Long Roll."

The Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, editor of *America*, will publish shortly the third volume of his "Pioneer Priests of North America."

The announcements of Henry Holt & Co. include: Henri Bergson's "Creative Evolution," translated by Arthur Mitchell; "The Gleam," by Helen R. Albee; "The Influences of Geographic Environment," by Ellen Churchill Semple; "Letters that Live," selected by Laura E. Lockwood and Amy R. Kelly; "A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts," by Thomas Leaming, and "The Quietness of Dick," a story of two boys by R. E. Vernede.

Among the new books for Lent in the list of Thomas Whittaker are: "The Longer Lent," by the Rev. V. R. Lennard; "Common Failings," by the Rev. J. H. Williams; "Sign Posts in the Way," by the Rev. L. M. Dalton, and "The Women of the Passion," by the Rev. T. W. Crafer.

New books, to be brought out by Dent, include: "Adam Mickiewicz, the National Poet of Poland," by Monica M. Gardner; "The Coast Scenery of North Devon," by E. A. Newall Arber; "Sinai in Spring," by M. J. Rendall; "Historical Guide to London," by G. R. S. Taylor, and "International Law," by F. E. Smith.

Henri de Régnier, who has been elected to the French Academy to succeed the Viscount Melchior de Vogüé, is a novelist, a writer of verse, and a dramatic critic.

The *Annales de Géographie* for January contains an interesting sketch, with three charts, of the history of the cotton industry in the region about Rouen, which, during the past century, has suffered a great change. The woman worker to-day earns more than the man, a fact which has resulted in "the destruction of the family hearth, the multiplication of public-houses, and the development of alcoholism." Other articles are on the glacial erosion and formation of the Alpine valleys, and the satisfactory economical condition of French Indo-China, as indicated in a recent address of the governor-general.

Spenser's "Faerie Queene" is not without its "catalogue of the ships," in the form of a versified chronicle, divided into two parts, of the kings of Britain, the ancestors of his "soveraine Queene," Elizabeth. The age, as Lowell said, imposes on its poet the task of weaving its straw into a golden tissue. But in this instance, according to the careful investigations of Miss Carrie Anna Harper ("The Sources of the British Chronicle History in Spenser's Faerie Queene," Bryn Mawr College Monographs, vii), the witch imagination did not step in and achieve the miracle. Spenser, who invents mythology at will, and who usually rearranges and embellishes his sources with the greatest imaginative freedom, here writes in the spirit of an antiquarian chronicler. He does not, however, base his account of the kings from Brutus to Cadwallader on any single source; depending, apparently, on Geoffrey of Monmouth for the main outlines, he often in a single passage characteristically draws on a number of other authorities: Holinshed, Hardyng, Camden, "The Mirror for Magistrates," "Gorboduc," and so on. Chapter and verse can be cited for nearly every one of his statements. It is difficult to divine the motives which guided Spenser in the choice of his material for this carefully composed mosaic. His insistence on the British, as opposed to the Roman or Saxon, point of view, and the interest in Welsh tradition grow out of a desire, probably, to compliment Elizabeth's Welsh blood. The suggestion is offered, too, that Spenser may in his youth have intended an independent poem based on chronicle history, the widely gathered materials for which he later worked into the fabric of the "Faerie Queene." This hypothesis, quite in accord with Spenser's known practices, would partly explain the present condition of the material.

"Balzac—A Biography" (Wessels & Bissell), by Frederick Lawton, inclines to picturesque incident rather than to literary judgment. Numerous portraits and caricatures, dating from all periods of Balzac's life, accompany the account of a career which seems itself a caricature. Balzac was an irresponsible, like the elder Dumas. He was not, however, the effulgent quadroon, lavish in manner and burly in size, but embodied an equal amount of improvident and gorgeous schemes and of colossal egotism in his diminutive stature of five feet two. As we read of Balzac's plans for making a fortune as a printer, for bringing wood from Poland at a cost greater than the value of the wood, for extracting silver from slag in Sardinia, and of his impractical house built without a staircase, we realize the irrational and romantic temperament of this so-called "father of realism." Mr. Lawton has appropriately emphasized more than the biographers generally do the strong element of occultism running through many of Balzac's writings, which often made his psychology a mixture of transcendentalism and of the physiology of Gall and Broussais. He also shows the importance of neglected influences upon Balzac's early writings, from C. R. Maturin and the English School of Terror, and from Ducray-Duminil, biographer of the "enfant du mystère" and the "enfant de la forêt," to Scott and James Fenimore Cooper. Much space is devoted to the relations of Balzac and the *étrangère*, Mme. Hanska, who fell in love with him through his writings, as has happened more than once in literature from the days of Guillaume de Machault and Péronnelle d'Armentières in the fourteenth century down to the present time, and who finally married, just before his death, a man broken down by disease and burdened with financial liabilities. Mr. Lawton has conscientiously analyzed Balzac's chief novels, and tells the circumstances of their composition. The effect produced is, however, rather one of piecemeal incident than of general classification or criticism. The works are chronologically placed in Balzac's life, he himself is not so clearly placed in French literature. Hence the book, though interesting, cannot be called a final study of Balzac. The author also makes some questionable affirmations. Did Napoleon I introduce gas into Paris? Was the theme of the courtesan in love a favorite one with the classical school? Is "A Shady Affair" a good translation for "Une ténébreuse affaire?"

"Corporation Finance" (Appleton), by Edward S. Meade, is an extension on the technical side of the author's well-known book on "Trust Finance." It is a discussion of corporation practice, and attempts no contribution to the solution of the corporation problem. Its purpose as a college text-book has determined its method of treatment. It proceeds naturally and logically from the organization of the corporation, through promotion and underwriting, to the company as a going concern. Such problems of corporate management are then considered as the determination of profits, the handling of depreciation, the payment of dividends, the distribution of surplus, and the provision of new capital. Under the last topic the various forms of securities employed are critically studied. Methods of corporate consolidation are next discussed, including the merger, the holding company, and the lease. The concluding chapters are devoted to receiverships and reorganizations. The book reveals a sure grasp of the fundamental principles of sound finance, and a first-hand familiarity with the current practice of railways and industrial companies. The author permits himself little expression of personal views, except as these reveal themselves incidentally in the discussion of financial principles—for instance, in his severe criticism of the capitalization by the Chicago and Alton of a fictitious surplus—but such explicit opinions as he occasionally expresses must commend themselves as thoroughly sound. For example, he ventures the prediction that the final solution of the problem of overcapitalization will be found in a limitation of security issues, especially by public service corporations, to the cash cost or fair value of property constructed or purchased, such value to be determined by some disinterested public authority. In his opinion, this method should not interfere with the development of any legitimate enterprise. He discusses briefly the present method of control of capitalization by public service corporations, and commends such control as giving greater security to investments. The book is a lucid and able exposition of financial practice.

The prevailing fashion of mingling history and fiction is strikingly exemplified by "Bess of Hardwick, and Her Circle" (Lane), by Maud Stepney Rawson, in which the life of one of the most famous of Tudor termagants is exhibited in a bewildering maze of original letters, biographical narrative, and frankly imaginary dialogues and interludes. Mrs. Rawson freely confesses in her preface that she has "needed consolation at times for certain hard and

bitter facts of history" and has therefore permitted herself to make "brief incursions into fiction." This frankness is wholly admirable, but it unfortunately precludes the possibility of judging what she calls her "first essay in history" as such. And one cannot help wondering what the "hard and bitter facts of history" for which Mrs. Rawson needed consolation were. Surely she cannot complain that the biography she has selected is lacking in excitement, romance, scandal, or any other of the qualities which attract popular attention in these degenerate days. The life of "Bess of Hardwick" typifies everything which a stormy and tempestuous career in Tudor times might be expected to bring forth. Four times wedded, to husbands of widely different characters and stations in life, she devoted herself first and foremost to securing the worldly welfare of the children of her second marriage; and she became the grandmother of Arabella Stuart, and the foundress of the fortunes of the house of Devonshire. Indefatigable as a builder, closely associated with the career of Mary Queen of Scots, whose jailor, the Earl of Shrewsbury, was her fourth husband, an object of suspicion to Queen Elizabeth, and on one occasion even a prisoner in the Tower of London, her life is surely not surpassed in violent contrasts and dramatic interest by that of any of the many ambitious female dynasts in which sixteenth-century history abounds.

The eagerly awaited "American Year Book for 1910" bears out the promises of its projectors. Published by Appleton & Company, who for years stood behind a valuable annual cyclopædia, it is evident that this work, if carried on in the same spirit as at present, must take a prominent place beside such invaluable publications as the Statesman's Year Book, Hazlet's Annual, etc. The "American Year Book" undertakes to be "a record of events and progress." It has been edited by Dr. S. N. D. North under the direction of a supervisory board representing national and learned societies, the association of which in a project designed to be of value to all is, as the preface states, a new departure in this country. The moving spirit in the enterprise has been Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, and with him are associated such men as Hastings H. Hart, William M. Davis, George H. Kirchwey, Alexander Lambert, Calvin W. Rice, and John C. Rolfe, who form the executive committee of the advisory board. The book is arranged in thirty-five departments, and there are ninety-two contributors to this first issue, all of them experts in their field. The first two sections comprise international and national statistics of trade and mercantile and mining production, birth rates, etc. The history of the United States in 1910 is treated by Professor Hart with a generous hand, and in exceptionally readable though compressed form. Each department is followed by a brief bibliography of the subject. For instance, under international relations the movement for arbitration and peace is treated in eight pages, with a bibliography of all the important articles on the peace movement, arbitration, the court of arbitral justice, and the Hague Tribunal which have appeared during the year. There is even a record of the Carnegie peace fund and its trustees, although the announcement of it was not made until December 14, 1910. The national administration is treated at length, with complete directory of the Senate, the House, the Diplomatic consular services, etc.; and there is interesting addition to this in an article by Clinton Rogers Woodruff on the civil service and civil pensions. Prof. John A. Fairlie contributes the story of the progress of State and county governments. Whoever desires to follow such recent developments in government as the latest city charters and the progress of the commission form of government will find full details here.

In brief, every field of general interest has been thoroughly and carefully covered even to such matters as theatres and museums, with the latest motor vehicle laws, and always in the scientific spirit to be expected of the men responsible for the publication. Not unnaturally there are some marks of hasty compilation, as was to be expected with the first volume. Sometimes the editors err in matters of proportion. For instance, two and a half pages are given to Mr. Roosevelt's activities in the last campaign, while Gov. Wilson's contest in New Jersey, one of the most enlightening and stimulating the country has witnessed in decades, is dismissed with the briefest mention. In the story of political corruption in New York, it would appear from this record that Senator Allds resigned after the Senate on March 29 last voted that the charges against him were sustained. As a matter of fact, he resigned before the Senate voted. Again, we notice a slight slip in the statement (p. 58) that Mayor Gaynor "reorganized the Commission on the Catskill water supply because of what he thought excessive waste for land damages." It was not the Board of Water Supply, as some might think from this, that he reorganized, but the old virtually inactive Aqueduct Commission which has nothing to do with the Catskill water supply. But these are slips to be expected in consideration of the newness of the venture and the lack of time, and they do not mar the value of the work as a whole.

Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott's "Sicily in Shadow and in Sun" (Little, Brown & Co.) describes the earthquake of 1908 and the American relief work. It is written with the vividness of one who knew the persons engaged in that work, and who visited the scenes themselves. Interviews, conversations, and pictures (these last from sketches and photographs made by Mr. Elliott) combine to produce an indelible impression. As a foil to the tragedy, Mrs. Elliott adds an account of a sight-seeing trip to Syracuse and Palermo. She is an enthusiastic traveller; keen-eyed, good-natured, quick-witted. Among the episodes she touches on is the murder of Petrosino.

Ezra Pound, having "floundered somewhat ineffectually through the slough of philology" and read with enthusiasm a considerable amount of the poetry of the Latin countries, records his likings in "The Spirit of Romance" (Dutton). The book consists of a series of translations, some borrowed, some original, together with a few bits of information and some appreciative comment. The original translations, in prose arranged as verse, are intended to be "merely exegetic." Their success may be judged from

Yea, he betrays our faith who creeds not her,

as a rendering for the line,

E fa 'l di nostra fè se non la crede,

in which Guinizelli is claiming for his lady the power to convert a heretic by her mere greeting. It is to Guinizelli that Mr. Pound attributes the invention of the sonnet. The few hits of really good comment are too rare to be worth hunting for. The book purports to be "an attempt to define somewhat the charm of the pre-Renaissance literature of Latin Europe," but does not bear a trace of synthetic criticism of any sort; and the spirit of romance appears only in the title, unless it is responsible for the statement in the "præfatio ad lectorem electum" that the "Grundriss von Grüber" "consists of 21,000 folio pages." But much may be forgiven Mr. Pound, in view of the definition enshrined in this same preface: "Art is a fluid moving above or over the minds of men."

It is unfortunate for William O'Brien that his new Irish party should have suffered so great a defeat just after he had put out to an unsympathetic world his "Olive Branch in Ireland" (Macmillan). That party was to come back to the House of Commons from the general election more than doubled in numbers, and strong in the consciousness that, while as yet only a growing minority, it represented the nation of Ireland far more adequately than did the so-called National party; in reality it returned shorn of more than one-fourth its members. Mr. O'Brien himself, who contested three seats, was overwhelmingly defeated in two of them—in West Mayo, a constituency, the careful cherishing of which he describes in his book, and in one of the divisions of Cork, a city whose enthusiasm for the new party and its leader he has not words enough to describe. In view of this popular discrediting of Mr. O'Brien's movement, the prophecies and portents of "The Olive Branch" can attract little attention and command little credence. To make his cause still less promising, the author has not the art of strong presentation. His style is turgid and verbose. He seems to be under the impression that his readers are already well acquainted with every incident and event in Irish party history for the past twenty years; without filling in the background, he furnishes jauntily the solutions of all the puzzles.

Had O'Brien's counsels been followed in every crisis, there would have been nothing but harmony and prosperity in Ireland—Irish tenants, all owners of fertile and productive holdings; Irish landlords happily rid of the cares of rent collecting, enjoying large and steady incomes from the investment of their purchase money, and taking an active and benevolent interest in local government; and a wise Irish Parliament on College Green. Unfortunately, Mr. O'Brien's advice was rarely heeded. On one point Mr. O'Brien is to be congratulated. The recent setback to his party and his defeats in West Mayo and East Cork may assuredly be accepted by him as a release from the painful duty of political leadership which has pressed so heavily on him. Again and again he assures his readers that sitting in Parliament is a penance—an experience to which six months in Galway gaol is infinitely preferable.

It is significant, not so much of the moral degeneracy, as of the intellectual status, of our people, that such a book should be written as Prof. Robert C. Brooks's "Corruption in American Politics and Life" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). As the author makes very plain, corruption is a "persistent problem," and is as old as organized society. But the writing of a scientific treatise on it is distinctly a twentieth century project. In order to clear the way for the discussion of corruption as a true evil, Mr. Brooks first takes up the common apologies for corruption, and proves them, in turn, to be inadequate and fallacious. His conception of corruption is broader than that which ordinarily prevails, as is evident from his definition: "The intentional misperformance or neglect of a recognized duty, or the unwarranted exercise of power, with the motive of getting some advantage more or less directly personal." This definition is clarified by the distinction between bribery and "auto-corruption," and it would be a complacent man, indeed, who could read the book through thoughtfully, and find himself wholly free from taint of corruption. The evil is shown to infect, not only politics, but every form of human activity. The author admits the difficulty of measuring the degree of corruption existent in any society. Great clamor and sensational exposures do not always portend a low state of social morality, but possibly the reverse. A wide dissemination of political opportunity and responsibility among the common people opens many doors of temptation to abuse. The author believes that corruption in civilized states is on the decline, and sees hope for the future in many practical movements, as the short ballot, publicity in corporation and official accounts, and in campaign contributions, in positive moral reforms and general moral education.

Léon Vallée of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, is reprinting his "Bibliographie des bibliographies" (Terquem; each volume 25 francs, plus supplement 15 francs). It comprises, first, a catalogue of general and particular bibliographies in the order of authors, with complete indications of titles, form, place, and date of publication; secondly, a repertory of the same, in the order of subjects—as originally published in 1887.

"Orphéus et l'Evangile" (Paris: Gabalda), by Monsigneur Batiffol, who has been identified with Catholic University teaching in France, owes its name and nature to the "Orpheus" of Salomon Reinach. It deals with the latter's chapter on Christian origins; but it is rather an introduction to New Testament criticism than a formal refutation, and serves as a preface to the author's "Teaching of Jesus." He acknowledges that, as a believer, he considers M. Reinach's book an "aggression"; and, in his frequent use of Harnack's writings, he is careful to note "regressions" to Catholic tradition. The style and composition of the book, which was delivered first in the form of lectures, have all the merits of French writing, while the erudition of its author has been accepted by the Anglican *Guardian* as placing him in the first rank of writers, who unite theology with exegesis or, as we used to say, reconcile faith with science.

James McKeen, one of the leaders of the New York bar and a writer on legal and national topics, died last week, aged sixty-six. He graduated from Bowdoin and from the Columbia Law School; served in important public capacities, and, besides various articles, wrote the two books: "Evolution of Penal Methods and Institutions" and "Factors in American Civilization."

The death is reported from London, in his eighty-seventh year, of John Dennis, the author of "Studies in English Literature," "Heroes of Literature: English Poets," "The Age of Pope," etc.

Friedrich Spielhagen, who ranked among the best of the old-school novelists, died in Berlin last Friday. His descriptions of the period of 1848 were notable. He was born in Magdeburg in 1829, and began his active life as a teacher at Leipzig. In 1859 he became editor of the *Zeitung für Norddeutschland,* in Hanover. In 1862 he moved to Berlin, and for several years was editor of Westermann's *Illustrirte Monatshefte.* In the meantime, he had begun novel writing, in 1860, with "Problematische Naturen," his works dealing for some time with social problems. His collected novels appeared in twenty-two volumes in 1895. Among them are: "Durch Nacht zum Licht," "Die von Hohenstein," "In Reih und Glied," "Hammer und Ambos," "Sturmflut," "Ein neuer Pharao," and "Freigeboren." His own ideal for the novel was to present an artistically composed picture of the times, and his writings abound with thinly veiled allusions to persons of contemporary prominence. He did some critical writing, made several noteworthy translations, and left not a little verse.

Sam Walter Foss, poet and lecturer, died at the Charles Gate Hospital in Cambridge, Mass., on Saturday. He was born in Candia, N. H., in 1858, and graduated from Brown University in 1882. In 1887 he became editor of the *Yankee Blade* a popular literary weekly published in Boston. This position he held for five years, resigning it in 1892 for the risks and rewards of general authorship. He became, in 1898, librarian of the Somerville Public Library. His works include the following: "Back Country Poems," "Whiffs from Wild Meadows," "Dreams in Homespun," "Songs of War and Peace," and "Songs of the Average Man."

Science

"Public Hygiene," by Dr. Thomas S. Blair, will be issued simultaneously by Rebman in England and by Badger in this country.

"The Practical Country Gentleman," by Edward K. Parkinson, is to be published immediately by A. C. McClurg & Co., who also promise "The Psychology of Faith and Fear," by Dr. W. S. Sadler; "Nature Sketches in Temperate America," by Dr. Joseph L. Hancock; "Cone-Bearing Trees of the California Mountains," by J. Smeaton Chase, and "Half Hours with the Summer Stars," by Mary Proctor.

Among the science books from the press of Doubleday, Page & Co. are: "Vines, and How to Grow Them," by William McCollom; "Chrysanthemums, and How to Grow Them," by I. M. Powell; "Garden Planning," by W. S. Rogers; "Household Plumbing and Sanitation," by J. Pickering Putnam; "What England Can Teach Us About Gardening," by Wilhelm Miller, and "The Forester's Manual," by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Ambassador Hill will present the Cullum gold medal of the American Geographical Society to Prof. Hermann Wagner of the University of Göttingen on March 5, in recognition of his achievements in geography. The presentation will be followed by a reception at which many German scholars will be present.

British Empire cotton-growing is the subject of an article by J. H. Reed in the current *Geographical Journal.* In consequence of the regular and progressive shortage of cotton, which, if not checked, will doom the great staple trade of Lancashire, an association was formed eight years ago for the fostering and development of this industry in the British colonies. Its work has been first the study of the different regions to find the best variety of plant for each, then to establish experimental farms, distribute seed, erect ginneries, and in every way to interest and instruct the natives. Recently they have decided to concentrate their main efforts on Nigeria, Uganda, Nyasaland, and the West Indies. The results in Nyasaland have been eminently satisfactory, the value of exports of cotton fibre having risen from $15 in 1903 to above $140,000 in 1908, and at present about 20,000 acres are under cultivation by Europeans. Taking into consideration the growing interest in the industry in Uganda and Nigeria, there can be little doubt of the truth of the assertion that "the dark Continent is the hope of Lancashire."

Dr. E. Davenport, the author of "Domesticated Animals and Plants" (Ginn), is dean of the College of Agriculture in the University of Illinois, and director of the Agricultural Experiment Station. He is also professor of thremmatology, which is the science of breeding animals and plants under domestication, and which, though it has only of late obtained great prominence as a separate branch of study, occupies one of the most important fields of research. It will surprise a majority of our readers to learn how rapid and extensive has been the development of this department of investigation during the last ten years. In many of our institutions of learning there are specialists who are now devoting all their time to the study of the principles which underlie the "breeding-to-points" of our agricultural plants and animals. It is not too early to receive from the hands of one of these specialists a brief summary of the chief facts involved. The experiment station at Urbana has taken a prominent part in the study of the subject, and it is quite proper that the director should indicate some of the results. Although the treatise has been prepared with a view to its use as a text-book, it is readable and interesting. The general reader can find in the work a great deal which it is well worth his while to examine, while the progressive farmer can obtain from it very valuable hints as to the definite improvement of his own plants and stock. We cannot agree with quite all of the author's statements as to the origin and history of some of our cultivated crops, but such comparatively minor matters do not impair the value of the work.

Dr. George T. Stevens's "An Illustrated

Guide to the Flowering Plants of the Middle Atlantic and the New England States" (Dodd, Mead), with more than 1,800 illustrations from drawings by the author, is a work in which there are many errors of omission and of commission, but which is sure to be of use to many persons. In most cases the faults are trivial and are not likely to mislead beginners seriously. In some ways the work reminds us of a popular treatise on the plants of Boston and vicinity, which was prepared a great many years ago by a physician in active practice. That volume contained numerous errors, but it was written in an attractive style, which led many people, young and old, to examine the plants of the neighborhood. One of the most exact botanical students living within the range of the flora just referred to, expressed surprise that so busy a practitioner of medicine could have prepared a botanical work having so few serious imperfections. Dr. Stevens, also a practitioner of medicine, has done this by making botany a serious avocation. One could wish that the nomenclature had been put on a more consistent basis; but names are, after all, rather unimportant matters for amateurs. Sometimes it seems as if the French method of giving greater prominence to so-called common names would be well worth trying in our own country. The main difficulty would arise, in the case of our native plants, from the lack of common names which are generally accepted. Dr. Stevens has been successful in a large proportion of his illustrations, and most beginners will find them useful.

Drama

Daniel Frohman has placed with Doubleday, Page & Co. his "Memories of a Manager," which begins with the early days of the Lyceum Theatre in 1886, and includes the chapter, Why Plays Fail.

The same house is bringing out "The Immortal Lure," a collection of four plays by Cale Young Rice.

The New Theatre is fulfilling its proper functions when it produces a play like "The Arrow-Maker" of Mrs. Mary Austin, which was presented there on Monday evening. This is not in any sense, either literary or dramatic, a great drama, but it is distinctively American in subject and atmosphere, employs competent knowledge to reproduce the manners and customs of a picturesque and obsolete barbarism, and tells an interesting, if not very exciting, story. Doubtless the play is more valuable in its archæological and anthropological than upon its purely dramatic and human side—Mrs. Austin not being an inspired poet or dramatist—but the incidents are well fitted to the characteristic details. The heroine is the Chisera, a high priestess vowed to celibacy in order that she may hold closer converse with the gods. But she loves the ambitious and faithless Simwa, and uses all her arts, including fraud, to further his ambition, until she learns that he has thrown her over to marry the daughter of his chief; whereupon she publicly denounces him, and refuses longer to "make medicine" for the tribe. Soon Simwa, deprived of her assistance, leads the warriors to defeat, and the tribe is reduced to the last extremity. The Chisera, broken-hearted by the treatment she has endured, says that she has neither the will nor the power to help them. But, childless herself, she resolves to gratify her maternal instincts by ministering to the children of others, and in this mood she recovers her former energy and powers, and is once more able to make the necessary incantations. The curtain falls upon the deposition of Simwa and the departure of the surviving warriors to assured victory. The experience of the Chisera is supposed to have some symbolical application to that of the modern woman, but the parallelism is not obvious or important. "The Arrow-Maker" is significant only as a praiseworthy attempt at an American Indian play, with an object beyond that of mere entertainment. It has been mounted at the New Theatre with learning, liberality, and taste, and some rare acting is furnished by Edith Wynne Matthison.

English papers are commenting on the feat of Princess Bariatinsky, who, after only a year's study of English, impersonated acceptably at the Royalty Theatre the part of Nora in "A Doll's House."

Miss Horniman and her Manchester company have been playing "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" at the Coronet Theatre in London. The London *Times* says: "There is no doubt that Miss Horniman's company has thoroughly entered into the spirit of the play."

H. B. Irving, his wife (Dorothy Baird), and company will leave London in May for a professional tour in Australia.

Oscar Asche revived "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in the Garrick Theatre, London, last Saturday, himself resuming the part of Falstaff. Lily Brayton, of course, was the Mistress Ford.

Most of the London critics are agreed as to the extraordinary quality of the acting of Ethel Irving in Mr. Mason's new play, "The Witness for the Defence." One of the best of them says: "I should not like to say how much is due to Miss Irving. To me it seemed that any lesser genius would have rendered it all tawdry."

The plan for a Shakespearean Memorial Theatre in London seems to assume a more tangible form, when the promoters make formal applications for a site. They have just submitted a petition, bearing the names of many men eminent in literature and art, in which the council is requested to give the proposed National Theatre an option upon the office which it occupies at present in Spring Gardens. The council itself is about to vacate these premises and remove to the magnificent new structure awaiting it on the Thames Embankment. The theatre folk do not ask for a free gift of the Spring Gardens site, but only that they may be permitted to obtain an option upon it on favorable terms. The matter has been referred to the proper committee. The following is one passage in the petition:

We have the utmost confidence that such an act of grace on the part of the council will be supported by public opinion throughout London and the country. The drama presented at the National Theatre would be a powerful instrument for the public good, alike for its educational value and artistic influence. London owes a debt to the memory and greatness of Shakespeare. The Memorial Theatre erected on this site would be a worthy addition to the state buildings of the neighborhood, as well as a monument, appropriately placed, to the greatest of Englishmen.

J. E. Vedrenne and Dennis Eadie have completed arrangements by which they will go into theatrical management together. They have procured a West End theatre in London, which they will open just after Easter. There will be no attempt at a repertory system, although a special series of regular matinées will be given, with plays different from that in the evening bill. A number of pieces have already been procured, and the first production will be a new play by Jerome K. Jerome.

Music

VICTOR HERBERT'S "NATOMA."

When the dual management of the Metropolitan Opera House was ended and Andreas Dippel went to Chicago, the impression prevailed that he had been worsted, as, indeed, he had in so far as he would doubtless have preferred to be sole manager of the New York opera. But inasmuch as the indispensable Toscanini would have refused to remain unless the manager with whom he had come from Milan was reengaged, no other solution was possible; and, after all, Mr. Dippel's new opportunities offered great scope to his ambitions. He gave Chicago a successful opera season and then transferred his forces to Philadelphia. There his company was at first received in a lukewarm manner, even though he had changed its name to "Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company." But when the Philadelphians found the performances given by Dippel's artists in New York on Tuesday evening attracted exceptionally large and brilliant audiences and won the unanimous praise of the press, they repented and began to patronize the singers from Chicago, who, in the consulship of Oscar Hammerstein, had been partly their own.

As the best of the Hammerstein-Dippel singers are with few exceptions of the French school, it was inevitable that Mr. Dippel should continue to favor the French operas Hammerstein had made popular. Thus it happened that "Thaïs," "Louise," "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "Carmen" were produced on the first four of the Dippel Tuesdays at the Metropolitan. This week, however, there was a complete change—an American grand opera by Victor Herbert which is also a legacy from Hammerstein, by whom it had been ordered. It had its first hearing in Philadelphia last Saturday, and there is a disposition to greet it as the first real grand opera written in America. A more opportune time for its production could not have been chosen; for it was, of course, sung in English, and there has been a great deal of clamor of late for opera in English,

some prominent artists and critics going so far as to demand that all the Italian, French, and German operas produced at the Metropolitan should be translated and sung in the language of our country, just as all operas are sung in Italian in Milan, in French in Paris, in German in Berlin. These enthusiasts forget that, as Wagner has attested, it is almost impossible to make a satisfactory version of an opera book into another tongue; they forget also that if all operas are sung in many European cities in the language of their country, this is a necessity, not a virtue; and that if the Berliners or Parisians could afford to have a triple company, like that of our Metropolitan, which has each opera sung in its original language, they would greatly prefer our arrangement to theirs.

On the other hand, one cannot agree with those who hold that English is a less "singable" language than Italian, French, or German. Rousseau held the opinion that French was not suitable for music till Gluck convinced him he was mistaken. The oratorios of Handel, the operas of Purcell, Stanford, and Gilbert and Sullivan afford abundant proof that English and song can be made to go together smoothly; and Victor Herbert has shown the same thing in his stage-works, which have gone far toward establishing a real American school of operetta. The question now is, has he actually given us, in his "Natoma," the first genuine American grand opera?

The story on which it is based is American in the most comprehensive sense of the word. Naturally, Mr. Herbert and his librettist, Joseph D. Redding, had no use for the prosaic East, but located their plot partly on Santa Cruz, one of the romantic islands along the California coast, partly in the town of Santa Barbara, on the mainland, under the Spanish régime nearly a century ago. At that time Santa Cruz was—if the librettist tells the truth—the property of Don Francisco de la Guerra, a noble Spaniard of the old style. He had a beautiful daughter named Barbara, who had been educated in the mission school of Santa Barbara. On the day when the plot begins she is expected back on the island by her father, and also by her cousin, an impulsive young Spaniard named Alvarado, who has made up his mind to marry her. Before Barbara arrives we are made acquainted with the other two leading characters in the play, the Indian maiden Natoma, and Paul Merrill, a young naval officer, whose ship has dropped anchor in the bay of Santa Barbara and who has repeatedly rowed the thirty miles to the island to meet Natoma, "the Maid from the Mountains." She has been the playmate and handmaiden of Barbara during their childhood, and now she has fallen madly in love with the officer. She tells him in Hiawathan metres about her ancestors, who came from the clouds, and how at one time the meat of the abalone, tossed up by the ocean, saved the tribe from starvation. But now she alone is left, the last of her race. She tells him also of the beautiful Barbara, who is expected every moment; and foreseeing that she will be forgotten after he has seen Barbara, she begs him to take her, beat her, to let her be his slave, and falls at his feet. Her apprehensions are soon made real. Barbara arrives, the lieutenant is introduced, and it is a case of love at sight for both. The first impulse of the jealous Alvarado is to stab the American, but Castro, a half-breed, persuades him to wait till the next day, when there is to be a grand festival on the mainland in honor of Barbara's return, and then to have ready fast horses for carrying the girl away to the mountains.

In the second act the festival is held, with due regard for local conditions and color. There is, among other things, a dagger dance in which Natoma and Castro take part. Alvarado seizes this moment to throw his *serape* over Barbara and pull her toward the horses; but Natoma rushes forward and plunges her dagger into him. The Spaniards threaten to kill her, but Paul draws his sword and with his sailors holds them at bay. Then Father Peralta holds up his crucifix and allays the fury of the crowd with the words: "Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord." In the last act Father Peralta finds the Indian maiden in the mission church, where she has been crooning an Indian lullaby and singing bitterly of the injustice to her people in the encroaching of the whites. In impassioned accents she now calls upon the great Manitou to aid her in destroying them. The father tells her there is only one God; and by appealing to her love of Barbara succeeds in comforting and converting her. The happiness of her friend alone concerns her now. As Barbara and Paul are kneeling in the aisle she passes through the doorway of the convent garden and the doors close upon her. The church music stops, and after a pause the full orchestra plays Natoma's Indian theme of Fate.

In accepting this libretto as the basis of his first grand opera, Mr. Herbert acted wisely, overlooking its many amateurish qualities of construction and versification for the excellent musical opportunities it gives. There was a time when a librettist was expected to do little more than provide pegs for composers to hang their tunes on. To-day, the pendulum has swung to the opposite extreme, as in Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," in which the music is subservient to the text and of secondary importance. "Natoma" occupies middle ground; some of its lines need music to hide their weakness, while, on the other hand, there is a sufficient number of dramatic moments to keep up the interest in the action; and altogether, the music is of greater importance than the action, just as it is in the operas of Wagner and Verdi.

In one important respect it must be said that Herbert has succeeded where Puccini failed: in providing a genuine American atmosphere for his opera. Puccini is always Italian in his Californian opera, even when he trifles for a moment with an Indian theme or a Foster folksong. Herbert's patriotic songs in "Natoma" are as American as the music of his operettas; the dances of the second act have the true Spanish color, and the Indian themes are really Indian, particularly the Dagger Dance and one of Natoma's songs in the second act. The harmonization is Mr. Herbert's own, as a matter of course, for the Indians have no harmony. Unlike Puccini, who in his last opera almost abandoned the use of leading motives, which had done him such good service in "Tosca" and "Madama Butterfly," Herbert makes effective use of them, not so much in the polyphonic and elaborate Wagnerian way as in the simpler method employed in "Carmen" and "Tosca."

In the music itself there are passages reminding one of MacDowell, Grieg, Dvořák, Puccini, but most of the time we hear the individual voice of Victor Herbert; and what is most surprising is that in only a few places does the music recall the fact that the operetta has been for many years Mr. Herbert's chosen field; nearly the whole of the "Natoma" score is, in the treatment of the solo voices, the chorus, and the orchestra, genuine grand opera. The question whether, besides being genuine grand opera and genuinely American, it is also an operatic masterwork cannot be answered by an unqualified affirmative. But there is as much good music in it as in most of the operas that come to us from abroad, and it certainly deserves a place in the current repertory for years to come. Not only is it by far the best grand opera ever composed in America, but it will doubtless be looked back to, in times to come, as the beginning of a real American school. Among those in the cast Mary Garden, Lillian Grenville, John McCormack, Gustave Huberdeau, Mario Sammarco, and Frank Freisch most distinguished themselves; but the last named, who was trained in England in opera in English, was the only one whose words could always be understood.

On March 4 Henry Holt & Co. will publish "Some Forerunners of Italian Opera," by W. J. Henderson.

After an absence from New York of a year and a half, Luisa Tetrazzini returns to this city, not for opera, however,

but at the head of her own concert company, with which she has been so successfully touring the country since December last, and will be heard in Carnegie Hall on Monday evening, March 6.

It is stated that the number of musical critics who attended the first performance of Strauss's new opera in Dresden was 137. The "Rosenkavalier" will be produced in Paris by the Dresden Opera Company, which will also present, "Elektra" in the same city.

King George has consented, we learn from the *Athenæum*, to deposit on loan at the British Museum the whole of his musical library, which includes the series of Handel autographs presented to George III by John Christopher Smith, amanuensis of the composer; a large volume chiefly in the autograph of Henry Purcell; manuscripts by Agostino Steffani, who was closely associated with Handel. There are also many works by Johann Christian Bach, the eleventh son of Johann Sebastian Bach; a copy of Mozart's early sonatas, Op. 6, dedicated to Queen Charlotte and presented to her in 1765; autograph inscriptions by Mendelssohn; full scores of Wagner and many other composers; an almost complete set of pianoforte scores of Auber's operas. The manuscripts are about 1,000 in number, and the printed music and books about 3,000.

The coming production in Paris of Chabrier's opera, "Gwendoline," and the performance in New York of the same composer's "Briséis" by the MacDowell Chorus on March 3, have awakened interest in the brilliant French musician who died seventeen years ago and to whom this later generation at last is bringing a tribute of recognition. Chabrier was at work on his opera "Briséis" when he died in 1894 aged only fifty-three. Only a single act, the first, was finished, but this fragment has been pronounced a complete work of art in itself. It is a symphonic poem depicting the contrast between Greek paganism, with its joy of life and love of beauty, and the austerity and self-renunciation of the early Christian dogma. The poem by Catulle Mendès is founded on Goethe's ballad, "The Bride of Corinth."

Art

THE ART OF WINSLOW HOMER.

Since for many years I have admired the pictures of Winslow Homer, just this side idolatry, I hate to acknowledge that the first glimpse of the memorial exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum made me wince. It seemed impossible that so many fine works by one hand should be so discordant. Here were so many openings in the wall, but the vistas revealed no principle of harmony. Except for a uniform energy in the work, these pictures might be the product of several men of different ages and training. Here is a man who apparently faced nature with no preferences and preconceptions, and set himself to study almost impersonally her dynamic phases. Plainly, it was the struggle of men with the sea, of the waves with the land, the slow, powerful heave of tropic seas, the poise and buoyancy of boats among threatening billows, the battling of trees with the tempest—in general, a world of ceaseless strife and motion that engaged Winslow Homer's imagination. What is baffling in his art is the absence of formulas. He seems to have had no liking for this or that form of color emphasis, no habits of the hand, no desire to unify or attenuate the rawness of the thing seen. He faces nature with a kind of ruthless impersonality. He repels while he attracts, is distinguished in virtue of a magnificent commonness and a wilfully prosaic probity. He gives a keen and paradoxical sensation that I have encountered nowhere else in art except in the superb and more civilized brusqueness of Edouard Manet. And again in Winslow Homer one frequently sees the great single contour, the direct assertion of color and plane, the general primitive aspect that the neo-impressionists affect without attaining. Had he only consented to be eccentric in color, he might have anticipated the notoriety of Gauguin. As it was, Winslow Homer kept to his studio at Prout's Neck, in view of his beloved sea, and painted with advice of no one, in oblivion of praise or blame.

A kind of primitivism is of the essence of this art. Here is a self-schooled man, free from transatlantic influences, who paints as if Düsseldorf, Barbizon, and Giverny had never been heard of. Christian Brinton, in an interesting essay in *Scribner's Magazine*, has recently celebrated this Americanism of Winslow Homer. And, indeed, in impetuous scorn of conventions and adoration of energy he may be regarded as the most American of men. Yet I feel that the isolated position of Winslow Homer makes him something more or less than American. Obviously, no other nation can claim him; but did we really possess him, or does he by an exceptional and wholly individualistic superiority dominate us? For me he does not fit easily into our American scheme, as Frederick Remington did, but quite disconcertingly evades classification after the fashion of Walt Whitman. And of the two, Whitman was more of our sort, if only for his diffuseness and enormous easygoingness. Nothing of this in Winslow Homer. His mode is concise and tense. Some taciturn trapper or skipper reckoning with natural appearances might paint like this. These pictures have no look of things that are composed or meditated in a studio, but of things that vehemently occur amid the clash of waves and rapids. In this memorial exhibition of some fifty pictures, two or three quite exceptionally have great charm, but without this demonstration I should have supposed it impossible that so many fine works should have of charm just nothing. It may seem a pity to begin our analysis with negations, but this conscious asperity is the central quality of the man, and from it grow both his greatness and his limitations.

Take his last work, the unfinished picture, Shooting the Rapids, Saguenay River. A sweep of inky gray gives the heave of a treacherous shute down which races a birch-bark canoe. Guides at bow and stern strain to keep clear of the rock which reveals itself in a heavy spurt of yellow foam. In the centre a sportsman braces himself with that exhilaration which is just a little qualified by fear. The whole thing is gaunt, powerful, emphatic; the mere indication of the tense distorted faces of the paddlers is caricature of a striking type. It is, let us say it frankly, very ugly, and quite unforgettable. What the artist wanted was clearly the assertion of the heave and rush of the rapids, of the strain of the figures, and for the rest he contented himself with an approximate notation of the local color. And this means that the picture was not conceived in what we call beauty, but in energy that implied nothing more harmonious than nature herself. Had the finished picture attained charm of color or rhythm of line or mass, these qualities would have been secondary and imputed, and it is difficult to imagine that anything charming could or would have been superimposed upon these repellent sooty preparations. Now recall Whistler's truest paradox that the fine picture is finished as soon as begun, reveals, that is, at every stage some principle of harmony and arrangement, and a very serious shortcoming in Winslow Homer's vision and method will be apparent. He is often harsh beyond the needs of his particular form of expression. Observe those masses of white paint—most perishable of pigments—that indicate the uprush of waves shattered on the rocks. That procedure suggests very well the massiveness of the ocean's attack, the formidable hydraulic fact, but how little it suggests the color of such translucent columns or the subtle weaving of festooning curves between sky and sea! In short, while the artist's business, generally speaking, is to make things more orderly than they seem, Winslow Homer, for the sake of anarchic force, has made them less orderly. And here again one recalls Whitman, who, not satisfied with spurning the trammels of verse, created a rhetoric looser than that of prose.

The analogy does less than justice to the magnificent lucidity of Winslow Homer. And I have felt freer to emphasize his sacrifice of the rhythms of form and color to expression of force, because the sacrifice was evidently a conscious one. The harmonies did not escape him; he evaded them. How lovely is the darkling blue and green in the wave depicted in Sunlight on the Coast! How filmy and fairly calligraphic the drift of spray to the left, how pictorial-

ly satisfying the slow roll of the steamer athwart distant billows! The whole thing has a sober, saturated radiance that we shall rarely meet except in the water-colors. Beautiful in tone, again, is the Banks Fishermen, with a dory splendidly poised above a net shimmering with herring. Their metallic lustre dominates the accessory blues and grays of the picture, and a red buoy balanced in green water is a fine note of contrast. Again the coppery flesh colors and leaden hue of the sea in the strange canvas, Sunset and Moonrise: Kissing the Moon, are keenly original and effective. The whole composition—the grim heads that rise abruptly from a dory lost in the trough of the sea, the crest of a wave that licks up to the cold disk of the moon in a sky of slatey violet—all this is most personally invented; much less the cross section of reality than it seems. But it is evident in this and many other pictures that color had no preciousness to him intrinsically. It was a powerful language that told of the motion of things, and rendered facts of farness and nearness, nothing more. Colors to him were instruments, not friends and foes. Of that sense of arbitrary fitness and harmony which is the mark of the great painter he had nothing; and if harmony appears in his pictures, we may fairly suppose that it was not invented, but caught fresh from nature. The thought occurs that one who recked so little of the beauties of color should perhaps have worked in monochrome. And the gaunt silhouettes of Capes Trinity and Eternity are here to suggest what he might have done in this manner. The titanic scale of the subject he has achieved, and with a little more richness and variety in the grays and a pleasanter surface quality, what is a superb study would be a masterpiece. Yet if Winslow Homer had eschewed color, we should be the poorer. His parsimonious palette, based solely upon realistic intention, is, after all, highly symbolical of the coldly destructive seas of the north and of the sturdy folk who cope with ocean for their livelihood. Moreover, it is instructive to see what truth and vigor of color construction can exist apart from tone. That is almost a new chapter in the technique of painting, and it paradoxically links the primitive artist Winslow Homer with such musical anarchists as Richard Strauss and Dubussy who have discovered that musical construction need not imply either melody or harmony.

The last twenty years of Winslow Homer's life were spent in relative seclusion at Prout's Neck, Maine. With occasional flights to the deep woods or the West Indies and Florida, he settled down to two subjects: the sea gnawing at the land, and sea-folk struggling with the sea. The actual clash and fury that shapes the edges of the continent he painted with a force and energy attained by no other artist. It is unnecessary to specify pictures of this type. There are not many of them, for he was a slow worker, but they constitute possibly the most generic achievement that American art has to show for itself. Yet the masterpieces are possibly elsewhere. The best of Winslow Homer's fishermen are seen with a simplicity and largeness that is instinct with style. The most famous picture of this sort is, of course, the gaunt moonlit face of the lookout who rings eight bells. Of equal quality is the picture of the same title, with two figures, which Mr. Stotesbury lends to the memorial exhibition. Here we have the great contours and generalized modelling of Millet, and a true sense of the physical littleness and spiritual might of those hardy men who go down to the sea in ships. Such pictures are more concentrated and less subject to defects of color than the more famous marines. There is in them a hint of manly admiration, the impersonal creator is caught off his guard, and a severe beauty gets into the work.

No estimate of Winslow Homer can be a fair one which fails to take into account the fact that he began as and in essentials remained an illustrator. The civil war liberated him from hack work in a lithographer's shop. Besides war sketches for the wood block which brought him fame, Winslow Homer found time to paint *genre* pictures of army and negro life. He displayed the knack of the journalist draughtsman and something more. A single study, showing negro soldiers lolling on the sunny side of their tent, is in the present exhibition. It has character, and the sky is beautifully painted. The National Academy of Design showed an uncommonly keen sense of merit when it elected him an associate in 1864 and the year after promoted him to full membership. In 1867, being thirty years old, he made the prescribed visit to Paris, whence, unlike thousands of his colleagues, he returned unscathed. For a matter of ten years he roved widely in the forests of Maine and Canada, in the still wild Adirondacks, in Florida and Bermuda, producing more sketches than pictures, and still continuing the *genre* vein that was proper to him as an illustrator. Some of his best work of this sort, fish leaping at the fly, tenting scenes, etc., transcends the stock illustration for the sporting press only by its energy. A picture like Snapping the Whip, with its line of romping schoolboys, shows how undistinguished his vision was as late as 1876. Close inspection of it will show a fine and masculine workmanship. The hand is ready, but the mind still hesitates and does its seeing casually or at second hand. It was not till his fifties that we begin to get pictures of the quality of Banks Fishermen, 1885, Undertow, and Eight Bells, 1886, and it was still a decade before the conviction began to spread that we had a great painter among us. It was a sojourn in Gloucester in 1878 that initiated him into the life of seagoing fishermen, and his finest pictures are more or less reminiscent of this period.

An interesting and not quite explicable episode in his development is his work done at Newcastle, England, between 1881 and 1883. It has an amenity nowhere else appearing in his art. It seems as if England mollified the wanderer. There are even odd suggestions that the sentimentalism of current British painting may have reacted ever so little upon his stern manner. The English sketches have a peculiar flavor. How account for that admirable monochrome, of a lugger, lent by Mr. Drake, in which sit peasant girls with the classic poise of goddesses? Ingres would not have set them down with a subtler line, and Frederick Walker would not have conceived the subject very differently.

Within a few years Winslow Homer was in his retreat in Maine, and his work had already assumed that harshness which was to be his characteristic to the end. What caused this swift and radical reaction from the sweet new style acquired in England is a critical problem of some difficulty. We have no right to pry into the causes of that carefully guarded seclusion at Prout's Neck. Indeed, there is a sufficient obvious cause in the man's hatred of crowds and love of the sea. As for the change of style, it may rest upon the strange objectivity of the man. Where there was atmosphere and picturesqueness he painted it, where it was lacking he scorned to prettify the crude reality. The case may be as simple as that. And yet I fancy the intimates of Winslow Homer could, if they would, give us a more psychological explanation. In any case, I would not press the point of objectivity, for Winslow Homer was much more the conscious personal artist than he seems, his devices being merely unusual and well concealed.

On several occasions, notably at the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo, Winslow Homer chose to be represented by his water-colors. Doubtless he felt in them possibilities of harmony lacking in his larger works. In these water-colors, many of which were made in sub-tropical seas, rules absolute simplicity of statement. They are exhilarating from their calculated audacity. A few sweeps of the brush, an added accent or two, and a blue expanse of quiet sea spreads out before you, or the lush tangle of Everglades, or the lustrous shambling forms of half-nude negroes luxuriating in sea and sunshine. Of the series devoted to American fishing and camping scenes Mr. Huncker has somewhere said with a certain inuendo that they will be liked by those who like

the subjects. The observation illustrates once more the artist's proud habit of abstracting himself from his work. Yet the water-colors show an easier and more likable accomplishment. They never attain the finer and more mysterious harmonies, but they are sonorous in a fashion foreign to the oil paintings. Most of the water-colors betray a very definite illustrative intention. A capital instance is the study for Hunter and Hound. The hunter in a canoe has caught a buck by the horn; the swimming animal drags the boat down stream while a hound paddles desperately in pursuit. The determination of the hunter, the slip of the boat over the water, are admirably expressed. Strident whorls of white indicate the great ripples that enfold the struggling beast. It is a remarkable vision of energy unqualified by any desire for arrangement. And here it is instructive to note the considerable changes made in the oil painting. The crudity of the delineation has yielded to a certain mystery. To the left the river turns in and affords a vista. In short, though the compositional changes are slight and in a manner obvious, they show the artist seeking a greater unity through complexity, working, that is, in the spirit in which good pictures have always been made.

It would be interesting to review the water-colors in the memorial exhibition, but it is better to take collectively those brilliant studies which catch the radiance and slow potency of tropic seas, the swing of moored boats in the shallows, and the battling of sailing craft with the gale. There is an extraordinary sketch of palms searched and shaken by the hurricane. For technical mastery nothing equals the sketch Homosassa, Florida, in which two simple washes do duty for the sunlit front of jungles in foreground and middle distance, while a single murky wash of purple slightly accented suggests the whole complication and mystery of the inner forest. I suppose a painter would unhesitatingly stake the greatness of Winslow Homer on a few of these consummate sketches, and they are indeed among the unprecedented things. They recall vaguely certain triumphs of the Japanese in similar themes, but the American work is swifter, more potent, less schematic. I cannot imagine that work so individual and invigorating will quite be forgotten.

To anticipate the verdict of the future on Winslow Homer would be presumption, yet this much may safely be said: that he bulks large to-day partly because of the debilitated estate of American painting during his lifetime. Whenever painting has resumed a normal force and expressiveness, his peculiar merit of energy will inevitably seem less rare, while in better times than ours his defects in arrangement and tone may well be judged more harshly. Meanwhile his memory deserves the most generous admiration from his contemporaries. If he narrowed himself and sacrificed merits that seemed cheap to him, it was for the sake of truth and intensity. He seems to have had little music in his soul, but he had a blunt and forceful way of saying what he meant. Unquestionably, he has deepened the common vision of our sea and forest and their folk. In short, he did about all that a potent individuality, isolated, unsustained by a sound tradition, can do in our day. A more fortunate age that has arrived at vital formulas may perhaps find his work a shade anarchical, brusque, and incomplete, but such criticism, I believe, will be tempered by profound admiration for a great spirit. The stark apparition of Winslow Homer may remind some future critic that in the off days of art in America we lacked not so much great personalities as a social tradition to give them support and an æsthetically enlightened remnant to afford them companionship.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

A monograph on the life and works of Thomas de Keyser, the Dutch painter of the seventeenth century, is in preparation by Dr. Oldenberg, director of the Old Pinakothek at Munich.

In fitting out the remains of the Baths of Diocletian for the Archæological Exhibition in Rome for the current year, an interesting and unexpected discovery was made of two hitherto unknown swimming-baths, lined with marble, into which broken granite columns and a large quantity of decorated marbles, stone, and porphyry had fallen.

Further discoveries have been announced on the site of Meroë, the ancient capital of Ethiopia. A hoard of gold, including pectorals inscribed with the names of the Ethiopian kings, was found inside two Egyptian terra-cotta vases under the floor of the royal palace, which has now been completely excavated. Another large building of later date, with a central court and numerous halls and chambers, has been outlined. There have also been unearthed a dais and royal throne, and steps adorned with representations of bound captives.

We have received the prospectus of the Société Française de Reproduction de Manuscrits à Peintures, the purpose of which is the integral reproduction of the most precious illuminated manuscripts of France and other countries. The president of the executive committee is Baron Eugène Fould-Springer, 54 Avenue de Jéna, Paris, the vice-presidents are Emile Picot and Henri Omont; the secretary, Count Alexandre de la Borde, treasurer Jacques Doucet. Jules Guiffrey, Count Paul Durrieu, and Henri Martin constitute the committee on publications. The society is to have international scope and admits members of either sex. The titular membership, which includes a copy of the annual publications, is set at one hundred francs annually, the associate membership at twenty-five francs. On payment of an additional seventy-five francs associate members may obtain the publications for any year desired. The first publication, in four volumes, will be the superb "Bible moralisée," French workmanship of the thirteenth century, the severed parts of which are in the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Bodleian, and the British Museum. Eventually the society hopes to create a corpus of the finest illuminated manuscripts. Application for membership should be made to the president.

Fritz K. H. von Uhde, the German painter, chiefly celebrated for his religious scenes, died at Munich last Saturday, in his sixty-third year.

We have to announce the death of two French artists: Anatole Guillot, the sculptor, aged forty-five, was a member of the Société des Artistes Français, and is best known for his statue to Vauban and his sculptures on the tomb of Coquelin at Pont-aux-Dames. Urbain Bourgeois, who died at the age of sixty-eight, was a prominent painter.

Finance

THE RAILWAY RATE DECISION.

The first response of the financial markets to last Thursday's Interstate Commerce Commission decision, refusing to grant the 10 to 20 per cent. advance in rates for which the railways had jointly applied, was a break of 2 to 5 points in stocks. Recovery followed, however; then mere inactivity, and inquiry as to what had really happened. The first comment on the decision was an entirely pessimistic forecast, by various railway presidents, of its effect on general business. Within a day or two, however, opposite views began to be heard. Important railway men pointed out, with Mr. Yoakum, that the situation was in reality just what it had been before; with Stuyvesant Fish, that the decision made for stability in putting an end to agitation both by shippers and by labor; with James J. Hill, that a general rise in rates would merely have started a vicious circle of rising operating expenditure, and with Howard Elliott, that good crops in 1911 were a far more important consideration than higher rates.

The general public, after its first shock of surprise, began to study the text of the commissioners' opinion, and its judgment was considerably influenced thereby. The argument for the railways, as submitted to the Commission by their counsel, has been based on various grounds—on the allegations that increase in wages has increased operating expenses; that cost of materials and supplies has risen; that enormous expenditure has been made for the public convenience in such enterprises as elaborate terminals which were non-productive. Net earnings, it was contended, were consequently decreasing, or were bound to decrease, to a level where satisfactory dividends

could not be paid; accumulation of a proper surplus by the railways was or would be prevented, and the loan market, for these and other reasons, was becoming increasingly difficult as a recourse for raising additional capital.

The Commission's main opinion, prepared by Commissioner Prouty, examines with great thoroughness all of these contentions. In regard to wage increases, it finds from the record that even had last year's higher wage scales prevailed during the whole of 1910, aggregate net earnings of the railways would still have exceeded 1909 by $16,000,000, and that the actual net receipts of 1910, estimated on any basis, were greater than ever before in the country's history. As to railway materials and supplies, the price of such commodities was in 1910 below the average of the past five years, and the Commission believes that general cost to the railways, both of material and labor, "will not be greater in the immediate future than it has been in the immediate past." The plea based on non-reproductive expenditure the Commission admits, within certain limits, but contends that stockholders should share with shippers in the burden of providing the requisite capital.

On the question of maintaining satisfactory dividends, considered in itself, it is pointed out that the amount thus paid in 1910 was greater than ever before in history, that the proportion of outstanding railway stock which now pays dividends has been exceeded in only one previous year (1907), and that the average rate paid in 1910 was more than 2 per cent. above 1901, and, again excepting 1907, had never before been equalled. Finally, the opinion flatly disputes the assertion that railway credit is impaired; the fact that securities can be placed on less advantageous terms than a decade ago being ascribed altogether to the general rise in price of capital, which has affected governmental equally with corporate borrowers.

It has been apparent to every one in touch with the controversy, both before and since the Commission's decision was rendered, that the really perplexing consideration had to do with the railways which were not prosperous; railways which—whether because of unfavorable location, or inefficient management, or too heavy a burden of fixed charges as the result of over-capitalization—were not earning good dividends and therefore could not be classed in the Commission's instances of railway prosperity. These companies at all events, it was alleged, had a right to ask for higher rates.

To test this argument, let it be imagined that the commissioners, after specifying these particular companies, had granted to them the right to impose higher rates and had denied it to their prosperous competitors. Every railway man knows that such a decision would not have solved the difficulty at all. For the weak roads to have put into effect their exclusive privilege of higher rates, would have been to sacrifice their business. Precisely the opposite policy was pursued by the old-time Trunk Line pool in its system of "differentials," whereby a railway with a round-about route or inferior facilities was allowed, in a certain fixed percentage, to underbid the stronger lines in its charges for transportation. That was at least the path of logic. The weaker lines could no more use to-day than they could in 1886 an exclusive privilege of establishing higher rates.

It will perhaps be rejoined that, in adjusting rates for all the railways, the needs of those least advantageously situated must be made the basis. But a little reflection shows to what this principle would lead. Recognizing the fact of a virtual monopoly in transportation, and of a scheme of rates which admits of no competition save in quality of service, the Government is asked to grant such rates as would insure a satisfactory dividend to all the companies in the business. If one railway had been mistakenly located, plundered in the provision of capital and equipment, or neglected and mismanaged in operation, its rates must none the less be raised to a level which would admit of satisfactory return on its outstanding capital. Not only so; but other railways for which existing rates were entirely adequate—whose dividends, averaged one with another, were already high—must also be permitted to charge the higher rates, in order not to prejudice the unlucky lines. In principle at any rate, such a concession would be nothing more or less than guaranteeing a profit to every American railway undertaking, under any and all circumstances, and guaranteeing it through imposing an extra charge on all the patrons of every railway.

There is, finally, the argument that if the railways get larger revenue, they can make larger disbursements in the trades whence they buy materials and supplies. No one disputes that conclusion. But if a 10 per cent. advance in rates will help in such directions, then a 20 or 30 per cent. advance would be even more beneficent, and might serve to create double the present activity among the mills. This, it is true, does not meet the supposable case that railway revenues might have become so low as not to admit of any such purchases whatever, save for bare and immediate necessities. But the Commission failed to find, in the testimony submitted, any evidence of such a position of affairs, present or impending.

These are the aspects of a rather remarkable episode in railway and investment finance. Its longer influence on the general situation is still more or less a matter of conjecture. But this much may be said—that if the decision shall have the effect of inspiring the railways with the determination to increase their earning capacity still further through the application of yet more thorough system and economy, it is possible that at some future time even the recent railway applicants for higher rates will admit their reverse to have been a blessing in disguise. That is, however, a matter for the future. The interesting thing at present is the Commission's testimony, while denying the railways' request, to the real and genuine prosperity of the industry.

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Carus, P. Truth on Trial. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $3.

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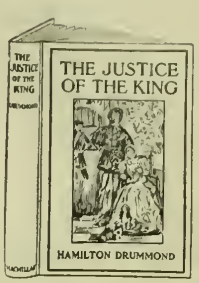

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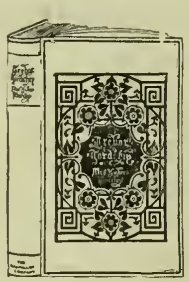

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1911.

The Week

President Taft has chosen an extraordinary time and place to assemble one-quarter of the army for "manœuvres." In the semi-official explanation published Tuesday the step is said to be due to a desire to meet the charge that the army is not ready for active service—and then the troops are ordered to the Mexican boundary along which the Mexican Government is endeavoring to suppress a revolution that grows rather more than less serious as time passes. We should all understand what it meant if Russia were to assemble troops for "manœuvre" purposes on the Turkish boundary during a serious Turkish revolution. The suddenness of Mr. Taft's move will, moreover, inevitably make people believe that the alleged excuse is a transparent sham and that possession of important information as to actual conditions in Mexico is the real reason for the action. Why this remarkable step should have been taken so spectacularly—even the fleet being drawn in—would also seem to deserve an explanation. The regiments could have been ordered out one at a time; the ships could have reached Texas harbors by leisurely stages via Guantanamo. But the celerity of the whole movement, which includes the hasty assembling and dispatching of a regiment of marines, will disquiet the country. Of course, if it is merely a combination of a practice movement and a reinforcement of the boundary guards to prevent more arms and men being sent into Mexico from the United States, that is one thing. If only this is meant, Mr. Taft would have done well to have stated so officially at once.

Secretary Ballinger's resignation removes a load from the Taft Administration. The President himself early came to the conclusion that Mr. Ballinger was the victim of persecution, and it is to this feeling that we are constrained to ascribe Mr. Taft's persistence in adhering to a man whose unfitness for the Secretaryship of the Interior has been amply demonstrated. But the news of Mr. Ballinger's resignation is not more important than that of the choice made for his successor. Mr. Walter L. Fisher of Chicago, whom Mr. Taft names as the new Secretary, is a lawyer of the highest standing, and a man whose patriotic interest in public affairs has been manifested in a variety of ways. The country can now take it for granted that the management of the nation's possessions in charge of the Interior Department will be vigorously conducted. To this end, it is necessary to have at the head of that Department a man who is not merely free from any suspicion of positive scandal, but who is sure to be aggressively vigilant in the protection of the public interests. Stripped of doubtful matter, the case against Ballinger consisted in denial of his fidelity to this standard; and in the judgment of most impartial critics that case was made out.

If we search the scroll of American history for instances where party spirit stooped to pay homage to preëminent virtue, we hit upon the election of George Washington to the Presidency and the election of William E. Lorimer to the United States Senate. On Sunday the Illinois statesman returned to Chicago like an army with banners. Fifty thousand spectators, without distinction of political creed, cheered him from the sidewalks, and three hundred automobiles, without distinction of make, fell in behind his triumphal car. Let not the cynic philosopher be hurried into saying that if the vote in the Senate had been 46 to 40 against Lorimer instead of for him, Sunday's procession would not have taken place. Senator Lorimer was modest when he declared, in his speech of defence, that he was proud of having wiped out the distinction between Democrat and Republican among his constituents. He might have gone on to claim the much higher honor of having wiped out among a good many people in Illinois the sense of all distinction between right and wrong.

Senator Bailey's exhibition of childishness by resigning in a huff on Saturday and then withdrawing his resignation, will still further alienate from him the public regard. With his great legal abilities and oratorical talents Mr. Bailey once bade fair to stand very high in popular esteem and the national councils. But merely because his party associates do not go so far as he does in his antipathy to the initiative, referendum, and recall, which he describes as "socialistic measures," he is willing to quit public office, and the noble Governor of Texas says that he, too, will take his dolls and play no longer if such radical innovations in political procedure should confront him. How statesmanlike, how courageous! No dying in the last ditch for Senator Bailey! Or is it that Mr. Bailey has turned Christian Scientist and would give these political fallacies absent treatment from outside the political arena? We can only say that if a referendum were taken to-day of all those citizens who wish that Mr. Bailey had not withdrawn his resignation, there would be a vote which would intensify his dislike of the recall.

Chicago now has the best chance she has had in years to elect a Mayor who will be something more than a politician. The impressive victory of Charles E. Merriam for the Republican nomination over four competitors by a plurality of 25,000 is doubtless due in part to the failure of the party bosses to agree on a candidate against him, but this is only a favorable augury for him in the April election. As one of the few instances of the college professor in politics, and municipal politics at that, Alderman Merriam has won a national reputation by his insistence upon honesty and efficiency in the conduct of the public business. His election would enable him to give effect to the recommendations of the investigating commission which unearthed bad conditions a few years ago, and of which he was the head. On the Democratic side, there was no such candidate, and the result of the primary is merely the triumph of the strongest faction. Carter H. Harrison, the four-time Mayor, has obtained a narrow victory in a triangular contest in which his leading opponent owed much of his strength to his endorsement by Roger Sullivan. Harrison himself seems to have made an alliance with the most disreputable elements of the

city, although he must have received many votes because of his cheaper-gas and anti-corporation "issues." The joyful celebration of his victory by the followers of "Hinky Dink" Kenna and "Bathhouse" John Coughlin is the sinister indication of the stick with which he is tarred. His last election as Mayor was by the small margin of 7,000 votes.

The cost of the direct primary in Chicago does not appall its champions in Baltimore, in which city the direct primary has been an integral part of the reform that has raised political conditions above those which prevailed in the old Gorman-Rasin days. As the Baltimore *Sun* very sensibly points out, that part of the Chicago expenditure which consisted in enormous outlays by the candidates should be made impossible by law, while as for the part that falls upon the city, which was about the same per head of the population in Chicago as it is in Baltimore, "the results attained are cheap at the price. A good Mayor is a splendid economy, and is cheap at almost any price." The Baltimore Democratic boss is going to try to unhorse the present Mayor, Mr. Mahool, in the municipal primary election to be held a month hence, and the contest promises to be one of the most interesting that have taken place in that city. There can be no question that the interest in municipal politics on the part of the best citizenship of Baltimore has heightened since the introduction of the direct primary system.

City government by commission has received the endorsement of the Buffalo Chamber of Commerce. By a vote of 318 to 31 the "campaign of education" that has been carried on reached its climax, the plan having previously been endorsed by twenty-two of the leading commercial associations. The effect of the vote is to commit the Chamber to using its influence for the passage of the commission-charter bill, providing for a special election upon the question of the adoption of the new system. The bill lodges the power of passing ordinances and administering the city's affairs in a Council composed of the Mayor and four Councilmen. Candidates for these positions are to be presented for nomination by petition, signed by not less than three hundred electors. The two candidates receiving the highest number of votes for Mayor and the eight candidates receiving the highest number for Councilmen, in the official primary, become the nominees to be voted upon finally. The distinction of the Mayor, who is without a veto, is his headship of the Department of Public Safety, which includes the police, fire, and health departments. All city officers and employees are appointed by the Council, subject to civil-service regulations; initiative, referendum, and recall are provided for; and the granting of franchises is expressly reserved to the citizens, the expense of a special election being borne by applicants for the franchise.

That Ruef has actually at last entered upon his fourteen years' term in prison is news of not less than national importance. No single scandal in recent years has been so disgraceful as that attaching to the infamous conditions in California of which the San Francisco boss was the centre; and perhaps the most depressing part even of that depressing history has been the way in which some of the California courts have permitted themselves to be made instruments for the defeat of justice. A short time ago the Supreme Court of California granted Ruef a rehearing on some technicality; and now they have managed to find another technicality that has permitted them to reverse their former decision and let the law take its course without further foolishness. When the whole political system of a State becomes so permeated with rottenness as has been the case in California it is absurd to suppose that courts can be wholly unaffected; and we suspect that the new virtue of the Supreme Court has come not from any well-spring of legal learning, nor yet from any fortunate accident in the way of the presence or absence of a judge, but from the toning up of the atmosphere that came with the election of Gov. Johnson. California seems at last to be entering upon a better era, and the heroic work of Older, Heney, and the others who fought the powers of darkness and seemed for a time to have lost, has not been in vain.

However triumphant the United Mine Workers may feel over their success in forcing their ablest representative to surrender his opportunities as a member of the National Civic Federation, outsiders will regard the victory as dearly bought. Mr. John Mitchell evidently made the difficult choice with regret, and there need be no questioning of his motives; but it does not speak well for the miners that they should have applied the "closed shop" to one of the most hopeful movements for the conservation of industrial peace. The natural interpretation of their action in making membership with them contingent upon non-membership in the Federation is that they wish to be understood as depending upon their fighting ability rather than upon any form of mediation. This is to throw away, or to hand over to the employing corporations, one of their most effective weapons. The public sympathy which has meant much for the miners hitherto has been won in no slight degree by the spectacle of employees professing their willingness to submit their case to impartial judges, with their employers evincing a stubborn reluctance to adopt the same course.

Upon the tragic aspects of the death of Mr. John Carrère it is unnecessary to dwell. They carry their own pang. It seems beyond question that recklessness amounting to criminality, on the part of his chauffeur, was the cause of the accident which killed him. When such a life is blotted out in the purely avoidable perils of our city streets, it certainly reinforces with the utmost solemnity the argument for regulating the operation of street-cars and automobiles in the most stringent fashion. Of Mr. Carrère's high professional attainment we need say nothing here. He has left enduring monuments to it. And his personal charm and worth will live long in the memory of his friends. It is pleasant to note also, in the tributes to him, the warm appreciation of his public spirit. He was not only an architect; he was a citizen, and the beautifying and bettering of the city really meant more to him than his successes in his profession.

A fitting feature of the campaign for increased endowment of Johns Hopkins University is the movement among former students of the Greek department to provide a Gildersleeve Classical Library fund. There are scores of men

all over the land who would not hesitate to say that the privilege of knowing Professor Gildersleeve in his chosen field, and the power to appreciate his genial Hellenic culture, would constitute ample justification for all the hours given to the study of Greek. Certain temporary freaks in philological studies have led many into the apparent belief that the natural effect of devotion to "the humanities" is to dehumanize, but Professor Gildersleeve has shown it possible to put human feeling into so seemingly forbidding a receptacle as a Latin grammar; while every reader of the *American Journal of Philology* knows that the learning which flows into his editorial department under the heading of "Brief Mention" sparkles with some of the most charming wit and humor to be found in the entire realm of periodical literature.

The protest raised by certain Irish members of the Worcester High School board of trustees against an historical text-book which makes St. Patrick a native of England, reminds us that the time is ripe for the organization of an institution of Tailor-Made History, where any person or any community may have its text-books written in accordance with definite specifications. This is not so striking an innovation as may appear at first sight. Let it be recalled that there are really very few unquestioned facts in history, and these undoubtedly stand unchallenged because people have grown tired of questioning them. From the very beginnings of the art, history has been written to support a national, racial, or party thesis. Not infrequently it has been written to please a single individual. If the modern school-boy finds the catalogue of ships in the Iliad a trifle monotonous, the explanation is that Homer felt in honor bound to assign a place in the Trojan war to the ancestor of every Greek squire who supplied the itinerant bard with a good meal and a bed for the night. If there are enough people in the South who wish it put on record that Vicksburg was a Southern victory and that Mr. Lincoln was a secret adherent of the Mohammedan faith, why not do it? And so with St. Patrick. Why not have him born in Ireland in the interests of good feeling? For that matter, why not have him born at Worcester?

The verdict in the case of the friar lands in the Philippines rendered recently by the Republican majority and minority of the House Committee on Insular Affairs, "vindicates" the Government, but plainly conveys the warning, "Don't do it again." A third report, that of the Democratic minority, is yet to be heard, and it may be as convincing to the country as was the minority report in the Lorimer case. So far as the majority is concerned, it upholds the Government's contention that the organic law which prescribes that no citizen can buy above forty acres and no corporation can buy above 2,500 acres did not apply to the friar lands subsequently purchased by Mr. Taft. Perhaps it did not; perhaps there was a legal technicality permitting the sale of larger parcels, but the proper attitude for the Government, we still maintain, would have been to follow the spirit of the organic law and not to violate it because it had some lands it could dispose of in large amounts. It is simply a matter of checkmating special privilege in the Philippines. On his last visit to New York, Governor-General Forbes made it his business to encourage large financial interests to take hold of things in the Philippines—at the very time when the people of this country are endeavoring to shake certain interests out of their too close relations to politics and government. It is merely a question whether the Philippines are to be held for the Filipinos or to be exploited for the benefit of our Trusts. As the minority recommends, Congress should promptly apply the organic law to what remains of the friar lands.

The English Unionists have fallen into an extraordinary state of confusion. The erstwhile dominant party might almost be described to-day as a party without leadership, without principles, and without a programme. The condition cannot be described as one of panic, because panic means a very real state of fear of some very definite object. But the Unionists as a body are not even seriously afraid of anything in particular. Home Rule has failed to galvanize the old passions into new life. Some wild newspaper threats there have been of Ulster insurrections, but no one seems to have taken them seriously except the reporter who prophesied them, presumably at space rates. Other Unionist issues have fared no better than Home Rule. The referendum was never a healthy child; if, indeed, according to the *Morning Post*, it did not come into the world stillborn. Imperial Preference, according to latest reports, has been pitched overboard by the *Daily Mail;* with it goes, presumably, the whole business of Tariff Reform. Unionist opinion on the reform of the House of Lords is a welter; like men doomed, the peers are speaking with many tongues. Worst of all for the Conservatives is the way in which they have exposed themselves to the charge of not keeping faith with the country. Lord Rosebery's ante-election scheme of Upper House reform, like Mr. Balfour's ante-election referendum, has not the backing of the party, and, in the eyes of Mr. David Lloyd George, falls into the class of the unsuccessful election "dodge."

Absolute cohesiveness does not characterize the new French Ministry. M. Jaurès and his followers are represented as receiving the Cabinet with hearty approval. Yet the most conspicuous among the new Ministers is Delcassé, who stands for an aggressive foreign policy, such as the Socialists oppose, and is regarded with special disfavor in Germany, with which M. Jaurès has long urged his countrymen to come to a friendly understanding. The Monis Cabinet, therefore, clearly shows the haste with which it was put together. It is not exactly a composite Cabinet, since the Radical element in it, counting by mere numbers, is predominant. It was bound to be that, under the existing party alignment in Parliament. But the presence of Delcassé in the Cabinet is a gage to the moderate section of the Government majority. With Delcassé putting new life into the badly disorganized Naval Department, and influencing foreign policy by virtue of his former services, the new Monis Cabinet will have gone far toward meeting the demand from conservative Republican ranks for a more efficient policy of national defence. On the other hand, through M. Caillaux, the father of the Income Tax bill, passed by the Chamber, and now being debated in the Senate, and through Paul Boncour, an advocate of the obligatory organization of Government employees into trade-unions, a good-sized olive branch has been extended to the Extreme Left.

ENMITIES WITHOUT PRINCIPLES.

Close observers of the clashes and turmoil with which the session of Congress has ended must have been reminded of Macaulay's description, in his essay on Chatham, of the confusion of English parties during the latter half of the eighteenth century. Whig and Tory fought with the ferocity of the beings that Dante saw struggling in Malebolge, yet like them "each gradually took the shape and color of its foe." The explanation was, according to Macaulay, that "it is the nature of parties to retain their original enmities far more firmly than their original principles." To-day at Washington there may be some doubt about the principles exhibited, but there can be none about the enmities. Party lines are broken across in both Senate and House on one subject after another; political convictions seem to be put on and off as easily as an old glove; but personal bitterness and animosity between factions are intense almost beyond precedent.

Something of this may be charitably attributed to the overwrought nerves of Congressmen. The crowded hours of glorious life in the last days of an expiring session bring their inevitable strain. The sweet tempers of Senators may be made temporarily irascible by laborious days and nights with no sleep except in cat-naps. And there is also the upsetting effect of legislative uncertainties; the struggle over what bills to jettison and what to cling to; manœuvres for position; the secret conferring and plotting and the perfecting of "gentlemen's agreements" which enrage even those making them—to say nothing of the others. All these nerve-racking and manners-destroying disturbances of a dying Congress must have fair allowance, but even when we write off the due abatement on this score, the spectacle which Congress has just presented in its final scramble is not inspiring. It is not simply that parties were confused and leaders at cross-purposes, but that no clear line of policy or definite principle of public action seems anywhere to have emerged.

A special cause of upheaval was unquestionably the project of reciprocal trade with Canada which President Taft so unexpectedly urged upon Congress. It was a veritable dissolvent. His own party in the House was divided by it into two almost equal factions, and the Senate was similarly torn. There, however, a peculiar root of bitterness lay in the suddenness and completeness with which Mr. Taft turned the tables on the insurgent Republicans. That was an incident of the undertaking with Canada, which he may or may not have taken into his reckoning, but which, in any event, has been one of its most dramatic effects. To men who had made complaints of high tariff rates a good part of their oratorical stock in trade, and who had attacked the President openly and repeatedly for having done nothing to lighten the burden of protective duties and ease the cost of living, he presented a measure aiming to do both those things, in a speedy and effective way. The first effect was to fill them with consternation and strike them dumb. But they did not lose their hostility to the President, even if they lost their voices for a time; and presently they made it apparent that they would oppose a plan which, if they were to be morally consistent, they were bound heartily to support. It has been a most depressing exhibition on their part. Good-natured Americans at first laughed at Cummins and La Follette for having been so neatly "dished" by the President, but there is more in it than a laughing-matter when public men retreat from positions which they had taken on high moral grounds, and show that they are governed more by animosity than by principle. And the people are both shrewd and fair in passing judgment on these things. The Senators we have mentioned may retain their political hold in their own States, but it is certain that their standing with the country has been grievously impaired by their running away from their professed convictions on this question of freer trade with Canada. If La Follette should soon venture to speak of the need of revising the tariff so as to do something for "God's patient poor," or Senator Cummins to repeat his speeches on the enormity of a high tariff, ridicule would be sure to be the lot of either.

Even the Republicans in Congress who make great pretensions of supporting the President behaved ill in this business of Canadian reciprocity. Lukewarmness and secret malevolence are sometimes worse than open antagonism. And one has but to read even friendly accounts of the activities of some of the Senators who were supposed to be working hard for the Canadian agreement, to discover how little heart and sincerity they put into their advocacy. Their chief way of holding up the hands of Mr. Taft was going to him to urge him to fold his hands; to consent weakly to a farcical vote; to give up or put off the extra session; to think of the damage which may be done to his party rather than of the good that may be done to his country. There seems to be little doubt that if the Republicans in the Senate who were half-heartedly for the trade arrangement with Canada had been willing to go into the fight with energy and determination, they could have forced the matter to a vote. The Republican party will deservedly suffer, and its leaders will suffer, for having left so deeply upon the nation the impression that pique and enmity and petty motives have been stronger in this Congress than any considerations of a broad and truly national policy.

THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRAMME.

The country has said good-bye to the Sixty-first Congress with the general verdict: "Ill done, bad and faithless servant!" But with this riddance effected, thoughts are turning to the Sixty-second Congress so soon to assemble. Especially is attention given to every indication of what may be the policy of the leaders of the Democratic House. For upon their decision will depend not only the course of legislation and the length and temper of the extra session, but also in a large degree the course of national politics. Counsels are evidently somewhat divided, although a "tentative programme" has been put forth at Washington. This may be nothing more than a "feeler." In any event, it is of the first importance that those who are to be in control of the next House should not let April 4 find them without plans maturely framed and a determination to hold firmly to what has been agreed upon. A merely opportunist session—drifting and rudderless—is of all things to be avoided.

Two rival theories are broached respecting the general scope which should be given to the extra session. One view is that it should be short and business-like; that it should quickly pass the

reciprocity agreement and a few tariff amendments, and then promptly adjourn. Another opinion, however, is held by some Democratic Representatives. They would do the things just specified, but would attempt many more. In their judgment it would be wise to undertake an extensive revision of the tariff, together with other matters of general legislation, while they would have committees put to work investigating all branches of the government, thus dragging the session over the summer and into the autumn, if need be. But the weight of numbers and also of sagacity appears to be distinctly against this plan, and it is well that it should be. Even if the Democrats had both houses of Congress and the President, the country would be in no mood to tolerate a long-drawn session; and if it is simply a question of staying on in Washington for weary months hunting for possible scandals (and the party capital involved in them) and passing bills which it is known in advance that the Senate will not accept, there can be no doubt whatever that the procedure would be justly regarded as a waste of time and money and the popular patience.

The extra session is called by the President to enact the trade agreement with Canada, and the Democrats of the House should pass the bill at as early a date as possible and send it to the Senate without amendment or "rider" of any kind. To amend it is, of course, to defeat it; while to fasten some other measure or measures to it is to cover up the naked issue. The Democrats should make haste to accept the Canadian offer intact, first, because public sentiment demands it; secondly, because they are committed to it, and thirdly, because it is the shrewdest thing they can do politically. They saw last month how like a sword thrust into the vitals of the protectionist party is this arrangement with Canada for freer trade. What could be sounder party policy than for the Democrats to drive it home? Certainly it will not be the Democratic party that will suffer in the eyes of the country if President Taft has to depend upon his political opponents for securing legislation which the Republicans are too split up and too tied up to give him.

After clean and prompt action on Canadian reciprocity, the Democrats may well take up a few of the more offensive schedules in the Payne-Aldrich tariff. In this work the guiding principle is not so clear. Some argue that no tariff amendments should be passed by the House which there is not good reason to think the Senate will agree to and the President will sign. Others contend that the whole law should be torn to pieces and a radical tariff revision pressed to vote, whether the Republicans will bear or forbear. But there is a wise mean between these two extremes, and in it lies the path of safety. Certain changes in the tariff can be attempted with a fair expectation that they will succeed in becoming law. President Taft has publicly declared the existing woollen schedule to be "indefensible," and a deep cut in its duties would therefore be both strategic and justified. Similarly there might be hopeful efforts to revise the cotton schedules, and to remove a number of tariff taxes on the necessaries of life. In addition, it might be advisable to indicate, by bill or resolution, some other tariff reductions and abolitions which the Democratic party would undertake if it had full power. But beyond this it would be folly to go. A long session given up to interminable and profitless tariff debates leading nowhither would be a mistake so huge that even the Democratic leaders ought to be able to avoid it.

What they should keep clearly and continuously in their minds as they approach and enter the extra session is that it is going to be a time of severe trial and testing for them. They are as far as possible from having had from the country a vote of confidence. All that has been given is a vote of want of confidence in the Republicans. The Democrats have merely an opportunity.

THE STATUS OF THE PROFESSOR.

That the American college president fulfils a function and exercises a degree of power that has no parallel in the institutions of learning of the old world has been asserted so often and, so far as we know, has met with so little contradiction, that it is pleasing to find two leading representatives of the college presidency not so much justifying this peculiarity, but rather denying its existence. In the *Popular Science Monthly* for March the editor, in an article under the title "About Dismissing Professors," quotes a comment of President Butler's upon the following remark made in these columns some months ago, in reference to the plans of Reed College, the promising new institution about to be established in Oregon:

> There is a fine opening for a new institution to show what a college can be wherein the personal domination by the president is abandoned, and in its stead we have a company of gentlemen and scholars working together, with the president simply as the efficient centre of inspiration and coöperation.

"The condition described in the last four lines," says President Butler, "is precisely what is to be found at every American college and university that is worthy of the name, and no evidence to the contrary has ever been produced by anybody."

The other utterance to which we have reference is the address delivered by President Van Hise at the recent meeting of the Association of American Universities at Charlottesville, which appears in *Science* for February 17. Doctor Van Hise makes out a very good case for the necessity of the presidential functions, a not inconsiderable part of which case consists in pointing out the extent to which, in many of our colleges and universities, those functions, so far as appointment and promotion are concerned, are exercised only in cooperation with the faculty. If anybody was under the impression that the American college president exercised his powers in the spirit of an Oriental monarch habitually putting this man up and that man down, as suited his pleasure or whim, certainly the facts stated by Doctor Van Hise must show him that he was in error.

The fact remains, however, that in our American colleges the president is not "*simply* the efficient centre of inspiration and coöperation," but is in large measure thought of, and thinks of himself, as the master, or the foreman, or the captain, of a body of men working under his direction; and this fact has a potent influence on the whole character and spirit of academic life in America. The idea of administration, of coördination, of "harmony," plays a part in most of our colleges and universities altogether disproportionate to its value. Nor is the objection to this state of things merely negative. There is positive harm of the most serious kind in

that submergence of self-assertive personality on the part of the professors which inevitably goes with it. It is not an accident that President Van Hise habitually speaks of "the instructional force of the university"; he instinctively thinks of the professors not as an assemblage of individuals, each expected primarily to do his own work in his own way, but as a "force" of employees jointly engaged in the production of a certain output. Nor is it easy to imagine a man who regards himself as "simply the efficient centre of inspiration and coöperation" of the faculty using this language, which appears in an editorial article in the *Educational Review:*

> Truly the academic animal is a queer beast. If he cannot have something at which to growl and snarl, he will growl and snarl at nothing at all.

Whether or not a bill of particulars could be made out, such as would satisfy a judge and jury, in support of the proposition that the presidents of most American colleges dominate them in the way that is generally asserted, we cannot undertake to say. Evidences of a less definite nature, but to our mind quite convincing, are sufficiently abundant. We do not say that it is personally the fault of the presidents; it may be quite as much the fault of the professors, or the fault of something in the national make-up. It may in part be due to the same traits of national character which result in the extraordinary power of the political boss and in the amazing concentration of financial and industrial control in the hands of a few men. But that no need of our university world is keener than the need of an increase in the personal importance, dignity, and self-assertion of the professor, we are profoundly convinced. And it is encouraging to note that on every hand when the issue arises sentiment is strongly manifested on the right side. The dismissal of Professor Ross from Leland Stanford found nowhere stronger condemnation than among men thoroughly out of sympathy with his economic views, but deeply conscious of the importance of professorial independence. The report recently made to the Carnegie Foundation by a mechanical engineer was at once recognized everywhere as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the idea that colleges and universities should be conducted on machine-shop principles. The attempt to get the maximum of efficiency at every point by the exercise of supervision and control, even when not carried to that ridiculous extreme, is destructive of that vitality upon which the true efficiency of a university depends, and which resides in the inherent personal qualities of its professors. It is the permanence of tenure of professors, the undisputed dignity and honor of their position, that have made the great universities of the Old World what they are. And no substitute for the vitalizing influence of these essential elements can be provided by any amount of supervisory meddling or administrative perfection.

THE EMERGENCE OF AUTHORS.

In the latest discourse from the Easy Chair, Mr. William Dean Howells complains whimsically of the people who approach you with a volume in the hand and an eager look in the eye and ask you if you have ever read anything by this new man, Arnold Bennett. Mr. Howells feels called upon to vindicate his reputation as an old voyager in the "uncharted literary seas." He has known Mr. Bennett's work for ever so many years, and he admired the Englishman's talent long before fortune's capricious wave caught him up and landed him high on the hot and baking beach of popularity, only a year or two ago. The Easy Chair proceeds to put an extraordinarily high valuation on Mr. Bennett's novels, without stopping to ask why such good work should have been so long in winning recognition. Yet the case of Arnold Bennett is typical—for England more than for this country, but for us, too, to an unsuspected degree. Observe that this is not the old case of manuscripts knocking at publishers' doors in vain. If it is success to get one's novel into print, Mr. Bennett attained success a dozen years ago. Here is the more remarkable case of nearly a score of printed books of an exceptionally high degree of merit, waiting patiently for justice, or luck, or whim, or whatever power it is that at last gives literary talent its due.

Just to what degree the case of Arnold Bennett is typical of contemporary British writers, the following few names may show. Eden Phillpotts, who in his younger days collaborated with Arnold Bennett, has more than two dozen books to his credit, and of these only a half-dozen have been written since his emergence into broad public notice. W. J. Locke published nine or ten novels before "The Beloved Vagabond." John Galsworthy had written a half-dozen volumes of sketches, novels, and plays, before "The Silver Box" came out, only five years ago. Bernard Shaw began writing about 1880; his "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant" appeared only in 1898, and the "boom" days of the inimitable G. B. S. did not come till Arnold Daly produced "Candida" in New York eight years ago. Even the meteoric Chesterton rose on the firmament with the comparatively sedate speed which we naturally expect in a British meteor; he had written five books before his "Browning" first drew the world's attention. It may seem straining the point to bring in the greatest figure of them all, Thomas Hardy. Yet to the mass of young readers, Hardy to-day is the author of "Tess" and "Jude." But Hardy had begun writing in 1865 and published at least fifteen volumes before the appearance of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in 1891. That Hardy's earliest books comprise his best work, does not destroy the argument. The fact remains that when Hardy wrote "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "The Return of the Native," and "The Woodlanders," he had only a following. With "Tess" he won a public. If one were to yield to the temptation of venturing into unknown seas, the prophecy might be hazarded that some day the public will discover Mr. Charles Marriott, whose fifteen novels have not yet gained him the recognition which his admirable talent deserves.

How is it with us in this country? A detailed statistical study would show that success comes more speedily to the American novelist than to the Englishman. Care must be exercised in drawing up our list of names. If we are to take the "best-sellers" only, the point is proved at the start. Most of our "best-sellers" have been first books or early books; many of them have been, in fact, the writer's only book, a literary flash-in-the-pan and that is all. But draw up a fairly representative list of names, a list that shall include Edith Wharton, Robert Herrick, Frank Norris, Jack London, Winston Churchill, Robert Chambers, and Booth Tarkington. Frank Norris wrote four or five stories before he published "The Octopus," but these four or five stories were written within

two or three years; so that we cannot call his fame long delayed. Tarkington won at the first try with "The Gentleman from Indiana." Winston Churchill was almost as prompt; "Richard Carvel" was his second book. Jack London wrote a half-dozen books before "The Call of the Wild," but was already very well known before that. Robert Chambers seems to be one of those men who, in a now famous phrase, are able to "come back." His "King in Yellow," of eighteen years ago, brought him reputation; then came a long decline, followed by a sharp reascendence which we may date from the "Iole" of six years ago. In the case of Robert Herrick and Mrs. Wharton, we find the expected; their work is of a more serious nature and was slower in making its way. Mrs. Wharton is credited with eight books before the "House of Mirth," though probably we should put the date of her emergence three years earlier at "The Valley of Decision." Mr. Herrick had written nine or ten books before the publication of "The Memoirs of an American Citizen." It will be seen that even Mr. Herrick's or Mrs. Wharton's apprenticeship to fame was much shorter than that of most of the English writers we have mentioned.

It would not do to press the distinction too far. This year or the next may see the emergence in this country of an author who has hurled a dozen volumes against the gates of fame without bursting them asunder. England shows us, on the other hand, a phenomenon like De Morgan—although in his case, it might be argued that De Morgan must have lived a great many novels, even if he did not write them, and that "Joseph Vance" is not really his first book; or shows us a one-book man, like E. F. Benson, who made his "hit" with "Dodo" nearly twenty years ago, and has never risen so high again in no less than twenty-five attempts. But broadly speaking, the distinction between American and English authorship holds. Our writers "win out" more easily.

WEALTH AND IDEALISM.

The ordinary exhortation directed to rich men is, it must be confessed, apt to be both flat and unprofitable. It is too much like guides to fashionable society written by old maids in a fifth-floor hall bedroom. That is to say, there is too little fellow-feeling about it, too alien a point of view, not enough knowledge of the facts from the inside. Most clergymen and moralists are poor men, by hypothesis, yet they are the ones who oftenest appeal to the wealthy and endeavor to waken them to their opportunity and duty. The result must create in the minds of the persons addressed a sense of strangeness. "The fellow doesn't know what he is talking about," we can easily imagine them saying. But they would never think of saying it to Major Henry L. Higginson, who has an article in the March *Atlantic*, "A Word to the Rich." This author knows at least what great possessions are from personal experience, and hence his language is not that of one moving about in a world not realized.

Major Higginson's article is somewhat discursive—not to say disconnected—but through it all there runs a fine insistence upon the one thing needful. This is that rich men should not allow themselves to be crushed under the heaps of their own gold, but should preserve, along with the sense of power and the command of luxury which their wealth gives them, a sort of personal and public idealism in which they may find keener and more durable satisfaction than in great riches. Identifying himself with the men of his own generation, Major Higginson recalls the generous enthusiasms and patriotic kindlings which inspired the youth of this country in the years just before the civil war, and makes it clear that he regards such aspirations for service and promptings to spend one's self in great causes as more precious than rubies.

There is implied, too, in Major Higginson's article an argument which is at least as old as Solomon, but which is capable of being put with fresh power in the case of all forms of self-indulgence by the moderns. It is the argument from satiety. The exceeding weariness of sin is not so frequent a topic in the pulpit as the exceeding sinfulness, but it is one which might oftener be expounded to edification. And certainly no aspect of the strivings of those who heap up money without knowing how to expend it except in ostentation, is more notable than the fact that they get insufferably bored by the whole process and entanglement of their luxurious living. One cannot have more than so many automobiles, yachts, country-places, pictures, libraries, jewels, and when they are piled up simply for their own sake, it must be a common experience to feel that only labor and sorrow have gone into the accumulation and that even the enjoyment of them is perilously near a sensation of being satiated. A wealthy man must crave variety as much as another, and the mere outlay of great sums in the ordinary ways soon ceases to have any novelty about it. Walter Bagehot said that it was an inspiring discovery to an English nobleman to find that nothing in the world was so much fun as work; and Major Higginson plainly intimates that a great many rich men are in need of some object outside of themselves and their families and their business upon which to wreak their latent idealism. They need it for their own good. The "hopeless rich," as they have been called, are so because their very abundance takes the zest out of life. Struggle is tonic for us all; and when a man has no longer to strive in order to make a fortune, he may still get the benefit of effort and the pleasure of contest by flinging himself into some arduous work of philanthropy or social reform. Out of what he spends merely of his money for such purposes, he will get much more than he possibly can from any personal extravagance. Rich men need quickening ideals to cherish and realize, as much as the country needs rich men with such ideals.

There is one matter which Major Higginson does not definitely go into, though it is latent in his article. We mean the chance which men of great wealth have to meet and break attacks upon their class by a noble use of their large means. We do not believe in attempting to classify men and women by social ranks. Passions, ambitions, weaknesses, virtues are much the same in all walks of life. Avarice and greed are as often met among the poor as among the rich. But there are certain defects of human nature, certain vices even, which the possession of great wealth may make more conspicuous and more hateful. Senseless display, a crass materialism, the plunging year after year into a round of pleasure-seeking, an apparent cool ignoring of the fact that mighty evils threaten and great causes beckon—all these things are made doubly repellent when the very rich practise them on a great scale and in a glittering light. And the surest escape

from them is the steadier cultivation among those with great fortunes at command, first of the perception that all this mammon-worship is essentially vulgar, and then of the conviction that they need to marry idealism to their wealth. Let them more often employ their riches upon the things of the spirit—culture through books and art and music—and let them also know the joy of combat with social and political dangers—with disease and ignorance and crime and corruption—and they will not only be stopping the mouth of the scorner but filling their own hearts with a new sense of the happiness and dignity of life.

THE CRETAN DISK.

LONDON, February 21.

It is not often that an "antiquarian old womanry" (as Sir Walter Scott says) illustrates the workings of the human intelligence and its liability to "suggestion" so strangely as does Dr. Hempl's article "The Solving of an Ancient Riddle" (*Harper's Magazine*, January). The riddle is the picture-writing stamped on a disk of clay found at Phæstus in Crete. The pictures of the costume of men and women are like nothing known to us in the art of prehistoric Crete; the dirk is unlike a Cretan dirk, the ship has no mast and is not like ships in Cretan art. But all the objects are well and freely drawn, though the fat woman is designed with no flattering hand. The date is supposed to be not later than 1600 B. C.

We do not know what people used this kind of picture-writing, or rather printing. But one thing seems certain and another thing probable. Each set of signs within its little framework stands for a word. Next, as Edouard Meyer had observed before Dr. Hempl made the same conjecture, an oblique stroke under some of the characters probably answers to the *virâma* in Sanskrit, and, if so, cancels an *a* implied as the vowel in a sign standing for a consonant and a vowel, say *ta*, for example. Thus it is a fair working guess that each sign stands for a *syllable*, as in the characters which the people of Cyprus used long after the rest of Greece wrote in the Greek alphabet.

Dr. Hempl knew no language except Greek which might be current in the eastern Mediterranean about 1600 B. C. We know that in Crete much later, and in Cyprus (probably), one non-Greek Indo-European language was used, if not two; but, as no one understands that tongue, Dr. Hempl tried Greek in his experiments. Some of the pictures, as of a man's head, a woman, a little boy, a ship, a shield, a tunny fish, a hide, an axe, were unmistakable, and the first syllable of a Greek word for each could be tentatively used where such characters occurred. But there are at least a dozen signs which represent objects of unknown or doubtful nature. We can only guess at the names of the plants and of several enigmatic objects. In more than a dozen cases out of forty-five signs, it seems to have been necessary to find syllables that would fit in with those taken as provisionally ascertained, and then to look in the dictionary for words beginning with these syllables, words that might be names for the enigmatic objects represented.

What Dr. Hempl takes the names of some of the odd objects to be, I cannot even guess: for example, a thing that might be a knobby mace with a smooth handle, or might be an eccentric flageolet; and another that might be a key with two "business ends," or a comb, or even a schematized fortification. The head of a man, either wearing an earring resembling the figure of eight, or tattooed with a figure of eight—how are we to know the name of this sign? The figure of eight (8) is the sign for *le* in the writing of Cyprus, but that does not carry us far.

However he managed it in these cases, Dr. Hempl made out the forty-five signs to his own satisfaction, and published a transliteration into Greek characters, and a translation, of the first nineteen words.

I was much interested and consulted better scholars than myself. They said that all was guesswork, but one archæologist added that there was no way except guessing. Still, when Dr. Hempl guessed that a sign meant a water lily (*nymphaion*), where Arthur Evans saw a star anemone; and guessed a lily (*souson*), where I and Mr. Evans and Dr. Pernier saw a saffron flower (the result being to give either *kroto* or *soto*), while some words as *labropodês* (for a man supposed to be running, though he may be doing something else) could not be early Greek, the whole affair began to waver like a vain dream.

Again, the learned said that the words produced "were not Greek," and I could only reply that they might once have been Greek—which was not reckoned satisfactory. Again, skeptics asked, Is it likely that eight words out of nineteen should begin with the preposition *apo* (meaning "from")? To this I could only reply that granting the words to be words, whatever the language, eight out of nineteen words *did* begin with the two characters rendered *apo* by Dr. Hempl.

Not one of the eminent scholars made an experiment by applying Dr. Hempl's syllables to the side of the disk which he did not translate. To do this was left to an ingenious amateur. He told me that the operation was "as easy as shelling peas," and produced a Greek transliteration which he kindly translated. Again, the Greek was very, very unusual Greek, and "the statements" made in it "were tough." Still, two curious points came out: First, the process yielded the proper names Athene, Mamersa, and the amateur discovered, what neither of us had known, that Mamersa *was* an old cult name of the goddess Athene. Here, we said, is a coincidence that can scarcely be the result of mere chance: there *is* Greek at the bottom of this! Secondly, it was found that the vowels coming after each of two double consonants (as *pt rg*) followed certain rules observed (though we had not known it) in the Cyprian form of writing in syllabic characters. The rules are too intricate to be explained here, but they were followed by the picture-writing. None the less, the results in words were very eccentric, and described some extremely peculiar proceedings.

Now a change came o'er the spirit of our dream, a fatal change! We had never liked the eight *apos* or "froms" in nineteen words. We had guessed that one word could only occur so often, if it were an exclamation, like *Aoi* in the "Chanson de Roland," or an invocation, like "Lord!" in our Litany. At this point, to quote an old Greek epic, "came the Amazon." Dr. Hempl had got his eternal *apo* by supposing the crested head of a man to stand for *anêr*, and taking the *a* of that word; while he conceived *boagrion* to be the Greek word for the round shield, turned *bo* into *po*, and thus obtained *apo*. But now the Amazon, a young lady of much erudition, said, "Take the *an* not the *a* from *anêr*, and take *sakos* as the Greek word for the shield, and you have *ansa*, not *apo*."

But here comes in the artfulness! You cannot, if you are writing in signs which denote not letters but syllables, write *ansa*. The double consonants (*ns*) can, in syllabic writing, only be *anasa*, or rather *an-as-sa*. *Anassa* in Greek means "Queen"; we have Athene in Dr. Hempl's version, and *Anassa*, "Queen!" like our "Lord!" is a repeated invocation to a divine being, Athene in this case.

This, it will perhaps be admitted, is neat and good. But, whatever syllables the two signs—the crested head and the shield—really stood for, one thing becomes clear. Every Greek object had several names. Though the crested head is that of a man, it is also that of a warrior, *hêrôs*, *polemistês*, or what you please. The word *boagrion* for a shield occurs but once in the Iliad, while *sakos* and *aspis* for a shield occur as often as a shield has to be mentioned, and so on with the other objects. The stout matronly lady may stand, not for *gunê* "woman," but for *mêtêr* or *maia*, "mother" or "nurse." The little naked boy need not be *pais*, he may be *nêpios*. The female breast need not be *ta* (indeed, I do not know what it should be), but *ma*; *maza* being Greek for a breast.

The bird of prey need not be a hawk, but, as Mr. Evans thinks, an eagle; and that yields a syllable which does not suit Dr. Hempl.

The amateurs now threw most of Dr. Hempl's syllables to the winds; chose, on his own principles, other syllables derived from other names for the objects designed in the picture-writing; got rid of his "robber," and his "spoils," and his imposing "Zeus," and his "silence," and produced quite a pious and pleasing invocation to Athene. But the whole decipherment and interpretation changes color hour by hour like a chameleon, while the amateurs laugh frequently over their own results.

Nothing may come of these amusing experiments, for I do not see how we can ever be sure that any interpretation is the right one. But experiment is so far valuable that it seems to prove the entirely hazardous and arbitrary nature of the whole method of decipherment. Unluckily there is, at present, no other method open to us. ANDREW LANG.

FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN.

The novelist who passed away in Berlin on the twenty-fourth of February, —his eighty-second birthday—was the last representative of a remarkable epoch in German literature. In the decade of 1850 to 1860 appeared three novels which deeply stirred the public mind of Germany—Gutzkow's "Ritter vom Geiste," Freytag's "Soll und Haben," and Spielhagen's "Problematische Naturen." All these novels became part of the liberal gospel of Germany, which, unable to make itself heard in the political arena during the period of reaction following 1848, found expression in literature. Gutzkow had been one of the leaders of Young Germany, of whose poets and writers of fiction Börne could say, with considerable justice: "In Germany, literature has always served as a vent to politics." The "Ritter vom Geiste," like Gutzkow's subsequent "Zauberer von Rom," owed its literary effectiveness largely to its being a powerful political tract; Freytag's "Soll und Haben," with its pictures of social contrasts, was invested by the public with a political significance which, intrinsically, it never possessed; Spielhagen's "Problematische Naturen" alone was enjoyed both for its political background and its fascination as a story.

Up to the time of the publication of this novel, in 1860, Spielhagen had led the typical life of the German student, struggling toward the pursuit of literature. He began the study of law, then turned to philology and philosophy, tried his hand at teaching, wrote verses, and published translations from foreign languages. In his volume of reminiscences ("Finder und Erfinder"), he speaks of the enthusiasm with which he took up the translation of American writers. He rendered into German George W. Curtis's "Nile Notes of a Howadji," and Emerson's "English Traits," and published a volume of "Amerikanische Gedichte." In a recent letter to the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, he referred with modest simplicity to his interest in American literature more than half a century ago. None of his early literary ventures was pecuniarily successful, and his discouragement, sharpened by the sad outcome of his historic attempts, led him to rid himself, Goethe-like, of his regrets and world-weariness by giving them a literary form. He himself was to be the hero of his novel, the "Problematische Naturen," whose title he borrowed from one of Goethe's aphorisms.

The success of this work was not confined to Germany. It was translated into many languages, and in England and Russia in particular it was taken up as a mirror of German civilization, and gave rise to much philosophical speculation. Yet the problematic characters of the novel are as old and universal as human doubt and weakness and the protest of the unsuccessful against the existing order. But what captivated the German public was the new setting given to the irresistible Byronic Don Juans and unhappy Wilhelm Meisters, who, at the close of the story, mount the barricades of the revolution of 1848, and in their heroic death atone for their useless lives; while readers beyond the fatherland were won more by the vivid scenic effects in which Spielhagen always excelled than by his fervent denunciation of the barriers between the German middle class and the aristocracy.

Spielhagen possessed, in a far greater degree than either Gutzkow or Freytag, the ability to read in the book of Nature. He had the gift of weaving natural phenomena into the framework of his story, so as to make them serve an allegorical purpose. He knew both the mountains and the sea thoroughly, and his descriptive power was very considerable. In his "Hammer und Amboss" (Hammer and Anvil) there is a famous scene in which a raging storm in the Baltic is utilized to show the power of a noble-minded director of a prison to sway the emotions of its inmates, and compel them to erect barriers against the advancing tide, thereby saving the lives of the villagers at the risk of their own.

The antagonism between democracy and conservatism appeared again, accentuated still more strongly, in "Die von Hohenstein"—a gloomy picture of a degenerate aristocratic family, with the revolution of 1848 as its background. Several other of the subsequent novels, "In Reih und Glied," "Allzeit voran," and "Ultimo," deal largely with political questions of the day, while "Sturmflut" typifies the economic crash of 1873. "Hammer und Amboss," with its glorification of labor as the panacea for all social evils, is reminiscent of Freytag's "Soll und Haben." In all these novels the obvious *Tendenz* is subordinated to the interest of the plot. Spielhagen was a born story-teller and held his readers throughout his long novels, with all their frequent verbosity, by his skill in grouping numerous sharply defined episodic characters around the central figures, and, above all, by effective appeals to German sentiment. He was less successful in his portrayal of the men of the day whom he here and there attempted to introduce, or at least intended to suggest. Thus, one of the characters of "In Reih und Glied" inevitably recalls Lassalle, but the picture of the socialist leader is blurred and unimpressive, either as truth or fiction. There is much charm, of a simpler and more direct kind, in his shorter novels, such as "Was die Schwalbe sang."

As a dramatist, Spielhagen never rose to the importance of Gutzkow and Freytag, nor are his æsthetic writings likely to survive. But his influence on his time was undeniably great, and it is to be hoped that the example of his idealism, modesty, and fidelity to principle may not be lost upon a later generation. He retained to the end many of the characteristics which distinguished him in his student days, when, as his colleague, Adolf Strodtmann, said, he "always spouted Goethe, Shakespeare, Homer, and Sophocles." His friendships were notable. He early appreciated Carl Schurz, whose fellow-student he was at Bonn, and he was firmly attached to Berthold Auerbach. In his preface to "Auerbach's Briefe an seinen Freund Jakob Auerbach" he paid a glowing tribute to the novelist whose talent and ideals were kindred to his own. But unlike Auerbach and Gustav Freytag, Spielhagen never gave his full adhesion to the new Germany. He remained in many ways the old Forty-eighter. His attitude toward the later literary currents in Germany was, however, one of sympathy. In the preface to his reminiscences he welcomes any honest effort to seize the subjects of the hour, provided the poetic impulse, whether idealistic or realistic, be genuine.

Much has been said of the indebtedness of Spielhagen to foreign models. "Hammer und Amboss," in particular, has been traced to the influence of George Sand, and, with more justice, to that of Dickens. There is undoubtedly a more than accidental resemblance—in the autobiographic form, the double marriage of the hero, the character of the heroine—to "David Copperfield"; but the two novels, needless to say, are wide apart in treatment and artistic value. German criticism has always been prone to force the note of resemblance between the novelists of Germany and those of other countries. The truth is that German literature, rich as

it is in so many fields, has neither a Dickens, nor a Balzac, nor a Tolstoy—perhaps not even a Sue, to whom, in some features, Spielhagen might have been compared. The greatest of German novelists have been overpraised by their patriotic compeers. Gottfried Keller has been called by Heyse the "Shakespeare of the novel," and of what indiscriminate laudation has not Heyse himself, refined and artistic as he is, been the subject. It may be doubted whether either Gutzkow, or Freytag, or Spielhagen himself will long live in literature, at least in the world-literature of Goethe. Of all the German writers of fiction who found fruitful themes in a time of political foment, and amid petty surroundings, perhaps Fritz Reuter, the Low German humorist, is alone to be permanently numbered among the classics. Humor is a great preservative. But who can tell? There is, says Sainte-Beuve, no recipe for making a classic.

GUSTAV POLLAK.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Under the title of "The Romance of Book-Selling," Frank A. Mumby has published, through Chapman & Hall, a history of bookselling and book-publishing in England since Anglo-Saxon days to the present time. In a preliminary chapter also is included some account of the books of the ancients and the beginnings of book-publishing in Greece and Rome. In his octavo of upwards of five hundred pages, he has gathered from various sources much interesting history relative to the restrictions which the authorities put upon printers and booksellers in the days of Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I. Dryden and Tonson come in, Pope and Curll, Dr. Johnson and Dodsley, and so down to the *Times* Book Club, the formation of which was an event that upset the English book trade more than anything else in recent years. Early decrees and documents are reprinted, mainly from Arber's "Transcripts of the Stationers' Register," and reproductions of old title-pages and portraits are numerous. The latter portion of the book treats of the last half-century and the principal English publishing houses of the present day, the Longmans, the Murrays, the Macmillans, Chapman & Hall, William Heinemann, and others; portraits of many of the present heads of these houses being given. A Bibliography of forty pages and an Index complete the book.

The first volume of the "Minutes of the Executive Council of the Province of New York," 1668-1673, the latest work of our able State historian, Victor Hugo Paltsits, while primarily for the historical student, is a book to interest also the collector of New York material, if for no other reason certainly for the reproduction, size of the original, of the large plan of Manhattan Island, made during the Governorship of Richard Nicolls and generally called the Nicolls map. Among other reproductions in the volume are Robert Rider's survey of Long Island, 1670, from the original in the collection of the New York Historical Society; the articles of surrender of New Netherlands in 1664 (a printed Dutch broadside, from the original in the New York Public Library); and the signatures of witnesses and the marks of the Indians on the deed conveying Staten Island to the colony in 1670. The text of the Council's Minute Book is printed exactly (the types for some of the abbreviations having been specially cut) and profusely annotated. A number of important and collateral and illustrative documents, including several relating to the Island of Nantucket, then included in the colony of New York, have been added.

The Society of Iconophiles has just distributed to members "The Hudson-Fulton Celebration," by Gustav Kobbe, with a preface by William Loring Andrews. It is a handsomely printed square 8vo, of which 106 copies have been printed on hand-made paper and 16 copies on Japan paper. There are six engravings by Francis S. King. It will be sought after by collectors of William Loring Andrews's books.

For many years Prof. George Herbert Palmer of Harvard University has been collecting editions of "The Temple" and other books by or relating to Herbert and his hardly less famous brothers, and he has now printed privately a "Herbert Bibliography," which is, in fact, a catalogue of his own collection. The "Bibliography" is divided into several classes. Group i is made up of biographies of Herbert; Group ii of manuscripts, the two principal items being transcripts of manuscript volumes in the Bodleian Library and in the Williams Library, London. The third group is made up of George Herbert's writings, other than "The Temple." Groups iv and v are editions of "The Temple"; the first, containing sixteen titles, describes the first thirteen editions, printed during the century following Herbert's death, and the second modern editions. Prof. Palmer has not been able to procure a copy of the rare variation of the first edition with undated title-page, of which there are copies in the Hoe and Huth libraries, and which, ever since the days of Lowndes, has been called the actual first edition. There can be no doubt, however, that the dated title-page was the earlier and the one printed with the book. Groups vi and vii comprise the writings of the brothers of Herbert and of Nicholas Ferrar, his "spiritual brother." Group viii describes miscellaneous books relating to Herbert, and Group ix a short list of Desiderata. The four titles of books which have eluded Professor Palmer's diligent search are:

"Le Cento & Dieci Divine Considerationi de Juan de Valdes." Basel, 1550.

"De Veritate." By Edward Herbert, Lord Cherbury. Paris, 1624.

"A Translation of Certain Psalms." By Lord Bacon. London, 1625. This was dedicated to Herbert.

"The Synagogue. In Imitation of Mr. George Herbert." [By Christopher Harvey.] London, 1640.

Correspondence

THE SENATORSHIP IN COLORADO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would hardly be possible to produce a more cogent argument in favor of a change in the election of United States Senator than is afforded by the Senatorial contest now going on in this State. Colorado is naturally Republican, that is to say, if all the sections which are inclined to Republican measures could be harmonized, the State would generally vote the Republican ticket. Leaving aside a rather small section of insurgents, there is in the regular ranks a struggle, more or less pronounced, for leadership between the present Senator, Simon Guggenheim, and W. G. Evans. Meanwhile there is a very pronounced division in the Democratic ranks; one section is headed by the present Mayor of Denver, R. W. Speer, who is commonly supposed to work in harmony with the Republican wing, controlled by W. G. Evans, in at least so far as respects the promotion of the interests of the public utility corporation.

Another wing of the Democratic party, known as the "platform" Democrats, because they stand for certain progressive measures advanced in the Democratic platform at the last State election, is led by such men as Gov. Shafroth and Alva Adams, the latter long a prominent man in the Democratic party and an ex-Governor. This section of the party finds expression through the *Rocky Mountain News*, owned and so controlled by former Senator T. M. Patterson, who is a bitter personal enemy of the present Mayor, R. W. Speer.

From this condition of things results the following situation in the Senatorial contest: The Republicans, in the minority in the Legislature, have as their candidate Joel F. Vaile, a man of ability and culture, but a corporation lawyer, and incapable of election unless by Democratic votes. Each wing of the Democratic party has a candidate, Robert W. Speer of the "City Hall" Democrats and Alva Adams of the "platform" Democrats. Other candidates have been announced, but none who has any chance of election except as a compromise candidate, and of such a solution of the contest there is at present no indication. If the election should be made by the people, probably no one of the prominent candidates would stand a chance of election.

Now, what is the determining factor in this contest? Simply and purely the purposes of the "interests." No one will go from Colorado to the United States Senate who is not the servant of the "interests," unless the situation is so prolonged and public opinion, irrespective of party, becomes so aroused as to compel the members of the Legislature to register that will in their choice of a Senator.

One further element comes in to complicate the situation. If Mayor Speer should be elected, he would have either to retain his office of Mayor till the end of his term, more than a year distant, or by resigning allow the control of the city officers and patronage, and the sometimes determining influence of the police on elections, to pass into the control of the Republican party, since his successor, under the city charter, would be a Republican.

In spite of this, however, I think there can be no doubt that the only obstacle to the purchase, directly or indirectly, of enough Republican and "platform" Democratic votes to elect R. W. Speer is the sensitive state of public opinion with respect to bribery in Senatorial elections. With the example before us of the Lorimer investigation and debate in the Senate, it grows

somewhat dangerous to adopt "raw" methods such as formerly were soon forgotten.

P. J.

Denver, Col., February 20.

SHAKESPEARE'S LEARNING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the last volume of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, the argument presented in the "To the Reader" seems fairly to be summarized as follows: The plays are recognized as wonderful; scholars are amazed at the knowledge of the classics in them, lawyers at the law, travellers at the minute accuracy of the descriptions of foreign cities; they show a keen critic of court etiquette and French soldiery; the only possible man of the time with this encyclopædic outlook was Francis Bacon. Both in the original and in the summary there seems a *causal* connection implied, namely, that the plays are wonderful because of the knowledge, and because of the knowledge Bacon is the author. But, stated thus baldly, the fallacy is obvious. It is not because the author "had by study obtained nearly all the learning that could be gained from books" that the Elizabethans went to see the plays, or that we to-day read them; but it is because there is to be found in them wonderful characterization expressed dramatically, namely, before an audience. And this audience is what the scholars seem to forget. For by it is the dramatist limited, since profundity of thought or skill in allusion is good or bad, artistically, exactly in proportion as the thought is comprehended or the allusion understood. Thus the question of the actuality of the "port" at Milan is beside the mark; the dramatist must have assumed that the audience was either ignorant of the geography, or else cognizant of the internal canal system. As the second is not credible, the choice of Milan as the "port" suggests, not a reckless dramatist sporting with his audience, but frankly an ignorant or careless one.

Thus, the time has come to protest, in the name of Shakespeare, against the innumerable notes which disfigure his works. Although, owing to the change in idiom and the transient nature of allusion, some, of course, are necessary, annotations too long have been used as vehicles for the display of the annotator's erudition, that note being the most valued which is farthest afield. This is illustrated by the Shakespearean use of "Hyrcan" tigers in "Macbeth," "Henry VI," and "Hamlet." Turning to the Variorum for the elucidation, you find that one critic refers to Pliny, another to Daniel, another to Riche, while the Clarendon Press edition sapiently gives an account of Hyrcania, and records that in Holland's translation of Pliny the rhinoceros is mentioned on the opposite page. Of course, actually, as Rolfe mildly suggests, the comparison is taken from the 367th line of the Fourth Book of the Æneid, "Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres." As the key word, "Hyrcan," does not appear in Surrey's translation (1557), or in Stanyhurst's (1552) —I have been unable to see the Phaer—we may safely infer that on the part of both author and audience it presupposes a knowledge of Virgil in the original. But this is precisely what we should expect. To a degree impossible for us, with our long background of English classics, and the innumerable outpouring of the daily press, the Æneid was the one great poem of the Renaissance. They studied it in school and they read it in old age. And of all parts of the Æneid the fourth book was precisely the one that captivated their imaginations. Consequently, a comparison drawn from that was exactly as intelligible as "storied windows" or "dim religious light" would be to-day. And the use of it does not imply a first-hand knowledge of either Hyrcania or tigers.

John M. Berdan.

New Haven, Conn., March 1.

OPEN WINDOWS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Well-meaning people unfamiliar with different social planes of life have wondered much that lung and throat diseases increase so rapidly and do so much harm among the poorer classes during the winter months. Medical statistics prove that, with the advent of cold weather, "dirty air" diseases carry off a disastrously large proportion of urban population with startling regularity. This particular sort of mortality ceases in a large degree as soon as warmer weather comes. The inference is drawn, probably correctly, that foul air is the cause. In summer fresh air is admitted to the living and sleeping rooms, and in winter it is not. Throat and lung diseases are prevalent in winter more than in summer. Cause and effect! Remove the cause, and the effect disappears. Let us preach the crusade of fresh air to our ailing brethren, say the social workers. Let us show them the advantages of opening the windows of their dwelling houses and admitting God's fresh air, laden with life-giving oxygen.

The laboring man, with a family to support on $1.75 per diem, does not respond with due alacrity and enthusiasm. He will not open his bed-room window when the thermometer is hovering around zero. In fact, he is very set and obstinate about the matter. The sciolistic philanthropist recoils with disgust. He has pointed out to his ailing brother a remedy, cheap and efficient, that will abate the greatest scourge of modern times: consumption; and the ailing brother will have none of it. So simple, so easy—all you have to do is to raise the window, and you have an end to lung and throat diseases.

Suppose we look at the other side of the question, and examine it from the point of view of the man with a family on a small wage.

Why won't he raise the window in his bedroom at night? The answer is simple and primitive: Because of the cold. Admitting that the outside air is cold, why not put on more bed clothing and keep the body warm while breathing pure but chilly air. Answer: Because the man hasn't the bed clothes. Why can't he get the proper bed clothes? Because they cost too much. What kind of clothing should a man wear in our changeable rigorous Northern climate in winter? Wool, by all means. Is it expensive? So expensive that it is beyond the reach of the poor man; wool is a luxury in the United States. Why do so many poor people come to an untimely death in this country? Answer: The tariff on wool.

M.

Chicago, February 28.

GREEK IN THE NEW YORK SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The crisis in the final attack of the modern materialistic school of educators upon the humanities has come in New York city. The first blow has fallen in the abolishing of the Greek department of the Flushing High School, No. 20.

I had long been curious to learn whether the English study of the classics or the American training in English subjects really produced the more general reading of English literature. In 1908 I began a systematic attempt to see how far an ignorance of classical mythology might be responsible for the indifference to good reading among the school children of the United States. Taking mixed classes of boys and girls in New York city who were of college age or nearly so, and most of whom were fitting themselves to enter college work, I began to use a series of questions testing each pupil in the amount of information he possessed in those three great literary storehouses of the race, the Scriptures, mythology, and chivalry. The results were discouraging. The objection always brought against Milton was the necessity for using a classical dictionary when reading the "Comus." After weeks of preparation more than half the classes failed upon questions involving mythological names. It is true that the homes represented were often of the peasant or artisan class in Europe, yet the pupils had received their training in American schools and were soon to be counted among the earnest students of American colleges. So it is hard to account for boys of eighteen who had never heard of Venus. Classes were often aghast at being expected to know Apollo without looking him up. Bright youths insisted that Psyche was the inventor of the Psyche knot. Even when Jupiter had been mastered, Jove was described as the queen of love and beauty. Whole classes were occasionally discovered that could not tell the story of Daniel in the lions' den. In other words, questions in English that should prove child's play to pupils who had read Ovid, Virgil, or the Iliad, as well as the Bible, were invariably found to be the severest tests of the memory, and even of the interest, of such young people as now throng our city schools. What a wealth of literary allusion, and of poetic inspiration, must be lost to readers of such limited background.

It has since been possible for me to make a more scientific investigation as to the amount of culture brought by the entering class to a good Eastern college. In 1910, a paper including twelve questions in the Bible and classical mythology was set for the entering class of 150 men in Amherst College. In each series of six, two questions were the easiest that could be thought of, two were exceedingly difficult, so as to test the intimate as well as the average knowledge of the men. Other general statements were asked for, which were answered with much apparent frankness.

The results were amazing. Of the 150 men 35, or 23 per cent., reported little or no

Bible study; 37 were ignorant of Cain; 40 knew nothing of Daniel; 65 failed upon Saul, 102 upon Gideon, 105 upon Timothy. Only 20 answered all six Bible questions correctly. More than 79, or at least 53 per cent., could remember nothing about the fall of Jericho. Nearly the same figures relatively appeared for the easy and difficult names in classical mythology. As many as 27, or 17 per cent., were quite untrained in the classics; 18 were ignorant of Hercules, 59 of Jason; 52, or 34 per cent., were confused about Apollo. As was to be expected, 110 failed to account for both Psyche and old Chiron. On the other hand, it is surprising that 40 men, or 26 per cent. of the 150, could give no information concerning the fall of Troy, although all had studied Latin for three years. Only four men answered all six questions in mythology. Only three students, or 2 per cent. of the whole class, answered all the questions.

These figures are, of course, merely indications, although a repetition of the examination (this year) gave virtually the same results.

It would, however, require several such tests, taken during the next four or five years, in many different institutions, to procure a fair basis for estimating the exact effect of substituting, during the last ten years, a little Latin and English for the old-fashioned classical training. If the Dartmouth statistics, published in your issue of February 16, proving that men with Greek training have furnished 54 per cent. of the successful scientific students, as opposed to only 20 per cent. from the scientific section—if these figures be added to the appalling indications from the Amherst examinations, then it would seem impossible that the Board of Education in New York city should attempt to economize by eliminating the Greek departments of the public schools. The abolishing of Greek generally in the public high schools will mean that only the sons of wealthy men who can attend the best private institutions are to enjoy the culture of true classical studies. It will mean that poor men's sons, who have hitherto furnished far more than 50 per cent. of its successful men to the country, must now be entirely excluded from the disciplined efficiency as well as the culture that can come only from the study of the humanities, especially from the study of Greek. HERBERT F. HAMILTON.

Amherst College, February 22.

A PARALLEL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to call attention to a rather curious example of plagiarism (or, as some may prefer to call it, "transmutation of base metal into fine gold"), which appears in a book, entitled "The Manor Houses of England," by P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A., published by B. T. Batsford, London (1910). The subject dealt with in this book had always been extremely interesting to me, and several years ago, after having paid a visit to England for the purpose of making personal observations and adding to the data which I had already collected, I wrote to the same publishing house which has recently brought out Mr. Ditchfield's book in this country, stating that I was engaged in preparing a series of articles on English manor houses and gardens, and inquiring as to the probability of such a series, or a book on this subject, being considered favorably for publication. I received a discouraging reply, and, thinking that it would be inadvisable to spend a year or two in the preparation of a book that would probably never be published, acting upon a suggestion made by the editor of *House and Garden*, I condensed some of my material into a short article, entitled "English Manor Houses of the Early Renaissance," which, after a lapse of about two years and a half, I had the pleasure of seeing appear in the issue of the aforesaid periodical for June, 1908.

When a few days ago I opened Mr. Ditchfield's attractive new book, I was struck with a feeling that in the very first sentence there was something strangely familiar. This feeling increased so much after turning the page that I hunted up the number of *House and Garden* which contains my old article. Imagine my astonishment when I found that Mr. Ditchfield (in the introductory chapter) had used almost word for word a portion of my little essay. A specimen of the passages referred to is given below in parallel columns:

HOUSE AND GARDEN ARTICLE.	MR. DITCHFIELD'S BOOK.
"The greatest advantages men have by riches are, to give, to build, to plant, and to make pleasant scenes." So wrote Sir William Temple, the cultured diplomatist, philosopher, and garden lover. . . .	England is remarkable for the number and beauty of the old country houses, set amid pleasant scenes. . . . The builders of these houses were animated by that same spirit which moved Sir William Temple, cultured diplomatist, philosopher, and garden lover, to write: "The greatest advantages men have by riches are, to give, to build, to plant, and to make pleasant scenes." And certainly they showed by their buildings that they were men of taste and refinement, very different from Macaulay's unflattering picture of the old English country squire who is represented as an ignorant boor.
And from the number of delightful old country houses, set amid pleasant scenes, to be found in England today, we may infer that many other Englishmen, long before Sir William's time, held, in part at least, the same opinion as to the advantages of wealth.	
Macaulay gives a very unflattering picture, indeed, of the old English country squire, but in his endeavor to make out his case against those who cried up the good old times he must have been drawn into exaggeration or he was totally unappreciative of the artistic merits of the old country seats. Is it possible that men so ignorant and crude could have built houses bearing evidence of such good taste? . . .	
It is not, as a rule, in the greatest mansions, the vast piles erected by the great nobles of the court, that we find such artistic qualities, but most often in the smaller manor houses of the baronets and squires. . . .	It is not in the greatest mansions, the vast piles erected by the great nobles of the court, enriched by the plunder of the monasteries, that we find such artistic perfections, but most often in the smaller manor houses of the knights and squires. . . .

Considering the fact that elsewhere in the book Mr. Ditchfield makes numerous quotations from various authors and citations of authorities, to all of whom he apparently gives full credit, is not the writer of this letter excusable in feeling somewhat aggrieved at not receiving any acknowledgment whatever?

B. C. FLOURNOY.

Washington, D. C., March 2.

FIRST RAISING OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In various histories of the American Revolution I have never noted any specific date or place where the Stars and Stripes were first officially raised over the Continental Army Headquarters.

We know the adoption of the flag by the Continental Congress was at Philadelphia, June 14, 1777, with orders that it be promulgated forthwith to the Army Headquarters. Now, the Army Headquarters were at Bound Brook, N. J., during the month of June and part of July, 1777. It seems reasonable, therefore, to suppose that the Stars and Stripes were first officially raised on Middlebrook Heights, near Bound Brook, not more than two days after June 14, allowing so much time for the courier to deliver the dispatches from Philadelphia, about sixty miles away. Histories clearly state that the flag was carried for the first time in the battle of Brandywine.

I understand that some twenty years ago an organization at Bound Brook, called the Washington Camp Ground Association, acquired part of the mountainside of Middlebrook Heights, where Washington encamped for two winters, and has ever since observed the Fourth of July there with patriotic exercises, on the presumption that on this spot the Stars and Stripes were first officially floated over the Continental Army. I should be interested to know whether there is any reason to dispute the claims of the society. AMERICAN.

New York, February 27.

Literature

BOOKS ON BALKAN LANDS.

The Servian People: Their Past Glory and Their Destiny. By Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich, with the collaboration of Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich (Eleanor Calhoun). Vols. I and II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

The Lands of the Tamed Turk, or the Balkan States of To-day. By Blair Jaekel. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.50.

Through Savage Europe: Being the Narrative of a Journey (Undertaken as Special Correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*) Throughout the Balkan States and European Russia. By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

There is no serious historico-ethnographic work on Servia in the English language, a version of Ranke's masterly "History of Servia and the Servian Revolution" alone excepted. Kanitz's monumental "Serbien" has remained untranslated, and in the last twenty-five years Servia has been treated only in chapters, as one of the Balkan States, in such collective works as Minchin's "The Growth of Freedom in the Balkan Peninsula" and—by far the most au-

thoritative of all—Villari's "Balkan Question." Mijatovich's "Royal Tragedy" and Herbert Vivian's "The Servian Tragedy" merely seized the sensation of the hour.

We have now before us two stately volumes on "The Servian People," by one in some respects unusually well qualified to speak for his countrymen. Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich conveys, from personal knowledge and the study of excellent sources, mainly Slavic, much valuable information concerning the physical, mental, and moral characteristics of the Servian race and the geographical features of all Serb territories—the Kingdom of Servia proper, Montenegro and the "Servian lands under foreign domination" (Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia-Slavonia, the Banat, and Old Servia, *i. e.*, the vilayet of Kossovo, with the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar and parts of the vilayet of Monastir and Saloniki). The author brings to the execution of his task unbounded admiration for the valor of the Serb in war and for his homely virtues in peace, qualities to which other than native writers have borne abundant testimony. In picturesque, even if not always idiomatic, language, Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich extols all that is most attractive in the character of the Serb: "his wit and love of merriment, of song and dance, and keen practical proverbs, his pride and *grand seigneurism*," eulogizing likewise, in the public life of the nation, the workings of its democratic institutions, established many centuries ago, such as trial by jury and "popular participation by discussion in all decisions affecting the general welfare of the Serb group, tribe, clan, principality, state, or empire." He justly lays stress on the beneficent workings of the communal Zadruga, which exacts from all equal effort and shelters every member from want. Servia has been well termed "the poor man's paradise," and even the "Statesman's Year-Book" speaks only of "a few poor families" in the kingdom. Economists, however, may question whether the patriarchal system of the Zadruga is favorable to the nation's highest industrial development.

The martial spirit of the race, according to our author, awoke with the very dawn of history. Whereas Ranke hesitated to unravel the web of tradition which shrouds the first appearance of the Serb on historic ground, he confidently goes back to Homer to show that the ancestors of his race "brought their troops to defend Troy." His entire second volume is devoted to the minute and often tedious recital of the endless struggles of the nation against the Byzantine Empire and the relentless Ottoman yoke. The history of the last hundred years, that is to say, the period beginning with the war of liberation under the leadership of Karageorge, in 1804, receives comparatively scant treatment. In dealing with modern Servia, the author is willing to admit that, even if the people can do no wrong, the king can; though his criticism of Milan and Alexander is founded mainly on what he deems their abject subserviency to Austria, and not on their private vices and public incapacity. "So long as the Obrenovich dynasty ruled in Servia, that is, during the reigns of Milan and his son Alexander, the Servian King had to obey the orders privately conveyed to him from the Austrian Emperor by the mouth of the Austrian military attaché in Belgrade." Indeed, hatred of the Hapsburgs pervades the entire work. There is not a redeeming feature in the picture of Austrian rule over Serb subjects. In Bosnia and Herzegovina (where the constructive work of Von Kállay called forth the admiration of all Europe) Lazarovich finds only an "elaborate and complete police system, penetrating every department of life, public and private, such as is unknown in any other country," and, moreover, "a great deal of starvation"; while in Dalmatia, since it became a crownland of Austria, in 1814, "general traffic has declined and shrivelled," and her wonderful historic towns are "more or less dead." Nor do, in the account here given, the Serb provinces of Hungary fare better under Magyar rule. Croatia has a population "practically starving," and in the Banat (whose southern part, the former Servian Voyvodina, is very largely inhabited by Serbs) the "small Magyar minority" is said to exercise the most ruthless tyranny over the non-Magyar electors at the polls. "Many unsubmissive non-Magyars are shot down, the victims on election days often numbering some hundreds of dead and wounded in every county."

While, in describing political conditions, the author is led astray by excess of patriotic fervor, he is a safe and pleasant guide through the villages and mountain ranges of his native country. The elaborate ceremonies of the "Slava"—the celebration of the family saint—which dates back to pre-Christian ancestor worship; engagement and marriage festivities and burial rites; the curious invocation of the "Dodola," the mystic demigoddess, personified by a gypsy girl, in whose keeping are the waters of springs and streams; the solemnities attending the starting of fire for the family hearth—part of the eternal holy flame; the observances of Christmas and Easter, in which religious rejoicing has more than once kindled warlike ardor; the patriarchal relations between parents and children; the sacredness of the ties of kinship—all this finds in Prince Lazarovich a sympathetic and substantially accurate interpreter. In speaking of the charm of the old Servian ballads, he is, however, misled into saying that Goethe "made translations from them into Western tongues, and he ranked them with the Iliad and Odyssey." Goethe translated into German, as a very young man, from a French version, a single poem, the famous "Klaggesang der edeln Frauen des Asan Aga," and late in life he was much attracted by a German translation of Karajitch's collection of Serb folk-lore, but he was unacquainted with any Slavic language, and he did not, greatly as he admired these ballads, express himself concerning them in the way imputed to him. Kanitz, however, in a striking passage, speaks of their magic charm, "which seems to conjure up the age of the Iliad and Odyssey."

The general accuracy of Lazarovich's text in the transliteration of Serb names is a commendable feature of the work, though there is inconsistency as to the end syllable *vič*, which is rendered indifferently as "vich" and "vitch." The transliteration of the name of the Polish poet Mickiewicz into "Mitskiyevich," though phonetically correct, is an unwarranted innovation. Among minor slips may be mentioned "Chancellor" Bach (the author of the Concordat of 1855 was merely cabinet minister), and "Archbishop" Strossmayer (the doughty champion of Croatian rights was only a bishop). A more serious blemish is the indiscriminate inclusion, among "men of Serb stock," of foreign celebrities like Schiavone, Carpaccio, Kossuth, Deák, and "Petoffyi" (*sic*). The story of the "Servian" Count Zrinyi, who lives in Magyar history as the heroic defender of Sziget against Turkey, in the sixteenth century, is related merely as an incident of the "absolute heroism" of the Serb in the wars of liberation.

The author, in the very title of the book, lays stress on the "past glory" of the Servian people, and in dealing with the modern history of his countrymen he makes it sufficiently clear that his sympathies are neither with the Karageorgevitches nor with the Obrenovitches, who have for a hundred years guided the destinies of Servia—subject to assassination and deposition. His heart is in the days of the glorious fourteenth century, with Knez Lazar, generally referred to in these volumes as "Tsar Lazar Hrebelianovich." According to the best authorities, the house of the Lazarevitches (as they are commonly called) became extinct with Lazar's son, Stephen, who died childless, in 1427. The name Lazarevitch recurs, however, in the subsequent history of Servia (as in the rising of Karageorge), and while the author himself speaks of a mere "tradition" of a son-in-law of Czar Lazar, he evidently believes in the unbroken continuity of the family title down to the present time. He refers to a member of the Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich family as residing, in 1774, in Prussian Silesia, "the birthplace of the author's great-grandfather." Much to the

readers surprise, the scion of this princely family (albeit the "Almanach de Gotha" recognizes no Servian aristocracy) appears in an entirely new rôle in an appendix to the second volume, where he pleads at length for the construction of a Serbo-Turkish waterway, based on "tables of estimates as furnished to Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich for the American Engineering Company," at a total cost of $65,000,000. But this portion of the work must be left to professional experts.

Blair Jaekel's "The Land of the Tamed Turk" and Harry de Windt's "Through Savage Europe" have much in common—the journalistic origin, the hurried flitting from place to place, the lively descriptions of scenery, the abundant illustrations (those of "Savage Europe," in particular, being remarkably varied and life-like), and, it must be said, their frequent lack of accuracy in the rendering of Serb, Bulgarian, and other proper nouns. Mr. de Windt's volume is somewhat more comprehensive in scope, as he adds a chapter on "The Red Flag in Russia," whose grewsome details certainly fit better into the title of the book than do his glowing accounts of Bulgaria as "a land of milk and honey," and of the society of Belgrade as one where "the Servian girl of French education is generally better read and far more accomplished than her English prototype." Occasionally, the author's exuberant fancy leads him into strange metaphors, as when he asserts, of the capital of Bulgaria, that "no mushroom city in Western America ever sprang so quickly into a prosperous being from the ashes of filth and a corrupt administration." Both he and the writer of "The Land of the Tamed Turk" devote an inordinate amount of space to the murder of Alexander and Draga. Mr. de Windt claims to be "in a position to give the reader probably the first absolutely authentic account of the assassination of the late King and Queen of Servia which has ever been published in England" (his book seems to have been written three years after that event); but there is not much to choose between some of his authorities—the French palmist and the London crystal gazer—and Mr. Jaekel's three persons of "cabalistic power" to whom, in his own lurid story, he is "compelled to give credence."

CURRENT FICTION.

The New Machiavelli. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

It is odd that Mr. Wells, radical and quasi-socialist that he is, should not have courage to depart from the lumbering British usage of dividing his novel into four or five "Books," each of which has to be painfully subdivided into the unit-group of chapters. Four books and five hundred unpadded pages make up this latest output of Mr. Wells's plant. Apparently, we have no single American writer who can come near paralleling the annual product (in pages) of Mr. Wells, or Mr. Phillpotts, or Mr. Bennett, or Mr. Benson, or Mr. Chesterton, or Mr. Lucas. Perhaps, we shall clear matters up to the best advantage, and with the greatest expedition, by stating that Remington, the hero and interlocutor of this narrative, is a male Ann Veronica—or rather an Ann Veronica dressed in its proper clothes, and tagged with its proper masculine label. Hardly since Montaigne—or Rousseau—has there sounded a voice so frank in confession of the fact of sexual experience; though here, to be sure, the mask of fiction is at the writer's service.

The "new Machiavelli" is son of "a lank-limbed man in easy shabby tweed clothes, and with his hands in his trouser pockets, . . . a science teacher." Remington senior, it appears, knows little—or *can* little—of science. He lectures acceptably, being a genial soul, but real experiment is avoided. "Science is the organized conquest of Nature," comments the son, "and I can quite understand that ancient libertine refusing to coöperate in her own undoing." Remington senior preferred what he calls "illustrative" experiment. Real experiments he did not do, "if he could possibly help it, because, in the first place, they used up time and gas for the Bunsen burner and good material in a ruinous fashion, and, in the second, they were, in his rather careless and sketchy hands, apt to endanger the apparatus of the Institute and even the lives of the students. Then, thirdly, real experiments involved washing up." The poor gentleman dies of too much suburban property (an estate too real), and Remington junior is left to pursue his way, not less disastrously. He becomes a university man, a politician, a publicist. Contemporaneously, he makes his way as a bachelor, sexually initiated somewhat later than the usual age, as a childless married man, and as a lover and father. He has the advantage of Ann Veronica—a bond of sympathy with Mr. Polly—in being undisguisedly a man. The book is disfigured only by passages of didacticism and of comment upon current English politics which but mildly concern the American reader.

Robinetta. By Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater, Allan McAulay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Whether too many cooks have spoiled the broth, or the hand of the chief cook has lost its cunning, this is but a pale and savorless infusion. Time was when a considerable clientele looked to Mrs. Wiggin for a literary fare which, without pretending to nutrition, was at least spicy and palatable. She had, no doubt, her lapses. The "Diary of a Goose Girl" came between "A Cathedral Courtship" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Her liveliness and bubbling humor have been fated to sink on occasion into mere jauntiness and pertness, and even to verge upon that coarseness which so strangely accompanies the play of feminine humor when it becomes self-conscious. "Robinetta" is more than a lapse—fairly a *débâcle*. It is as if Mrs. Wiggin and her three friends had united in a desperate attempt to imitate Mrs. Wiggin. As is common with imitations, the faults of the model are exaggerated, and its merit but faintly suggested. The old material is used. Robinetta is an American girl—a widow, as it chances; but that is mere piquancy—adventuring in England. The frontispiece represents her as about thirteen, but the text admits her to be twenty-two. Her mother was an Englishwoman, and Robinetta, a relict comfortably provided for, journeys to England to look up her relatives and her mother's old nurse. The people at Stoke Revel Manor are all that tradition demands—a dowager aunt, in possession; her spinsterly, not to say cattish, companion; a schoolboy; and the omnipresent British servant. The dowager and the spinster do what they can to make things disagreeable for the young guest. Robinetta, for her part, is of the breezy, voluble, flirtatious, smart, and "smarty" type of female American, though it is clear that her author (or authors) would not apply all of these adjectives to her. They think her very charming (of course she is distractingly pretty), and they have no sympathy whatever with the dowager. Their view of her is fortunately shared not only by the schoolboy midshipman, but by the visiting young man, whose rôle need hardly be specified. He is somewhat languidly in the law, but is understood to be in need of nothing but inspiration. Of course, the midshipman falls absurdly in love with his cousin, and further serves as obstacle in the path of the true lovers, which might otherwise be all too smooth. There is small excuse for stretching out the mild idyllic incident to the prescribed length of the novel of commerce.

Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger. By John Masefield. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

More than once of late Monmouth's fiasco has been made the theme of the romancer. Here it represents rather the setting or occasion for the action, than the substance thereof. The tale is pretty frankly a tale of adventure; and the historical element is not permitted to weigh upon the reader's consciousness. This is as it should be. The trouble with our historical fiction—the most serious trouble, at least—is that it takes itself too seriously as history. We see too clearly the author's preoccupation

with his period or his catastrophe. His human figures are mere illustrative puppets. Now it is true that Scott was deeply interested in the historical scene of his romance, but always as a scene, always with a human story in the foreground, demanding our chief interest. We do not mean to compare Mr. Masefield with his great original. His touch upon the historical background is sketchy and even jaunty in the extreme. But we do feel that, partly on account of his nonchalance itself, he gets closer to the atmosphere of the duke's futile adventure than various chroniclers who have attempted the story in a more scrupulous and even prayerful spirit. Young Martin Hyde is a sufficiently preposterous little person, and his alleged doings are neither more nor less credible than the ordinary achievements of the romantic hero. The tale contains also the lovely adventuress (who is the heroine) and the villanous mariner without whom the recipe would be incomplete.

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813. By Maurice Leblanc. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The preceding volume of Arsène Lupin's miraculous adventures in crime had a good deal to do with such antiquated royalties as Charlemagne and Louis XI and Napoleon. The present record audaciously (and we must say, with ill taste) brings in the living Emperor of Germany, who visits Lupin in his cell in a Paris jail for the purpose of getting from him letters of Bismarck and Frederick, which concern Alsace and Lorraine. The mystery of the book is remarkably well sustained, and, for one who is not bored by Lupin's superhuman exemption from accident and human weakness, the plot moves to a thoroughly dramatic climax.

AULARD'S REVOLUTION.

The French Revolution: A Political History, 1789-1804. By A. Aulard. Translated with a preface, notes, and historical summary by Bernard Miall. Four volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $8.

The appearance of a translation of Professor Aulard's "French Revolution" must naturally be an event of some importance to that body of readers interested in the Revolution, but not conversant with French. Ten years ago, the author published the first edition of this history, which, in a sense, sums up the greater part of a lifetime of work devoted almost entirely to the one subject. The present translation is made from the third French edition, which has, of course, had the benefit of criticism and revision, and may, therefore, be regarded as representing M. Aulard's views with entire adequacy. The publication of the speeches of the Revolutionary orators, the documentary history of the Jacobin Club, the Acts of the Committee of Public Safety, and of the documents "for the history of public spirit in Paris," his essay on Taine as an historian, with the editorship of the *Revue de la Révolution Française* since 1887, abundantly evidence his qualifications and the tendency of his mind. Indeed, the sub-title of the original edition of his book, "The Origins and Development of Democracy and the Republic," expresses far more precisely than the sub-title of the translation, "A Political History," what this book really is.

One may hope and expect that these volumes will be widely read and used, but it is too much to expect that many who go to them for what is commonly known as the history of the French Revolution will not be disappointed. For the author would be the first to admit that no adequate conception of every side of the Revolution can be gleaned from these pages. "I propose," he says, in his preface, "to show how the principles of the Declaration of Rights were, between 1789 and 1804, put into operation by the institutions of the time; or interpreted by speeches, by the press, by the policies of the various political parties, and by the manifestations of public opinion." "Military, financial, and diplomatic history I leave on one side. I do not wish to disguise the fact," he continues, "that this abstraction may seem dangerous, and I expose myself to the reproach of having falsified history by a process of mutilation. . . . No historical work is sufficient to itself or to the reader. This of mine presupposes and demands the reading of others." It is this last sentence quoted in the translator's preface which becomes at once the key and the text of the present volumes. "To increase the interest for those who have not the leisure or the inclination to read other histories, and have not a knowledge or memory of the period sufficient to dispense with such reading," Mr. Miall has "prefaced the author's text with a brief sketch of the events leading up to the Revolution, a few remarks on the causes and nature of the Revolution, and a chronological summary of the chief events of the period, with explanatory notes and brief biographical sketches of the principal figures of the time." In short, apart from the notes, which are numerous and often very long, sixty pages of the first volume and more than a hundred in all are taken up with this attempt to supplement Aulard's text with sufficient material to make it intelligible to the ordinary reader.

This, with the large type, goes to explain how Aulard's original volume has grown to four at the hands of publisher and translator. Even so there is no bibliography save such as is contained in the notes, and the index leaves much to be desired. It contains, to take only a few instances, no references to Assembly, National, Constituent, or Legislative, neither Directory nor Consulate. These, indeed, are found in the Supplementary Index. But neither there nor elsewhere—save in the Chronological Summary—are found references to even the principal battles of the period. This, no doubt, in some measure grows out of the character of the work itself. Of the flight of the King, Aulard records—"it was on the night of June 20th that the King fled in disguise with his family." And, although, he says, "it was the victory of Valmy and the retreat of the Prussians that converted France so swiftly" to a republic, no further notice nor description of that event appears. It is thus evident that the attempt of an editor and translator to transmute an essentially scholarly, philosophical, even psychological monograph on the development of democratic ideas and practice, innocent of all pretence of narrating many of the most important phases of that great movement, into a popular history for the general reader, is fraught with great if not insuperable difficulties. It may be doubted whether it was quite worth while. Aulard's work, in itself so valuable, despite its limitations, is, after all, not wholly adapted throughout to the uses of the ordinary reader. It is questionable whether it can be made so by any amount of machinery or whether it ought to be. The present work will be useful, but not for its introduction, notes, and chronological summary. It will be for the translating, not the editing. As to the English version, one may say at once that it is clear and generally satisfactory. The frequent recurrence of the historic present will doubtless prove a source of irritation to some and there are occasional phrases that do not sound quite idiomatic.

Yet, with all this, there is no question that Aulard, in an English dress, is a welcome addition to our Revolutionary literature. His work is, indeed, a monograph. It omits much essential even to its own argument. It confines itself too closely to France, in particular to the speech and actions of the Assembly and public opinion. It leans, perhaps, a little toward the Jacobins, and stresses somewhat the Commune of Paris. Yet, when all is said, we find, as the conflict deepens and centres itself in Paris and the Assembly, not, indeed, a full account of the Terror, but an evaluation of the men and forces which went to make up the struggle, so clear, so vigorous, as to atone in no small degree for that lack of narrative which perplexes us elsewhere. There is enough fire in the account of Robespierre's fall and death even for the dramatic historian, and, in the sections on the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, the narrative causes one the more regret

that the author so deliberately cut himself off from the equally important movements and situations outside the Assembly. These the translator has preserved in all the vigor of the original, and it is certain that the reader to whom this translation is addressed, if he once comes clear of the machinery and monographic political philosophy of the earlier part, will not willingly lay the volumes aside as the narrative approaches the crises of Republicanism. Then, if not earlier, the book will be popular enough.

Cagliostro: The Splendor and Misery of a Master of Magic. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Mr. Trowbridge admits in his preface that he was drawn to the subject of the present memoir by the mystery and magic attending the career of an arch-impostor; his intention was, apparently, to produce another volume of piquant anecdotes similar to his "Seven Splendid Sinners" (which, as a matter of fact, is not so wicked as its title promises). But on looking into the various books and articles on Cagliostro, he found them so full of errors that he determined to produce a serious biography. The "arch-impostor" disappears under what bears a little the hue of "whitewash," although Mr. Trowbridge indignantly repudiates the charge.

The subject was well worth investigating, and, whether we agree with Mr. Trowbridge or not in his conclusions, we should be grateful to him for a frank presentation of the material. And on certain points he has made a strong case. He is unquestionably right in emphasizing the tainted nature of some of the sources from which the popular notion of Cagliostro has sprung. His argument against the identification of Cagliostro with the wretched Giuseppe Balsamo is fairly convincing. Further, his rejection of the traditional view of Cagliostro as a conscious hypocrite and scoundrel is, we think, based on a sound conception of human nature. But beyond this we cannot follow Mr. Trowbridge. There is a large field between a "sordid impostor," which Cagliostro may not have been, and the admirable character Mr. Trowbridge would have him to be. It seems a bit credulous to lend a willing ear, as does Mr. Trowbridge, to Cagliostro's wild stories of adventure in Mecca and Medina. Nor do we quite understand Mr. Trowbridge's repeated encomiums of Cagliostro for not taking money for specific acts of healing. He was able, until the ruin that followed the Diamond Necklace affair, to live in splendid style, spending, it was reputed, as much as 100,000 livres a year in Paris. This money came to him largely from the lodges of Egyptian Masonry, which he established all over Europe, and which regarded him as a great *illuminé*. "The principal resource I have to boast of," he once testified in court, "is that as soon as I set foot in any country I find there a banker who supplies me with everything I want." These abundant resources depended on his character for mystical illumination and superhuman virtue, which was fostered by his free-handed habit of curing the sick, by apparently miraculous means, without accepting compensation. It is perfectly footless to say, as Mr. Trowbridge does in Italics: "There is not a single authenticated instance in which he derived personal profit by imposture," when he was drawing a large and constant revenue from systematically duping the public. This is not to imply that he deliberately calculated such an effect in the manner of a conscious hypocrite. It means rather that he was himself largely a victim of the great wave of charlatanry that swept over Europe in the last half of the eighteenth century. It is probable that in some dark way he actually believed in the hocus-pocus of his Egyptian lodges; no doubt, too, he regarded himself as a true model of the quatrain inscribed on the prints of him by Bartolozzi that were scattered broadcast.

De l'ami des humains reconnaissez les traits;
Tous ses jours sont marqués par de nouveaux bienfaits,
Il prolonge la vie, il secourt l'indigence;
Le plaisir d'être utile est seul sa récompense.

The very source of this noxious mingling of crass superstition and mystical spirituality, of personal profit and exalted humanitarianism, was just the frame of mind which looked upon any analysis of motives as derogatory to the higher life; to question enthusiasm—"enthusymusy," as Byron called it—was to deny inspiration and fall back into the flat levels of rationalism. The outburst of the rosicruclans, *illuminés*, friends of mankind, etc., especially in Germany, is to any sane mind one of the most repulsive chapters of history; and Cagliostro, after all possible excuses are made, was one of the most repulsive of these practitioners of profitable virtue.

The best parts of Mr. Trowbrldge's book are those which tell of Cagliostro's life with the *illuminés* of Mittau, and which in a more general way describe the outbreak of superstition throughout Europe. He has added nothing new in this field, but he has treated in a popular way a subject of which little is popularly known. Indeed, many scholars might be led to modify their views of the Continental European literature of that period if they were more familiar with this aspect of its background. Mr. Trowbridge's half-admiration for Cagliostro we can in no wise share, but his book is interesting, well documented, and provides its own antidote for what seems to us false judgment.

The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce. New York: The Neale Publishing Co.

Four volumes have now appeared of this sumptuous publication. The first volume contains essays in social satire and some autobiographical sketches; the second and third consist of collections of short stories, and the fourth of verse. Mr. Bierce's low estimate of democracy and all its works, which has been conveyed to the public mainly through the newspapers, attained the dignity of book form when "The Shadow on the Dial" was published two years ago. (Reviewed in the *Nation* of September 30, 1909, with examples of the author's style). The present group of social and political essays reveals no new qualities. Mr. Bierce writes wittily and with a practised hand; his extravagance in paradox and his fury of disgust with human nature and existing institutions may be excused as almost necessary to a journalistic competition for general attention. But they do not go well between covers. One example of them would be ten times as effective as ten examples, and the lady who sold Tarquin the Sibylline books would have been a sounder literary adviser for Mr. Bierce than any other subscription agent known to the trade.

The volumes of tales, entitled respectively "In the Midst of Life" and "Can Such Things Be?" include the stories published under the former title in 1898, with many additions. Several of those that deal with the civil war have almost classical qualities. They are brief, restrained, uncompromising. In their bald use of the hideous phenomena of war they inevitably suggest a comparison with Kipling, and they can stand the comparison, for Mr. Bierce has the advantage of having been himself a soldier. Not only does he know intimately what he is talking about but the profound experience of war has given him an insight into its psychology which no non-combatant—not even Tolstoy—can attain. "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" is a masterpiece of horror.

The ghost-stories which make up the bulk of the two volumes are not so remarkable as the war-tales. If there is any literary ingredient which needs to be sparingly used it is the *macabre*. Mr. Bierce's first deserted house produces something of a thrill, but there are a dozen deserted houses. And in any house he deals with, deserted or not, the sheeted corpse upon the table, its features sharply outlined beneath the veil, is so invariable a phenomenon that the reader feels quite cosey and at home with it, and indeed looks about for it on entering. The interest of the tales is intellectual. The reader feels that the

writer is not really afraid of ghosts himself. In this field Mr. Bierce has evoked a mightier rival than Kipling, and he cannot successfully compete with Poe.

Of the verse contained in the fourth volume it is perhaps enough to say that it is probably not immortal.

Notes

The scene of "An Old Maid's Vengeance," the new novel by Frances Powell, which is to come early this month from the Scribner press, is an old villa in the Riviera.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce for early publication: T. Chalmers Potter's "Queenie, the Autobiography of an Italian Queen Bee"; novels by Harry Irvine Greene and Beatrice Grimshaw, entitled respectively, "Barbara of the Snows" and "When the Red Gods Call"; an enlarged edition of William Winter's "Gray Days and Gold," and a mystery story, "The Substitute Prisoner," by Max Marcin.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will issue March 11: "The End of a Song," by Jeannette Marks; "Yosemite Trails," by J. Smeaton Chase; "Wells Brothers, the Young Cattle Kings," by Andy Adams; "The Face of the Fields," by Dallas Lore Sharp; "A Study of Greatness in Men," by J. N. Larned; "A Roman Wit," by Paul Nixon, and "A Bibliography of the White Mountains," by Allen H. Bent.

Robert Hichens's new novel, "The Dweller on the Threshold," is brought out this week by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Henry Holt & Co. have been busy with a revised edition of John D. Champlin's "Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places," which may be expected March 11.

"Such a Woman," by Owen and Leita Kildare, and "Priest and Layman," by Mrs. Ada Carter, are among the spring novels announced by Wessels & Bissell Co.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have in preparation Mrs. Harriet T. Comstock's new novel, "Joyce of the North Woods."

The Baker & Taylor Co. announces a new edition, with additional poems, of "In Praise of Gardens," edited by Temple Scott.

Spring announcements of the University of Chicago Press include: "The Elementary Course in English," by James Fleming Hosic; "Child Mind and Child Religion," by Edwin D. Starbuck; "The Theology of Schleiermacher," by George Cross; "The Hebrew Prophets, or Patriots and Leaders of Israel," by Georgia L. Chamberlin, which is a text-book for pupils of high-school age, and a pamphlet, "Sir Perceval," by Reginald H. Griffith.

Sir John Evans's Horn Books, with specimens from A. W. Tuer's collection, and others described by him in his "History of the Horn Book," will be sold at Sotheby's on the 17th.

Dr. A. W. Verrall has been appointed to the new professorship of English at Cambridge, England.

Buttressed, so to speak, between an Introduction by Earnest Hamlin Abbott and a concluding Historical Summary by Dr. Lyman Abbott, fourteen of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign speeches and editorials on "The New Nationalism" come from the press of the Outlook Company. It was a brave act thus to step in between the much maligned campaigner and any frontal or rear attack on his system, but it was scarcely generous in the Introducer to suggest that the New Nationalism is only another turn for the name New Federalism, which had already been given to the "national consciousness" by the *Outlook* as one of the "other leaders of public opinion." The book has value as a permanent record of Mr. Roosevelt's views.

Two new volumes of Everyman's Library (Dutton) have come to our table containing (1) Dostoïeffsky's "Crime and Punishment," translated by Frederick Whishaw, and (2) "Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers," being a modernized reprint of Morton's "New England's Memorial," and five other chronicles. The Introduction to the latter is by John Masefield, who also provides occasional notes.

The first volume of "The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, D. D." (Macmillan) begins a work the interest of which for students of literature and readers will scarcely be exaggerated. Three years ago the task of editing the letters was undertaken by Cæsar Litton Falkiner, who was already known in this field for his contribution to the twelve-volume edition of Swift's "Prose Works" in Bohn's Library. The death of Mr. Falkiner within a year transferred the projected work to the hand of F. Elrington Ball. However the loss of the first editor may be regretted, it must be added that Mr. Ball's treatment of the material published in this first volume deserves high commendation. As in the great majority of the letters a facsimile reproduction is no longer possible, the editor has wisely modernized the spelling and style of printing throughout. The notes are sufficient and judicious. This first volume contains a few letters of value for understanding Swift's character, notably that to Miss Jane Waring, dated "Dublin, May 4, 1700." But for the most part it contains the correspondence between Swift and Archbishop King, which deals with Irish ecclesiastical matters of no great interest. The last letter included carries us down to December 20, 1712. We shall reserve fuller comment on this important publication until one or two more volumes have been added.

Of the several volumes of poetical works which have been issued recently by the Oxford University Press (Henry Frowde), that of Dryden should be mentioned first, if only because of its exterior; it is bound in felt, of a color which one might more readily have associated with a pseudo-romanticist—crushed raspberry—and which at any rate makes one loath to close the volume, once it is open; thin paper brings this great bulk of verse into surprisingly small compass. The introduction and notes are by John Sargeaunt, who has, like another recent editor of Dryden, George Noyes, made a complete collation of the original texts; together, they will help to remove forever some of those traditional textual errors from which Dryden's work, especially, has suffered. The poetical plays are not included. More cautious in binding than the Dryden volume is the deep colored leather employed in "The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore," edited by A. D. Godley. This edition purports to reproduce exactly that which appeared under Moore's supervision in 1841, save for the omission of the historical preface and such notes as are not strictly explanatory. Mr. Godley's introduction is spirited even while presenting nothing that is new. In addition to this form, the publishers have put forth a school edition. In double form, also—the one in the series known as Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry and the other for school purposes—is Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound, with Other Poems," which is based upon the edition published by Ollier, in 1820, with the manifest errors corrected; the school edition is provided with an introduction and notes by A. M. D. Hughes. To the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry has likewise been added "Poems of Clough," including "Ambarvalia" and both versions of "The Bothie." A brief preface and a few footnotes have been prepared by H. S. Milford.

Twenty years ago it would have been difficult to recommend to an inquiring student a treatise of moderate compass on the religion of the Old Testament written from the point of view of modern scientific history. There are now a number of such manuals, and to the list may be added Arthur Galton's translation of Loisy's "Religion of Israel" (Putnam). The author, whose conflict with his ecclesiastical superiors and subsequent excommunication excited interest throughout Christendom, is now professor of the history of religions at the Collège de France. He writes on Hebrew religion purely as an historian, without apologetic interest or endeavor to reconcile his conclusions with adherence to the church. His first chapter is on The Sources, in which he does not differ widely from the general conclusions of the Wellhausen school. He does not agree with Winckler in the derivation of the Mosaic legends and the histories of the Judges and David from Babylonian myths. One of the most valuable portions of the volume is the exhibition of the relation of early Hebrew religion to other Semitic faiths, but it is in his treatment of the work of the prophets and the value of prophetism in the preservation of the religion of Israel that Loisy is most original and suggestive. Here the same feeling comes out as to the necessity of ritual and social institutions, in order to the perpetuation of faith, that was manifest in his criticism of Harnack's "Essence of Christianity." He says, "Religions, in history, are not theories, nor sentiment, nor mystical aspirations, but the traditions of social life guaranteed by the consecration of a ritual." He dissents, therefore, from the view that "the religion of the prophets was materialized, narrowed, and lowered by the Law." There may be truth in the view that the written law kept alive the faith of Israel, but this judgment may easily lead to lack of appreciation of the character and influence of the prophets. No one but a Puritan can really understand the great masters of Israel's faith. In his sketch of Hebrew religion as a whole, however, Loisy exhibits penetrating discernment, sanity of judgment, and not infrequently brilliancy of insight.

The third annual volume of "Writings on American History" (Macmillan), prepared by Grace G. Griffin, covers the pub-

lications of the year 1908, and conforms in all respects to the plan adopted for its predecessors. The cost of publication has thus far been met by a group of subscribing societies and individuals, but for the future the bibliography will appear as part of the annual Report of the American Historical Association, an arrangement that will guarantee its continuance. The usefulness of the work has been amply demonstrated.

The tenth volume of the "Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the United States" (Carnegie Institution of Washington), relates to Delaware, 1789-1904. Again, as in the case of the volume on Kentucky, the editor, Miss Hasse, has to record the regrettable fact that it has not been possible to collate a continuous file of the Journals of the Senate and the House of Representatives. The Senate journals for the years from 1789 to 1791, constituting eight sessions, are missing, and as very few copies of the early journals were printed, there is little hope that the lost numbers will be found. Miss Hasse's comment to the effect that Delaware is that one of the thirteen original States whose documents have received the least attention, recalls Professor Dawson's remark in his report on the public archives of Delaware, that "there is probably no State in the Union where one would find less material for writing its history than in Delaware, and there is certainly no one of the original thirteen in which so few records have been made, and where so little care has been taken of those that have been made." The scarcity of documentary material in Delaware is in part due to the carelessness of officials (part of the papers were used by the janitor of the State House to start fires), and in part to "the dishonesty of students and antiquarians from within and without the State, who have abused the confidence of the State officials."

The fifth volume of the Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the United States Military Academy is a disappointment. The late Gen. George W. Cullum made two great bequests to his alma mater, the West Point Military Academy—the beautiful memorial hall, which means so much to the institution, and a fund sufficient to publish every ten years a supplement to his Register of Graduates, originally issued in 1868. The three volumes compiled by Gen. Cullum prior to his death form an invaluable reference work and one of the most useful biographical compilations extant. Moreover, it was brought together with scrupulous accuracy and scholarly thoroughness. The volume before us falls off deplorably from the standards of Gen. Cullum. Both in typography and paper the book is inferior. Its value is marred primarily by the fact that nearly two hundred graduates failed to make any response to the circulars for information. For this, the editor, Lieut. Charles Braden, is not to be blamed. The War Department itself has had so much trouble in getting officers to answer business communications that it has had to court-martial several within the last two years for this epistolary neglect. Lieut. Braden has had the same experience with disastrous results to the work before us, and, curiously enough, he has been greatly handicapped by the War Department—as stupid a piece of bureaucratic shortsightedness as has come to our notice. As he himself tells the story: "The editors of the previous editions were able to procure from the files of the War Department records not otherwise obtainable. The editor of this edition was denied this privilege, and is greatly disappointed with the results of his labors."

But much as we should like to acquit Lieut. Braden of all blame, we cannot do so. Marks of careless editing and inefficient proofreading are everywhere. Thus, there is no excuse whatever for the misprinting of names of living officers. For instance, Major Armand I. Lasseigne becomes Armand L. Lasseinge; again, Lorenzo P. Davison becomes Lorenso P. Davison, and similar instances could be cited indefinitely, as, for instance, on page 842, where it is gravely stated that Lieut. Kenneth B. Harmon is the son of Col. M. F. Harrison instead of Col. M. F. Harmon. Again, there is no sense of proportion in the editing, some of the officers having pages and others only a few lines, the former accounts being padded by such insignificant details as that the officer has had three days' leave or seven days' leave. Moreover, many of the notices could have been bettered by Lieut. Braden even if he had not heard from the officers in question. For instance, when, in many cases, the family history of officers is given, it is rather surprising to find no mention of the fact that Lieut. Ulysses S. Grant 3d is the son of Gen. Frederick D. Grant and the grandson of Gen. U. S. Grant. Similar facts in a good many cases were available from the Army Register or the monthly army record, but were not utilized. All this is so poor a return to make for Gen. Cullum's bequests as to appear almost an infidelity to that gallant officer and patriotic son of West Point. Before the next volume appears, in 1920, it is to be hoped that the then superintendent of West Point, in connection with an enlightened Secretary of War, will see to it that there is a return to the high standard of the earlier volumes, that they may be hereafter as in the past a great source of accurate information for historians, librarians, genealogists, and journalists, besides a memorial to the patriotism and self-sacrifice of the graduates of the Military Academy.

The Mexican government is commemorating last summer's centennial of its independence by issuing a series of volumes of "Documentos Historicos" of the revolutionary period. The editorial work has been done by D. Genaro Garcia, who has made this his chief occupation since his appointment as director of the National Museum of Archæology, History, and Anthropology, some three years ago. The books are printed at the Museum Press, and the typography, presswork, and admirable reproductions of portraits, manuscripts, paintings in colors, as well as the charming decorative head and tail-pieces, suggest that Mexico has little to learn from government printing offices elsewhere. The first two volumes of the series, which is planned to number eighteen in all, are devoted to the various apparently unconnected efforts to start outbreaks against the Spanish control, during the years 1807-1809. The scattered nature of the evidence which has been collected shows that the idea of independence was very much in people's minds, although most of them had the haziest notions as to what they really wanted to accomplish. The third and fourth volumes contain the history, so far as it has been possible to gather it together, of the periodical press of the revolutionary party. Sr. Garcia has made a most important contribution to our understanding of the way in which the leaders in the struggle against Spain gained and held the effective support of the body of the Mexican people by constantly supplying them with the arguments, of varying degrees of moderation, which justified the movement for independence. The volumes reproduce, in excellent facsimile, the surviving copies which Sr. Garcia has been able to find of these most ephemeral periodicals. Printed in the majority of cases wherever the patriot army was able to maintain its headquarters, with itinerant presses and workmen, on such paper as could be obtained by the fortunes of war, these issues of what can hardly be styled "newspapers" afford material for the study of a very significant aspect of the struggle for Mexican autonomy. Of the two other volumes of Sr. Garcia's series already issued, the fifth contains the story of the part played by the women who figured largely in the underlying negotiations, and occasionally in the open fighting as well, between the patriots and the Spanish officials. They were efficient counsellors, and often very militant, but a cursory examination of the documents relating to their activities raises a strong doubt whether they would have wished their record to be considered as a chapter in the struggle for suffrage. The sixth volume is devoted to the legal proceedings against those whom the officials regarded as the real fomenters of the outbreak of 1810.

In 1862 William de La Rive published his recollections of his kinsman, Cavour. They remain, after half a century, the best intimate sketches of the consummate statesman, whose great-niece, the Marchesa Adele Alfieri di Sostegno, has recently had an Italian version of them made for the centenary of Cavour. This volume possesses the unique merit of containing nearly a score of illustrations, among which are portraits of Cavour at different ages, of his parents and relatives, and views of Santena, the Cavour country-place near Turin. Most of these pictures are given for the first time, because the statesman's heirs have shrunk from this sort of modern publicity. The veteran Marquis Emilio Visconti Venosta, who married the elder of Cavour's great-nieces, furnishes a brief introduction to this interesting volume (Turin: Fratelli Bocca), which prints, also, three remarkable letters of Cavour in 1828, 1830, and 1831.

"The Island of Stone Money," by Dr. William Henry Furness 3d (Philadelphia: Lippincott), is an attractive account of the people of Uap, a small island in the little-known Caroline group. Though the German control, with its benign banishment of alcohol, appears to have effaced the old tribal divisions, the islanders retain many of their ancient customs. Their money consists of stone wheels, from one foot to twelve feet in diameter, made of fine limestone; the stealing of money is thus dif-

ficult. Well-built clubhouses, for men single and married, are council chambers and places of amusement. An apparent survival of polyandry exists in the custom of assigning one woman as consort to all the men of a clubhouse; such a woman is well cared for by the men (though ignored socially by the women), and not infrequently makes a good marriage. There are songs in a language now unintelligible, perhaps an old forgotten dialect. The religion shows the usual apparatus of ghosts and spirits (these last mostly maleficent), and some not well-defined gods; and magicians, of course, are influential and adroit. The physical type of the people (called Malayan by Furness) is good, and they are fairly good-natured and mildly industrious. Dr. Furness got some cosmogonic stories, but doubts whether they are old; in the form in which he heard them they are very crude, resembling in this respect what he learned of the Uap conceptions of the future life. Taboos for fishermen are enforced; there is no trace of totemism. The chief product of the island is cocoanuts. Copra (the sun-dried meat of ripe cocoanuts) is exported to Europe, where the oil is used in the manufacture of fine soaps.

Judge Francis Cabot Lowell of the United States Circuit Court, and a cousin of A. Lawrence Lowell, died suddenly on Monday at his home in Boston. His only other activities outside his profession were connected with Harvard College, as a fellow and member of the corporation. He was born in Boston in 1855; graduated from Harvard in 1876, and from the Harvard Law School in 1879. Before his elevation to the Federal bench, he found time to contribute to several magazines; he also wrote a book, "Joan of Arc."

Antonio Fogazzaro died in Venice early Tuesday morning, after an operation for cancer of the liver. He was born in Vicenza, March 25, 1842. Early in life, he made himself known to the public by the poem "Miranda," which was followed shortly by a volume of lyrics. Then came "Malombra," a romance; "Daniele Cortis," which pictured a hero humble before God, but rebellious toward mankind; "The Mystery of a Poet," a philosophical romance; "Piccolo Mondo Moderno"; his best known work, "Il Santo," "The Patriot," and "The Man of the World." Fogazzaro will be treated at some length in the *Nation* of next week.

Science

The Evolution of Man: A Popular Scientific Study. By Ernst Haeckel. Translated from the fifth (enlarged) edition by Joseph McCabe. Two volumes, pp. xxxiv+774; sixty genetic tables, thirty plates, and 463 figures in the text. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

Under the title "Anthropogenie," the original of this work appeared in 1874; the English translation of five years later was noticed in the *Nation* of December 18, 1879. In 1905 was published a translation of the revised and enlarged fifth edition, including, among other notable additions, "the remarkable effect of mixing human blood with that of other animals," the fossil "ape-man" of Java, and the gigantic gorilla from the Cameroons. The present edition (to give information that should have been supplied by the publishers) seems to be identical in text and illustrations, but the paper is thinner and the pages smaller and fewer (with corresponding reduction of price), and a translator's preface replaces the author's prefaces to the fourth and fifth editions. This last change is regrettable; the author's preface to the fourth edition closed with the significant declaration that "it is impossible for a man to have real self-knowledge unless he is acquainted with the story of his development," and that to the fifth edition frankly expressed the "fear that many errors may have been overlooked; that was inevitable in view of the intricacy of the subject and the defects of the craftsman."

Some mistakes there are, *e. g.*, the interruption of the gill-clefts in fig. 200, the naming of the brain-segments in fig. 339, A, and the designation of plate xxiii, L, as the brain of a "Bushman," whereas it is unmistakably copied from Tiedemann's figure of the brain of a Bush*woman*; there are some contradictions, *e. g.*, between fig. 254 and the statement on p. 216 that the spinal cord of amphioxus is a "thin" tube; some unwarranted assumptions, *e. g.*, that man is the "highest" animal (p. 280), that the brain is phylogenetically older than the spinal cord (p. 509), and that inflammation of that "worthless primeval heirloom," the appendix, is commonly due to foreign bodies (p. 660); there are serious omissions, *e. g.*, the sources of many figures, the Sirenia as probable exemplifications of retrograde evolution, and the pons and rectal pouch as distinctive of the mammals and selachians, respectively; there are faulty methods, *e. g.*, too frequent repetitions, the infrequent employment (outside the tables) of clearly demarcated categories, and the absence of a bibliography, for which the foot-note references do not compensate; there are even violations of good taste, *e. g.*, the polemic attitude, the allusion to the elder Agassiz (p. 75), and the ignoring of the contributions of Wilhelm His to human embryology and the development of the brain. But the critic should recognize the stupendous magnitude and difficulty of the task, allow for the intensity of the author's convictions and for his avowed position of advocate rather than judge, and keep in view the mountains of "ignorance and superstition—the worst enemies of the human race"—which he is striving to remove.

From surprisingly diverse sources Haeckel offers evidence that, as to structure and mode of development, man is allied in an ascending scale with all living things, with animals, with vertebrates, with mammals, and with the apes, so closely that, were it possible to eliminate prejudice, few thoughtful persons would hesitate to conclude that the human body originated like that of any monkey. But our author further maintains, as on p. 575, that "the human soul—a function of the brain—is only a more advanced ape-soul," that neither has any existence apart from the material body, and that the belief in immortality is an "untenable superstition." Whatever their belief, few will concede the logical necessity of these conclusions; some will even adduce the author's own high character, useful life, and brilliant achievements as indicating something more than this visible world. Certainly this work deserves to be read by all who seek to be well-informed; it is particularly commended to the clergy, notwithstanding the author's lack of religious belief and defiance of ecclesiastical authority.

The translation must have been a difficult task and is mainly satisfactory. There is a refreshing absence of the intrusive "Anlage," which besprinkles some publications as if their writers feared non-appreciation of the fact that they were "made in Germany." The translator must be held responsible for a few misprints. Since this edition is dated 1910, Gegenbaur and Kölliker should not be mentioned as if still living. The glossary is very inadequate; *chorion* is omitted and is not clearly described in the text; "eating cells" is a bald equivalent for phagocytes; instead of "the science of rudimentary organs," dysteleology is rather the doctrine of useless vestigial organs; in this, as in other cases, there should be references to the pages where the words are fully discussed. The index omits too many words for enumeration here, and often, as in the case of Huxley, the references are far too few.

Dr. John Warren Achorn is publishing with Moffat, Yard & Co. his "Nature's Help to Health."

Among the science books to be issued by the University of Chicago Press are: "Recent Developments in Agricultural Education," by Benjamin M. Davis; "Some Phases in the Development of the Subjective Point of View During the Post-Aristotelian Period," by Dagny G. Sunne, and "The Problem of Angle-Bisectors," by Richard P. Baker, the last three being pamphlets.

The forthcoming book by Professor Huebner of the University of Pennsylvania, on "Property Insurance," devotes twenty-three chapters to fire insurance, eight to marine insurance, and three to corporate suretyship, title insurance, and credit insurance. The book will be published by D. Appleton & Co., who also promise "Prevention of Infectious Diseases," by Dr. Alvah H. Doty, health officer of the port of New York, and "Principles of Industrial Management," by Prof. John C. Duncan of the University of Illinois.

Jacob Heinrich Van Hoff, who died in Berlin last week, aged eighty-nine, was professor of chemistry at the university of that city. In 1901 he received the Nobel prize of $40,000 for chemical research and in 1903 he delivered a course of lectures at the University of Chicago.

Dr. Walter Remsen Brinckerhoff, assistant professor of pathology at the Harvard Medical School, and an authority on leprosy, died of pneumonia just a week ago, in Cambridge, at thirty-six years. He was first director of the leprosy-investigating station of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, in Hawaii. He served from 1906 until 1910, then came to Harvard. He was made a fellow of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in 1904. Last year Dr. Brinkerhoff and his associates, assisted by Dr. Clegg of the United States service in Manila, succeeded in isolating the leprosy germ and finding an artificial medium on which it would feed, and in paving the way for the eventual cure of leprosy by antitoxins.

Drama

THE NEW THEATRE AND A MORAL.

It is not at all necessary to accept at their face value all the various reports which have been and still are current concerning the future of the New Theatre. The exact determination of that matter, probably, is something that still lies upon the knees of the gods, or of the gentlemen who are financially interested in the enterprise. But there are certain facts which are patent to all intelligent observers and which carry with them an instructive moral. How much money the theatre has made or lost, whether it is to be devoted hereafter to drama, spectacle, opera, operetta, vaudeville, or ballet, does not signify. The great point is that it has failed notoriously and grievously to justify the pretensions with which it started, and that an enormous amount of money has been expended, with the very best of intentions, but to very little practical purpose. It is plain that the institution can no longer be conducted profitably—in any sense of the word—under its present policy.

It may be conceded at once that the directors have made good use, in some respects, of the extraordinary opportunities accorded them. They have produced some good plays—"Strife" and "The Thunderbolt" for example—exceedingly well; they have set a valuable example by their minute care with regard to the minor details of stage management; they have provided lavish and artistic decoration; they have produced plays of different types and times. Yet their failures have been far more frequent than their successes and they have fallen lamentably short of the proposed ideal of a representative theatre. It is only in the modern drama that they have displayed executive capacity. In Shakespearean tragedy, "Antony and Cleopatra," they achieved a spectacular fiasco. By flagrant miscasting, they robbed "Twelfth Night" of its romantic and poetic charm and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" of its robust merriment. "The School for Scandal" they dulled and spoiled by some fantastic and inscrutable principle of modernization. They first rejected "The Piper" and then imperilled the success of it by putting a woman to play the part of the essentially masculine hero. Many other artistic shortcomings might be proved against them, but it is only fair to remember that they were placed in an almost impossible position. Like the ancient Hebrews in Egypt, they were asked to make bricks without straw.

The simple truth is that the New Theatre was built upon the foundation of a stupendous fallacy, the notion that money can create brains and experience as well as supply material. Doubtless, talent—if existent—may be bought as readily as bricks; but if it does not exist, money cannot make it. The founders of the New Theatre seem to have thought that all they had to do was to construct a marble palace for the drama and endow it, and that all the rest would be easy. They imagined—in the face of warnings—that the ideal stock company of which they dreamed, a stock company capable of playing everything from high tragedy to farce at a moment's notice, could be created by a check. The melancholy fact is that up to the present moment they have made scarcely any real progress toward the establishment of such a company. They have been obliged, from the first, to engage outside players the moment they have attempted to interpret anything but modern drama. So far as the training and development of actors are concerned—in which the great potency and value of a stock company consist—they have improved but little upon the methods of the syndicate. They have offered a variety of entertainment, to be sure, but they have contributed little to the advancement of theatrical art.

If the story be true that the founders meditate the construction of a new and smaller theatre, more fitted for dramatic representations, their past experience ought to teach them many things. The first is that a stock company can be formed only by degrees, that it must be self-sufficient, that reinforcement from the outside is not only contrary to the principle of it, but actually fatal to the spirit which ought to animate it. Moreover, a stock company needs competent direction and instruction, that it may learn something about the arts of speech and gesture. Slovenliness of utterance and carriage may be appropriate enough to the slovenly and illiterate modern play, but are out of place in tragedy, romance, and high comedy. The moral of the New Theatre experience, so far as it extends, is that good will, liberality, and luxurious ideals are powerless to establish an artistic theatre without the aid of professional and technical experience, and that the logical course is to make sure of our company before taking thought about their permanent home. If the founders of the New Theatre be wise, they will first decide just what they wish to do; they will next find the most competent director to be had for love or money, and then invest him with absolute authority.

The Birthday Festival at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford, will be held from April 17 to May 6.

There will be an interesting opening at the Nazimova Theatre on the 13th instant, when Augustus Thomas's latest play, "As a Man Thinks," will be produced. Mr. Thomas long has occupied a leading position among American dramatists. His plays are apt to furnish not only strong dramatic and human interest, but matter for future reflection. This one is understood to deal with phases of contemporary business life. The principal character in it will be acted by that excellent comedian John Mason, with whom Walter Hale, Vincent Serrano, Chrystal Herne, Amelia Gardner, Charlotte Ives, William Sampson, and John Flood will be associated.

Yet another new play will be offered to public appreciation on the 13th instant. This is a piece entitled "The Confession," of which the central figure is said to be a priest, who, in trying circumstances, exhibits an unwavering fidelity to his trust. Theodore Roberts, Orrin Johnson, Ralph Delmore, and other well-known actors are to participate in the interpretation of the work. The name of the author and the purport of the story have not yet been announced, but the latter may be guessed.

Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton, who are now playing "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with much success in London, will soon appear in a new play, by Edward Knoblauch. This is to be a very elaborate production, the action of the drama taking place in the East.

J. E. Vedrenne and Dennis Eadie will open their joint managerial campaign in the London Royalty Theatre, which has just been completely renovated. Jerome K. Jerome's new play, with which they will begin operations, is in four acts, and is said to deal with a question of much present interest.

On March 20 H. B. Irving begins a provincial tour which he will end at Dublin, on May 6. Six days later he and his wife, Dorothea Baird, sail for Australia, to remain there for six months certainly, and possibly longer. The opening date has been fixed for June 24, either in Melbourne or Sydney. Which piece will be chosen for the occasion has not yet been definitely settled. Mr. Irving's repertory includes "The Bells," "The Lyons Mail," "Louis XI," "Hamlet," and "Faust," of which a special production is to be made. Mr. Irving appearing for the first time as Mephistopheles; also "Princess Clementina," "Jekyll and Hyde," and "Robert Macaire."

"Mr. Jarvis," an adaptation from a novel, which has just been produced in Wyndham's Theatre, London, is spoken of disrespectfully by the London critics. It is a pseudo-historical piece, in which a supposed natural son of James II is made to impersonate the Chevalier de St. Georges, with a view to the betrayal of Bolingbroke and other Tories into the hands of the famous Duchess of Marlborough and her Whig allies. He carries out his part of the intrigue successfully, but falls in love with a fair Tory, and exposes the plot before it has had time to do mischief. H. V. Esmond, Gerald Du Maurier, Leon Quartermain, Henrietta Watson, and other good players were in the cast, but, apparently, could not overcome the inherent dulness of the play.

In "The Influence of Molière on Restoration Comedy" (Columbia University Press), Dr. D. H. Miles commendably avoids some of the dangers in this type of study: he does not struggle to maintain a fancifully original theory; he does not overestimate the influence of his author; and, best of all, he does not regard mere borrowing of materials as equivalent to genuine discipleship in method and purpose. His work is, however, defective in not indicating its relation to previous treatments of the subject. In general it agrees with the conclusions of A. W. Ward, Bennewitz, Charlanne, and Harvey-Jellie; in some particulars it differs from them; but the uninformed reader has no means of distinguishing what is old, undisputed, or new. It would, furthermore, have been well to show how this study complements others of a parallel or a more general character—for example, Miss Canfield's "Corneille and Racine in England," and M. Charlanne's "L'Influence française en Angleterre." The main thesis—that the influence of Molière's art was, on the whole, moderate, but, whenever felt, beneficial—is clearly and soundly established. Dr. Miles seems, however, a little too ready to assume that the comic method of Molière was in every case superior to that of the English masters. He holds the traditional opinion that the Restoration audiences were utterly corrupt, which may seem dubious to any one who remembers their admiration for the heroic drama. Despite such debatable judgments and the imperfections of method, the work deserves to be recognized as useful; for it analyzes and traces the influence of Molière more thoroughly than had been done before.

Music

Sketch of a New Esthetic of Music. By Ferruccio Busoni. New York: G. Schirmer.

The Basis of Musical Pleasure. By Albert Gehring. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

How to Think Music. By Harriet Ayer Seymour. New York: The H. W. Gray Co.

"A New Esthetic of Music" is a rather ambitious title for the forty-five pages of miscellaneous and disjointed remarks which make up Mr. Busoni's little book; nor does a perusal of them make it quite clear what his "new esthetic" is, unless it be the suggestion that we should adopt the tripartite tone, or third of a tone, in our scale; but this would be nothing new, for such scales have long been in use in the East, while the Greeks apparently had quarter tones. Our present system teaches that there are twenty-four keys, but, in truth, says the author, we have at command only two, the major key and the minor key, the rest being merely transpositions, and "when a well-known face looks out of a window, it matters not whether it gazes down from the first story or the third." Be it so; but what marvellous works of art the masters have created with these "two keys," from Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" to Beethoven's ninth symphony and Wagner's "Götterdämmerung"! In the face of such mature and stupendous works of genius, one reads with astonishment that music is "a child that has learned to walk, but must still be led." It is also amusing to read that the harmony of to-day—and, therefore, that of all the great masters of the last three centuries—is "not for long; for all signs presage a revolution." The author might have added that the revolution is already on. Debussy, D'Indy, and Dukas in France, Strauss, and Reger, and a dozen others in Germany, are putting out their tongues and making dissonant faces at the harmonic system of the present and past. They would dearly welcome the tripartite tone as a new method of jugglery useful for hiding the inability to create melodies. Let a new Schubert, or Grieg, or MacDowell come, and he will not feel the need of a revolution in harmony.

There are some curious contradictions in Mr. Busoni's comments. On one page he asserts that Beethoven "incontestably achieved the greatest progress on and for the piano," and on another page he unwittingly corrects this assertion by writing that "most of Beethoven's piano compositions sound like transcriptions of orchestral works"; which is true, but cannot be said of a single piece by Chopin, the real discoverer of the pianoforte soul and of the possibilities of the pedal. It is odd that Busoni, who is most favorably known as a player of Liszt, makes no mention of him except once where he notes that in isolated passages he anticipated Debussy. But some of the aphorisms in the book are written in the true Lisztian spirit: "Is it not singular to demand of a composer originality in all things, and to forbid it as regards form? No wonder that, once he becomes original, he is accused of 'formlessness.'" And again:

> All composers have drawn nearest the true nature of music in preparatory and intermediate passages (preludes and transitions) where they felt at liberty to disregard symmetrical proportions, and unconsciously drew free breath. . . . But, the moment they cross the threshold of the principal subject, their attitude becomes stiff and conventional, like that of a man entering some bureau of high officialdom.

Dr. Theodore Baker has made an excellent translation of these pages of Busoni, which are not likely to overshadow his fame as a pianist. Nor can it be said that Mr. Gehring's "Basis of Musical Pleasure" does much to elucidate the problems of tonal æsthetics. One of the essays included in this volume is on the expression of emotions in music; in it the author avows that he has solved a controversy which for half a century has vexed the thoughts and stirred the passions of musical theorists. We are sorry we cannot share his satisfaction; sorry, also, to have to add that the whole book strikes us as an ill-digested treatise on the theories of Hanslick, Vischer, Schopenhauer, Sully, Gurney, and others who have written on the chaotic subject of musical æsthetics.

Of far more value, practical as well as æsthetic, is Harriet Ayer Seymour's little book, "How to Think in Music." It comes nearer to solving the highly important problem of how to interest young pupils in music than any book we have seen. In one typical case a girl, artistic to her very finger-tips, had been "learning to play the piano" for six years and had come to hate music. She was a victim of the prevalent mechanical mode of teaching. On being questioned, she admitted that there was one thing that interested her—a tune written by herself. "I loved to do it, and I can sing it." Here she had used her own mind, and the exercise of it had made her happy. "Teachers will find that all children are interested in thinking music, and that the interest grows where otherwise it is apt to flag." So well does this plan work that parents have become interested in the children's work to such an extent as to take up their own study of music once more. The value of folksongs is dilated on, and the author has found that boys like the Wagner motives, some of which are as simple as folksongs. For her method of teaching children to think music before playing it, the reader must be referred to the book itself.

The season at Covent Garden will open April 22 and will end July 29.

The revival of Mozart's "Magic Flute" in Berlin is to be characterized by unprecedented scenic splendors.

D'Albert's "Tiefland," a failure in New York, was recently performed in Berlin the three hundredth time, and in the season 1909-10 it had more performances in Germany's theatres than any other opera.

Oscar Hammerstein's London Opera House is already some eighteen feet above the pavement. It will have, among other things which his Manhattan Opera House lacked, arrangements for providing clean

air, the fresh air being forced into the auditorium at each level, and extracted by means of exhaust fans in the roof.

The most important musical event in Europe next autumn will be the Liszt Centenary Festival at Heidelberg (October 22-25). Its conductors will be Strauss, Wolfrum, Hausegger, and Mottl.

It is stated that Richard Strauss has cut and changed his "Rosenkavalier" in the version to be given at Berlin and Vienna.

Novello of London has published the Coronation Hymn, "The King, O Lord, in Thee This Day Rejoices." The words are by Dean Armitage Robinson and the music is adopted by Sir Frederick Bridge from Percy Godfrey's "Musicians' Company Coronation March."

Art

The announcement of Messrs. Jack of London includes a "History of Painting," by Haldane Macfall, in eight volumes, beginning with the Renaissance in Central Italy, and ending with the Modern Genius and the Painters of Japan.

The first volume of the "Dictionnaire des peintres, sculpteurs, dessinateurs, graveurs, etc., de tous les temps et de tous les pays" (Roger & Chernoviz), by French and foreign specialists under the direction of E. Bénezit, was announced for the end of January—price in subscription 50 francs, after publication 60 francs; the entire work, if it reaches three volumes, will be sold for 100 francs. It is to contain the biography of each artist; list of his works in museums, public buildings, etc.; the same in great collections; works that appeared in salons and expositions; prices obtained by the works at public sales; monograms and marks of particular collections, and signatures of principal artists, with a dictionary of monograms at the end of the entire work.

To characterize such a book as Mrs. Russell Barrington's "Essays on the Purpose of Art" (Longmans) with the civility expected in this column is difficult. The body of doctrine is drawn largely from the author's published lives of Watts and Leighton, who were her friends. Much is made of the contrast between British (*i. e.*, sincere and moral) idealism and the sensationalism and dryly intellectual impressionism which are French. To illustrate the point there is a long parallel between Delacroix and Leighton, where the apogee of solemnly well-informed futility is attained. The longueurs of the book are appalling as is the constant repetition of the same quotations and illustrations.

Buffalmacco's frescoes of the passion in the choir of the Badia, Florence, have recently been discovered behind a renaissance party wall, and now are published and described by Péleo Bacci in the January number of the *Bollettino d'Arte*. The recovered subjects include the Flagellation, March to Calvary, Ecce Homo, and Judas Hanging Himself. These themes are treated with a breadth of light and shade that anticipates Masaccio. A vehement realism, wholly alien to the nobility of Giotto, characterizes the work. Buffalmacco appears as a very great master akin to Pietro Lorenzetti, but much his superior. Dr. Bacci dates these extraordinary frescoes between the years 1330 and 1340. This discoverey will evidently involve considerable rewriting of the history of early Florentine painting.

Of all the alleged portraits of Shakespeare, the so-called death mask is perhaps the only one which possesses features of sufficient charm to do no overt violence to one's mental image of the poet—unless it be the Chandos portrait, but that has earrings! Unfortunately, the death mask is of somewhat obscure pedigree. It was found in a Mainz junk-shop by Ludwig Becker, a portrait-painter, in the middle of the last century; it had been picked up by Count Kesselstadt on a journey to England at the end of the eighteenth century; it has the date of Shakespeare's death, 1616, scratched into the plaster of Paris; that is really all we know of it. Professor Owen, the anatomist, and William Page, the American artist, among many others, have argued for the genuineness of the mask; but none more enthusiastically than Paul Wislicenus ("Shakespeare's Totenmaske"; Lemcke & Buechner). The Baconians have made the subject of Shakespeare's portraits their peculiar province, but Wislicenus attacks them with an eloquent fervor equal to their own. He attacks, too, Mrs. Stope's theory that the present bust of the Stratford monument was set up in 1746 in place of an earlier one, without pen and paper, to be seen pictured in Dugdale's "Warwickshire" (1656). The Dugdale portrait he describes as that of a failing hypochondriac, pressing a thick pillow to his abdomen in evident physical distress; a bad and careless sketch, as were those in Rowe's (1709) and Bell's (1788) Shakespeares, which show quite different heads. The reproduction in Pope's edition (1725), however, agrees closely with the present, that is, according to him, the original form of the bust and of the monument. The Stratford bust he believes to have been made from the Kesselstadt death mask, with the eyes opened, the cheeks fattened, and an expression of bourgeois geniality spread over the countenance by a local artisan. Apart from the discussion of Mrs. Stope's theory the booklet contains little that is new. The nineteen reproductions are excellent.

Stephan Beissel's recent volume, "Geschichte der Verehrung Maria in Deutschland während des Mittelalters" (Freiburg and St. Louis), is an excellent compendium. The author traces the worship of the Virgin back to Merovingian times, and proves that it is of Gallo-Roman origin. The 670 odd pages contain an exhaustive study of the material in the fields of literature and sculpture. There are 300 illustrations, many of works of art which have never before been reproduced.

Of all the Italian schools of painting that of Naples in the seventeenth century has received the least attention. Quite recently, however, we have noted a revival of this school, promoted especially by the director of the Corsini Gallery in Rome, and by the German, Voss, of the Berlin Museum. In this connection we welcome a new book by Wilhelm Rolf, entitled, "Geschichte der Malerei Neapels" (Leipzig: E. A. Seemann). The little that had been written on the subject embodied the worthless assertions of the lying De Dominici, who, in the thirties of the eighteenth century, ambitious to become the Vasari of Neapolitan art, counterfeited a whole mass of documents. The author has steered clear of these forgeries, and has created, for the first time, a standard book. He begins with the mural decorations of the Catacombs of San Gennaro and ends with the rococo painters; 140 plates illustrate the text. The only objection to the book is Rolf's curious habit of transliterating the names of Italian artists into German. We find "Jotto" instead of Giotto, "Johann Baptist" instead of Giovanni Battista, and, worst of all, "Eierschloss" in place of Castello dell' Ovo.

The book of Walter Limburger, "Die Gebäude von Florenz" (Leipzig: Brockhaus), is a thoroughly trustworthy reference book on the architectural history of Florence. It enumerates in alphabetical order 728 different buildings, ecclesiastical as well as secular, with concise topographical and historical information. There is an index of architects, and there is an alphabetical list of the names of streets, squares, etc., in Florence, together with a short account of the changes the names have undergone. Of the two volumes the second reproduces an exceedingly interesting chart of 1783. It would have been advisable to include also the wood-cut of Florence made about 1490, which is to be found in the Berlin Print Room, and which was first published a few years ago by Professor Brockhaus. The author has made use of all the latest investigations, and was careful in the choice of his authorities. The book is handsomely bound and well printed on light paper.

That accomplished student of English Gothic, Francis Bond, continues his series on "Woodcarving in English Churches" with a second volume, "Stalls and Tabernacle Work" (Frowde). The record is carried with plentiful illustrations from the scanty remnant of Romanesque stalls into the seventeenth century. As usual, Mr. Bond provides what ecclesiastical history is necessary to the understanding of these constructions. For elaborate beauty nothing surpasses the fourteenth century choir of Lincoln, though the perished tabernacles of York, of which drawings are fortunately available, were of a more complicated sort. The tabernacles of Lancaster Cathedral illustrate consummately the fantastic charm of the fully developed decorated style. This useful book closes appropriately with a chapter on bishops' thrones and similar seats of authority.

The death is announced from Paris, in his fifty-sixth year, of Emile Cagniart, landscape painter and member of the Société des Artistes Français. He is remembered particularly for his Vue du Palais de Justice, which was acquired by the state, and for views of the Meuse valley in Belgium.

John Merven Carrère, who died in New York last week of injuries received in an automobile accident, was an architect of national fame. He was born of American parents in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1858; was educated first in Switzerland, and later graduated from the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. In partnership with Thomas Hastings, since 1884, he designed the Ponce de Leon and Alcazar Hotels in St. Augustine, Fla., the New York Public Library, the National Academy of Design, and other notable buildings.

Finance

A FALL IN RAILWAY EARNINGS.

Just as the Stock Exchange was seemingly passing into a state of outright cheerfulness—the railway rate decision itself, all circumstances considered, being cited as a stimulus to financial confidence—a sudden relapse in prices occurred, which for a day or two revived the gloomy sentiments of the week before. By some observers, this setback was ascribed to the call for an extra session of Congress, which by that time, with the Senate's failure to act on Canadian reciprocity, had become inevitable. The ground alleged by Wall Street for apprehension was that the Congress called for an extra session on April 4 is the Congress elected in the "landslide" of last November; that the Democratic majority cannot be restricted to action on reciprocity alone, and that if it takes up the tariff as a whole, it may open a Pandora's box of disturbing possibilities.

This consideration may have had its influence; but that influence was certainly secondary to another. While it was being discussed, the great railways of the country were publishing their full reports of gross and net earnings for January. Those statements were conflicting in their tendencies. Some showed gains over 1910, while others showed losses. Some reported largely increased operating expenditure, others did not. But the general run of comparisons was unfavorable. Now net receipts had on many roads been comparing unfavorably since the middle of 1910. That had caused no surprise; the increase in railway wages had a good deal to do with it; but it was calculated that in due course the expansion of gross receipts would take care of that. What startled the Stock Exchange in last week's January statements was the fact that, on so many lines, gross revenue itself showed a downward tendency.

Every one knew, as long ago as the beginning of last autumn, that a severe trade reaction was in progress in this country. People had seen the Steel Corporation's earnings fall from forty million dollars in the June quarter to thirty-seven millions in the three months ending with September, and to twenty-six millions for the last quarter of the year. This was a decrease of 35 per cent. in value of the commodities turned out for customers. The country's monthly iron production simultaneously decreased to a figure 34 per cent. below that at the end of 1909. This was safe measure of the general tendency of trade.

But the railway earnings, in the last months of 1910, did not seem to show the consequences. Even November, by the Interstate Commerce figures, gave the railways a million dollars more revenue than the year before, and December, by the *Financial Chronicle's* preliminary returns, scored a new high record for the month—the net, indeed, decreasing from 1909, but gross increasing $11,300,000.

How was this possible? If we can answer that, we may throw some light on the January statements. The explanation is, that volume of railway traffic cannot instantly reflect a decline in business activity. According to the last annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads hauled in twelve months 149,000,000 tons of agricultural products, 39,000,000 tons of products of animals, 771,000,000 tons of freight from mines, 165,000,000 tons from forests, and 333,000,000 tons of manufactured goods, merchandise, and miscellaneous freight—a total of 1,549,700,000 tons. Such a volume of business meant weeks and months of planning and ordering ahead on the part of the mercantile community. In some instances, weeks elapsed between the time of shipment and the day of delivery; in many cases, these were supplies and materials for half-finished work on industrial undertakings—work that had to be continued to prevent absolute loss of money already invested. Traffic of such proportions continues to move for a considerable time under its own momentum. This principle was never more apparent than in the sequel to the panic of 1907, when business throughout the country came to a dead halt in October; but when it was December before the first decrease in railway earnings appeared.

The January earnings statements are therefore quite in line with precedent; the remarkable fact, indeed, is that they show so little uniformity of contracting earnings. Union and Southern Pacific report for the month decreases in gross of $200,000 and $406,000, respectively; Atchison a gain of $544,000; Pennsylvania and Lake Shore reductions of $337,000 and $157,000; New York Central an increase of $298,000; Reading and Lake Erie and Western decreases of $72,000 and $26,000. Thus some of the roads even now show gains.

But the tendency for January was plainly downward, and the question is, what the railways will have to show in future months. For this, one may profitably go back again to the panic of 1907. After December of that year, monthly gross earnings continued to decrease from the year before, until May showed a falling off of $38,000,000, compared with a loss of only $3,000,000 in December. Then the decreases began to grow smaller, until December, 1908, when an increase of $9,400,000 was reported. What had happened is shown by the reduction from $50,963,000 in 1907 to $48,311,000 in 1908 in appropriations for maintenance of way and the reduction from $50,125,000 to $46,642,000 in appropriations for maintenance of equipment.

It has been the history of our railroads that decreases, whether in gross or in net earnings, are not sustained for any great length of time. During the trade reaction of 1903 and 1904, a halt occurred in gross and a sharp reaction was experienced in net; but 1905 witnessed new high records in both gross and net, and in each succeeding year the record was broken anew, until 1908. The recovery of 1909 brought earnings almost back to the high level of 1907, and in 1910 all previous high records were surpassed. These are the figures for the past decade, giving yearly receipts of all the companies per mile of road, and thus making due allowance for the effect of increased mileage:

	Gross.	Net.
1910	$11,822	$3,913
1909	10,509	3,498
1908	10,593	3,180
1907	11,275	3,845
1906	10,369	3,676
1905	9,507	3,309
1904	9,208	3,115
1903	9,170	3,238
1902	8,543	3,143
1901	8,043	2,951

During the year 1910 the railroads spent $60,572,000 for maintenance of way and $54,388,000 for maintenance of equipment—almost twice as much as had been spent in any year up to 1906. As a result, the railroads are in better physical condition to-day and better able to stand a temporary falling off in earnings than ever before in their history.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Acker, P. Les Exilés. Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.

Aulard, A. Napoléon Ier et le Monopole Universitaire. Paris: A. Colin. 4 francs.

Bacheller, I. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Harper. $1 net.

Bacon, J. D. While Caroline Was Growing. Macmillan. $1.50.

Bailey, L. H. The Outlook to Nature. New and revised edition. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Barclay, Mrs. H. Trevor Lordship. Macmillan. $1.20 net.

Baring, M. Diminutive Dramas. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

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Bigelow, M. M. A False Equation: The Problem of the Great Trust. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Bleackley, H. A Gentleman of the Road. Lane. $1.50.
Bourgeois, E. Le Secret de Dubois, Cardinal et Premier Ministre (la Diplomatie secrète au XVIIIe siècle—III). Paris: A. Colin. 10 francs.
Brandes, G. Ferdinaud Lassalle. Macmillan. $2 net.
Brown, J. W. Florence Past and Present. London: Rivington.
Chambers, R. W. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Collas, E. Valentine de Milau, duchess d'Orléans. Paris: Plon. 7.50 francs.
Coppée, F. The Guilty Man. English version by R. H. Davis. Dillingham. $1.50.
Gallon, T. The Rogue's Heiress. Dillingham. $1.50 net.
Curwood, J. O. The Honor of the Big Snows. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Drummond, H. The Justice of the King. Macmillan. $1.20 net.
Duricux, J. Las Vainqueurs de la Bastille. Paris: H. Champion.
Eastman, C. A. The Soul of the Indian. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Eckardt, H. M. P. A Rational Banking System. Harper. $1.50.
English Melodies from the 13th to the 18th Century: One Hundred Songs. Edited, with notes, by V. Jackson. Dutton. $3 net.
Finney, L. E. Dan's Ministry. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Flournoy, Th. Esprits et Médiums. Paris: Fischbacher. 7.50 francs.
Fouquières, A. de. De l'Art, de l'Elégance, de la Charité. Paris: Fontemoing. 3.50 francs.
Frenssen, G. Klaus Hinrich Baas. Translated by E. E. Lape and E. F. Read. Macmillan. $1.50.
Gade, J. A. Cathedrals of Spain. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Galpin, F. W. Old English Instruments of Music: Their History and Character. Chicago: McClurg. $2.50 net.
Galsworthy, J. The Patrician. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Gazier, A. Les derniers jours de Blaise Pascal. Paris: H. Champion.
Grey, Z. The Young Pitcher. Harper. $1.25.
Guy, H. Histoire de la Poésie Francaise au XVIe siècle. Vol. I. L'Ecole des Rhétoriqueurs. Paris: H. Champion.
Hackett, F. W. Reminiscences of the Geneva Tribunal of Arbitration. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Harris, C. Eve's Second Husband. Phila.: Altemus. $1.50.
Hensel, S. The Mendelssohn Family. (1729-1847). Second edition, revised. Harper. $3 net.
Hervier, M. Les Ecrivains Francais jugés par leurs contemporains. Vol. I. Le XVIe et XVIIe siècle. Paris: Delaplane. 4.50 francs.
Hornung, E. W. The Camera Fiend. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Jenney, C. E. Californian Nights' Entertainment (booklet of poems). Edinburgh: Valentine & Anderson. 50 cents.
Kernahan, Mrs. C. The Thirteenth Man. Dillingham. $1.50.
Laurance, J. Marriage and Divorce. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Lauvrière, E. Repetition and Parallelism in Tennyson. Frowde.
Lebeau, H. Otahiti. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Leblanc, M. 813. Translated by A. T. de Mattos. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Marden, O. S. The Secret of Achievement; Pushing to the Front; Rising in the World. 3 vols. Crowell. $1 each.
Masson-Forestier. Autour d'un Racine ignoré. Paris: Mercure de France. 7.50 francs.
Mayer, F. Fontainebleau up to date. Paris: 92 av. de Villiers. 3 francs.
Méneval, Baron de. L'Impératrice Joséphine. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 7.50 francs.
Montague, C. E. Dramatic Values. Macmillan.
W. E. Norris. The Square Peg. Brentano. $1.35 net.
O'Connor, Mrs. T. P. I Myself: Being Reminiscences of Her Life. Brentano. $3.50 net.
Ohnet, G. Pour tuer Bonaparte. Paris: Ollendorff. 3.50 francs.
Patterson, M. Fortunata: a Novel. Harper. $1.30 net.
Petitot, H. Pascal, sa Vie religieuse et son Apologie du Christianisme. Paris: G. Beauchesne.
Photiadès, C. George Meredith. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Popham, W. L. Silver Gems in Seas of Gold. Broadway Pub. Co. $2.50.
Poulton, E. B. John Viriamu Jones, and Other Oxford Memories. Longmans.
Powell, E. P. How to Live in the Country. Outing Pub. Co. $1.75.
Ramsay, F. P. An Interpretation of Genesis. Neale Pub. Co. $2 net.
Renouvier et Secrétan (correspondance). Paris; A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Reynolds, Mrs. B. Beware of the Dog Brentano. $1 net.
Ritter, Charles—ses Amis et ses Maîtres (lettres 1859-1905). Paris: Fischbacher. 3.50 francs.
Rowe, H. P. The House of Unfulfilled Desire. Boston: Badger. $1.
Savory, D. Ll. Drei Wochen in Deutschland: Ein Deutsches Lesebuch. Frowde. 60 cents.
Séailles, G. Eugène Carrière. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Seignobos, C. Histoire Moderne jusqu'en 1715. Paris: A. Colin. 5 francs.
Seligman, E. R. A. The Income Tax. Macmillan.
Sharp, D. L. The Face of the Fields. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.
Sidgwick, A. The Application of Logic. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Skelton, O. D. Socialism, A Critical Analysis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Spence-Jones, H. D. M. The Early Christians in Rome. Lane. $4 net.
Sterns, J. Osru, a Tale of Many Incarnations. Theosophical Pub. Co. $1.
Sumerwell, F. P. Four in Family. Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.
Traubel, H. Optimos. Huebsch. $1.50 net.
Tschudi, C. de. La Mère de Napoléon. Paris: Fontemoing. 3.50 francs.
Vidal de la Blache. Géographie—la France. Paris: A. Colin. 3.75 francs.
Vittum, W. H. Orpheus, and Other Poems. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.
Vouters, H. Le Petit Commerce contre les Grands Magasins et les Coopératives de Consommation. Paris: A. Rousseau.
Waite, A. V., and Taylor, E. M. Modern Masterpieces of Short Prose Fiction. Edited, with introduction and notes. Appleton.
Walter, E., and Hornblow, A. The Easiest Way. Dillingham.
Warren, J. A Spanish Grammar. Longmans.
Webb, H. L. The Silences of the Moon. Lane. $1.50 net.
Wiggin, K. D., and others. Robinetta. Boston: Houston Mifflin. $1.10 net.
Wright, J. A Fool on a Roof, and Other Poems. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Zaring, P. A. The Cosmos. Boston: Poet Lore Co. $1.25 net.

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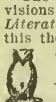

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The Week

Reports that President Taft will use his veto to prevent any tariff ameudment by the extra session of Congress, except the enactment of the Canadian reciprocity agreement, should be taken with a very large graln of salt. It is said that he would oppose even a revi-slon of the wool schedules—which he has declared to be "indefensible"—since he does not believe that Congress will be ln possession of "scientlfic data" upon whlch to proceed. But whatever the Tariff Board has can be turned over to the Committee on Ways and Means. And as the Presldent is on record as holding that even the "data" laid before Payne and Aldrich left no doubt that the woollen dutles were made outrageously high, it is difficult to see on what ground he could oppose thelr reduction. He certalnly would not wish to make it appear that he would not accept from Congress ln April or May what his friends say he intends to urge it to do in December! As for other legislation in the extra session, Mr. Taft only echoes the common hope that little will be attempted. An apportionment bill ought to be passed, lnasmuch as the Republicans failed in their Constitutional duty to pass one in the Sixty-first Congress; and the intervals of business mlght well be utilized to put through the Constitutional amendment for the direct election of Senators. But in general the sooner the extra session does lts necessary work and adjourns the better the country will like it, and the stronger will be the position of the Democrats.

Ex-Senator Burkett of Nebraska is so recent an ex-Senator that his opinion must still be taken as representative of a certain body of opinion at Washington. Why was Mr. Burkett against Canadian reciprocity? Because it was against the interests of his constituents:

> It costs a Nebraska farmer 20 cents to raise a bushel of corn, and it costs 5 cents more in Illinois. When corn gets down to 20 cents the farmer cannot buy anything, and furthermore he can't pay more than $12 or $15 a month for help. When corn gets down to 15 cents, as I have seen it do, the farmer can afford to raise only enough to use about his place. When it is up to 35, the farmer pays $30 to his help, gives his children the best possible in the way of education, and buys automobiles.

The fine old statesmanlike way of putting things—how familiar its accents fall on the ear! Either the farmer must sell corn at the cost of production or else he must sell it at a profit of 75 per cent. Either the farmer must feed his crop to the pigs or else he must ride in automobiles. Either the farm-laborer must get twelve dollars a month or else he must get two and a half times as much. A golden mean between the extremes of destitution and opulence is inconceivable, and it is the mission of every real government when it finds the farmer badly off to clap on a sufficiently high tariff to give him an automobile.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech in favor of reciprocity was as statesmanlike as it was astute. The timid souls were reassured against the spectre of annexation by as ringing a patriotic manifestation as any loyalist heart could desire. "Rather than part with our national existence, we would part with our lives," are strong words in the mouth of a Prime Minister; strong enough to undo whatever harm may have been done by the threatened invasion of Canada by Mr. Champ Clark and Mr. Bennet. There remains the inevltable trend towards an economic understanding between the two nations, a development that has been recognized by both parties in Canada for the last forty years, and which only the exigencies of practical politics have caused the Opposition to disown. Honest antagonism to the commercial agreement with the United States undoubtedly exists in Canada. It would be idle to say that even an oppressive or iniquitous system does not bind up to itself the interests of very many decent people. But that somebody has to suffer in the curing of an evil is a principle that must be reckoned with.

The appointment of Justice Charles E. Hughes to head the commission to investigate second-class postage rates is the best possible assurance that its work will be both judicial and thorough. Mr. Lawrence Maxwell, the second member appointed, a Democrat who was Solicitor-General under Mr. Cleveland, will also add to its strength. With the help of such men, the facts ought to be brought out. We have not believed that the method of taxing advertisements in magazines was either practical or wise; but we are chiefly concerned that the investigation should be broad and thorough and free from the usual tendency of governmental commissions to take the official view. If the inquiry is to be far-reaching it is bound to go into other questions than those affecting the magazines. The whole problem of the second class involves the management of the Department, the question of politics within it, of incompetent postmasters and a too little used plant. Such a commission must inevitably, if it decides in favor of the magazines or does not, point out the waste and extravagance and indicate other ways of saving and of making money.

Travelling expenses are well known to be like charity in covering a multitude of—well, different things. It has but just now been discovered that the annual travelling expenses of the Government of the United States amount to $12,000,000 a year. This fact has been unearthed by the President's commission on efficiency and economy in governmental methods. The reason why it has been so long hidden is that no single account or bill has ever shown the total. The figures are tucked away in miscellaneous and contingent-expense accounts of the varlous departments. President Taft's attention has been drawn to the large sum whlch lt appears, on analysis, that the Government is paying for the official journeyings of its servants, and he is said to have expressed the purpose to have the whole business systematized. His private secretary, Mr. Norton, referred to the matter in his recent address before the Union League Club of Chicago, and stated that surprising differences had been found in the expense accounts for travel turned in by different departments. In the mere question of railway transportation to New York and return, for example, it has been found that the employees of some bureaus can make the

trip for 10 per cent. less than others. If there is thus a possibility of saving as much as 10 per cent. on the whole $12,000,000, the taxpayers are entitled to have it made.

The adjournment of the Indiana Legislature is made the occasion of greater praise for its record than such bodies usually receive. And yet it barely saved itself in the last two weeks of the session. Up to that time a strong bipartisan combination, supplemented by a vigorous lobby, threatened to waste completely the Democratic opportunity. Toward the end, however, the Democrats waked up to their well-nigh lost chance to do what they were elected to do, and redeemed their campaign promises of a child-labor law, a weekly-wage law, a registration law, an employers' liability law, and measures strengthening the public accounting system. Still more gratifying is the enactment, with the coöperation of the Republicans, of a corrupt-practices act. Among bills that failed was a franchise-referendum bill. Why the Republicans should have opposed this, after their "progressive" campaign of last fall, is a mystery that will help the Democrats as much as their rally at the last to prevent the session from being barren.

The new Governor of South Carolina, Blease, who wants to stop the education of the negro in that State, is not going to have things all his own way. Mr. Charles L. Coon, the able superintendent of schools in Wilson, S. C., is not afraid to speak out about the value of real education for the colored man and to point out what a shame the present public-school education so often is. Thus Mr. Coon brings out the facts in regard to the negro schools in Alexander County in reply to a letter in the Charlotte *Observer* from a citizen who thinks that there is too much education there. It appears that there are 287 colored children of school age in that county; that 224 attend for the school term of only *sixty-five days;* that the total value of negro school property is but $309, and that the total amount paid for teaching the negroes is but $412.32 a year, at the rate of $51.54 per teacher per year! As Mr. Coon says, what the white man is really complaining about is the lack of negro education. Surely, he says, "a county that is making such a showing cannot seriously claim that it is trying or has tried the experiment of negro education."

Instead of resorting to abuse and anonymous threats, Mr. Gompers and the others who are opposing the installation of power presses in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing would do well to devote their energies to framing a reply to Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Andrew's temperate and apparently conclusive statement. Starting with the fact of the increase of the business of the Bureau at such a rate as altogether to outstrip its present equipment, Mr. Andrew points out that the only alternative is to enlarge the output without expanding beyond the bounds of the building. The Bureau investigated the possibility of making a change from hand presses to power presses, without displacing any of the present employees, and without lowering the technical standard of the work. It was found that every employee now engaged on the hand presses could be retained, if power presses were installed in the course of three, or at most four, years. In the bill repealing the mandatory provision for the use of hand presses, the substitution of power presses is distributed over five years. The investigation of the quality of work produced upon power presses was made in the presence of members of the Plate Printers' Union and under adverse conditions, but the most expert of the plate printers could not distinguish among the notes produced in the two ways. The part of the statement that should receive the most careful attention of those who are fighting the change is the declaration that many of the employees of the Bureau would welcome it, because work with power requires less physical labor, is much less apt to produce internal injuries, and is from 30 to 40 per cent. better paid. That the substitution would relieve the Bureau of its unenviable distinction of being the only large engraving plant in this or any other country which prints from engraved plates upon a large scale by hand presses, and would save the Government at least $700,000 a year, must impress the mere taxpayer, though, of course, beneath the notice of Congress.

Mr. Bryce closed his recent address at the City Club in New York with a note of hopefulness about American municipal government. With a knowledge of our city misgovernment now extending over forty years, and as a close and eager student of existing conditions, Mr. Bryce is one whose testimony cannot be lightly set aside. The immense work yet to be done is not, of course, denied by this clear-eyed observer, but he bases his good hopes for the future upon the evidence that Americans are giving attention and energy to city affairs as never before. Our difficulties are obvious, our mistakes and our disappointments have been many, but we are still keeping at it, and there are solid grounds for believing that we shall work out into a better state of things. Everywhere there is a tendency to make national party politics count for less in city elections; everywhere there is a growing insistence upon having municipal officials with sufficient power to carry with it the fixing of responsibility; there is much promising experiment with new forms of city government; there are more civic organizations working for reform; there is appearing a distinct spirit of municipal patriotism. In view of this, we should be foolish to despond when a man like Mr. Bryce bids us hope.

New Hampshire will cover herself with disgrace if she fails to save the magnificent Crawford Notch from the deadly injury not only threatened, but already being inflicted, by lumbermen who have begun cutting down the forests. The bill before the Legislature authorizes the Governor and Council to take possession under the right of eminent domain; and it is stated by those who have made a careful inquiry into the situation that the sum of $100,000, appropriated in the bill, will be sufficient to save the forests of the Notch. This is so trifling an amount in comparison with the object attained that it would seem incredible that there should be any doubt of the action of the Legislature were there not such a melancholy record of its conduct in past years in similar matters. But there have been two changes which ought to assure success this time. The nomination and election of Gov. Bass testified to the arousing of a new spirit of citizenship in New Hampshire; and the passage of the national forests bill by Congress supplies a new encouragement and incen-

tive. With the Federal Government looked to for the saving of the forests in the upper White Mountain region, New Hampshire ought to be more than glad to do her part at the Crawford Notch.

Now that President James of the University of Illinois has put into motion a scheme for the working out of a complete constitution for the university, to be framed upon the initiative of the University Senate, it seems surprising that such a project has not been undertaken before this. However, it is only within recent years that the class of questions with which the constitution will be most seriously concerned has attained great prominence in American educational discussion. The tremendous growth of the State universities of the West has given to these institutions a place quite unknown in former times: and the active part taken by many of them in the development of matters immediately connected with government and the general welfare has greatly heightened the interest with which they are regarded. But it is not only in the State universities that there has been either great increase of numbers or essential widening of the field of action. Our leading Eastern institutions have become real universities, instead of merely institutions for the ordinary instruction of undergraduates; and furthermore the sectarian control which a few decades ago was dominant, now plays a very minor part. The time is therefore ripe for thoroughly examining the organization of American universities, and the professors who constitute the Senate of the University of Illinois have an opportunity to help in the establishment of sound principles in this important domain.

Other causes than the handicap of a totally unsuitable building must enter into the failure of a project like the New Theatre movement. But it would be premature to look for such other causes in face of the fact that the New Theatre project in its entirety has not yet been admitted a failure. On the contrary, the founders of the New Theatre strongly reaffirm their faith in the underlying idea of an enterprise that has cost them nearly half a million dollars. And they are quite right. Stone walls do not a playhouse make—or unmake. The play and the players are the sum and substance of the problem. On these points we have comforting reassurance. Efforts to build up a good stock company are to be continued, though the New Theatre players will not be seen in this city for a year, or until their new home is ready for them. But it may very well be that a year of "barnstorming" will supply valuable training. As for the play, it is reassuring to be told that nothing will be abated from the original design of putting art above commerce. With the essentials of the scheme kept intact a new start is to be made. But while the incubus of the marble palace on Central Park West is to be thrown off, it would be well to keep in mind that other mistakes than those in marble have been made. It is not yet time to say, "Now we are safe." A vast deal of labor is still ahead.

The reported attack upon the freedom of the college press turns out to be without foundation. President Lowell, indeed, is now quoted as assuring the trembling editors of the *Lampoon* that he thought their daring cartoon a good joke, and that Lyman Abbott himself, far from taking offence, would so regard it. Thus encouraged, the enterprising publishers announce a second edition. What the Carnegie Foundation will say about the incident in its next report it would be idle to speculate. Does it indicate a waning in the power, or, worse, in the ideals of university presidents? Was it a wily move on the part of the head of Harvard to win publicity for himself? There is undoubtedly an increasing sensitiveness among college professors because of their subordinate position in the college world, where one mediocre quarterback receives more of the sort of recognition that counts than the combined body of those to whose lectures he attends through the medium of typewritten notes. But even this feeling appears hardly sufficient to account for an action just the reverse of what would have been expected. President Lowell seems to have forgotten his scholastic dignity in a smile at the richness of undergraduate humor.

British public opinion has gone beyond the point of evincing a pretty firm mind not to take Lord Lansdowne's Rembrandt off his hands by a national subscription. The newspapers are now asking angrily, what right has a man of Lord Lansdowne's position to throw the picture on the market at all? Legally the noble lord's property, the threatened Rembrandt is characterized as being actually a national treasure of which its owner ought to regard himself as merely the steward. Thus Lord Lansdowne's offer to let the public have his picture at a 5 per cent. reduction from the half-million offered by a hideously wealthy American, is met with the bold counter-proposition that when the nation refuses to purchase a rare art-treasure, no one else shall be allowed to take it. In Italy the chief art collections have been catalogued and the exportation of any piece so registered is forbidden. The law is violated because many an Italian nobleman has to choose between poverty and his pictures. Is that the case with Lord Lansdowne? The former Governor-General of Canada, Governor-General of India, Secretary for War, and Foreign Secretary has only four houses to live in, as we read in "Who's Who," and only about 143,000 acres on which to take his exercise. Yet with the present high cost of living——

It was not M. Jaurès or Herr Bebel who gave utterance recently to the following words of warning in the course of parliamentary debate:

> It is the most civilized nations that spend the most on armaments. Unless the mischief is brought home to men's feelings as well as to their minds, the growth of armaments must in the long run break civilization down. Some think it will end in war. *I think more likely it will end in international revolution.*

The speaker was Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith's secretary for foreign affairs. Any such hearty pronouncement against the evil of bloated armaments from such a source would have been significant. It is doubly significant that Sir Edward Grey should have admitted the validity of the menace which the Socialists almost from the beginning have raised in protest against the excesses of militarism and imperialism—the menace of international revolution. The jingo argument is losing its effectiveness as a pacifier of internal discontent. And in every country, and at the peril of being called anti-patriotic and worse, there are brave men to plead the needs of internal social progress against the reckless multiplication of war machinery and war debts.

THE MEXICAN AFFAIR AND THE LAW.

The country is still left very much in the dark concerning the real reasons for the dispatch of 20,000 American soldiers to the Mexican frontier. The first pretence of "manœuvres" was promptly abandoned. It was soon admitted by the Administration that some other motive existed than to exercise the troops and see how our machinery for mobilization would work. But we are yet without an official explanation of the movement. Rumors and hints abound, but no precise statement has been made. If Congress were in session a demand would undoubtedly be made that the President should take the nation into his confidence. As it is, we are left groping. Was the action taken in consequence of representations by the Mexican Government? Had the State Department been urged to move in behalf of American investors in Mexico? Was the whole thing simply the result of a nervous desire to "do something"—always a dangerous thing in public affairs—complicated by an unexpected fanfaronade of advertising by our military authorities? We do not know. No accurate information has been vouchsafed the country, and it must wait with what patience it can for more light.

It ought to be regarded as perfectly clear, however, that some of the excuses given and explanations assigned in the press have no validity whatever. It has been alleged, for example, that it is the duty of the United States to prevent the shipment of arms across the border, and that the presence of a large body of troops is necessary in order to discharge this assumed international obligation. But no such obligation exists. Nothing of the kind can be found in the entire chapter of the Revised Statutes of the United States relating to neutrality. A "military expedition" set on foot on our territory is, of course, illegal; it is made a misdemeanor for an American citizen to "enlist" on the soil of his own country to serve in a war in a country with which we are at peace; attempts to fit out a "vessel of war" in like circumstances, are declared illegal, and subject any citizen of the United States guilty of them to a fine of $10,000 and imprisonment for ten years; and collectors of customs are bound to detain any ship "manifestly built for warlike purposes" of which the cargo shall consist "principally of arms and munitions of war." But the sale and shipment of arms to either belligerent are not forbidden. Arms are, of course, sold and shipped subject to seizure as contraband, but that is the affair of the owner and consignee, not of the Government. There can be no ground, therefore, for the assertion that our soldiers are sent to the border to prevent the sending of rifles and ammunition across it. No obligation, either legal or moral, rests upon our Government to undertake to prevent it.

Another reason vaguely given for the concentration of troops in Texas is that we must be prepared to "protect" American property in Mexico. That property is undeniably very large, and is scattered up and down the republic. Its "protection" by soldiers in San Antonio would be a difficult task. If mines owned by Americans are seized by insurgents in Durango, or railways broken up in Oajaca, in which American capital is invested, no long-distance shooting from the north bank of the Rio Grande will do any good. Whatever protests or demands might be in order would have to be made through diplomatic channels and from Washington. It would be a matter for pen and paper, not khaki and bullets. Quite aside from that, there is a great deal of confusion of thought on the whole subject of the relation of our Government to its citizens engaged in business in foreign countries. It is just as true of Americans who invest capital or buy property in Mexico as it is of those who do the same thing in England or France, that they take the step at their own risk. They are subject to the local jurisdiction. The sole duty of our Government in the premises is to insist that no discrimination be made against them, that they shall enjoy the same legal and judicial safeguards as natives, and that if their property has been taken without due process of law or destroyed by a mob or an insurrection, their claim to compensation shall be duly considered by the established Government. The United States does not undertake to collect the debts of its citizens in foreign countries—not even if the money is owed them by the Government itself. It would not employ its land or naval forces to compel the execution of a contract between another country and a citizen or citizens of our own. All those matters are for the courts of justice on the spot or for peaceful diplomatic adjustment.

Hence the mere fact that the amount of American capital employed in one way or another in Mexico is very large has nothing to do with the case. Whether the sum be $500,000,000 or $1,000,000,000 the principle remains the same as if it were $30. If any American citizen, rich or poor, is deprived of his rights in Mexico, our Government is, of course, bound to take the appropriate steps; but there is only mischief in the notion that an army must be mobilized and cruisers ordered to sail just because large American investments abroad may be in danger of suffering temporary losses. And it would be well for any of the eager gentlemen who are thinking of their big "claims" against Mexico in consequence of the insurrection to bear in mind what happened to American claimants in Cuba. Our Government assumed in the treaty their $50,000,000 or more of claims against Spain, and then set up a Claims Commission which proceeded to repudiate nine-tenths of them on the ground that they were not warranted under international law. It is not a bad thing to look at the law of nations before you leap.

THE CORPORATION TAX DECISION.

It is necessary, in considering Monday's Supreme Court decision upholding the Corporation Tax of 1909, to distinguish between approval of the character, purpose, and origin of the law, and affirmation that its enactment was constitutional. The second of these functions is all that the Supreme Court performed. We mention this somewhat obvious fact because of a tendency, visible in some discussions of the matter, to assume that the court of last resort has put its seal of general approval on the measure. It has by no means done any such thing; the wisdom or unwisdom of the tax in question, and of the manner of imposing it, is quite as open to debate as it was before the Supreme Court held the statute constitutional.

That the court would so declare it has, we imagine, been expected by the majority of lawyers. In the first place, the Supreme Court is traditionally reluctant to throw out a law of Congress, save on the clearest showing that the national legislature had exceeded its

powers. The chief burden of the long list of Supreme Court decisions has been interpretation and application of laws already admitted as constitutional in their general principle. Even in this Corporation Tax decision, the court has so construed the law as to exempt from its application certain corporate bodies from which the Government had already claimed the tax.

The Corporation Tax provision, unlike the Income Tax provision of 1894, was drawn up with great care to anticipate constitutional objections and to conform to previous court decisions. In particular, it had in mind the clause of the War Revenue act of 1898, which imposed on companies refining oil or sugar a special excise tax equal to one-quarter of one per cent. on the gross amount of all receipts in excess of $250,000. That statute was reviewed and upheld by the Supreme Court. The unanimous decision of the court, in favor of the Act of 1909, is based on similar grounds. Justice Day's opinion sets forth that the income tax of 1894 "was held to be direct, because imposed upon property simply because of its ownership," but that, "in the present case, the tax is not payable unless there is a carrying on or doing of business in the designated capacity." "The difference between the acts," the opinion declares, "is not merely nominal, but rests upon substantial differences between the mere ownership of property and the actual doing of business in a certain way."

To the contention that the law is unconstitutional for want of uniformity because imposed on corporations and not on partnerships or individuals, it is in like manner answered that the privilege of doing business as a corporation is taxed, and not the mere doing of business. The argument that, by taxing a State-chartered corporation, the national government unconstitutionally invades the prerogative of the State which granted the charter, is dismissed by the court on the ground that, in the nature of things, Federal excise taxes "must be collected from the same activities as are also reached by the States in order to support their local governments"; and that "if this were not true, citizens could invalidate the taxing power of the nation simply by continuing their business under a State franchise."

To recognize, however, as the people are now bound to do, the constitutionality of the corporation tax of 1909, does not necessarily involve recognition of its wisdom. There were some serious objections to that tax, wholly apart from its constitutionality. That it involved double, and in some States and cities triple, taxation is one of these objections. That it opened the way for increasing and oppressive taxation, on lines which might reach a factitious popularity, is another. These considerations bring up a possibility which the authors of the law may not have contemplated—namely, that the host of small private business enterprises and partnerships, which of late years have sought incorporation as a mere matter of convenience, may be induced in at least some instances to return to their original form of organization. If such a movement were to be widespread, the general government would not only have in part defeated its own expectations, but would indirectly have struck a blow at the revenue which the States now draw from their taxes on corporations.

Again, there is the so-called "publicity feature." Mr. Taft's official endorsement of the Corporation Tax law was largely based on his idea that through its provisions "we should be incidentally able to possess the government and the stockholders and the public of the knowledge of the real business transactions and the gains and profits of every corporation in the country." The *Nation* has for many years taken the lead in demanding publicity of earnings and accounts on the part of great corporations whose securities are afloat on the general investment market, and it is needless for us to say that guarantees of such publicity are in themselves a salutary thing. But whether such compulsion, direct or indirect, ought to be extended to minor concerns which make no appeal to the investment market, whose stock and bonds are held by a small group of individuals connected with the enterprise, and whose interests might be jeopardized, as those of the great corporations would not be, through possible opening of their accounts to competitors, may be another question.

These are not merely retrospective considerations. They should be kept in mind in view of the fact that, with tariff revision a probability of the future, and with the constitutionality of the corporation tax affirmed by the highest court, the temptation for Congress to amend that tax in the way of still heavier burdens may bring up again the whole discussion.

MOB-LAW AND PROSPERITY.

Secretary Dickinson did well in his address before the Southern Commercial Congress to lay great stress on the direct connection between lawlessness and prosperity. Ranking mob-killings as the worst of crimes, worse than rape, in that they strike at the root of our social structure and make criminals of masses, he declared emphatically that "there can be no general and steady economic development where there is a general non-enforcement of the law."

It is, of course, far better when opposition to injustice and wrong is based on some other ground than a pecuniary one. But the great masses of people must often be reached through the pocketbook before they can be really wakened to the injury they are doing themselves and others by dangerous and base practices. Hence we have long felt that the time must come when the South would regard many of its gravest problems not from the standpoint of prejudice and hatred, but from that of what is wisest from the commercial point of view; from that standard to the higher one the progress ought to be certain. So, in the matter of lawlessness, the realization is coming, not only that, as Secretary Dickinson points out, lynch law regulates nothing and puts an end to no crime, but that it inflicts heavy pecuniary loss and sensibly retards that extraordinary commercial development which is doing such wonders for the South and compelling the admiration of all who witness it. That this is no exaggeration is perfectly plain from the experience of the very city in which Mr. Dickinson spoke. Three days after the Atlanta riot in 1906, Charles T. Hopkins, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and a prominent Atlanta business man, said publicly:

> Saturday evening at eight o'clock, the credit of Atlanta was good for any number of millions of dollars in New York or Boston, or any financial centre; to-day we couldn't borrow fifty cents. The reputation we have been building up so arduously for years has been swept away in two short hours, not by men who have made and make Atlanta, not by men who represent the

character and strength of our city, but by hoodlums, understrappers, and white criminals.

Thousands of dollars worth of orders were cancelled at that time and heavy losses sustained by merchants; and that Atlanta experience has been repeated elsewhere. Indeed, the last time such a riot occurred in a considerable Southern city a determined effort was made to minimize the news of it, in order to prevent injury to the town. We may expect that before long mobs in cities will disappear, even while they linger in the rural regions, because it will be found that they do not pay. Certainly, those who inveign against them on grounds of justice and humanity are also pleading for progress, for business stability, and for prosperity. Not without cost does Birmingham, Alabama, bear the bad name of showing more murders in a single year than are committed in all England, including London. Indeed, it is an open secret that Southern lawlessness is one reason why the Italian Government is not favorable to the settling of its citizens in the Southern States and prefers to see them heading for South America, where lynching is unknown.

But how best may mob-law be combated? For one thing, by just such frank utterances as Mr. Dickinson's, since they go far toward encouraging others to denounce the rioters even when they appear to be "citizens of standing." Most important of all is, however, an insistence in season and out of season that, as Mr. Dickinson puts it, the same protection be given to the negro "for person and property under the law as we give the white man." There is far too often a failure of justice for the negro in the courts, and the very fact that there are two kinds of law, that colored men are excluded from juries, that a white man's word is invariably taken against a negro's—all these things play into the hands of the mob spirit. Fortunately, there is a rapidly increasing public sentiment against them. When a successful effort was made to save the life of Pink Franklin, who was unjustly sentenced to death in South Carolina, the Northerners interested in his fate found hearty coöperation in that State and the generous support of such newspapers as the Charleston *News and Courier* and the Columbia *State*.

The truth is, of course, that injustice invariably injures those who inflict it far more than those who suffer it. In pleading for the enforcement of law Mr. Dickinson really works for the moral advancement of his own race. Its leaders boast, with justice, of their material progress; the moral must keep pace with it. Then, too, the negro is the South's greatest asset. How can he be made economically most effective? Not by depriving him of life and limb at the pleasure of a mob; not by depriving him of his rights of citizenship. He needs precisely the same incentives to labor as does any other man who is struggling upward—security, the right to hold property, to obtain justice, to say how his children shall be educated and his taxes spent, and to lift himself in the industrial scale. And the greatest of these rights is that justice which is at the basis of our whole democratic structure.

OUR DEARTH OF SATIRISTS.

American civilization has been accused of so many defects that we should have thought it impossible to suggest a new one. Certainly, we should have failed to divine the charge that is made against us by Henry F. Urban, author of "Die drei Dollarjäger aus Berlin," in an article in the current number of the *Rundschau Zweier Welten*, entitled "Why America has no Satirists." One's first impulse is to reply, "But we have." Our critic, however, knows better, and affirms in so many words that there is not a single American "Witzblatt" that dares to hold the mirror up before "our godlike Yankees." There are, he freely admits, some sugar-water journals which pass for satirical and are written for lemonade-sipping maidens and youth, but he would give a kingdom for a *Simplicissimus* in what he, with original wit, calls "Dollarika." His keenest pain comes from his own expatriated countrymen, many of whom share that dislike of satirists which he has the glory of discovering as our national trait. These stupid German-Americans regard it as the final demonstration of their Americanization to permit no jesting upon anything American. According to their way of thinking, a satirizer of their adopted country is not merely an ignoramus, but a traitor.

The anomaly which strikes our gracious critic is the lack of satirists in a land where they should grow wild. There is no people, he assures us, so rich in grotesque weaknesses and contradictions as we. We have first our Puritanism, and then our Dollarism, our inequality and lack of freedom in those who want money, our petticoat-despotism, our religious hysterias, and our benightedness in considering American culture superior to all other. One would think, he adds drily, that all this would be matter for satirists. But he has waited and is still waiting for the great American satirist, who, like the great American novelist, seems determined to escape detection. Where is he? he cries. And then he recalls the fate of Herr Münsterberg and his unappreciated "American Traits." An American who shows up American weaknesses is no American, but a criminal; an immigrant who does it deserves to be lynched. And if we ask the cause of our deficiency in this respect, we learn that it is our "comic self-adoration" which renders us unable to bear the truth. The cultivated man one knows most surely by his ability to recognize himself and to be patient with a critic of his weaknesses. For this reason Bernard Shaw is a sign of high English culture.

Our chief regret in connection with this analysis of our most distinctive shortcoming is that it was not written at a time when James Russell Lowell could have enjoyed it. His laugh would have acquitted us of the total lack of discernment of which we are accused. Holmes, too, we venture to think, might have been capable of pointing out in this German article places deserving of a smile. Then there was Irving. The creator of Wouter Van Twiller and Ichabod would not have been nonplussed by the outpourings of a kindred soul, or driven into a display of blind arrogance which seems to have befallen a generation that goes on believing it is amused at the follies of its predecessors. What Mark Twain would have said can only be conjectured, but it is certain that he could have given an excellent imitation of satirical appreciation. Mr. Dooley writes and sells to shrewd publishers matter that, once really understood by his satire-hating countrymen, would brand him as a criminal and a traitor. And there are hosts of paragraphers and cartoonists who risk their lives daily by poking fun at our most cher-

lished institutions and public men, and who are saved from the consequences of their work only by the obtuseness of those who pay for the privilege of seeing it. As our genial critic, however, is a satirist himself, able to penetrate beneath the surface, and as he has spent twenty years in looking at Uncle Sam under the microscope, he must be aware of all these concealed satirists. Possibly, therefore, his complaint of our dearth of satire is only ironical.

If, nevertheless, we misinterpret him, there are those to whom he can go even in this satire-loathing republic and who can tell him of what probably seems to them a tolerably effective substitute for an uncomplimentary mirror. If he will ask certain men the significance of the phrase "The Senator from Havemeyer" or "The Senator from Ryan"; if he will take the trouble to interview a retiring Speaker upon the unconstitutionality of making light of anything American; if he will seek out some Fifth Avenue belle, who has had the temerity to marry a lord, and get her opinion of the absence of gibes directed at American customs, he may discover that "dollar-worship" at least is conducted in this country amid a chorus which, if seldom seriously disturbing to the worshippers, would at all events preclude them from inquiring why we have no satirists.

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO.

I.

That the news of the death of Antonio Fogazzaro at Vicenza, on March 7, should have been reported throughout the world, wherever telegraphs and cables penetrate, is a tribute to the character of the man. For it was not Fogazzaro, the poet, nor Fogazzaro, the novelist, but Fogazzaro, the devout religionist who had dared to speak out, that for five years past has been known in both hemispheres. Probably, the immense vogue that came on the publication of "The Saint" was a surprise to him; for he had written novels which surpass "The Saint" as examples of sustained art; and he and his friends had for years been uttering openly and unreproved the doctrines which, when printed in "The Saint," called forth the condemnation of the Roman Catholic censors. Perhaps, therefore, we are inexact in pointing to his courage first, because he evidently wrote without foreseeing the ordeal through which he must pass. And yet it took real courage for a Roman Catholic, whether he had the menace of the *Index* in view or not, to state so truthfully, so sympathetically, and, as every one must feel, so poignantly, the distress of heart and of conscience by which many of his co-religionists were (and are) tormented.

Fogazzaro was primarily a poet, although his actual accomplishment in verse falls far below his achievement in fiction. His poems have grace, sweetness, purity of ideals, sensitiveness to nature, and that somewhat resigned attitude toward the tragedy of life that bespeaks a meditative, or at least, an un-Promethean character. But in his novels we find that he possesses not only a remarkable perception of the tragic and a great aptitude for embodying it in his personages, but also much humor of the deeper, quiet sort, and that he sees life vividly on all its levels. Thanks to his original poetic endowment, he sheds over his prose descriptions a glow and charm that lift whatever he touches out of the commonplace. Emotion, like the light that never was on sea or land, illumines his pages. Very often you cannot quite define it; you can only say that it must be there, because you feel it and are moved. Even what may be called the theological passages of "The Saint," quiver with emotion, as any one who reads them in Italian can verify. Compare them with similar passages in "Robert Elsmere," and you will see that while Fogazzaro vitalizes even dogma with emotion, Mrs. Ward remains intellectual. It is not merely the difference between Subiaco and Cumberland; but between genius which is essentially poetic and talents which, though of a high order, are essentially prosaic.

II.

Fogazzaro possessed the first qualifications of a writer of national significance: he was a patriot to the core in an era when patriotism was the great redemptive force in the life of his people. To the Italians of his youth, the spirit of nationality was more than religion; or, say, rather, that it included their religion. It taught them the duty of dying for their country—and no religion can do more than fortify its votaries to face joyfully the supreme test of giving up their lives to an ideal.

Born at Vicenza on March 25, 1842, Fogazzaro passed his early years under that Austrian domination which made rebels of all self-respecting Lombards and Venetians. Then he sought liberty in Piedmont, the ark of Italy's hopes, and witnessed there the swift drama of unification which began with the war of 1859. Subsequently, when Italy was one and his home free, he returned to Vicenza, where for a generation he held an honored position as citizen, poet, and man-of-letters, not unlike that which Longfellow filled at Cambridge during the last thirty years of his life. For a long time a talent for music and a talent for poetry developed in him side by side. Poetry finally triumphed, and until he was about thirty-five he put forth small volumes of verse, which gradually gave him reputation among the discerning.

In 1881 he opened his career as novelist with a story called "Malombra." Then, at leisurely intervals, followed "Il Mistero del Poeta," "Piccolo Mondo Antico," "Piccolo Mondo Moderno," "Il Santo," and, in the autumn of 1910, "Leila." Six not long novels in thirty years testify to Fogazzaro's deliberateness not less than to his intellectual conscience. His writings were a part of himself: not the products of a restless brain and notoriety-seeking literary ambition, but of a large and sympathetic nature, which absorbed facts and experiences, brooded over them, matured them, and finally gave them forth with the imprint of *inevitableness* upon them. What a contrast between him and the popular British novelists of the day, who turn out half a dozen volumes a year! But, possibly, not one of their many books will still be read, as "Daniele Cortis" is read, a quarter of a century after publication. In his restraint Fogazzaro runs counter to that journalistic speed-mania which has recently invaded literature.

Among the Italian novelists of his era, he seems to be the least influenced by foreign models: certainly, he was the least affected by the French, whose initiative has too often checked originality in the drama and fiction of modern Italy. Critics who pin their trust to literary labels would classify him as a Realist; and he has hardly been surpassed in the minute faithfulness of his descriptions of the outside world: but he never over-emphasizes these details, never for a moment wishes you to suppose that they are paramount, or that he prides himself, as the Simon-pure Realist usually does, on having competed with the microscope and the kodak and beaten them at their own game. In his realism he resembles rather George Eliot in her "Scenes of Clerical Life"; like her, he keeps ever before you the truth, that the external world which he paints with such loving accuracy is only the stage on which human passion plays its part. That is his real theme—human passion.

I have discussed elsewhere some aspects of Fogazzaro's literary genius, and particularly of "The Saint," so that I need not go over that ground again. He touches, as every novelist or poet who deserves to be called great must touch, the ultimate deeps of human nature. In his art, he lacks that final symmetry, the *nothing-too-much* of the Hellenic ideal, which Turgenieff alone among Fogazzaro's older contemporaries seems to have attained. He requires usually several chapters in order to bring his story into action; but when once introduced, it moves on with assured ease.

III.

Posterity will assign him to an honorable station in Italian literature. His countrymen already place him alongside of Manzoni, debating whether his "Daniele Cortis" or his "Piccolo Mondo Antico" (known in English as "The Patriot") is his greatest book. But what made him a world-celebrity was "The Saint," and that not from the standpoint of fiction, but from the standpoint of religion. In its sphere it had an influence comparable to that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which millions read sixty years ago, not as literature, but as a moral document. So "The Saint" was immediately seen to be the symptom of a widespread movement among the most enlightened Roman Catholics the world over. It brought to the surface the acknowledgment of a change which any one familiar with actual conditions knew had been taking place for several decades.

In brief, the evolutionary view of man's development had come to be accepted, more or less hopefully, by Catholic as well as by Protestant theologians, and they might have been allowed to go on much longer undisturbed, had not Fogazzaro succeeded by his genius in embodying the question in the lives of the persons of his novel—persons whom he made so real that they and the opinions they embodied entered into myriads of households. Fogazzaro himself seems never quite to have understood how the implications of evolution must affect a church based on supernaturalism; at least, he himself never accepted those implications, and hardly realized to what extent they might act as a solvent. If you begin to study the Papacy or the Roman Church as an institution having an historical development, you will soon reach facts that traverse any claim to immutability: you will come upon those "excrescences" and "ossified organisms" and "perversions" which Fogazzaro described, not as an enemy or iconoclast, but with such tender solicitude as a young physician might show in diagnosing a chronic disease which had laid hold of his mother. Unquestionably, much of Fogazzaro's power comes from his not being, in any narrow sense, polemical.

The Roman censors, however, having long before decided that the evolutionary theory undermined their dogma, now put "The Saint" on the *Index Expurgatorius*, and made a formal demand on Fogazzaro to retract, which he formally obeyed. For a year or more he was placed in an ambiguous position which would have tried any man of honor, above all, a man as sensitive to henor as he. The Blacks exulted in having forced him to recant his heresies; the Liberals, not only in Italy, but all the world over, felt disappointed or disgusted because they imagined that he had pusillanimously deserted his cause out of fear of Clerical persecution. In fact, however, both sides did him injustice: he was neither the heretic the Blacks painted him, nor the new Luther the Liberals expected him to be. He regarded his criticism of Papal and ecclesiastical abuses as not impugning, much less invalidating, the fundamental truths of his church. So, in his latter days, Carl Schurz would have been astonished if his criticism of Tammany Hall or of Bryanism had been taken as an arraignment of the fundamental principles of Democracy.

It happened that I saw Fogazzaro at his beautiful home on the hill above Vicenza—what poet had ever a more inspiring abode?—in the autumn of 1906, just at the time when he was entangled in this double misunderstanding. I gave him a message from an eminent man-of-letters in Turin, who said to me, "Tell Fogazzaro to come out of the church and lead a schism. There is not the least hope that the Vatican can ever be reformed from within." "But I cannot quit the church," Fogazzaro replied, with simple, impressive earnestness. "I am a believing Catholic. As to my so-called recantation, the censors informed me that 'The Saint' contained matter contrary to dogma, and I answered that, although unaware of what it was, I withdrew it. Had they specified one point or another—which they took care not to do—I should have had to examine it with my conscience, and if my conscience had approved I should have stood by it."

"As for leading a schism," he went on, "that would be bad strategy, even if I were not a sincere believer and no schismatic. It is only by staying in the church that one can hope to reform it. When a man leaves it, his criticism has no more weight with the shapers of its policy. They merely say, 'He is a Protestant or an atheist, and of course he will calumniate us.'"

I condense into a few sentences the gist of a long conversation. So little did Fogazzaro believe that he had either assailed fundamental Catholicism or recanted, that that winter he gave an address in Paris in which, as he assured me, he reaffirmed his position; and he was one of the promoters of a Liberal-Catholic journal, which, however, soon gave up publication. For the Vatican, having begun the work of discipline, did it thoroughly. More logical than Fogazzaro, it smote Modernism root and branch, and went on to issue the Syllabus, which denounced modern liberty in all its forms. It drove out Father Tyrrell, who, as Fogazzaro said to me, had the most splendid intellect among the reformers; it drove out Abbé Loisy, one of the foremost Catholic scholars of France. They could not, like Fogazzaro, stop short of taking the final step. They saw that Modernism was only a halting-place, not the goal.

The great body of Italians imputed his retraction to lack of courage. Some of them branded it as a defection. So, it will be recalled, Liberals suspected Edmund Burke of defection because, having defended liberty in the American colonies, he denounced its later manifestation in France. The mistakes, in the case of both men, came from misunderstanding. Some of the hotheads clamored for Fogazzaro to resign from the Italian Senate; because, they said, a man who had sworn allegiance to a foreign sovereign, the Pope, could not be trusted to legislate for Italy. But Fogazzaro was as patriotic an Italian as any that breathed. He no more dreamed of restoring the Temporal Power in Rome, than Archbishop Farley dreams of restoring the sovereignty of the King of England in New York. Only a very small minority of Curialized Italians keep alive the question of the Temporal Power. Devout Catholics, like Fogazzaro, unite with all other patriotic Italians in love of country. The suspicion of disloyalty which a few extremists brought against him had no justification, and has never been revived.

It would require an artist as sympathetic and penetrating and fair as Fogazzaro himself to describe the vicissitudes of his later years. He has come through them with honor unscathed. Whoever knew him will never forget his personal charm, nor his serenity, nor the perfect blending in him of the poet and the highest type of man-of-the-world. He produced novels of rare merit; and it was his good fortune to be the mouthpiece of one of the vital moral crises of his church. The time may come, after the present Jesuit reaction has passed, when the successors of the ecclesiastics who censured him may recognize that he endeavored, with more genius than any other Catholic of his generation, to discover the way to harmony between heart and head, reason and emotion, for which not Catholics only, but Christians of all creeds, have yearned.

William Roscoe Thayer.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY REPORT FOR 1910.

No attempt is made by the compiler of this report to produce a sensation, or, indeed, to interpret the facts presented, but the facts themselves are so striking, the figures so impressive, that they can hardly fail to compel wide consideration.

Briefly tabulated, the more important statistics are as follows:

	1909.	1910.
No. of branches in system..	42	42
No. vols. in library system.	1,549,260	1,619,228
No. vols. added	220,520	177,533
No. vols. in Circulating Department	755,406	809,350
No. vols. loaned for home use	7,013,649	7,506,976
Readers supplied in reading or reference rooms	1,351,649	1,665,456
No. of active borrowers	291,616	312,221
No. vols. of non-fiction circulated	3,071,728	3,461,097
No. vols. borrowed by children	2,468,383	2,645,708

Total expense of operating library system	$885,698	$872,835
Expense of Circulating Department	$674,735	$656,685
No. persons on library staff.	659	732
Average cost per volume of circulation	$.096	$.087
Average cost of library per unit of population	.23	.21

The leading branch in respect to circulation, number of borrowers, and attendance at reading rooms is the Seward Park in East Broadway, which, with a stock of but 28,381 volumes, issued a total of 424,647 volumes for home reading and supplied 139,703 readers in the reading rooms. Outside of Greater New York there is no library system in the State, save that of Buffalo, that has any such record of use as this single branch, and no other branch in the United States, or, probably in the world, can equal it. Its nearest competitor is the Brownsville branch of the Brooklyn Public Library, which last year held first place in the greater city, but which this year is 54,377 volumes behind the Seward Park branch. There are eleven other branches in the New York system, which show a circulation of above 200,000 each. Those with the largest recorded use are nearly all on the East Side of the city, where the foreign-born and the tenement-house population is thickest, indicating the great popularity of the library with this part of the community. A study of the statistics shows, further, that it is just this part of the population which is making most use of the library for study and the reading of scientific, historic, sociologic, and philosophical books.

Great as the total use of the library is, statistics of registration show that not quite 11 per cent. of the population of the city are enrolled as borrowers, indicating how vast an expansion is still possible and feasible. The lines along which this expansion is to take place are indicated in the special report on work with children. More than one-third of the total circulation last year was from children's rooms, and of the 123,313 new borrowers registered, 65,674, or more than one-half were children, and of the 145,599 volumes added to the branch libraries, 65,835, or nearly one-half were for children. Strong as the children's collection has become, the report says that in many departments, particularly in American history, civics, biography, fairy and folk stories, it is entirely inadequate to meet the ever-growing demand. Titles mentioned which it is impossible to duplicate enough are the "Old Testament," Grimm's "Fairy Tales," "Little Women," "Heidi," "Pinochio," Hill's "Fighting a Fire," and the American histories of Fiske, Gordy, and Montgomery.

Of particular interest to students of library economy are the reports of the book-buying and binding departments. The average cost for all the books bought during the year was 90 cents a volume. Popular books for which there is sure to be a large circulation, are bought in sheets, and bound by a special process to insure the longest possible wear. The average cost of books supplied in this binding, of which there were 31,000 volumes, was $1.19. The number of books worn out during the year was 78,878, which means that one book is worn out and discarded on an average for every 100 issues. Twenty-two thousand two hundred and forty-four of the volumes discarded from the regular shelves were put to a good final use by being sent to prisons, hospitals, and other places from which books cannot be returned.

How difficult it is for a great circulating library to add to its variety of titles and to build up a broad general book collection is shown by the fact that in the stock of 137,149 new volumes added in 1910, there were only 6,105 new titles, and in the whole collection of 737,560 volumes in English in the circulating system, there are only 72,744 different works. Of these, fiction constitutes 23 per cent., general literature 12 per cent., biography 9½ per cent., sociology 8 per cent., fine arts 8 per cent., religion 7 per cent., travel 7 per cent., science 6½ per cent., useful arts 6½ per cent., history 6 per cent., philology 2½ per cent., philosophy 2½ per cent., general works 1½ per cent. Libraries desiring a guide as to the proportions that should obtain in building up their collections will find these percentages well worth considering, as they represent the widest and most thoroughgoing experiment ever yet made in the effort "to bring to all the people the books that belong to them."

Correspondence

IS SHAKESPEARE RESPONSIBLE FOR JOHN HARVARD?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The discoveries of Prof. C. W. Wallace of the University of Nebraska, relating to the life of Shakespeare in London, and including a new autograph signature of the poet, were given to the world more than a year ago, and, so far as I am aware, are not questioned. The revelations have a bearing upon the relation of Shakespeare to John Harvard; and since this as yet appears to have been nowhere considered, it is worth while to set it forth.

Mr. Henry F. Waters has established by a masterpiece of antiquarian research that John Harvard's mother, Katharine Rogers, was born in Stratford-on-Avon, whence, in 1605, having married Robert Harvard, she came to London. The identification of the "old house in High Street" as her early home is complete. The house is now the property of Harvard University, having been restored carefully to its original condition, and dedicated as "Harvard House" with elaborate ceremonies, in which the American ambassador and dignitaries of the English universities took part. To summarize what we certainly know as to a connection between the Shakespeare and Rogers families: Throughout the reign of Elizabeth, John Shakespeare and Thomas Rogers lived in Stratford, side by side, men of about the same age, in the same occupation and station in life, Aldermen together in the little borough of not more than two thousand souls, each in turn bailiff or Mayor. They married not far apart, were in the same parish of Holy Trinity, whose register holds, side by side, the records of the births, weddings, and deaths in the two households. Children came numerously to both families, and the register shows that for each Shakespeare there was a Rogers mate. The boys went together to the old Edward VIth grammar-school, playing between times on the village-green and the Avon banks. William and Charles were respectively the eldest sons in the two families, and William Shakespeare, after an irregular youth, went, when twenty, to London to seek his fortune. That families so circumstanced should have mingled intimately was inevitable.

Katharine, one of the younger children of the Rogers home, was born in 1584, about the time when William Shakespeare went forth to the world, and in 1605 married the Londoner Robert Harvard, a market-man in Southwark. What brought the London tradesman and the Warwickshire maid together? A hundred miles stretch between London and Stratford, not easily traversed in those days by the plain people. For the most part the roads were ill-kept horse paths, only here and there practicable for vehicles, which then were rare indeed. For the Stratford region the easy outlet to the world was by the Avon to the Severn, where lay Bristol. Merchandise went back and forth only with difficulty between London and the western midlands. For the most part Stratford traders looked westward and Southwark traders southward in their enterprises, a bar separating the two not readily passed until the intercommunication of later times came about. In his narrow round there was nothing to call Robert Harvard to remote Stratford; as, on the other hand, there was little reason why the busy Warwickshire yeoman should be concerned with the toilsome journey to and from London. The more one ponders the matter the more one thinks there must have been an intermediary, some one knowing both Stratford and Southwark, knowing both Robert Harvard and Katharine Rogers, with a good-natured willingness to make other people happy, who here stepped in. Such a character there was, William Shakespeare. In twenty years, after going to London, he had been successful as a theatrical manager, acquiring money and fame in his Southwark playhouse, hard by Robert Harvard's shop. He cherished always a love for his birthplace, and as soon as his means allowed bought New Place in Stratford, going back and forth between town and village. In each locality he was a citizen, withdrawing at last gradually from his London connection, while entering fully as a burgess into the life of the community on the Avon, and taking part in its affairs. Inevitably he must have been interested in the handsome house of Thomas Rogers, the finest in the High Street, completed in 1596, for in the years immediately succeeding he was himself building and improving at New Place. It is natural to suppose, unnatural not to suppose, that he often studied the elaborately carved front, and passed in and out over the threshold, and was cognizant of Katharine, just then maturing into the comely and attractive woman it is certain she became. The case is well stated in the "John Harvard" of Henry C. Shelley. To make the match there must have been an intermediary; the conditions for such a going between are completely filled in William Shakespeare, and no sign exists that there was any other man or woman who could possibly have played the part.

Would Shakespeare's disposition naturally have led him to do such a thing? Here at last we reach the point where the discoveries of Professor Wallace have a bearing. He makes clear that for a number of years Shakespeare lodged north of the Thames in London, with Mountjoy, a French wig-maker, living on intimate and

gonial terms with his humble entertainers, the household containing, besides the father and mother, a daughter, Mary, and a capable and industrious apprentice, Stephen Bellott. Stephen and Mary in 1604 became man and wife, and in making the match Shakespeare took an important part. He had the confidence of the parents, who advised with him, and sent him to talk with the young people. Stephen and Mary, too, trusted to and were influenced by him. In later years came trouble. Stephen, believing that a dower promised had been withheld, and that he had otherwise been ill-treated, went to law, prosecuting his father-in-law for his shortcoming. In the suit, Shakespeare appears as the most important witness. His signed deposition, with other papers in the case, has been preserved in the dust-heaps, and has now been brought to light by Professor Wallace (see *Harper's Magazine*, March, 1910).

The revelation is most interesting as showing that Shakespeare, when he was doing his supreme work, at the same moment, as a man among men, had a heart for the welfare of his every-day associates. What he did for Stephen and Mary, he might just as easily and naturally do for Robert and Katharine. The incident in London, apparently well established, adds weight to the likelihood that Shakespeare had a hand also in Robert Harvard's wooing, which was almost contemporaneous.

We have, however, only circumstantial evidence. It is tantalizing to be so near and yet so far. Had the Harvards and Rogerses only been a bit quarrelsome, and, like the Bellotts and Mountjoys, have got into the courts! With joy, we fear, should we discover that the Southwark and Stratford families were not always good-natured and harmonious; but that there was a feud, for in the dust-heaps Professor Wallace might discover a scrap of court record that would at once transmute for us all this likelihood into certainty. Did the magician, in the very hours when he was giving to the airy nothings of the chroniclers habitation and name as Hamlet or Othello or King Lear, lie thus strangely behind the pale, pious scholar, "enlarged toward his country and the good of it, in life and in death," who set aflame in the Western Hemisphere the torch of liberal culture? JAMES K. HOSMER.

New Westminster, B. C., February 28.

AN ANCIENT MODEL FOR "CHANTECLER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of beast fables, feathered dialogue, and the like on the stage, there is an account in Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke's "Memorials," under date 1633, of one of the most extraordinary performances ever witnessed in England. It is well known that one of the chief causes of Prynne's imprisonment, degradation, and legendary earboring and nose-slitting, was the offence which the King and Queen took at reflections made on actresses in "Histriomastix," the Queen herself being very fond of taking part in masques. As a chastisement to Prynne for his denunciation of actresses, and as a mark of respect to Charles I and his Queen, the members of the four Societies of the Inns of Court devised one of the most (if not the most) elaborate and successful royal masques ever presented. The cost of the music alone for the occasion was £1,000, while the entire expense exceeded £120,000 sterling, which, measured by present-day standards, would exceed the half-million figure.

The masque was given on Candlemas day, in the evening, 1633. The marchers, dancers, masquers, and anti-masquers started from Ely House in Holborn and proceeded down Chancery Lane to Whitehall. Among this numerous procession was an anti-masque of beggars and cripples. After these (following now the words of the chronicler) came Men on Horseback playing upon Pipes, Whistles, and Instruments sounding Notes like those of Birds of all sorts, and in excellent Consort, and were followed by the Antimasque of Birds: This was an Owl in an Ivy-bush, with many several sorts of other Birds, in a clustre about the Owl, gazing as it were upon her: These were little Boys put into covers of the shapes of those Birds, rarely fitted, and sitting on small Horses, with Footmen going by them, with Torches in their Hands; and here were some besides to look unto the Children, and this was very pleasant to the Beholders. . . . The King and Queen stood at a window [in Whitehall] looking straightforward into the Street, to see the Masque come; and being delighted with the noble Bravery of it, they sent to the Marshal to desire that the whole Show might fetch a turn about the *Tilt-Yard*, that their Majesties might have a double view of them.

The performance consumed the entire night, and it might be supposed that, gorgeous as the spectacle must have been, their Majesties had been surfeited. But not so:

The Queen who was much delighted with these Solemnities, was so taken with this Show and Masque, that she desired to see it acted over again: whereupon an Intimation being given to the Lord Mayor of *London*, he invited the King and Queen, and the Inns of Court Masquers to the City . . . and the same Masque was again presented to them. . . . This also gave great contentment to their Majesties, and no less to the Citizens, especially to those of the younger sort, and of the Female Sex.

WATSON NICHOLSON.

London, February 18.

RIGHT AND LEFT AMONG ROMANS AND CHRISTIANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of my earliest archæological reminiscences is a heated controversy as to whether the early Church considered Peter or Paul the greatest of the apostles, as indicated by their position on the right or the left hand of the figure of Christ in works of art. I fancy it was the English Protestant archæologist Parker who, more than thirty years ago, stoutly maintained that the many early works of art where St. Paul appeared at Christ's right hand proved his spiritual, if not his temporal, superiority—a theory welcomed by other Protestants and vigorously scorned by Catholic writers. Much dust was raised, but the puzzle remained unsolved. While no unprejudiced person could doubt the supreme position given to St. Peter by the Church, it was also impossible to deny that St. Paul was most frequently placed at the right hand of Christ. Bearing in mind the parable of the sheep and the goats, Mr. Parker's inference seemed logical.

Of course, there was some simple explanation, and a moment's reflection ought to have suggested that it was to be sought in ideas and customs far antedating the foundation of Christianity; for such associations are formed in the dawn of a race's history. It was while studying Etruscan and Roman augural ceremonial that the explanation of the long-forgotten puzzle casually came to me. Some weeks later I happened on a recent number of the Johns Hopkins *Notes from Classical Seminaries* (1910), with the summary of an interesting thesis by Mr. Wagener on "Popular Associations of Right and Left in Roman Literature." He notes the well-known and curious anomaly, already familiar to me, that, while in ordinary matters the left hand had with the Romans the usual sinister or unfavorable aspect, there was one important exception. In all matters connected with augury—that is, with the relations between the gods and men—the man's left was the favorable, and his right the sinister side. In other words, all signs and portents appearing on the left were auspicious. Mr. Wagener may have given the explanation of this apparent contradiction in his essay, but the summary appears to show that it escaped him. I believe, however, that it is quite simple, and that the same answer to this puzzle will solve the Peter-Paul mystery.

A comparison of Roman with Greek custom will show that the Greeks did not make any distinction between mundane and super-mundane luck. With them the right side was the fortunate side in augural as well as ordinary circumstances. Now this difference was not fortuitous; it was due to a difference of orientation, by which what was on the right of the Greeks during an augural ceremonial was on the left of the Etruscans and Romans, and *vice versa*. On these occasions the Greek faced the north, and therefore had the east on his right. With all ancient peoples, even those whose relation to sun-worship was not close, the east was considered the source of all good things; hence the association of the right and of good-fortune was obvious.

But with the Etruscans, the augur faced toward the south, instead of the north, and, therefore had the east on his left instead of his right hand, so that in their minds the good gifts from the gods were associated with the left hand. The Romans were absolutely dependent on the Etruscans in celestial augury and adopted the Etruscan theory in this connection, while following the same ideas as the Greeks in all extra-augural associations.

How does this difference between the Greek and the Roman points of view affect the Peter-Paul controversy? Now, suppose it should be found that the same old opposition as to augural position between Greeks and Romans showed itself in the position assigned to the Apostle Peter: that among the Greeks he was placed on the right and among the Romans he stood on the left, is not the conclusion obvious? As a matter of fact, it is several years since I noticed this peculiarity without then understanding its cause. In certain reliefs, mosaics and frescoes of obviously Roman character, Peter appears on the left; in others of equally certain Byzantine or Greek character, he is on the right. We should have expected just the reverse by ordinary standards, because western artists would naturally emphasize Peter's supremacy. But, as soon as we reflect that

such religious scenes as that of Christ and the Apostles representing the Church Triumphant concern the relations between God and man, in the same way as did the augural ceremonial, we can see how Roman artists would use in these religious scenes that connection between good fortuno and the left side with which they had always been familiar. Therefore both Roman artists and Byzantine artists acknowledged Peter's supremacy, and gave him what each considered the superior position. The divergence is, then, one of appearance, not of substance. Peter triumphs in each case. I trust my Catholic friends will rejoice and not distrust a Protestant, even "bringing gifts."

As a corollary, I would apply this as a test in the case of many important works of mediæval art in Italy about which there is much dispute whether they are Byzantine or western art: for example, the cycle of frescoes in S. Angelo-in-Formis. Where style seems so inconclusive, let us see whether Peter (if he is there) stands on right or left, and let this settle the question! All of this shows that to be a good archæologist, one must know religion and history, as well as technique and style.

A. L. FROTHINGHAM.

New York, March 9.

A POETICAL GENEALOGY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is interesting, at a time when literary tradition is set at naught, to see how much a poem like Kipling's "Recessional," perhaps the best-known poem written in English within the past few years, owes to literary tradition.

Of course, its chief debt is to the Bible; it is full of Scriptural phrase. It owes something also to familiar hymns, such as Watts's "O God, our help in ages past." A friend recently called my attention to the resemblance in thought between the first two lines of the second stanza:

> The tumult and the shouting dies,
> The captains and the kings depart,

and some lines in Lowell's "Commemoration Ode":

> Great captains with their guns and drums
> Disturb our judgment for the hour,
> But at last silence comes:
> These all are gone.

I recently noticed that another line in the poem,

> Dominion over palm and pine,

seems to have been borrowed from Emerson's "Woodnotes":

> And grant to dwellers with the pine
> Dominion o'er the palm and vine.

If we add these lines to the ones showing the influence of Scripture or hymns, there will remain barely three or four lines in the poem unaccounted for; and it would be rash to say that even these owe nothing to tradition.

Of course this detracts nothing from the originality of the "Recessional"; for whatever "originality" may mean in literature, it does not mean independence of literary origins.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, Col., March 5.

HOW TO SPELL TOLSTOY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I do not blame Mr. N. H. Dole for standing up for the spelling of Tolstoy's name adopted in the edition with which he (Mr. Dole) is connected; but he does not succeed in showing that Tolstoy did not know how to spell his own name.

The American Library Association adopted, as Mr. Dole says, a "careful and perfectly sensible system of transliteration," but it was framed merely for their own purpose of cataloguing books. It is a system as good as the systems adopted by various other associations, but it has no special authority, and it is not generally accepted for—or, in my opinion, well adapted to—literary use.

Mr. Dole's mention of the fact that Russians pronounce the *o* (and indeed the vowels generally) broader than we do, is correct, but quite beside the mark; for the *o* in Tolstoy remains the same whether the last letter is *y* or *i*; and the ordinary English speaker seldom gets nearer to the correct sound than he does when he uses the word *toy* accentuated.

Not only did Tolstoy spell his name with a *y*, but his family do the same, and his friends and acquaintances also. It is the natural and best way of spelling it, and the way least likely to puzzle the reader. Mrs. Constance Garnett spells it so in her translations, and such publishers as Constable and Heinemann in London and Dodd, Mead & Co. and Funk & Wagnalls in New York do so in their editions.

It is, I agree, not a matter of much moment whether we spell Tolstoy's name right or wrong—but as Mr. Dole has written a long letter about it, I may be excused for writing a short one to point out that there are two ways of spelling it: Mr. Dole's way and Tolstoy's way; and which Tolstoy's way was, you may see by the reproduction of his autograph (Leo Tolstoy), which I enclose herewith.

AYLMER MAUDE.

London, March 2.

Literature

THE LIFE OF CECIL RHODES.

The Life and Times of the Rt. Honorable Cecil John Rhodes, 1853-1902. By the Honorable Sir Lewis Michell, Member of the Executive Council of Cape Colony. In two volumes. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $7.50 net.

The extent of the British dominions in India and in those outlying colonies which border on barbarous or semi-civilized communities, as well as the various undefined interests Britain has had in divers parts of the world, has given to Englishmen opportunities for a career of adventure rare in other modern countries. Such opportunities appeal to bold spirits of the type which was common everywhere in the sixteenth century, but is now becoming almost extinct in Europe for lack of a free sphere of action. Clive was the earliest of these adventurous spirits. Cecil Rhodes has been the latest; and there does not seem to be now much room left for others. Careers of this kind are, of course, less romantic, under nineteenth century conditions, than they were in the days of Cortes, or Raleigh, or Champlain. But the qualities of mind and will that make the successful adventurer remain always the same, and he who observes them as seen in a contemporary figure can get nearer to comprehending them in the men of the past, about whose personalities less is known.

Cecil Rhodes died in 1902. There are advantages in having his life written while public interest remains fresh and eager. There are also disadvantages in writing it while the friendships and antagonisms which a chequered and combative career has roused remain strong. Smouldering fires may be kindled, yet if the biographer is sedulous to keep his steps off the hot ashes, he may fail to tell truths that need to be told, and the historical value of his work may suffer.

This book incurs both these dangers. Not all, perhaps not nearly all of the truth is told about the later events it describes, the Jameson Raid and the War of 1899; while, at the same time, reflections (not always necessary as part of the story) are made upon some of the statesmen who were the colleagues or opponents of Rhodes in South African politics, reflections which cannot be pleasant to those who survive or to the relatives of those who have departed. The author, Sir Lewis Michell, is known as a man of ability and of social importance in Cape Colony. He was an intimate friend of Rhodes in his later years, and was named an executor of the latter's will. He writes with a knowledge of South African conditions and men which is indispensable for the task he has undertaken. His book purports to be not only a biography, but also a view of the whole time covered by the career of Rhodes, whereas Sir T. Fuller's book, a useful and fair-minded work, entitled "A Personal Study of Cecil Rhodes" (reviewed in the *Nation* on August 25 last), does not pretend to be even a systematic biography, but only a contribution to a comprehension of the position and character of Rhodes. We must, therefore, apply a somewhat more exacting standard to Sir Louis Michell than to his predecessor, for he sets out by promising us more.

His book may be examined in three aspects. It is a record of the words and acts of one man, its subject. It is a study of that man's character as a person who made a great impression on his contemporaries. It is a general view of the events and the men of a time which was specially critical and fateful for South Africa, a country that has had a great deal of history in the last hundred years.

Of these three objects, the first, being the simplest, has been much more fully attained than have the other two. Sir L. Michell has had access to the papers which Rhodes left, and knows at first hand many of the events he has to chronicle. He gives a straightforward and fairly clear account of those events, and evidently wishes to be impartial. It is not a lively or dramatic narrative, and as Rhodes wrote very few letters and never kept a diary, it is a narrative based on public records rather than on any previously undisclosed sources. The data for the boyhood and youth of Rhodes are scanty and the interest of such data as have been preserved is slight, but after he had entered the Cape Parliament materials became more abundant. Thus we have a pretty good record of his action and of the views which governed it. A brief summary drawn from the book may precede what is to be said here regarding his career and character as a whole.

Sprung from a respectable middle class family, which seems to have been settled in Staffordshire in the latter half of the seventeenth century, Rhodes was born in 1853, at the little town of Bishop's Stortford, in Hertfordshire, where his father, a man of ability, and, as some people thought, slightly eccentric, was vicar of the parish. The son was educated at the local grammar school, and does not seem to have shown, in his earlier days, any sign of exceptional talent. The delicate state of his lungs caused him to be sent out to Natal to join an elder brother who was farming there, and when diamonds were discovered at the place now called Kimberley, the youth, then only eighteen, left the farm where he had begun to grow cotton, and went to seek his fortune in the crowd of diggers. The first sign of superior powers which he gave, was his determination to obtain for himself an Oxford education. He went home to England in 1873, matriculated at Oriel College, to which he afterwards left a large endowment, and stuck to his college course during the next six or seven years, living at Oxford during the warmer months, and going out to South Africa to look after his business interests there in the winter. In 1880 he entered the Cape Parliament and soon made his mark, not by oratory, for he was never a polished or graceful speaker, but by the force of his views, and the independence of his attitude. The Assembly was a small body, and a man of capacity could quickly acquire influence. Within four years he was appointed to a ministerial post, and thenceforth divided his time between his Parliamentary duties at Cape Town and the great scheme he had on hand for consolidating the interests of the numerous claim-owners at the Kimberley Diamond Mines. This he finally accomplished in 1889, and by it established his financial position as the master of a huge fortune. In 1890 he became Prime Minister of Cape Colony, won the confidence of the Dutch party, and exercised a greater power there the next five years than any of his predecessors had held. That power was all the greater, because, in 1889, he had performed the second chief feat of his life in obtaining a royal charter for the British South Africa Company. This charter became, in the sequel, the means of establishing the sovereignty of the British Crown over the vast territory which lies north of the Transvaal, up to and beyond the Zambesi River. As head of that company, he controlled, and exerted himself to develop, a region bigger than Cape Colony itself. This double position had an element of danger in it, and was the cause of his fall from office. In December, 1895, Dr. Jameson, the administrator of the company in Matabeleland, led an armed force into the Transvaal, and Rhodes's connection with the Raid, as it was called, compelled his resignation of office, although Jameson had started at a time and under circumstances not contemplated by Rhodes himself. This was the end of his official life, though he remained a great figure in South Africa, and would probably have returned to power, had he not succumbed to illness in 1902. It would appear, from what Sir L. Michell says—and this is more explicitly stated in Sir T. Fuller's book already referred to—that Rhodes had nothing to do with the inception of the South African war of 1899, although Sir Lewis earlier emphasizes the fact that he frequently declared that the Transvaal President was "only bluffing" and would in the long run give way. This may have indirectly contributed to the outbreak of hostilities, but Rhodes, according to both our authorities, disclaimed any participation.

The story we have briefly summarized is told carefully and with sufficient fulness by Sir L. Michell. Particularly useful to those who desire to follow the story without wading through the interminable morasses of British Blue Books, will be the narrative of the long and complicated game which Rhodes played against the Transvaal Boers, in keeping them back from spreading into those native territories to the North, which were ultimately procured for the British South African Company. Rhodes's vigor and pertinacity show to advantage in this long struggle. On the other hand, the tale of the Jameson Raid is very imperfectly told. Whoever wants to understand that singular episode and the consequences it entailed, up to and including the war of 1899, will find little illumination in these pages.

As an account of "the times of Cecil Rhodes," the second aim to which Sir Lewis has directed his efforts, the book is quite unsatisfactory, for no attempt is made to present a general view of the state of South Africa as a whole, the questions which agitated it, the composition and ideas of the political parties. Some remarks are here and there made, mostly caustic remarks, on the characters and conduct of such men as Sir Gordon Sprigg, Mr. Merriman, Mr. Hofmeyr, Mr. Schreiner, and Rose Innes, but there is no adequate appreciation of any of these persons. If the author thought that the time had not yet arrived for such an appreciation, it might have been better to refrain from reflections, some of which may be wounding. Criticisms made in a book which looks forward to a long life are more resented than those that appear in newspapers and magazines destined to speedy oblivion.

Last of all we come to the character of Rhodes himself. The picture our author presents though not made vivid or impressive by any skill in portraiture, is free from the bias which personal friendship might be supposed likely to give. Weak points are frankly recognized, and strong points dwelt on with no more than that amount of enthusiasm which custom concedes to a biographer. We see a forceful, self-reliant nature, roughened by contact with a rough world, and not at all scrupulous about means, yet capable of large plans and fine conceptions, cherishing ideals which, if in a sense they were material, were neither sordid nor selfish. The most notable feature in his genius, because one rarely found even in eminent men, was the union in him of intense practicality with a curious dreaminess and absorption in his own fancies. This was remarked in him from the first. One who knew him well in youth wrote:

> I seem to see in memory a fair young man, frequently sunk in deep thoughts, his hands buried in his trousers pockets, his legs crossed and possibly twisted together, quite oblivious of the talk around him. The same qualities that were to go with him through life were discernible now. He was a compound of moody silence and impulsive action. He was hot and even violent at times, but in working towards his ends he laid his plans with care and circumspection. . . . The punctilious regard for minutiæ usual in business men was absent in his character; he was hopelessly untidy. Very simple in his tastes and wanting few things, he determined to trouble himself only about the most important. (Vol. I, p. 48, 9.)

The habit of brooding seems never to have left him. He used to ride out alone, and with so loose and careless a seat that his friends thought he would sooner or later have a bad fall. He revolved the same ideas incessantly, and would repeat them in the same words. He would sweep out of his way those who tried to bar it; but he gave no signs of malignity and scarcely any of vindictiveness. He was

naturally of a kindly nature and very susceptible to kindness shown to him.

We have spoken of him as the last of the great adventurers. But those old Spanish and English adventurers to whom it is natural to compare him rose by military or nautical talents. Rhodes, conformably to the conditions of our time, rose by financial capacity, boldness, persistence, skilful calculation. His huge fortune, acquired by the patient dexterity with which he worked out the consolidation of the diamond-mining properties, was the basis of his power, not that he used it in any corrupt way, but that it gave him influence and prestige in his colony, while enabling him to obtain the northern territories and start his great company. He was no money grubber, and neither valued wealth for its own sake nor spent it in luxurious living. To him it meant power, a means to his aim of extending British territory and making himself famous. Power he loved with that passion which those who feel their own strength have, and fame he sought with a kind of frank naïveté which reminded one of the ancient Greeks, and almost disarmed criticism. He was never married, and it would appear was never even drawn toward marriage by any feminine charms; had few friends and was faithful to them, liked poetry a little and history a great deal, yet only as they touched the subjects that occupied his own mind. Seldom was he either gay or witty; yet he could show on occasion a sort of grim humor. Altogether an interesting character, and one that deserves to be drawn in sharper lines and with more skill in the distribution of light and shadow than we find in this book.

CURRENT FICTION.

Adventures in Friendship. By David Grayson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Very likely it would not be the truth to say that only persons who actually live in the country, on a farm, are qualified to judge of Mr. Grayson's rural idylls. These idylls might be untrue to the fact and still carry their message (as the cant phrase runs) to those city-dwellers who, on spring nights, fancy themselves yearning for the real country. It might be interesting to speculate how far the modern story-teller is bound to address himself to an urban and suburban constituency, being careful either to undervalue the country (we mean not the country of "country life," rural architecture and blooded horses, formal gardens, and cottages with a score of bedrooms and half-score of bathrooms, but the country of the countryman), or to adorn it with such tints as made the Dresden shepherdess engaging to our great-grandfathers. Mr. Grayson does not grossly sentimentalize his subject; his country life is quite as near the fact as that of "The Deserted Village." But one is invited to inspect his rural scenes through a veil of rose-tinted gauze. It is all a little voluptuous, a trifle overdone, to the real country-dweller. It plays up too obviously to the homesick memories, or the inexperienced desires, of the denizen of the hall-bedroom, or of the bachelor maid's lodging house. It is not quite simple enough to interpret the simple life of actuality. But to the audience to which it is addressed, it is eminently fitted. It does for the inward eye what "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres" do for the inward ear—it gives the cherished illusion of rustic happiness.

> Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease—

such are the bowers which Mr. Grayson inhabits, with his cheerful companion. There is much beauty in the surrounding of the farmer, and now and then the farmer—more frequently his wife—is aware of it. But we are hardly able to think which of our neighbors would be likely to second, with a clear conscience, Mr. Grayson's postulate. Farm life is not voluptuous; it has its sober satisfactions, and even pleasures. The present commentator prefers it to the life of the urban centres,

> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

But it has also its drawbacks—which Mr. Grayson chooses to ignore.

The Green Patch. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The unbeaten path is this author's favorite walk. Without sensationalism she keeps her readers asking "What next?" till the uttermost page. If her characters seem self-contradictory, it is partly so because the reader has approached them from the standpoint of the hide-bound public who may not be surprised. Such a public fully expects ugly ducklings to become angels toward the middle of the book when the childhood's hero returns. It is confident that dark-eyed Latins who stare at beauty in public will prove to be villains. And so on. "Probabilities" are in this case all at fault. No one has looked for the incoherences of Nature, but for those of standard fiction. The opening sentence discloses Christopher Lambe on that day when he "found that he could no longer bear his wife, his three little girls, Lambe House, Sussex, England, in general." His principles and temper are excellent, but his tastes are for a warm country, objects of art, and to be let alone. His wife says she is sorry, adding, "Of course, you will do as you like." And he does. The rest of the story deals with the blameless Italian life of Christopher, the painless passing of his wife, and the love affairs of his daughters. When grand crises arrive the pleasure of the unsensational becomes almost a pain. For then jilted bridegroom, lover thwarted in the chase, forsaken wife, absentee husband, behave with a mildness beside which mother's finger, held up at Mary for fratricide, is harsh. Yet, after all, in a prickly world, there is something comfortable about this method, and when combined with cleanliness, amusing scenes in agreeable places, and with a light and tactful touch, it makes for a certain sort of thin, harmless enjoyment.

The Pendulum. By Scota Sorin. New York: Duffield & Co.

Life's mighty pendulum, we learn, swings to and fro; from extreme to extreme; now rising to the sunlit heights of hope, now sinking to the gloomy depths of despair. Unluckily, the oscillations here recorded are of small account in the sum of things. The central figure is totally deficient in charm as well as in principle, and there is no perceivable ground of interest in her shabby career. In fact, she is so utterly worthless that it is hard to believe in her at all. But she has sprung from good stock, and she produces, by inadvertence, a beautiful and virtuous daughter: hence the applicability of the "pendulum" figure. The book is worth noting merely as an instance of a type of crude fiction which, in spite of an apparently overstocked market, continues to be put forth. The phenomenon can be explained only by the supposition that the demand for fiction is now so great that there is a chance for almost anything published in its name. The public is "schooling," and the bare book will serve!

The Camera Fiend. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Hornung has hitherto been unique in applying a highly personal, felicitous style to the novel of crime and mystery. The charm of Raffles is as much in his *bravura* of talk as in the actual adventure. That is quite contrary to the general custom of practitioners in this delectable field of sleep-banishing literature. In his latest book, Mr. Hornung has tied himself down to a more matter-of-fact narrative style than the Raffles books, although it is still a style very much his own. But he has not sacrificed characterization, another element that is usually held superfluous in this type of story. There is a delightful boy in the "Camera Fiend," a charming public-school boy of seventeen who suffers from asthma and quite wins your admiration as he goes wheezing and coughing his plucky way toward duty and excitement. Besides asthma, Pocket Upton sometimes walks in his sleep. He did it one early morning in Hyde Park with a revolver strapped to his wrist, and when he awoke, there was an old vagabond lying on a bench, shot through the heart. We

have all sorts of great detectives. To save Pocket Upton, Mr. Hornung devises an elephantine contrast to the slender and ascetic Mr. Holmes. Eugene Thrush has any number of chins, and in the intervals of shaving them he gulps brandy-and-soda.

Elisabeth Koett. By Rudolph Hans Bartsch. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Desmond FitzGerald.

It will be difficult for Americans to take this book so seriously as is expressly requested by author and publisher. Tested by utter common sense, Elisabeth Koett, a pretty actress, stirred up an absurd amount of fuss and feathers. Born in a suburb of Graz, the daughter of a janitor, she is discovered by young Wigram, the mystic, who walks the night in torture at thought of her possibilities. He is the apostle of Novalis, of the Night, of Death—"the mightiest, the ninth and last symphony of God," that splendid goal of all true pressing on! It is his philosophy which, in the end, wins out over her frailties. But she has much to learn beforehand. With her woman's instinct for power, she seeks to express her restless spirit in exciting admiration. She goes to Vienna, where men kiss her hand and cry aloud from the pain of it. Still finding in herself no permanence of feeling, she turns to the simplest of her admirers, Peter Strehl, a poor engraver, in rapture that real love has come to her at last; but again is disappointed. What though Peter hangs himself, there is a glory, an exaltation in the act which she inspired.

In the end, Elisabeth, after receiving a fortune from a baron and becoming a countess, returns to her maker, young Wigram, to find her happiness and mission in disseminating her art away from the vulgar market place, in towns that had known of no such wonder.

As there had been mystic yearnings in her pleasure, so must there be mystic madness in her work. On, on, she must press without ceasing.

> "A secret fire is eating its way into you, Elisabeth," he said tenderly, "beware lest it consume you!"
>
> "Ah," she cried, "is that not the best fate I can hope for—to be consumed by a noble fire in the days of my youth!"

The translation by Mr. Lewisohn is excellent.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

The Collected Works of William Morris: With Introduction by His Daughter, May Morris. Vol. I, The Defence of Guenevere, the Hollow Land; Vol. II, The Life and Death of Jason; Vols. III and IV, The Earthly Paradise. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. To be issued in 24 volumes, $78.

Even *éditions de luxe* are, or should be, designed for reading, and the most important question in regard to these limited publications concerns their type, paper, and format. It may be said at once that the present publication (of which only 1,000 sets are for the market) is both beautiful to the eye and not too heavy for the hand. The typographical work is done at the Arden Press under the direction of C. H. St. John Hornby, and the paper is specially manufactured from rags. The binding is rather flimsy, but is evidently intended to be replaced by the owner. For illustrations the volumes have photogravures of portraits, and various prints. Notable among the latter are the wood engravings by Morris himself from designs by Edward Burne-Jones for the "Cupid and Psyche": these have never before been printed, and are extremely interesting.

The editor's Introductions are in a general way like those contributed by Mrs. Ritchie to the Biographical Edition of Thackeray—a pleasant medley of reminiscence and bibliography. There is, for instance, in the Introduction to the fourth volume a really charming scene in "Grandma's home at Leyton," where Morris and his family used often to visit. One does not think of Morris engaged in reading family prayers, though, to be sure, he passed through a period of religious fervor at Oxford. "My father reads the psalm of the day beautifully," writes Miss May Morris, "as if he enjoyed it, but when he comes to the prayer by a modern divine he delivers it with short decisive accents." Another anecdote gives us a glimpse of life at Kelmscott Manor, when Rossetti was a guest and was painting the famous Water-Willow portrait of Mrs. Morris. "We girls," says the editor, "were fond of the picture when it was finished, but it bothered me to have house and church and boat-house all brought together, when they were really in different directions." A fine drawing of Kelmscott Manor by F. L. Griggs accompanies the text in this place.

In the more important field of bibliography there is a good deal of information that will be welcomed by the lover of Morris's verse. The inception of the various poems and many circumstances attending their production are noted down. Those not familiar with Morris's method of work will be surprised to learn how fastidious he was in rejecting unsatisfactory sketches. Miss Morris quotes freely from these rejected MSS., and thus affords a glimpse into the processes of the poet's taste. The Prologue to the "Earthly Paradise," for example, was first composed in free quatrains, of which the following may be taken as a specimen:

> Oho! Oho! Whence come ye, sirs,
> Drifted to usward in such guise
> In ship unfit for mariners,
> Such heavy sorrow in your eyes.
>
> O masters of this outland shore,
> When first we hoisted up our sail,
> We were all furnished with good store
> Of swords and spears and gilded mail.

In comparison with the swinging, swift hexameter couplets in which the Prologue finally appeared, these quatrains are certainly meagre and, in any considerable number, would have been very monotonous. The following account of the MSS. of the "Cupid and Psyche" is interesting as an example of Morris's search for the right form, and as an illustration of his method of correction, which was ordinarily by entirely rewriting under a fresh inspiration rather than by the laborious substitution of word for word:

> Three manuscripts exist of it, an early manuscript—the first draft in various forms—the clerk's copy worked upon, and the clean "copy" for the printers. Before the tale reaches its final form, page after page is cancelled, incidents are altered, and the tale indeed largely rewritten. Originally, following Apuleius, Psyche's grief impels her after the flight of Cupid to go to her sisters with bitterness and guile in her heart, and after recounting the night's tragedy she brings them relentlessly to their death: as the tale finally took its shape, all this violence and vengeance on her part gives place to the sombre dooming of the gods. The delicate little song sung to Psyche in the palace by invisible musicians:
>
> O pensive, tender maid, downcast and shy, . . .
>
> replaces two other trial-pieces, one in the early manuscript (from the quarto notebooks I have described), and another in the clerk's copy above mentioned. Both of them consist of stanzas strung on a thin thread of story (the story different in each), and the second poem has less warmth and color than the first—both of them were discarded for the right lyric, which comes finally and seems to have grown in its place.

Altogether this edition of Morris is desirable both for its mechanical make-up and for its editorial material. The six volumes of translations by Morris and Eirîkr Magnússon are not included, but these are procurable in the Saga Library published by Quaritch, and indeed are well separated from Morris's original work. Among the principal hitherto unprinted works to be included are a journal kept during Morris's first visit to Iceland in 1871, some lyrics and extracts from the tale of "Orpheus" designed for "The Earthly Paradise," and some fragments of a poem in the poet's earlier manner entitled "Scenes from the Fall of Troy."

A Suffolk Hundred in the Year 1283: The Assessment of the Hundred of Blackburne for a Tax of One-Thirtieth and a Return showing the Land Tenure There. Edited by Edgar Powell. Cambridge: The University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Powell, already well-known for his scholarly work on the peasant up-

rising of 1381, has made in this admirable study a contribution of great merit in a new and more restricted field. Students of mediæval history are well aware of the importance of local material for general history, and yet are constantly hampered by the scarcity of documents, and discouraged by the difficulties of interpretation and by the dreariness and monotony of the task which such evidence involves. Mr. Powell possesses not only the expert training, but also the patience and courage essential for work of this kind. Yet even he can complain of the tediousness of the undertaking, and the thirty-eight folded sheets which accompany his text bear eloquent testimony to the truth of his comment.

Mr. Powell has edited two statistical records of the thirteenth century relating to a single hundred of Suffolk. The first of these records is a detailed assessment of the inhabitants to a tax of one-thirtieth part of their goods, granted by a parliament in 1283; the other is a return as to land tenure in the same hundred made at a slightly earlier date, 1280. To these documents he has added four surveys of manors in the same hundred of date 1302 and three or four other documents. His object is to throw light on the system of taxation under Edward I and on the condition of population and rural economy at the same period.

Edward I, needing money to carry on his Welsh campaigns, summoned two provincial parliaments to consider the question of assessment. These parliaments met, one at York and one at Northampton, and made a grant of a thirtieth toward the expenses of the war. The writs summoning knights of the shire, two representatives of each city, borough, and market town, and with them all freeholders capable of bearing arms and holding more than a knight's fee, have long been known, but the record from the Bury Abbey registers, which Mr. Powell prints, giving the form of the grant and the method by which the assessment was to be carried out, is new. Though there can be no doubt that much of the tax was paid in kind, the fact, obtained from a document in the Public Record Office, that cartage expenses would be allowed implies that the assessment had to be turned into coin locally by the sheriff before delivery to the constable of the Tower. The only extant record of collection is for the single hundred of Blackburne, in a document of seventy skins in the British Museum, yet again by good luck Mr. Powell was able to find in the Lay Subsidy Rolls the totals from each of the counties. Lincolnshire heads the list with £4,000, and Westmoreland comes last with only £212, the whole reaching the sum of £42,765. That local collection was often a difficult and dangerous business is shown from a document in the Assize Rolls, also discovered by Mr. Powell, relating to one of the Suffolk villages, where the bailiff was set upon and severely handled by the son of the lord of the manor, who was behind in his payment. Whether such incidents were common or not, only a careful study of the Assize Rolls can prove, but this particular happening distinctly enlivens a treatise otherwise unexciting.

Regarding population and rural economy results based on such meagre and limited evidence are inevitably inconclusive; Mr. Powell shows, however, that tentative deductions are possible. As a whole, population in this hundred of Suffolk has remained about stationary for 600 years; some of the villages have actually lost in numbers, others have gained very slightly, while a few have gained considerably. In comparing live stock then and now, we discover that the number of horses, sheep, and pigs has increased, while that of cattle has fallen off materially. More interesting still is the record of ownership, for in 1300 there were 1,380 inhabitants among whom the live stock was distributed, whereas in 1908 the number was but 519; and it is likely that the figures for the earlier period understate the situation. Wheat, rye, barley, oats, peas, and beans were the prevailing staples. Among the inhabitants there were scarcely any tradesmen, and those dealing only in a few shoes and a little brass ware. Nine carpenters, five weavers, fifteen artisans or mechanics, and fifteen merchants are mentioned in a population of nearly fourteen hundred. As to the status of the inhabitants, the record is disappointing, and few conclusions regarding the history of villeinage can be drawn. More can be learned regarding land tenure, as the evidence throws considerable light on the acreage held in villeinage, the demesne lands of the lord, and the nature of the services of villeins, molmen, and freeholders. A small amount of information is afforded for the study of scutage and knights' service.

Up Hill and Down Dale in Ancient Etruria. By Frederick Seymour. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

In the plentiful crop of amateurish books on art-history the Etruscans have been almost entirely spared. The reason for their escape from the treatment to which so many of their fellows have been subjected is probably the fact that their history, their language, and their art are so intricate and as yet so uncertain that the best thing, even for the self-confident amateur, seemed to be to leave them alone. But now the very mystery surrounding the Etruscans, which so far has proved their safeguard, has been their undoing at the hands of Mr. Seymour. For it is this element of mystery, so we gather from the frequent allusions to it throughout the book, which chiefly attracted the author. And perhaps, this being so, it is natural that he does not contribute anything toward lifting the veil; rather, the reader is likely to be a good deal more mystified at the end of his reading than at the beginning, for the book is what we should expect from "a casual inquirer into the Etruscan mysteries" (as Mr. Seymour calls himself)—both superficial and inaccurate.

The volume is divided into two parts. The first contains chapters on the origin and history of the Etruscans, their religion, their art, and their language; the second gives descriptions of a number of Etruscan cities, preference being given to the abandoned and less known sites. It would be impossible here to mention all the inconsistencies and blunders of which the writer is guilty in these "casual inquiries." A few will be enough to point out the half-digested knowledge and the originality of the author.

Mr. Seymour seems somewhat troubled that archæologists have not given the Etruscans their due for artistic ability and so tries to be more liberal himself by making emphatic, though unsupported, statements, such as "the paintings in Etruscan tombs owe nothing to Greek influence" (p. 66). He also thinks it unfair to believe that only the poorer figured vases found in Etruria should have been made by the Etruscans and that all the others have come from Greece; he, therefore, settles the question more impartially himself by pronouncing that the vases are partly importations and partly of native manufacture. It is a pity that the author, when he is trying so hard to do well by the Etruscans, forgets to mention, in his chapter on the Arts of the Etruscans, the black Bucchero ware, which is universally agreed to be a native product.

The ease with which Mr. Seymour disposes of problems which are still moot questions with archæologists is enviable. As is well known, it is a disputed point whether the Phœnicians had an art of their own or were merely intermediaries between other nations. In Mr. Seymour's mind the question is at once settled by the fact that Cyprus, which was occupied a long time by the Phœnicians, should be so rich in ancient remains (p. 27). That these remains do not represent Phœnician art, but show throughout foreign influence, does not occur to him. Again, the whole Mycenæan race problem is settled in one sentence: "The Pelasgians founded Tiryns (by far the most ancient), Argos, and Mycenæ, whence this Mycenæan or this Ægean art originated" (p. 71). That the excavations of Crete during the past ten years have proved that island to have been the originator and centre of Ægean art is now a fact so well known that it is

curious that it has escaped even Mr. Seymour.

Nor is his knowledge of later art any more sound. A black-figured Panathenaic vase found at Orvieto (which cannot be earlier than the sixth century B. C.) is quoted to be one of the oldest vases in the world (p. 264), and red-figured Athenian vases from Vulci, belonging to the fifth century B. C., are put down as "fine instances of the grand style of the fourth century" (p. 175), a mistake of which few beginners would be guilty.

But perhaps we could make allowances for these irritating inaccuracies, if otherwise the book were agreeable reading. The author has, indeed, besprinkled his pages with pleasantries and with sentimental meditations, but it is unlikely that these will appeal to the sense of humor and sensibilities of the reader. For it requires more than ordinary imagination to compare the incident of a bullock stumbling in the plain of Vulci and thus leading to the discovery of the old city, with the story of the prophet Balaam and the ass (p. 188)! The style is probably meant to be picturesque, but it soon grows tedious, for the book abounds in sentences such as this (p. 240):

> Farms surrounded by verdant crops, and all oblivious of the thousand forefathers that sleep beneath the much-tilled soil—unwept, unhonored, and unsung, and undiscovered, which is worse.

Studies in Language and Literature in Celebration of the Seventieth Birthday of James Morgan Hart, November 2, 1909. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The *Festschrift* as a form of literature has something of the discontinuity of the dictionary; but there is unity of a kind; all these miscellaneous bits of learning are ultimately sprung from the teaching of the master to whom they are offered in gratulation, and their very variety is a tribute to his breadth. In the present volume pretty much the whole range of English studies is represented, besides a plea by Herbert L. Fordham, of the New York bar, for a more thorough study of English on the part of lawyers, and a neat classification of contemporary American philosophers by Prof. Frank Thilly.

Subjects in Old English are appropriately numerous. Dr. Alma Blount urges enthusiastically, and quite reasonably, the necessity of some knowledge of the inflected stage of the language among teachers of English grammar even in the seventh and eighth grades; she describes the workings of a course in the Michigan State Normal School which is successfully providing teachers with this equipment. Prof. Christobel F. Fiske sketches rapidly some advances shown by eleventh-century England over social conditions described in the "Beowulf": the partial emancipation of woman from a position of absolute dependence on her tribe; the gradual passage of judicial procedure from private hands into a function of the state; some slight progress in *materia medica;* and the merging of the multitude of heathen deities into the conception of a single ruling power. On the last point the method adopted yields somewhat unsatisfactory results; surely, it is pressing fancy pretty hard to see in *gāstbona* (Beo. 177) a reference to Thor, and to regard Grendel as a degradation of Loki. Dr. Mary A. Malloy confines herself to a succinct description of the differences between the Celtic and the Roman rite with respect to the form of the tonsure and the date of Easter. Prof. George H. McKnight shows how tradition, chiefly of clerical origin, reveres King Alfred, not for his warlike prowess, but for his generosity, justice, wisdom, and humility.

Of matter more purely textual, we have a Middle-Irish fragment of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," printed with translation and notes by Dr. Edward G. Cox, for which, on linguistic grounds, a new date—the early tenth century—is suggested. Dr. Benton S. Monroe offers some textual notes on Layamon. A list of the non-biblical names in the English mystery plays is compiled by Prof. Antoinette Greene; from the fact that the name of Mahomet is by far the most frequent we dare not infer a profound mediæval interest in comparative religion. Confirmation of the early date (1381-2), for the composition of Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," Prof. Oliver F. Emerson finds in the lines (2965 ff.):

> Thanne semed me ther was a parlement . . .
> To have with certein contrees alliaunce,

which seem to be a reflection of the elaborate negotiations connected with the alliance between England and Bohemia and the marriage of Richard II and Anne.

In the field of drama, Prof. Joseph Q. Adams, jr., collects all that is known concerning the seventeenth century letter-writer, Thomas Forde, and in particular, discusses his tragi-comedy "Love's Labyrinth," which proves to be a dramatization of Greene's "Menaphon," itself deriving ultimately from "Havelok the Dane." Prof. Martin W. Sampson devotes a brief discussion to the plays of Edward Sharpham. The words of the Ghost Prof. William Strunk, jr., regards as the only trustworthy clue to the heart of Hamlet's mystery; a careful study of them results in some sensible conclusions in regard to the entire play. It is interesting to recall that tradition assigns the part of the Ghost to the author himself.

Clearly Professor Hart has sent abroad in the world an able band of working scholars, whose labors we trust he will long live to contemplate with satisfaction.

Notes

Spring and summer publications of Houghton Mifflin Co. include: "The Long Roll," by Mary Johnston; "Queed," by Henry Sydnor Harrison; "People of Popham," by Mary C. E. Wemyss; "The Very Little Person," by Mary Heaton Vorse; "My First Summer in the Sierra," by John Muir; "Reminiscences of an Athlete," by Ellery H. Clark; "The Ideal Italian Tour," by Henry James Forman; "Across South America," by Hiram Bingham; "Palestine and Its Transformation," by Elsworth Huntington; "China's Story," in myth, legend, art, and annals, by William Elliot Griffis; "John La Farge," by Royal Cortissoz; "Harriet Beecher Stowe," by Charles Edward Stowe and Lyman Beecher Stowe; "Life and Letters of Martin Luther," by Preserved Smith; "John Bright," by R. Barry O'Brien; "California Under Spain and Mexico," 1535 to 1847, by Irving B. Richman; "American Political Ideas," by John Fiske, new edition; "The Origin and Growth of the American Constitution," by Hannis Taylor; "Copyright: its History and Law," by Richard Rogers Bowker; "A Year in a Coal-Mine," by Joseph Husband; "The Tudor Drama," by C. F. Tucker Brooke; "A Study of Versification," by Brander Matthews; "The World of Dreams," by Havelock Ellis, and "The Standard of Living Among the Industrial People of America," by Frank Hatch Streightoff.

D. C. Heath & Co. are about to issue Rosegger's "Der Lex von Gutenhag," edited with exercises, notes, and vocabulary by B. Q. Morgan; and soon, thereafter, C. F. Meyer's novel, "Jürg Jenatsch," abridged and edited with introduction and notes by A. Kenngott.

The hero of "The Grain of Dust," the novel by the late David Graham Phillips, which the Appletons bring out this month, is the aggressive and, of course, youngest member of a firm of corporation lawyers.

An encyclopædia on ecclesiastical matters is promised by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, entitled "The Churchman's Guide"; the general editor is Arthur Reynolds.

"Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Stories," new and enlarged edition, by J. Nield, is in the announcements of Elkin Mathews.

There will be an exhibition at Glasgow of manuscripts and printed copies of the Bible, in celebration of the tercentenary of the authorized version. Professor Milligan of the university is at work on a catalogue of exhibits.

Books announced by Frederick A. Stokes Co. for the month of April include: "Called Away," by Susan Glaspell; "Lassoing Wild Animals in Africa," by Guy Scull, and "Dawn of O'Hara: The Girl Who Laughed," by Edna Ferber.

Dana Estes & Co. have in their spring list: "A Modern Outlook, Studies of English and American Tendencies," by J. A. Hobson; "Talleyrand, the Man," translated from the French of Bernard de Lacombe by A. D'Alberti; "For Her Namesake," an anthology of poetical addresses, edited

by Stephen Langton; "British Mountain Climbs" and "Swiss Mountain Climbs," both by George D. Abraham; "The Dog Lover's Book," written and illustrated by Edwin Noble; "Through the Heart of Canada," by Frank Yeigh, and "The Journal of Captain Cartwright," edited by Dr. Charles Wendell Townsend.

Henry Holt & Co. are adding a sixth volume, entitled "A Garland of Childhood," to the series of anthologies which they started with "The Open Road."

The Scribners have in their list of spring announcements: "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," revised edition containing more than a hundred new letters; "The West in the East," by Price Collier; "A Defence of Prejudice," and other essays, by John Grier Hibben; "Rachel: Her Stage Life and Her Real Life," by Francis Gribble; "Narratives of Early Carolina," edited by A. S. Salley, jr.; "Trails of the Pathfinders," by George Bird Grinnell; "A Kitten's Garden of Verses," by Oliver Herford; "Brother Copas," by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch; "Brazenhead the Great," by Maurice Hewlett; "An Old Maid's Vengeance," by Frances Powell; "The Greek Thinkers," a history of ancient philosophy, by Prof. Theodor Gomperz; "Biblical Geography and History," by Prof. Charles Foster Kent; "Children of To-morrow," by Clara E. Laughlin, and "Her Little Young Ladyship," by Myra Kelly.

Among the important new announcements of the house of J. C. Hinrichs of Leipzig is a work by Prof. Adolf Harnack, entitled "Neue Untersuchungen zur Apostelgeschichte und zur Abfassungszeit der synnoptischen Evangelien." It will appear some time this spring.

The *Geographical Journal* for March opens with an account of the second French Antarctic expedition by its leader, Dr. J. B. Charcot. Its main object was to endeavor to connect the different points of land which have been discovered in order to determine the existence of a continuous continent. Among the other contents are the reports of an interesting journey in northeastern Arabia by Capt. G. E. Leachman, and one in western China by Maj. G. Pereira, who says that in some of the regions through which he passed the opium regulations "had been obeyed with strictness." Among the maps are three illustrating Dr. A. Stein's explorations in Chinese Turkestan and Kansu, with a long explanatory note by him.

The latest installment of the "Oxford English Dictionary" (Frowde), is a single section, *Si-Simple*, by W. A. Craigie. Of its 820 main words, perhaps the most curious historically are those derived from proper names—words now decapitalized, depersonalized, and conferring upon their original owners but an ambiguous and shadowy immortality. In some cases we can see their concrete and metaphorical sense fading beneath our eyes. A French politician of the eighteenth century holds for a brief period the office of comptroller-general, where he makes himself obnoxious by his petty economies; a hundred years later his name helps us to describe an artistic effect in the heavens. "A spur of the coast range," writes Bret Harte, "which had been sharply *silhouetted* [petty-financiered?] against the cloudless western sky." In a happy day for his posthumous reputation, Étienne de Silhouette (1709-1767) became a skiagram. It is to be regretted that the Oxford editors do not go behind the previous dictionaries to trace the link between the man and the shadow pictures, but merely present three old conjectures—that (1) his small economies, (2) his short tenure of office, or (3) his own attempts at outlining perpetuated his memory in that slight thing—a silhouette. Less fortunate than Silhouette's was the immortality that lay in wait for Simon Magus, the well-intentioned ex-sorcerer of Samaria, damned to an eternity of infamy by the sharp-tongued Simon Peter. In a moment of hot-headed enthusiasm for the new religion into which he has been baptized, Simon Magus offers cash payment for the Holy Ghost, for which cause the apostle declares him "in the bond of iniquity." Simon Magus is very sorry and begs to be prayed for, but already, if we may be permitted the expression, his goose is cooked—he is slated to become a by-word. Dante thrusts him wrong side up into a hole in the eighth circle of hell and sets fire to the soles of his feet; Langland derives from him the mediæval vice Sir Simonye; and his name comes down to us burdened undeservedly with the ecclesiastical sins of two thousand years. Simon Pure, on the other hand, has plainly profited by the oblivion which has swallowed up his origin. The resourceful lover in Mrs. Centlivre's clever comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife" (1717), palms himself off for Simon Pure till "the real Simon Pure," a canting Quaker from Pennsylvania, appears. The first allusive use of this expression on record occurs in "Guy Mannering" (1815): "'Here,' proceeded the counsellor, 'is the real Simon Pure—here's Godfrey Bertram Hewit.'" Later users of the name possibly got the cue from Scott. Presently, at any rate, it is employed with only the faintest reference to its origin. In 1889 we have "the Simon-pure wild horse"; in 1894, "the simon-pure article"—a mysterious compound in which the given name of the now vanished Quaker seems to modify his surname and guarantee that foodstuffs of that description will meet the approval of Mr. Wylie. The oddest of recent formations are the adjective *siamese* and the verb *to siamese*, words which obscurely commemorate Chang and Eng, the poor twins, who, in the early nineteenth century, struck the imagination of Europe with a union closer than that of brothers.

In his "Manual of International Law for the Use of Naval Officers" (the Naval Institute, Annapolis), Admiral C. H. Stockton has performed a real feat of condensation. His thirteen chapters do not extend beyond 270 pages (excluding appendices), yet within that space he is able for practical purposes to cover the whole field. The latest leading cases have not escaped his notice, and what he has to say about the Declaration of London—he himself, we believe, was one of the United States delegates to the naval conference which drew it up—is especially pertinent and illuminating. His little book is, in a word, most serviceable, and might be placed in the hands of newspaper writers and Congressmen to as good advantage as in those of naval officers. The work makes no pretence of being an original contribution; it follows the authorities; but it is a model of brief and clear and accurate statement.

The fiftieth and concluding volume of the Sacred Books of the East comprises a "General Index to the Names and Subject-Matter" (Frowde), compiled by M. Winternitz, professor of Indian philology, in the University of Prague, with a preface by A. A. Macdonell. But this is no ordinary index, such as might have been made from the special indexes attached to each volume. In fact, "compiled" is not the right word for the title. The book contains an index of nearly seven hundred pages, in which every name and topic occurring in the translations of the preceding forty-nine volumes is catalogued scientifically, so that one can follow a subject through its most minute divisions. Under the caption "animals," for example, are given lists of references dealing, first, with the creation of animals, then with the different classes, as presented by different religious systems, then the use, treatment, laws, and regulations, mythology, worship, and sacrifice of animals. The work is thus not a mere list, but an illuminating survey, useful to the general reader as well as to the specialist. It makes a sort of handbook which can be read for itself, since the headings of the various divisions are, in themselves, a commentary on the subjects treated. As it has been a labor of many years to create such an index, so it will be for many years a thesaurus of great value to the student, whether he be an Orientalist or an historian of religious or social phenomena. It is, in truth, as Professor Macdonell says in his preface, "the most comprehensive work of the kind that has yet been published."

A lengthy plea for the rehabilitation of the literary fame of Metastasio is furnished by Prof. A. De Gubernatis in his latest volume. "Pietro Metastasio" (Florence: Successori Le Monnier), in which he has gathered together a series of lectures on the Cæsarean poet, lately delivered by him at the University of Rome. The case is certainly an interesting one. In the whole history of literature, no author has been so extravagantly praised during his lifetime, and so quickly forgotten after his death, as Metastasio. How did this happen? The explanation offered by Professor De Gubernatis is rather surprising. At the end of his first lecture, after quoting a wearisome mass of adulation heaped upon the poet by his contemporaries, but noting the few gentle strictures ventured here and there, he observes (literally): "Each laudatory critic noting a mole in Metastasio, these moles, combined, became a gangrenous spot which disfigured the face of the so universally admired writer" (p. 49). Any one thus explaining the vicissitudes of literary fortunes can scarcely be expected successfully to champion the dubious cause of Metastasio. The speedy and total eclipse of Metastasio's fame is in no way involved in mystery. Along with the rest of the *rococo* world, of which he was one of the most typical figures, he was caught up and swept out of existence by the blast of the new régime; and a recurrence of his vogue is no more likely than is that of the periwig. Mild curiosity on the part of students of literature he may often awaken; but posterity, to which the contemporaries of the Cæsarean poet solemnly committed his fame, has atoned with a vengeance for the ex-

travagance of a former ago which set a skilful opera-librettist above Æschylus and Sophocles; and its verdiet, ono might add, is likely to stand.

"The Historic Mohawk" (Putnam), by Mary Riggs Diefendorf, with twenty-four illustrations, is described by the author as a series of general essays depicting the peoples, settlements, customs, and struggles of that historic valley in early days. It goes over ground familiar to most persons interested in the subject, but with rather better literary skill than some other local writers have shown. It contains also a number of letters and other documentary papers, not heretofore published, although these are introduced without much attempt to abstract their vital parts and incorporate them in an interesting way with the narrative. The author has not constructed the story with much historical sense as to proportions, main outlines, and details, but the information brought together will, no doubt, interest many persons dwelling in the valley. A few minor errors may be noted. Jogues is said to have perished "at the Mohawk capital." There was, of course, no such place, exeept that there were two or three places known as a Mohawk "castle." The massacre of Schenectady is dated in 1790, which is somewhat more than a century too late. Col. Guy Johnson is set down as "Sir Guy Johnson." Sir William's son, John, inherited his father's title. Guy was Sir William's son-in-law and had only a military distinction. Chatham is called "Lord Pitt." After the Revolution, the Mohawks are said to have "founded a new Caughnawaga near Montreal. The new Caughnawaga had been founded before the Revolution. After the war, most of the Mohawks, who had invaded Central New York, went to the Grand River Valley, which lies north of Lake Erie. The Caughnawaga Mohawks were mainly those who had been converted by the French to the Catholic faith.

The title of "Two Russian Reformers: Ivan Turgenev, Leo Tolstoy," by J. A. T. Lloyd (Lane Co.), was apparently chosen rather to attract readers than to describe the contents of the volume. Mr. Lloyd treats of Turgenev and Tolstoy almost entirely as writers of novels, touching only very lightly on their work as reformers. He gives us somewhat over three hundred pages of readable, impressionistic criticism, in tone strongly suggestive of the books by Haumant ("Ivan Touguénieff: la vie et l'œuvre") and Merezhkovski ("Tolstoy as Man and Artist"), to which, among others, he acknowledges indebtedness. Long passages of unsystematic and only slightly profitable—sometimes even misleading—chit-chat are relieved by flashes of real insight, of which the following comparison is a fair sample:

> It was the art of Turgenev to woo this or that phantom back to him, and then quickly he or she would assume the delicate, always half-veiled tints of life. Tolstoy would recall, as from a short distance, his men and women as though they were old friends whose inner and outer lives he knew by heart (p. 265).

The book as a whole, based though it is rather on clever observation than on either hard study and reflection or fine imaginative sympathy, may do good service by attracting new readers to the two greatest Russian novelists; for those who are already familiar with their works it will be of slight value.

The projectors of the World Missionary Conference held in Edinburgh in June, 1910, procured the appointment two years before the convention date of eight commissions to investigate as many special subjects in the missionary activity of the modern Christian church. It was agreed that each commission should consist of twenty members, including representatives from both Europe and America. These commissions were instructed to pursue thorough investigations in their respective fields concerning missionary enterprises of all denominations in all parts of the world. The eight topics assigned to them were as follows: "Carrying the Gospel to All the Non-Christian World," a survey of the field and the forces available for its conquest; "The Church in the Mission Field," the problems of organization, discipline, and edification of churches in non-Christian lands; "Christian Education," the relation of schools and colleges to the propagation of Christian faith; "The Missionary Message," a study of Christian doctrine as related to missionary effort; "Preparation of Missionaries," the problem of preparatory education; "The Home Base," the administration of missionary boards, and the cultivation of missionary sentiment in the home church; 'Missions and Governments," the civic rights and duties of missionaries as residents of foreign countries; "Coöperation and Unity," comity and federation among missionary societies. These eight commissions made earnest work of their tasks, and their respective reports, which were presented to the conference and formed the basis of its discussions, are informing and suggestive presentations of their respective subjects. Much pains was taken in securing information from all parts of the world, and the commissions were evidently guided by men of broad and statesmanlike view. We feel our respect for missions increase as we examine these volumes and are prepared to give credence to the rumor that the best men in the divinity schools are now turning their attention to the foreign field. The ordinary religious convention report is as wearying as the gathering itself, but these volumes, assembling facts from every corner of the world in the interest of a holy ambition, are fresh with interest and thought in nearly every chapter. The volume on "The Home Base" contains a bibliography of above two hundred pages, comprising works on missions in every modern language employed by aggressive Protestants. Each commission report contains a list of the large number of contributors of information and opinions, besides an index. The ninth volume is a history of the conference, containing also some of the addresses delivered at the evening meetings. The series is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

The Academic Commission for the Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ, which did not hold its contemplated meeting in October, will convene in the Easter week of the present year. Serious financial difficulties are hampering the progress of this important international enterprise; and although several governments have increased their annual appropriations for this purpose, there is already a deficit, amounting to over five thousand marks. The work, however, is going right on and sixty-one *Bogen* were brought out last year, the editors being now at work on the letters D to F.

A complete edition of the works of the German poet Friedrich Rückert is not yet in sight, though he died forty-five years ago. He was so prolific that the many volumes of his writings which appeared during his life contained but a part of what he produced. Nor have the several collections drawn from his posthumous papers by any means filled the gaps. It has long been known that he contributed to magazines, almanacs, annuals, and other publications numbers of original poems and translations, which have hitherto been included in none of the separate volumes or series of volumes bearing his name. The Gesellschaft der Bibliophilen (Weimar) has just published the first volume of a collection of his poems scattered through magazines, almanacs, annuals, etc., under the title "Rückert-Nachlese I." This volume, following so close on the heels of the three of "Schiller's Persönlichkeit" (see *Nation*, XCI, 503), stamps the society as a friend of poets as well as of books. The editor, Leopold Hirschberg, has spared no pains in his effort to make the collection complete. He arranges the poems chronologically, according to the date of composition, so far as known, otherwise the date of publication. In a later volume he will include a collection of supplementary strophes to texts already published. The volume just out, an octavo of 436 pages, contains 490 poems, which, for the most part, show Rückert's unusual versatility and unquestioned talent, if not genius, though a certain number, as would naturally be expected, add nothing to the wealth of the literary world. It takes all, however, to complete the picture, and this collection, when finished, will be one of the chief works of reference in a Rückert library so fortunate as to possess it. The edition is limited, and is distributed exclusively to the society's 900 members. Twenty-five copies came to the United States, seventeen to libraries, and eight to individuals.

The German Antiduell Liga, which now has a membership of 2,250 in nineteen local groups, tries to counteract a traditional evil in a practical way. Not only does it publish a periodical, *Ehrenschutz*, which is sent free to five hundred editors and to a large number of student societies, but it maintains three courts of honor (Ehrengerichte) at Darmstadt, Hanover, and Munich, where "matters of honor" are adjusted by arbitration, and the plan has been fairly successful. In one particular case the league sent in a petition to the Kaiser, who in reply stated that duelling should be resisted as much as "feasible," but refused to condemn the practice absolutely.

The official statistics for 1909 record 9,070 divorces in Prussia, or 129 to every 100,000 inhabitants, as compared with 6,924 in 1905; 7,539 in 1906; 7,952 in 1907, and 8,365 in 1908. In 47.8 per cent. of the cases, or 4,332 instances, the ground was adultery.

According to recent statistics, the number of secondary schools in Prussia at present is 719, as compared with 559 in 1901. Of these 253 are directly under state control and 466 under municipal control. The total expenses for the current year are 74,000,000

marks, of which tuition and income from endowment funds furnished only 36,000,000, the rest coming from state and municipality. The number of pupils, according to latest reports, was 220,959, as compared with 156,663 in 1901. That means the increase in attendance has been 41 per cent., while the growth of the population has been only 15 per cent. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* thinks, in view of these facts, that the spectre of a "learned proletariat," which used to haunt Bismarck so much, is not yet disappearing.

During the present semester there are 2,778 girls in the various schools of Prussia that offer the courses leading up to the *Abiturientenexamen* and admission to the universities; a year ago there were 1,975. To these must be added 150 girls, taking the *Gymnasialkurse* in Berlin. According to the statistics published by Dr. Güldners in the journal *Die höhere Mädchenschule*, 2,928 girls and older women, in addition to those who have prepared themselves privately, have already passed the examinations for entrance to the universities. Prussia alone has thirty-two girls' schools that prepare for higher institutions, and of these, eight have the full nine years' course and are recognized by the government; four are under state control, four are private schools, and twenty-four are municipal institutions. The great majority, twenty-eight, have the semi-classical and semi-scientific course of the *Realgymnasium*, while only two have the full classical course, and two are special schools for the training of *Oberlehrerinnen*.

The Rev. Charles Joseph Little, president of the Garret Biblical Institute of Northwestern University, who died last week in his seventy-first year, was the author of "Christianity and the Nineteenth Century" and "The Angel in the Flame."

Curtis Guild, sr., father of ex-Gov. Curtis Guild, died at his home in Boston, on Sunday, aged eighty-four. Both his grandfathers served in the Revolutionary war and a great-uncle, Dr. Samuel Guild, was an assistant surgeon with Commodore Paul Jones and was the last to leave the sinking frigate Bon Homme Richard after the famous sea fight with the British frigate Serapis off the coast of Scotland. His father, Curtis Guild, was in the East India trade, but a business disaster compelled the son to leave school at the age of sixteen and go to work. After serving as a shipping clerk, he entered the employ of the Boston *Journal*, and eventually became the dramatic critic. Mr. Guild became a contributor to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in New York, and took a position with the *Evening Traveller*, being admitted to partnership with Roland Worthington in 1856. In 1859 he established the *Commercial Bulletin*, a weekly publication making a specialty of business matters, and continued as publisher up to a few years ago. He was the author of "Over the Ocean," "Abroad Again," "Britons and Muscovites," "From Sunrise to Sunset" (verse), and "A Chat about Celebrities."

Ex-Senator Augusto Pierantoni, professor of international law and a delegate to the last parliamentary conference at Washington, is dead in Rome, Italy. Pierantoni was an Italian authority on international law whose writings have been widely translated. He was born at Chieti, Italy, on June 24, 1840. His classical education, which he got in his native city and in Naples, was interrupted by war. He enlisted as a volunteer in Garibaldi's army, and was with it at Volturno. When peace had been declared he became engaged in the ministry of public education at Naples, went subsequently to Turin, and then, on the strength of several works in international law, was installed as an instructor in the University of Modena. In 1866 he went to war again as a volunteer in the conflict with Austria. Upon his return to teaching he was called to the chair of international law at the University of Naples, and was later promoted to the University of Rome. He was chosen Senator in 1883 and served through four legislative sessions. He was the arbitrator for Italy at the Paris conference of 1885 concerning shipping in the Suez Canal. He was a founder of the International Law Institute at Geneva.

Léon Boucher, who died recently at Lausanne, aged seventy-three, was honorary professor of literature at Besançon. He was the author of "Histoire de la littérature anglaise."

Science

THE KLAATSCH HYPOTHESIS.

PARIS, March 2.

"Before the war" Americans were familiar with the hypothesis of different centres of creation for the human species. For the most part, it was a political defence of the different treatment awarded to blacks and whites on the ground that they had no common ancestor. Sometimes it was scientific, as with Agassiz, to solve difficulties arising from the geographical distribution and corresponding differences of human races. The later Darwinian doctrine of the Descent of Man was bound, in its turn, not to leave the idea of one First Man unmolested.

The German anthropologist Klaatsch thinks he has found two distinct stems or lines of descent. These must have given two distinct human species at the beginning, though no one can deny that they were already fused in one in prehistoric ages. The very perfect skeletons of Klaatsch's first distinct species which have been found in France within a few years (see *Nation*, January 14, 1909), and the measures now being taken by the French government to prevent the expatriation of them, lend unusual interest to this latest hypothesis, although it will certainly not be the last in the matter.

Klaatsch's first species is represented by the Man of Neanderthal, the type of Quatrefages's first fossil race of man (Crania Ethnica—Canstadt). This line of descent, according to Klaatsch, gave off by the way, before it reached Man properly so-called, the gorilla, who was differentiated like a poor relation unable to rise to the condition of his betters. Neanderthaloid human skulls have, in common with the gorilla, a continuous penthouse projection over the eye-orbits. This character, it should be said at once, has survived in many known instances of historic times. In 1864 the bishop of Nancy, in the course of a complete revision of the relics of his diocese, had an anatomical examination made of the skull of the Irish Saint Mansuy, preserved in the one-time cathedral church of Toul where he was bishop in the sixth century. The skull was of a pronounced Neanderthal type. On account of the number of Irish missionaries among the Gallo-Romans of that time, Vogt designated skulls of this type "heads of apostles." In 1867 Vogt published an account of a still more pronounced instance existing in a German physician of the insane personally known to himself. Other striking examples have been observed among living men and women in England, Denmark, Belgium, and particularly grouped in certain isolated communities of Brittany. This long since bolstered up the conclusion of Quatrefages and Hamy (1874) that "present-day populations are descended from the quaternary populations"; and that "the Neanderthal type is still found in modern populations." Another character insisted on by Klaatsch as being possessed by Neanderthaloid men in common with the gorilla consists in muscle insertions giving extraordinary strength and leverage.

The second distinct species of fossil man, according to Klaatsch, is the man of Aurignac, a name somewhat confusing to those acquainted with the anthropological geography of France. Strictly, this should indicate the Neolithic race investigated by Lartet; he mistakenly thought it contemporaneous with the "antediluvian" animals, as they were then called, whose bones were found in an underlying stratum of fossil remains. Klaatsch points to the absence of the gorilla penthouse above the eye-orbits, and to different muscle insertions, similar to those of the orang-outang, to prove another specific line of descent with another poor relation left beside the way.

In general, the new hypothesis has met with little favor, even in Germany. In England, Keith (*Nature*, December 15, 1910) remarks that this method of insisting on small differences, while passing over the numerous points of likeness, would prove that Newfoundland dogs and bears constitute a species by themselves and mastiff dogs and leopards another. To this Klaatsch has the ready answer that the like characters in the case are simple phenomena of convergence.

This scarcely strengthens his contention, in that which is always most difficult to substantiate in evolutionary hypotheses, namely, the differentiation of species in prehistoric times. The facts

of survival in the one human species of to-day render French authorities in the matter skeptical of his theory which would oblige them to explain something, not a primordial differentiation in the descent of man, but an integration of one species from the original two, as already shown in prehistoric remains. Quatrefages found survivals of the flattened tibia and channelled fibula for the insertion of the peroneal muscles in several parts of France, with other striking characters of his second fossil human race (Cro-Magnon), to which Klaatsch's man of Aurignac corresponds. This helped Hamy to a further conclusion: "No fossil human race has disappeared; we can still recognize them all amid the later populations with which they are mingled." In the Klaatsch hypothesis, this would mean a mingling together of two species distinct in their line of descent, that is, present-day men would be hybrids of two originally distinct animal species of the Genus Homo, having no common ancestor that was human.

In unscientific but not inexact words, some prehistoric mother of ours would have been more nearly related either to the gorilla or to the orang-outang than she was to her husband. In the hypothesis of different creation centres, this difficulty did not present itself, since each first man was supposed to have been like all the others, a single species with them. In the evolutionary hypothesis of Klaatsch, there must have been at least two first men from specifically different lines of descent. This would singularly complicate the origin of the one present species, man. S. D.

The United States Department of Agriculture has issued a bulletin (B. P. I. No. 202) in which the subject of the Seedling-Inarch and Nurse-Plant Methods of Propagation is discussed in connection with tropical and subtropical fruits and ornamental plants.

The Società degli Spettroscopisti Italiani is engaged on the fortieth volume of its "Memorie di Astrophysica ed Astronomia," which is edited by Professor Riccò.

Although the older generation of mariners repelled the faintest suggestions of improvement in things nautical, your modern sailor is compelled to accept innovations. With the advent of steam began the shattering of old traditions, and now the ever-widening field of naval technics constantly brings new problems. Hence the revision and enlargement by Capt. Austin M. Knight, U. S. N., of "Modern Seamanship" (D. Van Nostrand Company), a book that has been long accepted as a trustworthy manual. Chapters on handling torpedo vessels and submarines, keeping station and manœuvring in squadron, and hints for junior officers are entirely new, while that on the rules of the road has been extensively revised. Capt. Knight has retained a brief description of sailing vessels, some familiarity with such craft still being regarded as a desirable factor in the education of naval officers. While the book is a treatise for the sailor, it has its interest for the layman. All the bewildering details of a ship are described in simple, direct language, and an extensive series of plates assists him to an understanding of the general subject.

In our death notice last week of Jacobus Henricus van't Hoff, taken from a press despatch, the name and age of the great chemist were wrongly stated. His name is given in "Wer Ist's?" as here printed, and his age was fifty-eight, as he was born in Rotterdam August 30, 1852.

Dr. Henry Pickering Bowditch, eminent physiologist and formerly professor in the Harvard Medical School, died last Monday at the age of seventy. After graduation from Harvard in 1861 he served through the civil war; he studied in France and Germany, and later received the LL.D. degree from the universities of Edinburgh, Toronto, and Pennsylvania, and that of doctor of science from Cambridge, England. He was a member of learned societies, both in this country and abroad, and was the author of several books, among them being: "Growth of Children," "Hints for Teachers of Physiology," "Is Harvard a University?" "Are Composite Photographs Typical Pictures?" and "Advancement of Medicine by Research."

Drama

MOLIERE'S SUCCESSORS.

The deluge which Henry Bernstein so proudly challenged in his play, "Après Moi," seems to have broken loose sooner than the author expected. Even French rioting must sometimes be taken seriously; and one of the first official acts of the new Cabinet was to request M. Bernstein to withdraw his play from the Comédie Française in the interests of public peace. The causes that enter into the antics of a Parisian mob are usually complex. In the present instance we find all the possible components—politics, race-hatred, and a fine passion for disorderly conduct. These have all been duly chronicled. But two factors of considerable importance have been overlooked. One is personal animosity. The trade of authorship in Paris is not the impersonal business it is among us. Every writer there has his enemies as well as his friends. In the case of a man who has risen so fast as Henry Bernstein, his enemies are pretty sure to outnumber his friends, a circumstance which probably had some effect on the rioting at the Théâtre Français. The other factor is the honest resentment which may have been aroused by the play itself. There were demonstrations at the Théâtre Français a few years ago when Octave Mirbeau's "Foyer" was first presented. Mirbeau is not of Jewish descent, and has not been accused of evading his military duty. Yet in the plays with which Mirbeau and Bernstein chose to make their début at the Comédie Française there is a common trait which was entirely responsible for the earlier *affaire*, and may partially account for the later.

Every little while a bitter cry is raised in fair France against a world that sadly misunderstands her. It takes this form: Why will foreigners persist in deriving their impressions of French literature and French social conditions from the gutter press, from novels of the sewer written for export purposes, and from the drama of the boulevards? The France depicted there is not the real France, etc., etc. There was even talk, a few years ago, of organizing a book syndicate for the dissemination of decent, representative French fiction in foreign countries. The syndicate is not yet formed, but the plaint continues. Very well, the intelligent foreigner will say; we will pay no attention to the drama of the boulevards; we will turn to the Comédie Française, the national stage, the conservator of the highest dramatic tradition, the house of Molière, admission to which constitutes the stamp and seal on a playwright's reputation. The playwright who is at work on his first manuscript for this august institution will surely do his very best to produce a work of dignity, of artistic restraint, and above all, of the utmost fidelity to the national life and genius. So we learn that Mr. Bernstein's "Après Moi" begins pleasantly, as follows:

> Suddenly, just as the financier [a thief, in danger of arrest and determined upon suicide] is about to pull the trigger, the door opens and his wife, with dishevelled hair and in scant attire, stealthily returns to her chamber from her first clandestine meeting with her lover. . . . His ferocious determination to ascertain the identity of his wife's lover is baffled in a frightful scene by his wife.

A refreshing episode and of peculiar appropriateness on the boards trod by the Cid, Iphigénie, and Alceste!

Octave Mirbeau's was a similar case. The great and deserved success of "Les Affaires sont les affaires" made him a candidate for the Comédie Française. He produced "Le Foyer," in which the principal figure is a Senator and member of the French Academy who traffics in his wife's honor to save himself from financial ruin. M. Claretie, director of the Comédie Française, who had accepted the play in an incomplete form, refused to stage it. The courts decided in Mirbeau's favor, and "Le Foyer" was produced amidst hostile demonstrations. Needless to say, it has not appeared frequently on the *affiche* since then. The director who accepted Henry Bernstein's latest play is presumably not too squeamish. But neither he nor his audiences could stomach a play which deliberately set out to throw mud at an entire nation—the writer's own. Mir-

beau must have reasoned it out coldly: the nobility does not count in this country; the only forms of eminence we recognize are political and artistic; let me take then a man who unites in his own person both these distinctions and in their highest form, and accuse him of the vilest conduct to which a man can stoop; the result must be exceptionally dramatic. Either this imagined process of reasoning really was gone through, or else the horrible story must be accepted as a faithful copy of life. If the story is true, what becomes of the complaint that France is misunderstood? If it is not true, why should such a libel be produced on the national stage?

Actually, the intelligent foreigner is in no danger of misunderstanding the French people. What he is in danger of misunderstanding or, rather, of not understanding is the French stage. He knows that no nation has a monopoly of the virtues or the vices. There were misbehaving kings before Agamemnon, and there are financiers who are careless about other people's money even in the United States. Granted that the prevalent tone of French literature is the result of tradition and imitation, precisely as it is everywhere else, the fact still remains that a tradition, to maintain itself, must have popular approval behind it. It may very well be that the typical Bernstein play is no more a faithful picture of French life than the chocolate-drop and "b'gosh" drama is true to the life we know. But whereas we feel persuaded that it is natural to like chocolate and sentiment, it is difficult to see why a nation should go on liking what the ordinary Parisian theatre audience certainly does seem to like. We say ordinary; there are undoubtedly a great many Frenchmen who are outraged by the drama of intensified slander; the fortunes of Mirbeau's play testify to that. But why should the great majority be so happy in seeing itself pitilessly and ceaselessly traduced?

Although it deals with well-worn topics, the "As a Man Thinks" of Augustus Thomas, produced in the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre on Monday evening, is a fresh, able, and important play. Virtually it is a plea for tolerance in all matters affected by racial or religious prejudice, and for justice in the relations of the sexes. The details of the story are too involved to permit of an analysis at once brief and intelligible. The dramatic interest centres in the fate of a young gentile married woman who, exasperated by the repeated infidelities of a husband to whom she has been devoted, compromises herself with a former lover, whom she was not allowed to marry because he was a Jew. Although innocent in deed, if not wholly in intent, her husband —heedless of his own marital offences— holds her guilty of the worst, discards her peremptorily, and begins proceedings to divorce her and deprive her of her child, whose legitimacy he impugns. These complications are finally solved through the philosophic, resolute, and beneficent intervention of a Jewish physician, who plays the part of deus ex machinâ throughout the piece, preaches tolerance and justice in social and religious questions, and lives up to his own maxims by exhibiting a fine and gentle resignation when his daughter defeats the one hope of his heart and violates the strongest article of his faith by marrying a Christian. Many plays, of course, have dealt with similar theories, but Mr. Thomas handles them with rare intelligence, a bold yet tactful touch, a keen eye for dramatic effect, and a remarkable mastery of theatrical technique. His work is in many respects worthy of Pinero. It exhibits the structural neatness, the logical development, the compact, suggestive, and witty dialogue which distinguish the best work of the English dramatist. Dr. Seelig becomes a most attractive and impressive figure in the hands of that highly accomplished actor, John Mason, who embodies it with suave and tender dignity, virile passion, and polished ease. There is one moment—when Seelig moralizes upon the lofty mission of the Hebrew faith—in which he rises to a high pitch of histrionic eloquence. And he is supported by an uncommonly good cast, including Chrystal Herne, Vincent Serrano, Walter Hale, and Amelia Gardner, all of whom do exceedingly well. It is not often nowadays that so good a play and performance are seen in combination.

The annual Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-upon-Avon will this year extend over three weeks, beginning on Easter Monday, April 17. For the twenty-third time the performances will be under the direction of F. R. Benson. The programme will include fourteen plays of Shakespeare: "Othello," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Cæsar," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Richard II," "Henry V," and "Richard III." Four Chester mystery plays, "The Critic," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and "The Piper," by Josephine Preston Peabody, will also be presented. The opening performance will be "Romeo and Juliet," in which Lewis Waller will appear as Romeo, Charles Quartermaine as Mercutio, and Madge Titheradge as Juliet. Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton will give a matinée of "Othello." Henry Ainley will appear as Orlando and Cassius, Matheson Lang and Miss Hutin Britton as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, and Otho Stuart as Gratiano and Brutus. The matinées will include "Much Ado About Nothing," in which Fred Terry will appear as Benedick and Julia Neilson as Beatrice; and "As You Like It," in which Lena Ashwell will play Rosalind to the Orlando of Henry Ainley. The National Theatre Society from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, will, on two occasions, give a selection from their Irish plays. Sir Herbert Tree, Arthur Bourchier, Constance Collier, and Violet Vanbrugh also hope to take part in the festival.

George Pleydell is the author of a new comedy, "One of the Dukes," which will be produced soon in the London Playhouse by Cyril Maude, who will himself assume the principal character, a young aristocrat, with a good heart and a feeble head. The three acts occur in an English country house. Allan Aynesworth and Alexander Carlisle will have prominent parts.

There is to be a revival of "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the London Lyceum, with Henry Ainley in the principal character.

The Elizabethan Stage Society, in London, under the direction of Mr. William Poel, has produced "Jacob and Esau," a sixteenth century morality, and "The King and the Countess." "Jacob and Esau" is a play of interest to students of the early drama, and may possibly have been written by William Hunnis. "The King and the Countess" (which the Elizabethan Stage Society has played before) consists of the first two acts of "Edward III," a play whose authorship has been the subject of much discussion. The Elizabethan Stage Society ascribes it unhesitatingly to Shakespeare.

"The Pioneer Players" is the name of yet another play-producing society which has been formed in London for the special purpose of presenting propaganda plays, more particularly those dealing with the women's movement. Miss Edith Craig is the general director, and a number of well-known authors have promised their support, including Cicely Hamilton, Beatrice Harraden, Herman Hijermans, Ford Madox Hueffer, Elizabeth Robins, and G. Bernard Shaw. The first performance will take place in the first week in April, and will consist of a one-act realistic play by Mrs. H. W. Nevinson, a specially written play in which Ellen Terry and many leading actresses will appear, and a one-act comedy. Arrangements have been made for subsequent performances of Laurence Housman's censored play, "Pains and Penalties."

Commenting upon a revival of John Masefield's "Nan," in the London Court Theatre, Mr. Walkley writes:

To all *les âmes bien nées* among playgoers it is a joy to see Miss Lillah McCarthy once more playing Nan. It is a performance of perfect and haunting beauty.

The English papers comment upon the dexterity with which Sir William Gilbert has turned his hand from fantasy and humor in dramatic composition to a realism that outdoes Mr. Galsworthy. The scene of his sketch, "The Hooligan," is laid in the cell of a condemned murderer, early in the morning of the execution. Nothing is spared and nothing overdrawn. A reprieve arrives only after the victim has gone into a frenzy of hysteria; when the strain is relieved, the reaction is too great, and he falls dead.

W. S. Maugham's latest comedy, "Loaves and Fishes," just produced at the Duke of York's Theatre in London, seems to be an amusing but inconsiderable work. The hero of it is a successful clerical humbug who becomes a bishop. The critics complain that he has nothing particularly clerical about him, except his clothes—none of the typical characteristics which made the parsons of Anthony Trollope so realistic.

In his production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Garrick Theatre, in London, Oscar Asche has departed from old theatrical tradition by furnishing a winter setting, for which he finds ample justification in the text. The change, at all events, lends additional poignancy to the ducking of the fat knight.

The first performance of Henry Bataille's new play, "L'Enfant de l'Amour," has tak-

on place at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre in Paris. The piece is a study of the crisis in the life of Liane Orland—admirably played by Mme. Réjane—and of her natural son Maurice, l'enfant de l'amour. The latter is determined to prevent a rupture between his mother and her lover of seventeen years' standing, Rantz, played by M. Dumeny. To achieve this end he employs the basest methods, and, finally, when Rantz, a minister and millionaire, consents to marry Liane, Maurice, in order not to wreck his mother's happiness, submits to banishment to the United States. The part of Maurice was acted by André Brule, and the play, though somewhat long-drawn-out, had an enthusiastic reception.

Liebler & Co. have accepted for early production a new four-act play entitled, "As It Was in the Beginning," by T. Wigney Percyval, of the "Promender Walk" company, playing at Wallack's. It is the story of a man and his wife, whose early struggles have been followed by a prosperity which has finally forced them apart. The scenes are laid in South Africa.

The London newspapers print liberal and sympathetic notices of the late James Mortimer, the American diplomatist, correspondent, and playwright, who passed so large a part of his life in Paris and London. He was an intimate friend of the third Napoleon, and it was through him that the exiled Emperor and Empress settled at Chiselhurst. It was the Emperor who supplied him with the money to establish the London *Figaro*, long since defunct. Between thirty and forty of Mortimer's plays were produced in London, the first being a little comedy entitled "Joy is Dangerous," which was played at Drury Lane in the early seventies with Miss Fanny Brough and the late Charles Warner in the cast. One of the best known of his dramatic works is the comedy "Gloriana," which was first produced in 1891 at the old Globe Theatre, and has twice been revived at Terry's Theatre under the name of "The Artful Valet." It was in a successful adaptation by him of "La Dame aux Camélias," entitled "Heartsease," that Mme. Modjeska made her first appearance in London in 1880. The last play of his acted in London was "My Bachelor Past," a farcical comedy produced some years ago at Wyndham's Theatre.

Music

Brahms. By J. A. Fuller-Maitland. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Now that Wagner is generally acknowledged to be the greatest of all opera composers, the "compleat Wagnerite," who used to be scoffed at because of his extreme partiality, has almost disappeared. The "compleat Brahmsite," however, still prevails to a considerable extent. While not epidemic, he is extremely virulent, scornful of every one who does not share his opinion that Brahms is flawless, noble, incomparable, sublime, holy. A typical Brahmsite is Mr. Fuller-Maitland, for years musical critic of the London *Times* and editor of the new edition of Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." His latest volume bears the brief title of "Brahms"; but that is enough to attract some readers, to repel others. It can hardly be called a life of Brahms; the few incidents of his career are related in thirty-one pages, and none of them seems particularly important or interesting. Anecdotes in abundance exist about this witty composer, but Mr. Maitland ignores most of them, probably because they have been told so often, and devotes his remaining 234 pages to analyses of the diverse kinds of Brahms's compositions.

The most exacting Brahmsite will be satisfied by these analyses, in which superlatives hold high carnival. Nearly everything is praised, and obvious flaws are whitewashed. "All the themes of Brahms," we are told, "have the finest melodic curves that were ever devised in music. No man has ever attained such uniform distinction of utterance, and the presence of the two exceptions just noted throws into higher relief the extraordinary nobility of everything else." There are "touches of thrilling simplicity," "matchless eloquence," "irresistible power," "unflagging melodic beauty." "It is not easy to point to any single songs, of whatever date or country, that are worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with 'Immer leiser' and 'Auf dem Kirchhofe.'" As for flaws: in others, misplaced accents are a serious matter, but in Brahms (pp. 66, 182) it is pedantry to object to such things, which are "easily excused." No fewer than seven times the author refers to pages which prove the absurdity of the charge that Brahms is deficient in pianistic or orchestral color. Shortcomings in scoring in some symphonic movements arise from Brahms's "temporary indifference to, not from any inability to handle, orchestral color." What in others is paucity of ideas, is in Brahms "economy of material." The fact cannot be blinked, of course, that Brahms freely helped himself to other men's melodies, but this information is imparted not in the rude fashion of another Englishman who called Handel "the grand old thief." No enthusiast's feelings can be ruffled by Mr. Maitland's way of saying that in one Brahms movement "one thinks immediately of Beethoven's ninth symphony"; in another there are "unconscious quotations" from Wagner's trilogy; in another, Brahms "bows in turn" to several other composers; in still another there is an "allusion" to Schubert; and so on.

In the Introductory "Note on Enthusiasm," which takes the place of a Preface, the author states explicitly that he did not write this book "with any desire to make unwilling converts." He might nevertheless have made these—for enthusiasm is contagious—had it not been for his unfair attitude toward Liszt and Liszt's followers. Liszt was the archfiend who upset the musical equilibrium by proclaiming to the world that the old classical forms had done their full duty and should be replaced by new forms, shorter, more pliant, and varied. With bitter scorn the author declares that "those who make the most diligent search for new forms in music, or for new structural possibilities, are precisely those in whom the fountain of actual invention runs low." Inasmuch as all the prominent modern composers except Brahms have been influenced by Liszt's suggestions as to new forms, this is rather severe on them; severe also on Schubert, Beethoven (in his last symphony), Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, and other great masters who were rich in ideas yet sought new forms of expression. But the sentence just quoted is interesting, as a complete characterization of the "compleat Brahmsite."

It was Brahms who was deficient in musical ideas and who turned to the juggleries of thematic development to help himself out. As one of his intimate friends once wrote: "Why, dear master, when you can produce gold, do you so often give us brass?" Had Mr. Maitland separated the brass from the gold, dwelling only on those of Brahms's works which are likely to live, he would have done his idol and the world a greater service. However, those who are in the fold, or who can make allowance for his bias, will find much interesting matter in the analyses he has made of the symphonies, songs, pianoforte pieces, and other works of Brahms. In England, it should seem, the vogue of this composer is still increasing, which is not the case in this country. The songs and symphonies are still heard in our concert halls, but of his piano pieces scarcely half-a-dozen are played during a metropolitan season. In England, we read in these pages, "scarcely a recital programme is to be found which does not contain one" of Brahms's pieces. At a Holloway concert a working man was heard, after a quartet of Beethoven had been played, to remark as he left the hall, "Ah, that's all very well, but give me my Brahms!" It is very curious that England, after utterly ignoring Schumann, should have made so much of his epigone, Brahms.

The production of new operas continues at the Metropolitan at an unprecedented rate. Mr. Gatti-Casazza has staged Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" and Humperdinck's "Königskinder," to which will shortly be added "Ariane and Blue Beard" and "Twilight," while Mr. Dippel has brought over from Philadelphia "Natoma" and "Suzanne's Secret," to which he will add "Quo Vadis" in two weeks. "Suzanne's Secret" had its first American performance on Tuesday night. It is a one-act opera, by a young Italian composer, Wolf-Ferrari, who was already favorably known in this city through his cantata, "Vita Nuova." His opera had its first hearing in Munich on No-

vember 4, 1909. It is a trifle light as air. Count Gil suspects his wife of receiving the attentions of another man, because he has repeatedly smelled the odor of tobacco in the parlor, and neither he nor his dumb valet smokes. There are scenes of jealousy and fury; he breaks in two the umbrella she hands him and smashes most of the furniture. The audience is in the secret long before he is; for Suzanne twice smokes a cigarette. The second time he enters through the window and discovers her in the act, whereupon, in his joy, he lights a cigarette for himself, and the valet follows his example. To this frothy action Wolf-Farrari has added music which is appropriately light and airy. His models evidently were Mozart's "Figaro," Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and Verdi's "Falstaff"; these, with Puccini, peep out of the score for a moment here and there, but the main themes and their elaboration are the composer's own. He has a real vein of melody and, what is almost equally important, a gift of fluent comic musical comment. There is a great dearth of comic operas, nearly all grand operas having a tragic ending. Puccini's operas and most of Verdi's and Wagner's end tragically, or, at least, sadly. Whether Wolf-Ferrari is the man to create a new "Falstaff" or "Meistersinger" remains to be seen; but his "Secret of Suzanne" gives good promise. He has found the secret of combining the old style of opera buffa with modern orchestral effects, and, at the same time, writing tuneful vocal parts. His opera was most cordially applauded. It gave the local public its first opportunity to hear Carolina White, and she impressed one as being the best of the new singers in the Chicago Opera Company.

Art

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME.

Through the consolidation of the American Academy and the American School of Classical Studies in Rome a unique institution comes into being. It is the first time within our knowledge that the experiment of teaching conjointly the practice and history of the fine arts will have been tried on an ample scale. For six years past the Academy has provided facilities for work and study to young architects, painters, and sculptors of proved proficiency. Its prototype was the famous Ecole de Rome, like which it has been a residential school. For a matter of sixteen years the School of Classical Studies has made an excellent record purely as a teaching body. The two will now join forces as a bipartite residential school in the beautiful Villa Aurelia on the Janiculum.

This is a novel experiment, and to preserve a just balance between artists and scholars the terms of consolidation provide that the resident fellows of the School of Classical Studies shall not outnumber those of the Academy. We shall have, then, in close association, picked men devoted to different but kindred aims, and it will be most interesting to observe the effect of these two sorts of academicians on each other. Such a companionship should on both sides have a liberalizing tendency. For the artist, fellowship with the investigator may suggest that there is more in art than that over-prized element, temperament; for the scholar, the example of the artist may teach that the dry light of reason is not wholly illuminating without some tincture of genius. Such is the result for which one must hope, and undoubtedly this mutual advantage is what the movers of the consolidation had in mind. The experiment is to be tried under the most favorable auspices and gives every promise of success.

Of the two allied schools, the Academy has already achieved its form and will merely seek to expand upon its present lines. In the famous French School it had a classic model. Its function is rather to provide opportunity than instruction. Its fellows are supposed to have found themselves already, and while it should afford a delightful rendezvous for artists visiting Rome, its specific advantages are in the nature of the case individual and not capable of wide distribution. It was obviously a wise provision, then, that its fellows should not be outnumbered and overshadowed by those of the School of Classical Studies, a department that affords almost unlimited possibilities of expansion. The school has concentrated upon classical literature and archæology, but has also given instruction in the mediæval and Renaissance field. It remains merely to build upon this beginning. From the first the school has worked in harmony with the school at Athens. As the work of the school at Rome expands, it may seem expedient to establish special branches elsewhere. Florence, for example, seems the natural home for a school of mediæval and Renaissance studies, while investigators of Byzantine art will naturally rotate among Florence, Rome, and Athens. In short, by direct expansion or affiliation almost endless opportunities of usefulness open before the School.

Moreover, there is no reason why its activities should be confined to archæology. Rome is an admirable centre for the investigation of the literature, philosophy, law, and theology of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, so far as these are of Latin derivation. All these fields the School should gradually cover, in coöperation with the Italian and foreign teaching bodies, as fast as means and opportunity permit. In fact, the only limitations set to its usefulness are those of money, of the standard that can be maintained for its fellowships, and of the scholarship available for its teaching force. Its fellowships and professorships should and doubtless will be among the most coveted academic distinctions. For present purposes the Academy has funds, but its needs are constantly growing, and it must have increasing support. On the basis of the records of its constituent bodies it can confidently appeal to the generosity of all those interested in the broader development of American art and scholarship.

Because the School is the more fluid body, we have dwelt especially upon its prospects, but it should be evident that the prosperity of the School is also that of the Academy. On both sides the consolidation increases the possibilities of the right sort of international acquaintance. Aside from the daily give and take of the resident professors and fellows, there are many investigations in which the artist and the archæologist are natural confederates. And the artist can only gain from contact with an outlook that includes not merely the visible remains of Rome, but also, most broadly, the whole record of distinguished artistic achievement in the Western world.

The Byzantine Research and Publication Fund, in connection with the British School at Athens, has issued a circular of its programme. It has on hand important works on churches in Asia Minor, churches of Constantinople and Salonika, besides smaller monographs on many European Greek monuments. The society desires to effect a thorough survey of the Byzantine material on the Greek islands in Macedonia, Egypt, Sicily, and Northern Africa. A study of "The Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem," edited by R. Weir Schultz, will shortly be published. This society, which covers an important field hitherto neglected by English and American scholarship, wishes new subscribers. Donors of not less than a pound sterling annually receive, free, certain of the less expensive publications, paying at will half-price for other more expensive works. The fund has a strong staff and deserves support. General correspondence should be addressed to the secretary, R. Weir Schultz, Esq., 14 Gray's Inn Square; contributions to the treasurer, H. A. A. Cruso, Esq., 31 Ladbrooke Square, London, W.

"The History of Art in Egypt," by M. Maspero, director of the Ghizeh Museum, is promised shortly by Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Frank Brangwyn and his Work," by Walter Shaw-Sparrow, with 20 reproductions in color of pictures by Mr. Brangwyn and 16 collotype reproductions of etchings and lithographs, will be issued by Dana Estes & Co.

"A B C of old English China," by J. F. Blacker, which is announced by John Lane Co., has 200 illustrations and is designed to help the collector.

E. Durand-Gréville, in his "Hubert et Jean Van Eyck" (Brussels: Van Oest) sets out with the resolute intention of discovering the works of Hubert and fully verifies the promise that he who seeks shall find. Including copies of lost originals, Hubert emerges fitted out with the very impressive baggage of forty-eight pictures; Jan remains with half that number. M. Durand-Gréville's point of departure is the compar-

ison of the Singing Angels (Jan's) and the Playing Angels (Hubert's) in the Ghent altarpiece. Hubert reveals a softer and more painterlike mood, and paints frankly; Jan is more sculptural and builds up his pictures with glazes. We have no space to follow the reconstitution of Hubert's work from this beginning. In general the process involves a great in-sweep of pictures of most disparate temper, quality, and, we are sure, date. Perhaps the most satisfactory attributions are those of the little Dresden triptych and the closely allied Annunciation and Last Judgment of the Hermitage to Hubert. A group of crucifixions, of which one in the Aynard collection, Lyons, is characteristic, can, we feel, fit plausibly into the *œuvre* of no great painter. They seem like the work of a routine craftsman, who, for that matter, is almost certainly not Flemish but French. It also goes hard to accept such rather secondary works as Lord Northbrook's Madonna and the "Van der Weyden" of Vienna as from Hubert's hand. In short, the results of this ingenious study will hardly be adopted without very grave abatement. It is interesting to note that the "Jan van Eyck" Madonna of the Metropolitan Museum is listed as a copy of Hubert by Petrus Christus, while St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata, in the Johnson Collection, Philadelphia, is also set down provisionally as a Hubert. St. Francis, in the Turin replica (or copy) of this picture, has the disadvantage of having two right feet. This tautology does not trouble our author, who regards it as an "inadvertence more likely to occur in an original than in a copy." The quarto is handsomely made, and contains some seventy-five excellent reproductions.

William Webster, said to be the oldest landscape gardener and horticulturist in this country, died recently in Rochester, aged ninety-four years. Webster designed and superintended the construction of some of America's most notable parks. He came to this country from England in 1828.

Finance

STUDYING A "SITUATION."

The present week is one of those occasions when both Stock Exchange devotees and outside men of business address one another in really interested tones with the inquiry what they think of "the situation." Sometimes this question, and the answer to it, are entirely perfunctory; the exchange of views is talk for the sake of talk. Sometimes habitual oracles admit that "the situation is mixed," or that they "cannot make it out." But sometimes, also, there is a perceptible trend of opinion towards cheerfulness or discouragement, with attentive examination of each successive event or announcement to see what confirmation, if any, can be had. Apparently, this is the state of sentiment at the present moment.

Is business improving, or not? If it is improving, then is the betterment substantial enough to be encouraging, or so slow as to chill the budding hopes? We have had the light thrown in turn, these past few days, on several quarters of the business world where experienced people look for information. Iron is now, as ever, the barometer of trade, and last week we had the iron production returns for the year to date. From the 2,617,000 tons of last March, the country's monthly output had decreased steadily to the 1,759,000 tons of January, 1911. February's output increased 35,000 tons over January; but nevertheless, while January's average daily output of iron was 30 per cent. below the maximum month of 1910, February's daily average, despite the month's better showing, was still 22 per cent. below that maximum.

In January the total value of the checks drawn on the country's banking institutions was 15 per cent. below January, 1910. February showed a decrease of less than 7 per cent. from a year ago. This is improvement, but it is obviously slow. On the Stock Exchange (whose activity or inactivity sometimes reflects the state of outside trade) January's sales of stocks were nearly 60 per cent. less than in 1910. February's business was 37 per cent. below 1910. Here again is improvement over January, though results again do not compare well with the majority of other years.

What, then, is to be the inference from all this? Perhaps it is reasonable to infer that trade activity will increase slowly and deliberately, but steadily, and that, granting good harvest results, we shall be on a really comfortable basis in the autumn. Even as regards a crop uncertainty, last week's government report on grain reserves—showing that farmers hold to-day, from the crops of 1910, the largest amount of corn ever carried over at this season except for 1907, and the largest amount of wheat with three exceptions only—is in a way a guarantee against the bad results on general trade, even from disappointing harvests in 1911.

So far as regards the markets of the day, the really essential fact is that illusions have been removed, that blindfold reasoning from wish to thought has been restrained, and that each successive event, with every phase of the general situation, is studied in the cold light of common sense. There have been times—as in 1908 and 1906—when such humdrum fashion of framing opinions was discountenanced as the path to pessimism. Recent events have shown, however, that the rule will work both ways. No one imagines that, with the markets on financial stilts, and Wall Street discounting to-day what could not happen within the next twelve months, such an incident as last week's Mexican news could have been received as rationally as it was. Only markets in a normal condition are able to pass judgment normally, and the fact that four such successive incidents as the rate decision, the extra-session announcement, the War Department's exploit, and the New York Central's dividend reduction, were surveyed in Wall Street just as they were surveyed by intelligent men outside of Wall Street, is the best of all testimony to the entirely normal character of the market itself.

Among several other incidents which markets have not received as they might have been expected to do, the New York Central's dividend reduction is not the least conspicuous. Wall Street displayed no consternation and no very great interest; the market itself acted as if the reduction had been expected long before. Nobody heard, in the casual conversation of the market, the angry or regretful comment that this was the first-fruit of the iniquitous railway rate decision. It is true, the president of the New York Central declared in a public interview, next day, that the dividend reduction had occurred "as a result of the decision." But the Stock Exchange took no interest whatever in his explanation. It was this same railway officer who, nine months ago, when the Government had first intervened to compel postponement of the rate increases pending review by the Interstate Commission, declared that "if the railways are to remain solvent, the only recourse now is an advance of freight rates." The fact that this sweeping statement was made at a moment when his own company was negotiating loans, showed its recklessness; the fact that, in immediate sequence to the recent rate decision, the company has borrowed twenty millions at home and ten abroad, on genuinely favorable terms, proves its baselessness. No impression could possibly be made now on the public mind by another assertion from the same source, intimating that the Central's dividend need not have been reduced but for the Commerce Commission's action.

The truth of the matter is that the New York Central's dividend ought to have been reduced, and probably would have been reduced, whatever had been the commissioners' decision on railway rates, and this for the reason that the dividend was most improperly increased from 5 to 6 per cent. a year ago. That increase has since been defended by the company's authorities (in face of the fact that 6 per cent. was not in reality being earned even then, and that a season of trade reaction was plainly ahead), on the ground that high dividends were necessary to preserve the company's credit.

There was this much of excuse for it—that the bond market of a year ago had become decidedly unreceptive to new railway loans on the former terms. Most people conversant with financial matters found the cause in the money market itself; but the fact itself was disconcerting, and it was possible at

least to argue that, if earnings and dividends were larger, the lending community would be more complacent. To jump from this assertion, however, to the further inference that to increase dividends when earnings were not increasing, and to pay out to shareholders money which was needed for the property, would make a company's creditors enthusiastic, was to overstep the line of outright absurdity. The best that can now be said is that, with the return of the money market to more normal conditions, these strange vagaries are in the way to disappear.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Begbie, H. Souls in Action. Doran. $1.25 net.
Bell, G. L. Amurath to Amurath. Dutton. $5 net.
Bergerat, E. Souvenirs d'un Enfant de Paris (les années de Bohême). Paris: Fasquelle. 3.50 francs.
Berger, Lya. Sur l'Aile des Moulins. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Bibliographie Géographique Annuelle—1909. Paris: A. Colin. 5 francs.
Bierce, A. Collected Works. Vol. V, Black Beetles in Amber. Neale Pub. Co.
Binns, H. B. The Adventure. Heubsch. $1 net.
Bone, D. W. The Brassbounder. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Buchanan, E. S. The Four Gospels from the Codex Veronensis. Frowde. $6.75 net.
Buchanan, J. Works. Vol. XII, Biographical. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Byington, M. F. Homestead, the Households of a Mill Town Pittsburgh Survey Findings. Charities Pub. Co. $1.50.
Coleman, P. J. Little Rhymes for Little Folks. Somerset, O.: Rosary Press. 50 cents.
Daudet's Tartarin de Tarascon. Edited, with notes, by R. L. Hawkins. Boston: Heath. 45 cents.
Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings. Vol. III, Burial-Confessions. Scribner.
Estienne's Frankfort Book Fair. Edited with historical introduction, original Latin text, with English translation, and notes by J. W. Thompson. Chicago: Caxton Club.
Executive Council of the Province of New York. Minutes. Vol. II. Albany: State Historian.
Fisher, S. The Imprudence of Prue. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Fitch, J. A. The Steel Workers. Pittsburgh Survey. Charities Pub. Com. $1.50.
Gareis, K. Introduction to the Science of Law. Translated from the third, revised edition of the German, by A. Kocourek, Boston: Boston Book Company. $3.50.
Hall, A. D. The Feeding of Crops and Stock. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Harrington, K. P. Live Issues in Classical Study. Boston: Ginn. 75 cents.
Hastings, W., and Hooker, B. The Professor's Mystery. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Hichens, R. The Dweller on the Threshold. Century. $1.10 net.
Jacks, L. P. The Alchemy of Thought. Holt.
Larson, C. D. Your Forces and How to Use Them; The Pathway of Roses. Chicago: The Progress Company.
London, J. Adventure. Macmillan. $1.50.
McFarland, R. A History of the New England Fisherics. University of Pennsylvania.
Malamani, V. Canova. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Maskell, H. P., and Gregory, E. W. Old Country Inns of England. Boston: Page.
Mathews, F. S. Familiar Trees and Their Leaves. Second, revised edition. Appleton.
Morgan, S. A. The History of Parliamentary Taxation in England. Moffat, Yard. $2.
Mumby, F. A. The Romance of Bookselling. Boston: Little, Brown. $4.50 net.
Nixon, P. A Roman Wit: Epigrams of Martial rendered into English. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Pearce, C. E. Love Besieged: a Romance of the Defense of Lucknow. Chicago: McClurg. $1.20 net.
Protheroe, E. New Illustrated Natural History of the World. Dutton.
Report of the Commission on Country Life. With an introduction by T. Roosevelt. Sturgis & Walton. 75 cents net.
Roberts, G. E. T. A Captain of Raleigh's: a Romance. Boston: Page. $1.50.
Savory, D. Ll. Drei Wochen in Deutschland: Ein Deutsches Lesebuch. Frowde.
Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Vol. IX, Petri-Reuchlin. Funk & Wagnalls.
Scott's Kenilworth. Frowde.
Sélincourt, H. de. A Fair House. Lane, $1.50.
Shaw, B. The Common-Sense of Municipal Trading. Lane. 75 cents net.
Stork, C. W. The Queen of Orplede. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Venturi, A. Storia Dell' Arte Italiana. Vol. VII—Parte I. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Webling, P. A Spirit of Mirth. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Wiley, H. W. Foods and Their Adulteration. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Philadelphia: Blakiston. $4 net.
Wilkinson, S. Hannibal's March Through the Alps. Frowde. $2.50 net.
Winter, W. Gray Days and Gold. Rewritten and revised. Moffat, Yard. $3 net.
Wood, A. F. Globe English-French Dictionary. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Woodruff, P. A Bundle of Live Wires, or Shocks of Laughter. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 75 cents.
Wordsworth, J. The National Church of Sweden. (Hale lecture). Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company. $2 net.

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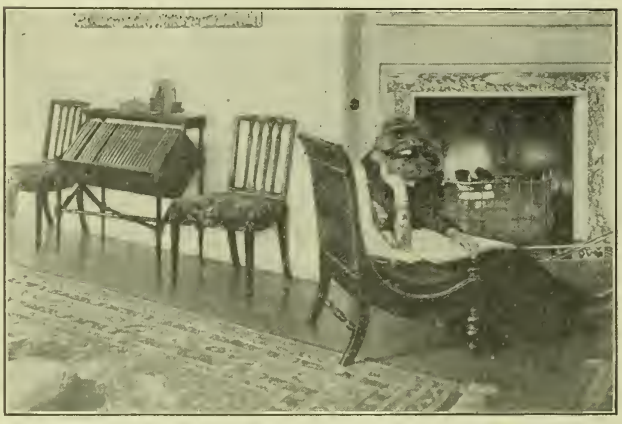

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1911.

The Week

Mr. Roosevelt has now brought to a close his series of articles in the *Outlook* on the New Nationalism and the judiciary. The most notable thing about them is that nobody has found them notable. They have neither been quoted nor commented upon in the press, so far as we have seen, and may be said to have fallen like a snow-flake on the stream, a moment white then gone forever. This is, no doubt, a sign of popular fickleness and shows how easily a man who drops the Big Stick is himself dropped by the public. But it is a good deal of a pity, none the less, for in these articles Mr. Roosevelt has written with more moderation and good sense than he has accustomed us to expect from him. His main object has been, as he intimates, to endeavor to dissipate the feeling of "many good men" that he had made "improper" or "revolutionary" attacks upon the Supreme Court; and he closes with hearty expressions of regard and even veneration for the courts. He would do nothing to hurt their "usefulness" or "dignity." Hence, he announces, he is against the "recall" of judges. And, indeed, his speech at Phœnix on Monday was nearly as strong against this measure as was Mr. Wickersham's at Cleveland. The reasons advanced by both were much the same. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt is for letting Arizona have her way, even if it be foolish, while Mr. Wickersham would apparently favor keeping her out of the Union until she made a less freakish Constitution. Thus far the discussion is largely academic, but the matter may take practical shape in the extra session of Congress when Arizona again knocks for admission as a State.

The report that the War Department is taking advantage of the mobilization in Texas to work out a plan for a reorganization of the stations of the army, with a view to assembling it permanently in larger units, is by no means surprising. From the beginning of the movement some officers of rank and experience have expressed the wish that the troops might never come back from Texas—by which they meant simply that they hoped for the establishment of a divisional camp in which general officers could be trained in the handling of large bodies of men. Under our system, since the passing of the civil war veterans, colonels have become generals who had never even drilled an entire regiment, much less a brigade. In the Continental services an officer is not promoted until he has demonstrated on the drill-ground that he can satisfactorily handle the larger unit to which his advancement would carry. If he is a general and blunders during the manœuvres, his retirement is immediate. Some years ago an effort was made to examine officers more practically at Forts Leavenworth and Riley before promoting them than was the case previously, but the exigencies of the service have interfered a good deal, and, moreover, no officer is examined for promotion who is above the rank of captain.

The conviction and sentence at Albany of a woman who had killed her five-year-old son may well serve to point a moral in relation to the proposal to abolish the insanity plea. After a decent and orderly trial, occupying nine days, the jury found the woman guilty of murder in the second degree, rejecting the plea of insanity which had been set up for her; and the judge sentenced her to imprisonment at hard labor for not less than twenty years. What would be the effect upon the public mind of such a sentence if the law had prohibited the making of that plea? It is doubtless true that under the changed law an inquiry as to the present mental condition of the woman would have been provided for; but on the supposition that she had not been found insane and committed to an asylum, she would have been tried before a jury required to pass judgment upon her act without being permitted to make allowance for the possibility that she was mentally irresponsible when she committed the act, or to hear any evidence bearing on that question. Manifestly, the consequence would have been either a conviction which would arouse a vast amount of not unreasonable sympathy with the condemned woman, or an acquittal obviously flying in the face of the evidence that was permitted to reach the jury. In either event, the result would have been demoralizing.

The first step in the reorganization of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania has been successfully taken under the leadership of Vance C. McCormick, the former Mayor of Harrisburg. At the meeting last week of the reorganization committee of seven, by a four to three vote, James M. Guffey was removed as National Committeeman and Arthur G. Dewalt as State Chairman. Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer was chosen to take Guffey's place, and ex-Mayor George W. Guthrie of Pittsburgh, whose excellent administration of that city is still remembered, became State Chairman. Of course, the Old Guard is highly indignant. One of its spokesmen burst out with, "You are trying to crucify people," to which the natural retort was that, under the leadership of Guffey and Dewalt, "the party has been crucified," losing 325,000 votes it ought to have had at the last election because of mismanagement and a total lack of popular confidence in the Guffey kind of politics. The Pennsylvania Old Guard is talking of legal procedure to prevent the reorganization that everybody sees must come unless the Democratic party is to be smashed and a new one arise to take its place. The present situation is absolutely intolerable, but with men like McCormick, Guthrie, and Palmer leading, the prospects are that there will be a thoroughgoing reorganization. New York Democrats who have seen the rehabilitation of their party blocked by the Governor's weakness can at least comfort themselves by watching the gains made in New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

In an address at Harvard last Monday Dr. Eliot showed that a big man will admit a point made against himself. Dr. Eliot's subject was Diversity in Family, College, and State. Let it be recalled that the former president of Harvard has been the best known exponent of one form of collegiate diversity that goes under the name of the elective system. Let it be recalled that with the advent of President Lowell the elective

system has come under heavy fire. Did Dr. Eliot make an opportunity to defend his own views on the subject? Did he resort to the ambiguous mixture of praise and censure with which another ex-President has been making difficult the path of another President? This is what Dr. Eliot had to say:

> At one time Harvard had a prescribed course, yet it did not produce a uniform scholar. The amount of time required to attain possible marks was not nearly as much as required now, yet such scholars as Emerson, Lowell, and Norton were produced, for the reason that they gave one-tenth of their time to the prescribed course and nine-tenths to the study of what they liked. The prescribed course has no tendency to produce a uniform grist, and it is a mercy that it does not.

If anybody thinks that it is easy to stand up in public and say pleasant things in behalf of a policy that sharply differs from one's own, he should be invited to try it. A high degree of moral courage and a high degree of intellectual honesty are the prerequisites.

The old battle for freedom of speech and thought is on in a sturdy and valuable Southern institution, Roanoke College. For some years past it has been using Elson's "History of the United States," which, after picturing the bright side of slavery, speaks of the dark one, notably of the illicit relations existing between masters and their slaves. It also describes the civil war as a "slave-holders' rebellion." This fired the blood of some loyal ex-Confederates and the usual hue and cry is heard in the land. There is no effort by the critics to ascertain by scientific inquiry whether the facts stated are true or not; no, the book must go on the South's Index Expurgatorius as surely as any book attacking the Catholic Church goes on the Pope's; and if Roanoke does not abolish its use, there are those who say that it will suffer severely. This we can hardly believe. Roanoke College has long held an honorable position in Virginia and performed a useful service. It has hosts of good friends North and South, and we cannot believe that the sober common sense of Virginia will permit it to be muzzled by irresponsible public clamor, or that the intelligent South wishes to lay down the principle that its children can read only such histories as commend themselves wholly to those who hold one preconceived idea or another. The trustees have sustained the professor who prescribed the text-book in question and also the principle that a full professor may select his own text-books, and the faculty has also upheld their colleague in some vigorous resolutions. There can be but one outcome to such a contest. Freedom to read and think and to use such sources as he deems best are essential to every professor. If this principle cannot be sustained Roanoke should close its doors.

Regarding the tragic error that was made in the sentencing of a Hungarian miner in Pennsylvania nearly twenty years ago for a murder which it is now shown he never committed, it is worth while to note that his conviction was not due to circumstantial evidence. The wrong man was sworn to by professed eye-witnesses. There is no difference whatever between the evidential value of circumstantial evidence as such, and so-called direct evidence as such; it is all a matter of the convincing character of the particular evidence in the particular case in hand. Another reflection that is worth making is that in all probability, in this poor man's case, there was not enough care taken in the trial that the case be thoroughly proved in substance; it is doubtless a natural correlative of our preposterous magnification of purely formal and factitious points in some cases to attach less than their natural weight to substantial points in others. As for the deeper human elements in the story—the terrible sufferings of the poor man and his family, and the way in which he was sustained by his religious faith—upon these comment would be vain.

Col. William F. Cody's ambition to be United States Senator from Arizona is primarily justified by the fact that if Buffalo Bill is not elected, some millionaire mine-owner of the Guggenheim type will be. That, however, is only a negative consideration. Affirmatively, it may be argued that a State with a fine, free, wild Constitution like the one Arizona has just adopted would most properly be represented by so notable an exponent of the fine, free, venturesome life of the open. The effect of Col. Cody's presence upon the Senate itself could not help being of the very best. The insurgents have done something to agitate the rather torpid atmosphere of that solemn chamber, but Buffalo Bill's arrival would be like a veritable sea-breeze in the top-floor bedroom of a board-walk hotel on a night in August. Not that he would fail to find friends in the Senate right from the start. The mind's eye calls up, for instance, a pleasant picture of Col. Cody "swapping" stories with Mr. Root, one telling how easy it is to shoot glass balls from horseback, and the other telling how easy it is to prove that the best way of retiring a man from public life is to vote for him. But the possibilities are really unbounded.

Not the least remarkable circumstance connected with Sir Edward Grey's speech in favor of international arbitration and against the mad competition in armaments is the friendly reception it has met with in Germany. When a semi-official note of the German Government declares that Germany is ready to join in an agreement which may tend to overcome English popular mistrust, and when the speech of the British Foreign Secretary that calls forth this response was itself the strongest kind of evidence that that mistrust has been rapidly subsiding, things are in a very different position from that in which they stood quite recently. It begins to look as though the inflaming of the idea of a manifest-destiny war between England and Germany, which had been going on with increasing intensity for perhaps half a dozen years, reached its acme about two years ago, and that since that time there has been a gradual but steady return to a normal state of mind. And it is well worth while to remark that this is a process which has not altogether taken care of itself, but has been dependent on the specific acts and words of particular individuals and organs of opinion. The deliberate and determined opposing of the idea of manifest destiny, in such a situation as that which was brewing between the two great Germanic peoples of Europe, is just as truly one of the forces determining the outcome as are those blinder forces upon whose existence the necessitarians predicate the futility of all endeavors to mould the destiny of nations by appeals to reason or moral sense.

Never did a St. Patrick's Day dawn with such solid ground for hope of Home Rule for Ireland, or such cordial

words of confidence and good will toward England on the part of Irish leaders as the one just past. "The struggle between England and Ireland is ended," says John Redmond, the chief of the Irish Parliamentary party; "we want peace with England; we want friendship with the English people; we want our proper place in the British Empire, and to bury fathoms deep in the ocean of oblivion and memory the wrongs, the miseries, and the oppressions of the past." And William O'Brien, leader of the Independent Nationalists, while reasserting his dissent from the policy of the Irish Parliamentary party, in that he wishes to disentangle the Irish movement from the interests of the Liberal party, has no word of bitterness toward the English. The wise course, he maintains, would be to keep Ireland out of British party quarrels and bring about a settlement of the Home Rule problem "by general consent, in the better spirit which is now beginning to show itself in the Unionist party and among our Protestant countrymen." That difficulties still remain before the goal of Home Rule is actually reached, it would be idle to deny; but not only is the prospect now one of apparent certainty in a not distant future, but one that gives promise of a more favorable working of the new order than could have been looked for at a time when good feeling on both sides of the Channel had not reached its present development.

None of the statesmen who are now at the head of affairs in the countries that go to make up the European political balance was in office when P. A. Stolypin was summoned in April, 1906, to the post of Minister of Interior and President of the Russian Ministerial Council. During these five years Campbell-Bannerman has been succeeded by Asquith, Von Bülow by Bethmann-Hollweg, Clemenceau by Briand and Monis, while Austria has witnessed the emergence of Von Aerenthal. If Stolypin, the veteran of them all, has occupied a less prominent position in the public eye, it is because Russia is still not quite Europe. Another reason is that Stolypin gave himself up entirely to the great problems of domestic policy that the Revolution has left as a heritage. While the echoes of the great struggle were still to be caught, interest in Russian affairs persisted. When the work of pacification was completed and the work of legislation began, the outside world naturally lost interest. From time to time, it is true, vague rumors have reached us of a plan fathered by M. Stolypin for radically changing the economic status of some seventy-five million peasants, but economic revolutions have no dramatic appeal. At the present moment it is supposed that M. Stolypin has fallen because of fostering the old ruinous policy of aggression in the Far East. Yet his defeat cannot be called a victory for progress, since it is a personal defeat and apparently leaves unharmed the ministers who are just now engaged in strangling free thought in the Russian universities.

When the Luzzatti Ministry came into office almost exactly a year ago, it was plain that the new Cabinet would remain in power only as long as it pleased Signor Giolitti, the retiring Premier and leader of the Radical majority in the Chamber. A few days ago Giolitti decided to give the word, and Signor Luzzatti resigned. The extension of the suffrage has been the principal question before Parliament. The Ministry favored a bill that would establish manhood suffrage and make voting compulsory. To the second proposal the Radicals and their Socialist allies have been opposed. The explanation has been advanced that, whereas universal suffrage would tend to increase the Radical strength in Parliament, compulsory voting, by sending to the polls the hundreds of thousands of Catholic electors, might easily swing the Parliamentary balance in favor of the Moderates, if not, indeed, give rise to a powerful Church party. On that issue it would seem that Giolitti has decided to withdraw his benevolent support from the Cabinet. Signor Giolitti can be Premier again if he wants to; and possibly the veteran politician is not above the temptation to hold office during the coming celebration of the semi-centennial of Italian unity.

The vitality of the Triple Entente is at present being discussed with a great deal of animation. The nation most concerned is France, which of late has fallen into misgivings as to the exact value of her alliance with Russia or her "understanding" with Great Britain. The latter arrangement, as the more informal of the two, naturally invites the greater amount of speculation. It was part of Unionist tactics in Great Britain to encourage the belief that the Liberal party was lukewarm to the French *entente*. This the Asquith Ministry has denied. New doubts, however, are bound to arise as the result of a question put and answered recently in the House of Commons. Sir Edward Grey was asked whether, during his term of office as Foreign Secretary, assurances had been extended to France that in certain "eventualities" British troops would coöperate with the French army. The answer was that no such promises had been extended. As a matter of fact, if some such understanding exists between the two governments—and the common belief is that it does exist—it was arrived at during the presence of Lord Lansdowne in the Foreign Office, during the anxious days preceding the dismissal of Delcassé in 1905. In France, nevertheless, the statement of the Foreign Secretary is sure to give rise to new fears.

Rumors of an impending upset of the Portuguese Republic continue to crop up in the foreign dispatches, but do not appear to be borne out by inquirers on the spot. A special correspondent of the London *Times* has been writing of the condition of affairs in Portugal four months after the fall of the monarchy, and while he finds much to criticise, it is his judgment that "there can be no immediate question of a counter-revolution." The main reason he finds in the general satisfaction of the mass of the citizens with the new order of things. They are proud of their recently acquired political rights and very jealous for the good name of the republic. The provisional government has, indeed, been slow in settling the basis of suffrage and arranging for a general election, which was to have been held in February but is now set down for April; the announced liberty of the press and the right of free assembly are still rather aspirations than achievements; but the people as a whole are contented and are confident that everything will work out right. If this account of the actual situation is correct, there may be monarchical plottings and even occasional outbreaks, but the republic will go on.

CIVILIZATION GETTING FORWARD.

The deep impression made by Mr. Balfour's speech on arbitration in the House of Commons last Thursday was due partly to his personality and partly to his cause. His humane instincts and his philosophic looking before and after carried their own weight, while his position as leader of one of the great English parties lent double force to his words. When he rose to pledge his heartiest support to Sir Edward Grey in every effort the Government might make towards a treaty of universal arbitration between Great Britain and the United States, the cheers that broke out in the House were a tribute not so much to him for an act of political generosity as to the new era that seemed to be dawning. The actual debate was on the naval estimates; but it was felt that if a bond could be taken of fate against war between all English-speaking peoples, the voting of many millions for guns and armor would soon become a thing of the past.

Americans have a just title to pride in this English demonstration, because it was really in response to the advanced position taken by our own President. In this connection, it is a little surprising that Mr. Taft's words should have wakened a wider echo in England and on the Continent than in the United States. When he said in his speech at Washington a few weeks ago that he was ready to arbitrate every dispute that might arise between us and Great Britain, not even excepting questions of alleged "national honor," he was, of course, applauded at home, but his statement produced the most profound effect in Europe. There it has not ceased to be discussed to this day, and led to the questioning of Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons. His full recognition of the leadership in international peace which President Taft had assumed, and the announced readiness of his Government to conclude a treaty with the United States covering every possible controversy, are gratifying sequels to the President's speech. The British Foreign Secretary stated last Thursday that Japan had been informed of the wishes and intentions of England in the matter of an arbitration treaty with America. The inference is plain that Japan could expect in a treaty of that kind no reserves, on the part of her ally, respecting a possible embroilment of her own, such as were made in the first Anglo-Japanese alliance. If this lead could be followed up, and a binding treaty of arbitration with Japan made by the United States, the peace of the world would seem to be established beyond danger of a breach, and the military obsession would cease to afflict the nations.

One has only to go back in memory as far as 1896 and 1897 to perceive what an immense advance has been made since the time of the negotiation of President Cleveland's treaty of arbitration with England. That was a most enlightened measure, but its fate showed that it was almost too much so for its time. In the preliminary correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Secretary Olney, the great stumbling-block was "questions affecting national honor." For a long time the English Foreign Minister insisted upon a clause refusing to submit to arbitration whatever, in the judgment of either country, "materially affects its honor or the integrity of its territory." Mr. Olney criticised that proposal destructively, arguing that under it any and every arbitration could be declined. The qualifying words were finally dropped, but our Senate, as will be remembered, held the matter up for months and then insisted upon making amendments which virtually destroyed the instrument and led to its abandonment. Of course, there were many political reasons for such an attitude at that time which do not exist now in equal force. The "Irish vote," for example, could not to-day be so powerful a motive with American politicians as it was fifteen years ago in leading them to oppose everything which looked to a permanent good understanding with England. But in addition to that, there has been a marked change of ideas about the whole subject. Arbitration has ceased to appear an iridescent dream. We have seen it take on living shape. The establishment of the Hague Tribunal, with the growing probability of a real international court for the judicial settlement of disputes between nations, has had the effect of introducing into many minds entirely new notions of what may be done in the world without appeal to the sword.

Lowell may have been right in saying that civilization gets forward on a powder-cart, but it gets forward more rapidly and much more securely upon a powerful civilized sentiment; and that is what we have been seeing in the process of creation. One great advantage of such debates as that in the House of Commons, and of such plans for the laying of international quarrels as are now to the fore, is that they furnish a needed stimulus to the formation of a sound and forceful public opinion. Without it, as Lincoln said, statesmen can do nothing; with it, they can do anything. And the rulers of both the United States and England may now rest assured that a great body of intelligent and determined men and women will give them the strongest support in all measures to do away with resort to the last argument of kings.

A NECESSITY OF GOOD GOVERNMENT.

The twenty-seventh annual report of the United States Civil Service Commission, for the year ended June 30, 1910, which was made public a few days ago, is very brief; and the part that is of greatest significance and importance is comprised in eight little pages near its close. We do not remember ever to have seen within the same compass a presentation of the benefits, and indeed necessity, of the merit system so well calculated to make an impression on the minds of practical men.

We say "on the minds of practical men" because it is neither by insistence on abstract doctrine nor by an array of statistics that the impression is produced. The effect is rather incidental. In the first place, the commission quotes the recommendation made by President Taft that first, second, and third-class postmasters be included in the classified service; a change which would require legislative action by Congress, since these officers are now appointed by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate. President Taft gives the usual general reasons for this proposal—that it would take the postmasters out of politics, would relieve Congressmen of an unnecessary function, and would result in procuring greater efficiency and economy in the post offices. This, however, is natural enough, coming from President Taft, a long-time civil-service reformer; what is more striking is the following language quoted from the recent annual report of the Postmaster-General:

The highest degree of effectiveness in the

conduct of this tremendous business establishment cannot be attained while the thousands of postmasters, on whose faithfulness so much depends, continue to be political appointees. The entire postal service should be taken out of politics. The recent order of the President classifying, on the recommendation of the department, all assistant postmasters, was an important step in the right direction. As a still more important reform, Presidential postmasters of all grades, from the first class to the third, should be placed in the classified service. This action, which is earnestly recommended, would unquestionably result in a still better standard of service. The policy the department has followed for several years of reappointing Presidential postmasters with exceptionally good records has shown in a striking way the advantage of having our post offices managed by experienced officers. The old practice of making frequent changes for political purposes had a most demoralizing effect, and resulted in unwarranted expenditures due to poor management.

Thus does Mr. Hitchcock line up with a long series of practical politicians who, when confronted with the actual business problems of governmental administration, have testified as warmly to the vital necessity of the merit system as ever did the veriest doctrinaire who in ancient and now almost forgotten days was dubbed "snivel-service reformer" by the men who were in politics for what there is in it.

All along the line, there is a growing realization of the advantages of the merit system in the positions to which it has been applied, and of the need of extending it to other positions of like character in State and city governments, and even to the higher administrative posts, except such as involve questions of general policy. It is becoming the practice in the Department of Justice to appoint attorneys and assistant attorneys by promotion. And even the position of Assistant Attorney-General has in eight of the thirteen instances since the beginning of President Roosevelt's Administration been filled in the same way. As far back as 1896, Postmaster-General Wilson recommended that the four assistant postmasters-general be given permanency of tenure, pointing out in support of his recommendation that "the proper training of a bureau chief up to the point where he may have a vigorous grasp and accurate knowledge of his duties is a very costly thing for the government." The Civil Service Commission mentions that in accordance with this policy the present first and second assistant postmasters-general were promoted from classified positions in the department and that the same is true of many other high officers in other departments specified in the report. So far from there being anything like a reaction from the merit system, in the shape of favoring special exemptions, the evidence all shows that there is a steadily growing recognition of its advantages, even in offices not included under it by any legal enactment.

Alongside these tributes from the experience and the opinion of to-day it is interesting to note some citations of the judgment of great American worthies of the past. "The late mischievous law vacating every four years nearly all the executive offices of the government," said Jefferson, "introduces a principle of intrigue and corruption which will soon leaven the mass not only of Senators but of citizens." "I am for staying the further contagion of this plague," said Webster. "The tendency has been," said Clay, "to revive the dark ages of feudalism and to render an officer a feudatory." The spoils system was no integral part of American institutions, it was abhorrent to the minds of the great men who created and built up the republic; it was a rank weed which rapidly overspread the rich soil of our American opportunities. To check its growth, to keep it within as narrow limits as possible, has been one of the great tasks of American patriotism in the past forty years. That in the end the task will be completely performed no one can doubt who has confidence that our democratic republic is capable of the achievement of government as honest and efficient as has been developed out of the aristocratic traditions of the Old World. But in the meanwhile every public interest suffers from the vicious system of spoils wherever it survives. To maintain it where it can be got rid of is neglect of duty; to restore it where it has been got rid of is treason to the highest interests of the people.

THE TERRORISM OF FIGURES.

A statesman who in the old dignified days would have been described as a former distinguished Representative at Washington, but who in our own blither times goes under the terse appellative of "lame duck," recently contributed the following bit of information to the enlightenment of mankind:

> You have heard it was a billion-dollar Congress, and so it was. But do you know that it has given the best and most liberal government on earth at a cost of $10 per capita, while New York city government costs $35 per capita?

Having brought these two sums into vividly dramatic opposition, our orator might have proceeded, with equal force, to show that while the cost of maintaining the municipal bath-houses in New York city is fifty thousand dollars a year, the annual expenditure of the Imperial Court at Peking is at least one hundred times that amount. He might have laid insistence on the remarkable fact that the German Empire spends a far greater amount on her standing army than the State of Florida does on her militia. Who knows but that he might have found time to expatiate on the curious discrepancy between the number of immigrants who entered Argentina between the years 1900 and 1910, and the number of miles Commander Peary covered on the last day of his dash for the Pole? There are very few people in public life or out of it who can resist the temptation to use one row of figures instead of another, on the same principle that Mr. Weller preferred "circumwented" to "circumscribed" because it was so much more tenderer.

The remarkable attraction exercised by the science of numbers upon people who do not know how to use them, can only be explained as a form of religious awe. And like religion, many who scoff are, at heart, subject to their spell. We have a whole literature of cynical epigram concerning the futility of statistics, and we go on using statistics whenever we want to be most impressive. The case is even more peculiar than that: we continue to cite figures even when we know that they create no impression whatsoever. The point has already been made in these columns that there is a good deal to be said for the old type of college debate, which dealt with the comparative claims of Rome and Greece, Dickens and Thackeray, the fancy and the imagination, the sword and the pen. To-day our undergraduates discuss central banks and the corporation tax. Is it at all certain that the complications of international exchange are any more real to the undergraduate to-day than the meaning of Roman civilization was thirty years ago? Put aside the undergraduate; take the

adult business man or public official. The Third Assistant Postmaster-General of the United States is debating the question of magazine-postage. His argument advances, step by step, to the following lyric outburst:

> In 1910 the post office passed 15,250,000,000 pieces of mail; 282,000,000 were business letters of the government itself, 6,500,000,000 were letters which went through the first-class mail, 1,750,000,000 pieces were postal cards, 4,500,000,000 were magazines and periodicals, 2,500,000,000 were books and pamphlets, and 170,000,000 were packages weighing less than four pounds. The total cost of transporting and delivering all these was $229,000,000.

And as the orator pauses for a reply, one can almost see people turn about in their seats and nod at each other and say: "How true." It would be a bold man, who, in the face of that vast surge of statistics, should venture to deny any conclusion the orator may have chosen to deduce—that magazines should pay more, or that women should have a vote, or that reciprocity with Canada is undesirable.

All great popular leaders, all great orators and preachers, all great pamphleteers and revolutionaries have recognized the fact that the only figures that count with the average man are figures of speech. The average man will defer humbly to a row of digits and ciphers, but his heart will remain untouched. It is a truth that we should like to see more frequently recognized and acted upon by many of the sincere and able men who have given their lives to the problems of social reform. To state that 200,000 children in New York go to school insufficiently fed may not be as moving as to give a detailed and graphic account of a few concrete instances. The newspaper of to-day is filled with hundreds of thousands of everything. A hundred thousand dollars in diamonds are lost. Three hundred thousand dollars in trust-funds are looted. Five hundred thousand Chinese in Manchuria are perishing from plague and famine. Two hundred thousand dollars are paid by a Pittsburgh millionaire for an English castle during the coronation season. In this absolute welter of myriads and millions the reader's mind loses all sense of distinction between profits and plague deaths and the price of tiaras and children in the glass factories and cotton mills. Numbers have no meaning to the blasé man in the street. He will respond to the solitary vivid example, to the single flashing phrase. He will read your columns of figures and respect them, and do what Mr. Bryan or Mr. Roosevelt asks him to do.

That is why we must take issue with the new habit, a habit we have all fallen into, of stating human values in terms of dollars and cents. It really isn't very impressive to point out that every death from tuberculosis represents a loss of $50,000 to the community, or that every child over the age of two has a capital value of twenty thousand dollars. What every death from tuberculosis really means is the extinction of a human life, the blighting of living hopes, the closing of a human account which is written in nights of despair and in aching hearts. What every child over the age of two really means is an actual human life expanding to the possibilities of a Lincoln or a Florence Nightingale. The Irish 'longshoreman who ponders on the cost of shoes for his hundred thousand dollars of animated capital scampering about the room is not apt to find much comfort in statistical values.

THE HUMAN FACTOR IN MEDICINE.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's comedy presents a doctor's dilemma other than the one which forms the subject of the play. It consists in the accusation that doctors are a hideously reactionary and a recklessly radical class. How the two things can be true at the same time it possibly needs a course in Shavian dialectics to understand. But there lies the charge. Doctors, cries Mr. Shaw, (1) have always been among the last to recognize new discoveries in the science of health; they have been kicked forward along the road of progress by the boot of lay opinion. Doctors, cries Mr. Shaw, (2) have lately taken to killing us with lymphs and inoculations and all the new-fangled bacteriological machinery for which there is no justification in actual experience; they experiment in human lives with as little conscience as the chemist experiments in dead matter. This double-barrelled accusation exemplifies the doctor's ancient dilemma. The world counts only by results. When the doctor has failed to cure he is either criminally slow if he has been deliberate, or he is criminally reckless if he has decided to take chances. In either case men have found the fundamental reason to be that doctors are at the best a hardened lot and at the worst an unscrupulous lot.

The simplest way of meeting the charge is simply to deny the truth of it. There may be physicians who have grown hardened to the meaning of suffering and death. But it is just as true that there are physicians for whom these awesome facts have never lost their sting. There may be surgeons who will cut off your leg with a rather small display of conscience. But there are surgeons who leave at the operating table a goodly amount of their own nervous and mental energy. It is the old story of generalizing about a class to the injury of the individuals who compose it. Since the beginning of time men have scoffed at those whom they have placed in authority over themselves. The priest, the physician, the philosopher, the judge are the traditional meat for the satirist; and always the priesthood has been made responsible for wicked priests, medicine has had to bear the odium of unskilled or unscrupulous physicians, philosophy has been saddled with the follies of crackbrained philosophers, and the law has suffered at the hands of the unjust judge. This is so ancient a commonplace that it would not bear repeating to-day if it were not that the doctor's business at the present moment is under heavy fire. Every new triumph claimed for medicine elicits a denial of medicine's old triumphs, or a denial of medicine's claims *in toto*. While one part of the world is waiting for a tuberculosis lymph, another part denies the value of the diphtheria anti-toxin. While the surgeon is steadily ploughing his way into the innermost organs of our body, Mr. Shaw steps out and says that surgeons cut off people's legs because they really don't care whether people keep their legs or not.

Now this charge of inhumanity aimed at an entire class is the reverse of the true explanation. If the surgeon cuts off your leg when he shouldn't have done so, any fair-minded man will admit that the chances are, not that the surgeon is so far above ordinary human weaknesses as not to care a snap whether he cripples you or not, but that he is so little above human weaknesses as to have made a mistake. That again is a hoary commonplace that we choose to overlook. When you place your body and your life in the surgeon's hands, you

do not, and cannot, demand a guarantee against human fallibility. You hope, and that is all you can do, that the specialist's brain will be in its clearest mood that day, that his eye will not waver, and his hand be true. If one believes that life is altogether too precious a thing to place in the power of a fallible being, that is a comprehensible position. But once you decide to seek relief at the hands of a human being, you cannot demand superhuman results. The Christian Scientist is logical. But Mr. Bernard Shaw, in sneering at the doctors' mistakes, only presents an interesting combination of anarchistic distaste for authority with the primitive man's fear of witchcraft. The Russian, Hindu, or Chinese plague sufferers who riot against the doctors that have come to poison them, as the belief goes, are essentially at one with Mr. Shaw.

Within the ranks of medicine, one will find enough food for just criticism, from minor negligence to rank incompetency. One is at liberty to believe that there are very many bad doctors. The thing one must not do is to take the bad physician as the type. And the second thing one must do is to make allowances for even the very best of the good physicians. How far we are bound to go in making concessions to human fallibility constitutes the crux of the problem. In this country and abroad, courts have of late years held the surgeons responsible in a few cases where a surgical instrument or sponge was left behind in the abdominal cavity. In France some of the most eminent surgeons have protested against such action by the courts, on the ground that it saps the surgeon's confidence in himself. On the other hand, there is no reason why a special attendant in the operating-room should not be charged with the duty of seeing that just such mistakes do not happen. Here is ground for debate, because the matter is one of detail. Courts and legislatures can compel the physician to master his art before he begins to practise it; but no court or legislature can force him to rise above his human limitations.

A SIGNIFICANT LITERARY PRIZE.

At the meeting of the French Academy on March 2, it was decided to found a new "Grand Prix" in literature. Its amount is $2,000, and it is to be conferred annually upon the author of a book which has been published within the two preceding years. The work thus recognized and rewarded is to be a novel, or any other imaginative prose writing, provided that it is "d'une inspiration élevée." Light upon the purpose of the new prize was cast by the discussion at the session of the Academy. The step was proposed by M. Thureau-Dangin, permanent secretary, who first pointed out that the Academy was deficient in prizes for successful writers of fiction. Ample encouragement had been provided for orators, poets, historians, and critics, but novelists, though they were freely admitted to membership in the Academy, had thus far gone without special recognition of their art. It was partly to redress the balance, therefore, that the new prize was to be offered; but there was also the hope that it would help to "ennoble" that branch of literature, and to put a premium upon rare quality instead of upon vulgar grossness or a tiresome output of mediocrity.

That such a prize should be established by such a body is certainly not a displeasing sign of the times. Following the Nobel literary prize in emphasizing elevation of sentiment and breadth of treatment, it witnesses to a wholesome, and, we are glad to think, an ever recurrent, craving of the human spirit. Man shall not live by realism alone, or local color, or human documents, or sex problems. The imaginative touch must be there, the quickening aspiration, or readers will, in the end, turn away unsatisfied. What is here involved is no mere question of literary form. Styles change in writing, and once gone by do not come again. No one would think of writing historical novels now in the literary manner of Scott. If an author were to-day to detect himself falling into any of the literary artifices of Dickens—especially his pumped pathos—he would be alarmed, or would laugh in his own face. The oratorical and sometimes almost pompous style of Hugo, no writer would now think of trying to imitate. But it is not proposed to revive the methods of the novelists we have just mentioned; it is, rather, their large range, their dealing with life in broad sections, their appeal to the imagination of their readers—in a word, their idealism—which it is hoped may be re-incarnated in the romancers of a later generation.

To some, the peculiar significance of the Academy's new literary prize will lie in the fact that it is of French origin. The unpleasant connotation of the word "French," in connection with modern fiction, has unfortunately too much to justify it, but it would be a huge *bêtise* to infer that the idealistic strain is not known in French literature to-day, or is not sought for and delighted in by the French people. As long ago as the time of P. G. Hamerton's residence in France he pointed out that it was as foolish to judge of French morality as a whole by the superfluities of naughtiness on exhibition for foreigners in Paris, as it would be to conclude that all the Chinese are like the coolies who overflow from Canton. The republic has her full share of sweet-natured citizens capable of being stirred by the purer sentiments. It is to an ideal side of the French character and civilization that Henry James must have referred when he said that he knew that French ideas of life were very "wicked," but he should so like to see them spread into more proper nations that he might mention. And if any one doubts whether the French can respond to the finer appeals or know how to appreciate poetic imaginings, let him consider the case of Rostand. In the midst of all the exaggerations about this writer, all the *réclame*, it is impossible not to see how deeply the French were longing for a great national poet, and that they are as little content as the rest of mankind to go on always filling their bellies with the husks that the swine did eat.

There are evidences in plenty that an informing spirit and a lifting idealism in literature are as much in request to-day as ever. The very weariness with the other thing, which is so often observed, testifies to the thirst unslaked. We have nothing scornful to say of the minutely analytic method of novel-writing, separating out its heaps of fact; but one keeps on asking for the spark of imagination struck out in the dead matter. There is no objection in itself to the kind of literary artistry that turns a blaze of light upon a few small fixed points in human character; but one catches himself turning away from all the matter-of-fact glare to look for a gleam of that light which never was on land or sea. It is the writer of deep sympathies and outlook not hem-

mod in and the imaginative touch who, after all, produces the kind of book which we can take down from the shelf for repeated re-reading, and find in it the balm and refreshing and enrichment which it is the province of great literature to bestow. And if now and then the committee of the French Academy can find an author worthy of its Grand Prix because he has been inspired loftily in his work, it will be a comforting proof that the race does renew itself in love of the things that make for purity and the highest life of both intellect and spirit.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

Among the new novels that have appeared in Germany, Clara Viebig's "Die vor den Toren" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.) commands attention because of the period in which the plot is laid. The story opens on the day when the German army is returning from the battlefields of France, and the roads about the capital are thronged at daybreak with crowds hurrying toward the gates to witness the solemn welcome of the victors. Among them are families that have for many generations past lived on the farms clustering about the Templar castle, that castle which gave the present suburb its name, Tempelhof. The author makes us feel the fever of speculation which spreads throughout the country and in Berlin demands extension of the city's boundaries. The boom in suburban real estate seals the fate of the rustics, and when their lands are laid out in building lots, the taverns are crowded with *déracinés*. For the change that came over Berlin when the French milliardes poured into the empire, involved not only economic conditions of society, but the moral status of its individual members. The metropolis devoured and corrupted everything that came within its reach, and the weakening of rural families, with which the story is concerned, was typical of the people, high and low.

Wilhelm Poeck's "Simon Külper's Kinder" (Imported by Lemcke & Buechner) is a story of superstition in a town of fisher-folk on the North Sea. The wife of Simon Külper lives under the delusion of having trespassed against the seventh commandment, and believes that the loss of several of her children is the penalty of her sin. The plot is concerned with the surviving children and centres in the love of the daughter for the son of the man whom the father finally suspects as the destroyer of his happiness. But the strong dramatic undercurrent is furnished by the mother's remorse and the father's suspicion, until the woman's death-bed confession relieves her of her evil dream. The unusual theme is discreetly handled and the characters strongly portrayed. Bernhard Kellermann's "Das Meer" (Berlin: S. Fischer) is another story of the seashore. The author's feeling for nature and his deep insight into the souls of sea-faring people remind one of Knut Hamsun's similar stories. Kellermann's hero is a man who in his desire to return to nature has settled on a Breton island near Brest and plunged with zest into the life about him, sharing with his illiterate neighbors their pleasures and their loves. The girl whom he wins from his friend is a type popular with the ultra-modern German: an unpolished product of nature, of uncurbed animal instincts, and primitive passion. The atmosphere is breezy and briny, and fraught with ancient sea-lore.

An unusual book is Jakob Schaffner's "Konrad Pilater" (S. Fischer), the record of a quest for the unknown. The hero is a young shoemaker who starts out upon his journey with a satchel containing his tools, his clothes, a mouth-organ, a novel cut out of a newspaper, and some verses written by himself, and, after an adventurous trip through the valley of the Rhine and the Moselle and an excursion into France, settles in an Alsatian town. The friendship of a wayfarer like himself and the love of his employer's daughter furnish the emotional element of the story. Oskar Loerke tells in "Der Turmbau" (S. Fischer) another story of lives swayed by indefinite longings and irresistible desires. Against the background of a beautiful old cathedral in a North German city, his characters stand out strongly. There is a blind hotel-keeper, who, though living in physical darkness, radiates light upon those about him; there is a tile-burner who in the fires of his kiln nurses the flames of jealousy and hatred; there is an architect who in the restoration of the old church-tower finds his life's task; and there is the woman, bound to the one by brotherly love yet separated from him by a curious rivalry, closely knit to the other by her first strong love, and to the third by gratitude. Though the ways of these lives are tragic, the final note is one of serene acceptance, for experience has made each richer and broader.

A noteworthy contribution to musical fiction is Friedrich Huch's "Enzio" (Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). Readers of the author's earlier story, "Pitt und Fox," will find in this work the same touches of romance, whimsical humor, and imagination that remotely suggest Jean Paul. But they will also find that the author knits the threads of the plot more firmly into a continuous narrative. The hero represents that type of the musical temperament that drifts along the line of least resistance and fails to fulfil the promise of its youth. There is a wealth of artist types in Hermann Bahr's novel, "O Mensch!" (S. Fischer). Coming from the author of one of the greatest dramatic successes here and abroad, it is sure to attract attention. The story has a setting similar to that of "The Concert," the hero being a singer whose robust personality is indicated by the remark that to prove his ability to sing Hans Sachs, a man should show his mettle in the bowling-alley. His relations with his sister, with the prince who would be a singer and is offended when treated as his rank calls for, with the delicate young mystic and vegetarian, and painter folk like those in his novel, "Die Rahl," are described with an admirable lightness of touch and with genuine human understanding.

A book of unusual distinction is the new novel by Ernst Heilborn: "Die steile Stufe" (Egon Fleischel & Co.). It is the story of an elderly widower, who, though not without brave and manly resistance, drifts into a dream of new love and new life with a young woman client of his. The psychological element is admirably worked out. The woman realizes more clearly than the man that he would have a hard step to make before he could leave behind him the past, and breaks off their relations before it is too late, and the hero looks about him and discovers in his daughter the woman who may henceforth become the companion of his inner life, whom he has craved. There is an indefinable quality in the work of Ernst Heilborn that suggests Theodor Fontane, whose "Irrungen, Wirrungen" has just become available to slender purses by being published in Fischer's Bibliothek zeitgenössischer Romane.

Georg Herrmann's book, "Emil Kubinke" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is an interesting new departure. The hero is a young barber, whose experiences with the other sex reveal to the reader little comedies and tragedies of Berlin life acted in the kitchens, on the servants' staircases, in the hallways of the apartment houses, and in cheap amusement resorts. A curious compound of romance, adventure, and satire is Fritz Wittels's "Ezekiel der Zugereiste" (Egon Fleischel & Co.). The hero is an Austrian who, after an American apprenticeship in business, goes to Europe to chase the phantoms of his imagination and enter upon the career of a Sherlock Holmes. For the successes of the famous detective have fired his ambition as the romances did Don Quixote; episodes of pseudo-heroism follow. Two months in an asylum fail to cure him of his craze, and he leaves the unsympathetic world in an aeroplane.

Some charming volumes of short stories have appeared within the last few months. Hugo Salus never for a moment lets us forget that his is a lyrical temperament, although he never lapses into a poet's diction. The poeti-

cal quality is suggested rather by the spirit than the form of the work. His "Schwache Helden" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) treats a variety of themes with grace and simplicity, one of the most enjoyable being the story of a worthy pedagogue who has turned out an able translation of "Manfred," and, laboring under the delusion that he is a great poet, undertakes to rewrite the end of the work. Hans von Hoffensthal's new book, "Hildegard Ruh's Haus" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), contains among others a group of Tyrolese sketches, happily blending humor and pathos, and told with refreshing spontaneity and simplicity. In the collection of stories entitled "Allerlei Volk" (Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), Bernardine Schulze-Smidt proves, as in her novels, her strong grasp of reality, her power to visualize a psychological situation and her gift of delineation. The first of the three stories is a Florentine village idyll with a genial old priest as guardian angel of a pair of lovers; the second is the story of a young teacher who brings sunshine into the lives of two motherless children; the third is a tale of jealousy in a town on the Bosporus, where vengeance flies swift and the cry "blood for blood" is taken up even by the children and the children's children. Luise Algenstaedt is a newcomer whose stories of Jewish life, "Die grosse Sehnsucht" (Imported by Lemcke & Buechner), sympathetically picture Jewish customs and reflect the sentiments of the race.

The most remarkable book of short stories, however, is that of Gabriele Reuter, "Frauenseelen" (Fischer's Bibliothek zeitgenössischer Romane). It is a book of psychological conflicts bearing evidence of the author's insight into the inner life of her sex and of her grip upon vital problems. A young woman who has divorced her husband and is just about to obey the call of a new love, realizes by her husband's claim upon the child that she is not free. A husband returns from the insane asylum to await the end at home and unbalances the mind of the young daughter who had never seen him. A happily married woman has a husband who is so absorbed in his legal practice that he is utterly ignorant of her loneliness. But beside these unrelieved tragedies there are stories with a delightful vein of humor, and others with a streak of brilliant satire comparable to that of Maupassant. Such a story is "Das Opernglas," giving a daring yet discreet glimpse of the many and divers loves a dashing young officer on a sailing vessel can harbor in his manly breast whenever he has shore-leave.

A. von Ende.

Correspondence

THE CRIMINAL'S PRIVILEGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of Mr. H. E. Kelly in your issue of March 2 cites the universality of the "third degree" as a reason for not abolishing the constitutional safeguard against self-incrimination. As a matter of fact, it would rather seem the other way about. Provide an orderly judicial procedure for the arraignment of persons accused of crime—one that will not, as on the Continent of Europe, be secret, but one in which the accused can have counsel but must testify—and you will have gone a long way toward minimizing the extra-legal activity of police, the zeal of reporters, the inquisitorial efforts of neighbors, and the officiousness of others whose enterprise is now stimulated by the existence of a privilege that has outworn its usefulness and has virtually ceased to be an effective protection.

Benjamin Tuska.

Omaha, Neb., March 15.

THE UNQUIET GRAVE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The belief that excessive mourning for the dead destroys their peace, that tears may even burn the shrouds of those departed, is a well-attested folk superstition—see, for instance, Professor Child's notes to "The Unquiet Grave," in volume two of his "Ballads." Yet the particular case which I wish to record possesses a certain unique interest as having come immediately from the Chicago Ghetto, and ultimately from the village traditions of a colony of Jews living in central Russia.

A story written by a Chicago newsboy was submitted to me for revision. Briefly, the plot ran as follows: A Jewish rabbi and schoolmaster, angered at the pranks of a certain young scapegrace, punishes him brutally, and finally, when the boy is completely exhausted, frightens him so that he dies. Immediately the rabbi is overcome with remorse; he attempts to expiate his sin by fasting, and spends a year in misery. On the anniversary of his pupil's death he is praying in the cemetery, when the ghost of the dead boy approaches and speaks as follows: "Why have you been wetting my shrouds with your tears these many months, and thus prevented me from peaceful rest?"

The author of the tale assured me that he had never seen anything like this in print, and was surprised to learn that it was more than a local village superstition. "When my mother died, before I came to America," he explained, "I was six years old. My friends stopped my crying by saying, 'Your tears burn the mother,'—and we all believed it, too," he concluded.

Franklyn Bliss Snyder.

Evanston, Ill., March 6.

WORDSWORTH AND GOLDSMITH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I do not recall that any one has pointed out the rather curious parallel that follows between a famous passage in Wordsworth's preface to the edition of 1815, and a paragraph in one of Goldsmith's "Essays." In the well-known discussion of the distinction between fancy and imagination, Wordsworth proceeds to illustrate his meaning by instances, drawn, as it happens, from various uses of the word *hang:*

A parrot *hangs* from the wires of his cage by his beak or by his claws; or a monkey from the bough of a tree by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so literally and actually. In the first Eclogue of Virgil, the shepherd, thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his farm, thus addresses his goats:

> Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro
> Dumosa *pendere* procul de rupe videbo.

> —half way down
> *Hangs* one who gathers samphire,

is the well-known expression of Shakespeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the cliffs of Dover. In these two instances is a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate imagination, in the use of one word: neither the goats nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

> As when far off at sea a fleet descried
> *Hangs* in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
> Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
> Of Ternate or Tidore, whence merchants bring
> Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood
> Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
> Ply, steaming nightly toward the Pole: so seemed
> Far off the flying Fiend.

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image, etc.

In Goldsmith's essay on "Poetry distinguished from other Writing" (No. 15) occurs a paragraph which I shall quote in full:

There are certain words in every language particularly adapted to the poetical expression; some from the image or idea they convey to the imagination, and some from the effect they have upon the ear. The first are truly *figurative;* the others may be called *emphatical.* Rollin observes that Virgil has, upon many occasions, poetized (if we may be allowed the expression) a whole sentence by means of the same word, which is *pendere.*

> Ite meæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ;
> Non ego vos posthac, viridi projectus in antro,
> Dumosa *pendere* procul de rupe videbo.

> At ease reclined beneath the verdant shade,
> No more shall I behold my happy flock
> Aloft *hang* browsing on the tufted rock.

Here the word *pendere* wonderfully improves the landscape, and renders the whole passage beautifully picturesque. The same figurative verb we meet with in many different parts of the Æneid.

> Hi summo fluctu *pendent,* his unda *dehiscens*
> Terram inter fluctus aperit.

> These on the mountain billow *hung;* to those
> The *yawning waves* the yellow sand disclose.

In this instance the words *pendent* and *dehiscens, hung* and *yawning,* are equally poetical. Addison seems to have had this passage in his eye when he wrote his Hymn, which is inserted in the Spectator:

> —For though in dreadful worlds we *hung*
> High on the broken wave.

And in another piece of a like nature in the same collection:

> Thy providence my life sustain'd,
> And all my wants redress'd,
> When in the silent womb I lay,
> And *hung* upon the breast.

Shakespeare, in his admired description of Dover cliff, uses the same expression:

> —half way down
> *Hangs* one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!

Nothing can be more beautiful than the

following picture, in which Milton has introduced the same expressive tint:

—he, on his side,
Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd.

We shall give one example more from Virgil, to show in what a variety of scenes it may appear with propriety and effect. In describing the progress of Dido's passion for Æneas the poet says:

Iliacos iterum demens audire labores
Exposcit, *pendetque* iterum narrantis ab ore.

The woes of Troy once more she begg'd to hear;
Once more the mournful tale employ'd his tongue,
While in fond rapture on his lips she *hung*.

The reader will perceive, in all these instances, that no other word could be substituted with equal energy; indeed, no other word could be used, without degrading the sense and defacing the image.

It will be observed at once that not only is the same word *hang* chosen in both instances, but also that two of the passages cited (the first from Virgil, and the Dover cliff lines from "Lear") are identical.* Moreover, in each case Milton is drawn upon—although Wordsworth uses instead of the quotation in Goldsmith a simile which his letter of August 28, 1811 (to Sir George Beaumont) shows to have been long in his mind. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Wordsworth (perhaps more or less unconsciously, as apparently was true in the case of certain of Tennyson's borrowings) recalled the suggestive application of *hang* in the earlier essay.

Some further color is given to this supposition by the fact that Wordsworth seems in a few other instances to show interesting traces of Goldsmith's influence. The discussion in Goldsmith's essay on "Taste" (No. 12) of "the energetic language of simple nature, which is now grown into disrepute"—"the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity," as he calls it elsewhere in the same essay—rather curiously anticipates one phase of Wordsworth's own treatment, in the Preface to "Lyrical Ballads," of "the plainer and more emphatic language," "the simple and unelaborated expressions" of humble and rustic life. The whole tone, indeed (and sometimes even the phraseology), of the last half-dozen paragraphs of the essay on "Taste" finds more or less striking echoes in Wordsworth's earlier Preface, as a careful reading of each, I believe, will show. And it would be a task of some interest and value to determine how far the coincidences have real significance.

JOHN L. LOWES.

St. Louis, Mo., March 12.

*The description of Queen Mab which Wordsworth cites as an exercise of the fancy, Goldsmith also quotes, in the next essay but one (on "Hyperbole"), as a description of "fantastic beings," in which propriety is not wholly observed.

GREEK IN THE SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Hamilton's article, "Greek in the New York Schools" in the *Nation* of March 9 is most timely. Those of us who have taught English in secondary schools have usually had frequent occasion to wonder at the ignorance of scriptural characters and of classical mythology shown even by children of intelligent families. A class of twenty or more in one of the leading fitting schools in New England recently in reading Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans" came across the lines,

Der einst den frommen Knaben Isai's
Den Hirten sich zum Streiter ausersehen.

The teacher asked who was the Shepherd King of Israel. Only two of the class could answer. To the question, "Who was David's father?" which followed, the answer "Isaiah" was promptly given, manifestly inspired by the word Isai. This was a senior class.

It is probably futile any longer to urge that most of the enormous number of students who are fitting for college in our high schools and special preparatory schools should be prepared on a basis consisting largely of Greek. But granting this, it is possible to change their darkness of mind, so far as classical names and allusions are concerned, into a sort of penumbra, at the worst. This can be done without any study of the Greek or the Latin language by getting them to read some classics in translation, and by the use in the schools of a really good manual of mythology. Some twenty years ago the University of California recognized the inability of the average high school pupil to understand classical allusions as so serious a handicap in the study of English poetry after entering the university that Professor Gayley prepared a manual of the classic myths in English literature. This was written with direct reference to use in the high schools of California.

The writer does not know how fully this manual has succeeded in remedying the condition of ignorance which it was intended to alleviate. But he has seen a child of eight years reading Plutarch's Lives in translation with enthusiastic interest, and discussing the acts and characters of the Olympian deities with much intelligence—all without the knowledge of a word of Greek, and with a vocabulary of but a very few Latin words.

J. Y. BERGEN.

Cambridge, Mass., March 15.

HAMLET'S SLANG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems strange at first sight that in Shakespeare's most intellectual play, the most intellectual of all his characters, "the metaphysician and psychologist" (Lowell) should indulge more freely in "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" than any other of the serious characters of his plays. But on second thought this trait of "the melancholy Dane" is found to be in accord with human nature and with a grave and contemplative mind. "The essence of all jokes, of all comedy," says Emerson in his lecture on "The Comic," "seems to be an honest or well-intended halfness, a non-performance of what is pretended to be performed, at the same time that one is giving loud pledges of performance"; and although there is no intimation that Emerson had Hamlet in mind when he wrote these words, they seem precisely applicable to Hamlet's case. The spring of laughter, it has been said, lies hard by the fountain of tears. The story of Carlini has become familiar by Emerson's use of it in this same essay. While the famous comedian was convulsing Naples with laughter, he himself was the victim of excessive melancholia. A physician who was called in advised him to go to the theatre and see Carlini. "Alas!" came the reply of despair, "I am Carlini." And the public has recently learned since the death of our most famous humorist what his intimate friends already knew, that Mark Twain was a sad and melancholy man. "Oh, how fortunate," he exclaimed on hearing of the death of his friend, Mr. Gilder, "no such good luck ever comes to me."

Hamlet's levity is a reaction from the contemplative mood of the soliloquies, just as Tennyson's coarseness of language at times, as he explained to Longfellow, was a recoil from the refinement of his highly-wrought work of the day.

The first words that Hamlet utters in the play make a pun: "More than kin and less than kind" ("kind" being pronounced with a short *i*), and this is the keynote to his behavior to all except Horatio, when Horatio is alone.

Hamlet drops easily into slang—college slang, one might say—even in his letter to Ophelia: "Thine ever more, most dear lady, whilst this *machine* is to him."

Guild. Oh, there has been much throwing about of brains.
Ham. Do the boys *carry it away?*

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.
Ham. Buz, buz!

For such news, the modern collegian would, perhaps, say "chestnuts," unless there is something later.

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.
Ham. So I do still, by these *pickers and stealers.*

The modern college slang for *hands* is "lunchhooks."

These are only a few of the illustrations that any one may find for himself in the play.

To understand the appreciation of "Hamlet" by the people, we must take into account the fact that much of standard English in our day was slang to the frequenters of the Globe. Many of our most useful words, as "mob," "cab," "boss," etc., came in as slang, and in the next decade "graft," "stunt," "dope," and hundreds more will lose their quotation marks.

EDWARD A. ALLEN.

Columbia, Mo., March 10.

LETTERS OF JAMES WILSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Would it be within the province of your open letters to make general inquiry as to the whereabouts of stray letters of James Wilson, the constitutionalist, and "signer"? In the preparation of my seven-volumed "Life, Letters, and Works of Wilson," the volume devoted to "Letters" from, to, or about Wilson is approximately complete after a search among collections known to me; but there are many persons who have taken little "flyers" in autograph collecting, and generally aimed at a few "signers," whose eye such an appeal as this might reach. Those interested in this work would greatly appreciate both the possibility of such an inquiry and any responses that might be made to it.

BURTON ALVA KONKLE.

Swarthmore, Pa., March 17.

Literature

A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE.

A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 2 volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $6 net.

This is a very odd and entertaining autobiography, somewhat over-long, but always vivacious. The daughter of Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, the sister of Marion Crawford, a kin on the mother's side to the Wards of New York and the Howes of Boston, allied by marriage with gentlefolk of England and Germany, Mrs. Hugh Fraser has had a most distinguished acquaintance. As a diplomatist's wife, she has travelled widely and lived in many lands. She gathers up not merely her personal reminiscences, but an enormous amount of material touched only by report. The record is not so much of her life as of her interests. A certain superciliousness in her literary manner hardly detracts from the charm of her narrative, nor does the sense that where so much is well invented all cannot be literally true.

Mary Crawford came up in the Rome of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," a place of gentle decadence, mystery, and exotic enthusiasms. To Thomas Crawford's villa and studio came familiarly Longfellow, Lowell, Bayard Taylor—all accredited Americans. Crawford's flexible vitality, which, untowardly, seldom got into his art, is illustrated by many anecdotes. On one occasion, at a public dinner of scholars and literary men, there was a call for a speech in Greek:

> My father knew nothing of Greek, but had, at some time or other, taken pleasure in hearing it read for the sake of its noble sound. Instantly he sprang to his feet and spoke for some twenty minutes with such fluency, fire, and fidelity to sound and pronunciation that no one dreamed the words were made up as he went along. Those present who had some knowledge of the tongue imagined that he was giving them either a very modern or else a remotely archaic dialect; the sentences had been poured forth so rapidly that they thought it was their own fault if they had not understood them.

But the hero of this book is the brother, Marion, wilful and incorrigibly fascinating. As a child he was backward, till the sister feared him an imbecile. In his 'teens he was an accomplished linguist. In a brief but gorgeous career at the University of Cambridge he achieved a kind of fame:

> He hunted round for the biggest trotting horse he could find, had a towering dog-cart built, dressed himself in checks a foot square and of outrageous colours, and, thus equipped, paraded the dignified university town to the scandal of the authorities and the delight of the students.

The spell of Papal Rome was strong upon the young girl, and through the revolutionary mutterings of the sixties and the ill-fated Garibaldian expedition she already, though her conversion to the Catholic faith was some years ahead, had the sense of violation. Oddly enough, her father's attitude changed from sympathy with the Republican movement to a passive benevolence for the papacy. The mother stood loyally to her republican colors. On all these matters Mrs. Fraser writes with unconcealed bias. An impartial person might find a parable and perhaps an apology for the new order in the following grim anecdote. The Crawford children were sent up with a governess to Rocca di Papa, in the Alban Mountains, for the summer. In the town smallpox raged. Then an aged cardinal, who lived in the apartment below the Crawfords, died:

> Well, the poor, aged, good Cardinal died, and for some reason, which I have never heard explained, it was found impossible to dispose of his body. On the first floor landing was a pretty chapel with wrought iron doors, through which we could see the altar and the tall candles and a curtained picture. After the Cardinal's death, we saw something else—a big, black coffin just inside the bars. There it lay for five solid weeks of an Italian summer. No sanitary precautions had been taken, and the coffin was an ordinary wooden casket.

While on this macabre theme we may note that Mrs. Fraser denies travellers' tales that the South Italians turn over their dying heartlessly to the doctor and the priest. For their dead, however, they take only perfunctory pains. Desiring once to visit the grave of the father of Neapolitan friends, she received the answer: "Why, if you wish we'll go to S. Lorenzo and find where it is."

Celebrities of all sorts people the chapters thickly. We have space only for Mrs. Browning and Cardinal Antonelli, best hated of Papal Secretaries. Young Miss Crawford sat quietly through an audience during which her mother and Mrs. Browning spoke rapturously of the new day dawning for Italy:

> The poetess was everything I did not like. She had great cavernous eyes glowering out under two big bushes of black ringlets, a fashion I had not beheld before. She never laughed or even smiled once, during the conversation, and through all the gloom of the shuttered room I could see that her face was hollow and ghastly pale. *Mamma mia!* but I was glad when I got out into the sunshine again!

Antonelli, who once asked Mrs. Crawford and her two daughters in to see his collections, deeply impressed the visitors. "His face was meant to be mobile, but usually wore a fixed smile which had become a part of his armor." After the larger objects had been seen and remarkable sweetmeats dispatched, the host said, "Ladies like gems, I believe. Now I will show you my greatest treasure."

> Leaving the room for a moment he returned, carrying a small, black leather box some six inches square, with a handle on the top. This he opened with a tiny key, and the room seemed suddenly full of light, for the sun caught and focussed on ten rings, each set with a glorious jewel. Diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds—the little box contained the Cardinal's fortune in portable form, and each gem was mounted after a design of his own, so rich and artistic that the settings really attracted me more than the jewels themselves. We raised the top tray, and ten more rings showed themselves, among these some perfect intaglios; and below again was a third tray with another ten—thirty rings in all, the collection of a life-time. "Why does your eminence keep them in that tiny box?" I asked curiously, when he had closed it again. He lifted it by the strap and looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes. "One might have to take an unexpected journey," he replied. "Such things do happen sometimes, you know." Then I remembered 1848 and Gaeta.

It was always the luck of our author to be on interesting trails. Her uncle, Dr. Howe, linked her to Byron; a visit to Bordentown, New Jersey, opened up to her the Napoleonic romance. Our casual extracts will give some idea of the temper of a book which, with a strong dose of prejudice, is always entertaining and at times reliable. An obvious element of picturesque exaggeration does little harm, for one reads less for facts than for atmosphere. For capital ghost stories it may be especially recommended.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Green Curve. By Ole Luk-Oie. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The fantastic name under which the author of these tales chooses to write apparently conceals the identity of a British army man—unless the Empire contains a second amateur of Kipling's technical expertness. Without Kipling these stories could hardly have been; but they are not imitative in substance or offensively so in style. They deal with various crucial moments in the military life, whether of the officer or of the common soldier. The "green curve," for instance, is the line plotted on a chart showing possible ways of expending the remaining food supplies in a long-beleaguered town. A certain time must elapse before relief will arrive, and the only safe procedure, from the military point of view, is to follow the line indicated by the green curve—to devote all supplies to the garrison, leaving the townspeople to starve or to face the perils beyond the gates. The military governor, whose nickname is "The Butcher," recognizes his duty, and is about to carry it out, when a sudden revulsion of human feeling makes it impossible. The abandonment of the green curve and its stern policy has lamentable results from the military point of view, including the death of the gov-

ernor and the surrender of the city. The fault really belongs to the civilian minister of war at home, who has failed to prepare for the emergency by stocking the town properly before the siege.

Two of the tales, written only four or five years ago, have already been rendered quaint by the progress made with the heavier-than-air flying machine—"The Kite" and "The Joint in the Harness." Of these stories as a collection the author has been right in thinking that, written for soldiers, they are of a sort to appeal to a wider circle. No doubt the fact that they were originally aimed at a special audience goes far toward accounting for their vigor.

My Lady of Aros. By John Brandane. New York: Duffield & Co.

Scotch and Gaelic and the topography of the Island of Mull are the more obvious ingredients. With the help of a map and two glossaries, it is possible laboriously to disengage a romance of Jacobite sedition, but it is "search all day e'er you find it and when you have it, it is not worth the search." The difficulty of following the clew is further complicated by such bungled English phrases as this: "Fraser felt again the joy of his injury's stinging as his knuckles cracked at their task," and the elaborate reticence of conversational passages like this: "'Tis a matter of a little fondness for a cockade devoid of color." This much, at least, is plain: The hero is a shipwrecked surgeon, with a disabled arm, the heroine a fair Stuart sympathizer, sweetly named Morag. The simultaneous presence of her brother Cattanach, a Hanoverian spy, her lovesick kinsman Pennyfuaran, and a Jacobite agitator Drumfin, leads to much surreptitious activity in the open under appropriate weather conditions. The impression that the hero had slain the heroine's perfidious brother is artificially fostered for a time; it occasions no serious offence to any one, but the precaution of dispelling it is not omitted.

Colonel Todhunter of Missouri. By Ripley D. Saunders. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The colonel is "the distinct embodiment of that picturesque native American type, the Kentuckian born and Missourian bred, ... a lineal descendant of that colonial Virginian stock whose grandsons followed the pioneer trail that led from the Old Dominion, first to North Carolina, then to Kentucky and Tennessee and thence to Missouri." In this history of a short period of his career he is met first as an ardent campaigner, seeking to obtain the Democratic nomination to the Governorship for his old comrade, the Honorable William J. Strickland; next as a matchmaker of "incorrigible sentimentalism"; and further as an amateur detective clearing from a murder charge the lover of his daughter. In all three offices, and incidentally as husband, father, and good neighbor, he is the epitome of all that his pedigree suggests. In fact, he seems at the outset all type, a concentrated instance of what local tradition and geography can do for fiction. His individuality, however, extricates itself as the story advances and in the end there is comparatively little danger of confounding him with all the other colonels of Southern fiction. In dialect, for example, he fairly outdoes his kind with his "Great Scott and Maria," his "jim-swizzling," his "jig-whiffling," his "rip-snorting," and his "Satan-straddled" newspaper that "done its durndest" to ruin him. The language of type, to be sure, extends at moments to the colonel's biographer, as when he speaks of the "relishful twinkle" in Todhunter's eye, and of his gift of "colorful oratory, larded with rich humor." Making himself useful in his own town, Nineveh, or stumping the State "for Bill," of a large general benevolence and of a timely pugnacity on occasions, the colonel is a stanch old fellow, the most exhilarating friend and spell-binding orator that ever spoke the jargon of Mizzoorah.

Silverwool. By Emily Jenkinson. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

It would be interesting to know what literary diet has nourished the author of this bucolic romance which takes its name from a ram of superlative excellence. The story of tragic competition between two flock-masters for the sheep-breeder's prize at the "Great Northern Show" may well have been derived from the oral tradition of some countryside in Northern England. The author leaves us plenty of latitude by her single chronological comment—"those good old days before our modern Education Acts were so much as dreamed of." The English country lover and his English country lass are in an ordinary vein of idealized rusticity similar to that which inspires many American "romances of colonial days." The crippled curate wasting away with consumption, self-abnegation, and soul-searchings is such a one as we should not expect to meet outside the pages of MacDonald. His name is Ishmael Grey, and he preaches repentance in the village square, administers the sacrament to baptized beggars, refuses Christian burial to the unchristened, faints on altar steps, and elicits voluntary confessions.

The writer's imagination runs riot in sentimental and dramatic scenes, and pictures vice in the colors of perfect innocence. The familiar ditty beginning "Hey diddle, diddle" is her idea of a drunken song; and when a man strikes his wife, "'Woman!' he hissed . . . 'John!' she exclaimed." She describes scenic effects with lyric abandon, and a limited vocabulary—a "star, *spinning* on a hilltop, dropped out of sight," "moonshine . . . *splashed like a white wine* on the lake"; then catches herself up smartly with pious reflections, "But our souls . . . are not born to slide through sensuous emotions." Considerable intensity of perception has evidently been perverted by a training in obsolete and mediocre literary fashions.

CHURCH HISTORY.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann, and others, in fifteen volumes. Volume 7, Gregory-Infallibility; Volume 8, Infamy-Lapparent; Volume 9, Laprade-Mass. New York: Robert Appleton & Co.

In these three sumptuous volumes, the character of this notable encyclopædia is consistently maintained. The quality of the articles is, on the whole, excellent, the press work is of the best, and the illustrations are many and beautiful. The long articles on Ireland (filling thirty pages), Italy (forty-five pages), and Japan (twenty-five pages) are admirable in every way. In these and other descriptive articles, such as those on Heraldry and Hierarchy, the work is at its best. When doctrinal or polemic matters are discussed, it is naturally less satisfactory to an outsider. For instance, in dealing with the Hierarchy of the Early Church, there is an elaborate attempt to prove the primitive character of the Catholic organization and to gain Biblical and patristic support for it. To many a modern historian, the evident interest underlying such an attempt, whether it appears in a Catholic or a Protestant work, seems foreign enough.

The biographical articles are, in the main, good, as, for example, the beautifully illustrated one on Ignatius Loyola; but it was perhaps too much to expect that such a man as Luther would be treated with understanding. The author even of the article on the notorious heresiarch has evidently tried to be fair, and has omitted the worst calumnies of Luther's enemies, while his strictures upon many of the older Protestant biographies are quite justified. But the desire to be fair is not enough in writing of such a man as Luther. When his manifest faults blind the biographer to the fundamental sincerity of the great reformer and to the superlative qualities of his genius, the result can at best be little else than caricature. Most of the papal biographies—of the Gregorys, the Innocents, and the Leos—are fair and discriminating, and even Pope Honorius is treated with exemplary impartiality, considering the difficulties he has made for the upholders of papal infallibility.

The long article on Ecclesiastical His-

tory is useful, especially for its full bibliography. The following frank statement of the attitude of the orthodox Catholic historian, which is apparently shared by the author himself, only adds to the value of the article:

> The Catholic Historian does not admit that the various forms of the Christian religion may be taken, roughly speaking, as a connected whole, nor does he consider them one and all as so many imperfect attempts to adapt the teachings and institutions of Christ to the changing needs of the times, nor as progressive steps toward the future higher unity wherein alone we must seek the perfect ideal of Christianity. There is but one divine revelation given us by Christ, but one ecclesiastical tradition based on it; hence one only church can be the true one, *i. e.*, the Church in which the aforesaid revelation is found in its entirety, and whose institutions have developed on the basis of this revelation and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. To assume equality among the various forms of the Christian religions would be equivalent to a denial of the divine origin and supernatural character of the Church. (Vol. VII, p. 367.)

There is also a capital article on Heresy, which describes without shrinking the persecuting activities of the church. The usefulness of the article for intelligent readers is not impaired by such personal judgments as the following: "Toleration came in only when faith went out"; "The rôle of heresy in history is that of evil generally. Its roots are in corrupted human nature"; or by the author's notion that Modernism has served the useful purpose of other heresies in calling forth "a solemn assertion of the claims of the supernatural in history."

The elaborate article on the Inquisition is sane and judicious, and much sounder in its general estimate than the great work of Lea, to which the author takes serious exception. It is justly said at the beginning:

> Moderns experience difficulty in understanding this institution, because they have, to no small extent, lost sight of two facts. On the one hand, they have ceased to grasp religious belief as something objective, as the gift of God, and therefore outside the realm of free private judgment; on the other, they no longer see in the Church a society perfect and sovereign, based substantially on a pure and authentic revelation, whose first and most important duty must naturally be to retain unsullied this original deposit of faith. Before the religious revolution of the sixteenth century these views were still common to all Christians; that orthodoxy should be maintained at any cost seemed self-evident.

The articles on the Immaculate Conception and Inspiration contain beautiful examples of genuine theological scholasticism, but the portion of the latter dealing with the development of the doctrine of inspiration in Protestantism is exceedingly well done, even though it does close with the supposedly condemnatory sentence, "Freedom of examination was destined sooner or later to produce freedom of thought." The German *Kulturkampf* is recounted with notable self-restraint; indulgences are described satisfactorily and with full recognition of the evils to which they once gave rise; while the article on Infallibility, though a thoroughgoing defence, written by a devout believer in the Vatican decrees, is in its tone above reproach. On the whole, even an outsider must commend not only the painstaking care given to these volumes, but also their general freedom from polemic zeal.

Essays in American History. Dedicated to Frederick Jackson Turner. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Ten disciples of Professor Turner unite in this volume to signalize his presidency of the American Historical Association by a tribute of respect. The form taken is not a direct expression; of that there is nothing beyond the few lines of preface by the editor, Guy Stanton Ford. Essays are presented written under the influence of their leader's spirit, sometimes, perhaps, exercises of the seminar. The book is a delicate and appropriate testimonial, and Professor Turner may justly take pride in having so far won the hearts of his students, and in the excellent workmanship of which he has made them capable. The essays relate to passages of American history which are obscure, either because of their relative unimportance, or because their importance is just becoming apparent. The range is wide, Oregon and Virginia affording topics, as well as the South and Central West, while two of the most valuable monographs have to do with South America. The papers are clear and foot-notes bottom every page with chapter and verse for all statements. The word we especially associate with Professor Turner is the Frontier. The particular conditions arising when a wave of civilization strikes upon a wilderness we suppose have never been better estimated than by him, nor the results inuring therefrom to the life of our nation. The essayists have not failed to receive impression here, for in their conception of American development the Frontier is constantly at the fore.

We have some fault to find. Three auditors of the admired Dr. X. talked together in the vestibule after the sermon. "We must admit," said the first, "that the Doctor dives deeper into his subject than any other." "Yes," said the second, "and stays under longer." "And comes up dryer," added the third. We admit that our essayists dive deep and stay under long, and find all that needs to be found; and they keep very dry. Presumably the writers are young; but there is no sign of the natural exuberance of youth. With the exception of Prof. C. L. Becker's "Kansas," the papers have small literary quality. There is no gleam of humor; and if we grant that to be a trait not called for in historic writing, as much cannot be said for other traits which are equally absent. There is no attempt to portray the form and character of significant personalities; nor can a page be found enlivened by a graphic picture of some past event. The lack of portrayals of men we feel especially in the essays relating to South America, a continent of which we have known, and cared to know, little, but which now is thrust into the close foreground. Even Bolivar, the hero who is nearest to our sympathies, is a shadowy figure, and his contemporaries and successors are very faint in our conceptions. Professors Robertson and Reinsch have studied their topics well. They know the Spanish and Portuguese authorities admirably, judge movements well, and are sane in their philosophy. We want, however, to know more of the men they talk about, whom evidently they admire. Miranda, Alberdi, Orea, Revenga, San Martin, men of action, diplomatists, and writers, ought not to go entirely undescribed; yet in these narratives they are scarcely more than names.

We have referred to Professor Becker's "Kansas" as especially marked in this series by its literary quality. He tells good and apt stories; he turns his sentences often with a pleasant wit. To the question from time to time so widely pressed, "What's the matter with Kansas?" he gives an answer full of penetration enlivened and fortified by much concrete example. He might have used with advantage now and then an extended picture. For instance, to this generation for the most part the grasshopper is not known as a burden, and to help the world to a sense of how ponderous he has been in Kansas is worth a few graphic sentences. We recall a journey through Missouri, along the Kansas border into Nebraska and Iowa during a grasshopper year. Though it was mid-June, not a green thing could be seen upon the surface of the plain, only an expanse of black mud here and there appearing, under this muffling swarm of life. Whatever had germinated had been consumed, and for the farmer the possibilities of the year seemed quite vanished. By the end of the month, however, the plague had gone. The indomitable farmers planted anew, and favored by sun and rain and the holding off of frost achieved in spite of all a teeming harvest. Such a thing Professor Becker has seen and has the faculty for making vivid in presentment.

A taste affects modern historic writers quite different from that which prevailed with Irving and Bancroft, and even with the Boston trio, Prescott,

Motley, and Parkman. It is thought that in those days History walked in robes too flowing, with an over-display of the purple patch. Our grandsons may feel that in our time, on the other hand, her garment has been quite too sad-colored and scant. Diligence, accuracy, sound judgment are primary requisites, but grace and picturesqueness are not to be entirely thrown aside, unless we are content, like the plodding author some one describes, to write our books with no thought of anything so irrelevant as a reader.

The Conflict of Colour: The Threatened Upheaval Throughout the World. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The main thesis of Mr. Weale's diffuse, but very stimulating, book is that Europe, or, more accurately, the white race, must make up its mind to abandon in the near future the policy of political domination and territorial aggrandizement which it has thus far followed in dealing with Asia and Africa; and must devote itself to building up on those continents a balance of power which will offset, and, in consequence, help to maintain, the balance of power in Europe. The necessity of such a change he finds not so much in the physical inability of the European Powers to retain their hold upon the lands which they have appropriated, although that hold is obviously weakening, as in the fundamental and ineradicable antagonism of race: an antagonism not, indeed, now for the first time perceived, but growing portentously in significance and intensity as the yellow, brown, and black peoples gain in intelligence and race consciousness, and realize the invincible advantage which lies in overwhelming superiority of numbers. World-empire, the permanent rule of one people by another, the universal spread of European civilization and the Christian religion, are, when judged by the immutable tendencies of things, only such stuff as dreams are made of; and not only can they never be realized as facts, but they ought, in the interest of European safety, to be got rid of both as ideals and as political programmes.

Readers of Mr. Weale's earlier books on the East will not need to be told that he writes with animation and earnestness; that while his knowledge of European history, prior to the nineteenth century, is not always profound or even up to date, he nevertheless knows the East well; or that his pages, in spite of more than one iconoclastic thrust, are full of thoughtful suggestiveness. The classical curriculum of the English universities, so far as preparation for service in the East is concerned, seems to him little better than a useless lumber of the mind, forming in the minds of young men a conception of the world as it is not. As for Christianity, that, in Mr. Weale's opinion, is hardly to be thought of as a religion any longer, its spiritual and philosophical content having long since been overshadowed by a vast structure of formalism and unenlightened organization. For the great majority of the human family —that is, for the two-thirds of the world population who are not white—Buddhism and Mohammedanism seem to be the conquering faiths; though in the case of the negro, whom he regards as a type of arrested development, Christianity would seem to be for the present the safer religion to inculcate, since it does not, like Mohammedanism, nurture the military instinct.

In his exposition of the obstacles to Japanese hegemony in Asia, of the political power of an awakened China and India, and of the significance of the European struggle for the control of the Persian Gulf, Mr. Weale is in accord with many, perhaps most, informed and thoughtful observers of recent events in those regions; while his sharp arraignment of England for its failure to give to the masses of people in Egypt and India social contentment, economic prosperity, or even elementary education, may well be pondered by those who affect to see in England's colonial policy relative perfection. So much of what he has to say on the political aspects of his problem, however, is of the nature of prophecy that one may not venture to speak with confidence regarding the soundness of his programme. What he has done, and done very interestingly, is to point out once more the profound significance of race in world politics, the provincial prejudice which underlies much of the policy of European states, including England, in dealing with the East, the determining power of numbers when once the numbers act together, and the apparent need of compassing, in our thought for the future, generically different types of government and religion for peoples racially diverse.

Brandywine Days; or, The Shepherd's Hour-Glass. By John Russell Hayes. Philadelphia: The Biddle Press. $1.50 net.

Out of the reading and wanderings and poetic meditations of his vacations in the old home of his ancestors in Chester County, Pennsylvania, Mr. Hayes has made a pleasant, almost charming, volume. It is divided into short chapters of prose and verse, one for each day of the summer; and the tone is set on the first page:

> And here beside my ancestral stream, the Brandywine, or old Indian Wawassan, as I rid me of the dust of clamorous streets, on this sweet midday of June, and take up once again my shepherd's crook and rural quill, I thank the dear God that He still keeps green for town-wearied folk such lovely nooks as this.

The note here is a little more sentimental than the book as a whole, but Mr. Hayes is one who believes in flowers, and murmuring streams, and stars, and children, and green fields, and in poets who write of such things, and he is not afraid to display his feelings. Some of the chapters are a bit naïve, but others have the true flavor of pastoral prose. From the real Arcadia of his home, the author easily wanders to memorable scenes of the past and to idyllic places of the present far removed from the meandering Brandywine. So in one chapter he introduces a visitor, "Silvia," from a neighboring "old-fashioned and most comfortable farmstead," who recounts her travels in the Vale of Tempe and other romantic places of Hellas. And in another chapter, after some pleasant chat about Herrick's "Hesperides," he quotes his brother's impressions of Dean Prior as it stands to-day:

> I looked in upon the ancient kitchen and dining-room, the very same in which good old Robert Herrick feasted on his garden's products and sat before his cosy fire and thanked God over and over for the joy of rural contentment and true and simple pleasures.

In this way travel and literature enter into the author's days on the Brandywine, which, otherwise, might too soon become cloying in their stillness. Nor is criticism, of the romantic, not to say sentimental, kind absent. Pater, whom Mr. Hayes heard lecture in Oxford on Raphael, is one of his idols, and two or three of the sections are devoted to telling, and telling well, how Pater, "in his lucid and tranquil prose-discourse," has the power to reawaken in us the perception of the vital beauty of daily life. Even more interesting are Mr. Hayes's comments on various living poets of America. His quotations from these uncrowned bards might almost persuade one to fall in love with minor poetry. His own verse is on the whole better, we think, than his prose. As an illustration we cite a stanza or two from the poem entitled "Enchantment" under September 1:

> Old forms forgotten of the world of men
> Still haunt the common ways of life for me;
> Lone vales and dreaming rivers to my ken
> Are fraught with glamour and with mystery.
> I hear strange harmonies among the hills,
> I drink the fragrance of forgotten things;
> In whispering forests still the dryad sings,
> And strange emotion all my being thrills. . . .
>
> As some lone child that wanders far from home
> Sees all its sweetness through his tender tears,
> So phantoms fair of Hellas and old Rome
> Arise for me from out the ancient years.
> The paths of life to others sad may seem,—
> They cannot but be glorified for me

Who find them fraught with myth and mystery
And all enchantments of the world of dream.

The Old North Trail. By Walter McClintock. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

The Old North Trail, worn many generations ago by the tread of numberless Indian feet, follows the Rocky Mountains from north to south, its upper extremity emerging from the barren lands of the Dominion, and its lower reaching into Mexico. It is now overgrown in some parts, and in others obliterated by white settlements; but for long stretches the Indians of the present day are able to trace it, and love to do so because of its epic traditions. As the most aggressive of the plains tribes, with a brilliant record for prowess in war and the chase, the Blackfeet are more notably associated with the trail than any other Indians, and their present dwelling-places, on both sides of the Canada line, lie near it. This, doubtless, is Mr. McClintock's reason for making the trail furnish a title for his book, to which, though strictly only a narrative of personal experience, he has aimed to give the flavor of authority. Repeated visits through a period of fourteen years, originally as a member of a Government expedition, and later as a lover of the Blackfeet and their country, have afforded him exceptional advantages for the accumulation of data concerning them—which he here uses modestly and with generally good effect; and the total result is a picture of Indian life and thought which, except in certain specific details, is sufficiently broad to give a novice in the study of our aboriginal race a satisfactory point of departure.

For instance, the Indian mode of fixing dates is well illustrated by the Blackfeet "winter counts," such as "the winter when the children broke through the ice"; "the winter when the moose came into camp"; "the winter when we caught antelope in the deep snow," etc. Their picturesque calendar designates November as "after the first snow-fall"; the turning of the year as "the time of the first Chinook" (thawing wind); midwinter, as "when the buffalo calves are black"; spring as "when the geese come"; June as "the time of high water"; July and August as "home days"; October as "when the leaves fall." They have some pretty conceits, too, in their names for the wild birds. The white-throated sparrow is the Nepe-e, or the "summer-bringer"; the catbird bears a name meaning "the baby," because of its cry; and the kingbird is called "stingy-with-his-berries," because he makes such a chattering when disturbed at his feast. The titles they have given various quadrupeds are quite as descriptive. The beaver's means, "cuts-with-his-teeth"; the badger's, "striped-face"; the white-tail deer's, "wags-his-tail"; the mule's, "big-ears." Like many other tribes, the Blackfeet have a superstitious aversion to telling their own names; but there surely is no savor of mystery in "Cries-all-the time," or "Everybody-down-on," or "Born-with-teeth." It is only when we find a young woman called "Whistling-all-night" that it is necessary to explain that she was born in January, and named in commemoration of a habit of the jack-rabbit in that month.

Persons unfamiliar with the Indians are apt to infer, from their ignorance of the uses and value of money, that they are by nature wantonly improvident. The old-fashioned Indian, certainly, is not liable to such a charge, the injustice of which Mr. McClintock indicates by a quotation from the speech of Brings-down-the-sun, one of the unmodernized chiefs, in welcoming a guest to his camp. "You will find many kinds of berries on all sides," said the old man. "You can eat them now, or gather and dry them for your winter supply, just as we do. I ask, however, that you will be careful not to injure the trees, or break the branches of the berry-bushes. I make this request, because I am looking ahead for my tribe. I am anxious to preserve the big trees and the berry-bushes for our children." It would be hard to find better conservation doctrine than this, from one of the original owners of all the natural resources on the American continent.

As might be expected, a large share of the text is devoted to descriptions and interpretations of the religious and social ceremonials of the tribe. For the general reader, the author's treatment of the sun-dance will have most interest, as it is this rite which has excited more discussion than any other between the ethnologists who regard it sympathetically and the non-scientific apostles of Indian civilization. Mr. McClintock, in his capacity of chronicler, holds the balances very evenly between the two views, though it is plain that personally he is under the spell of the poetic symbolism of the dance, which in its own crude way is dramatic and beautiful. His farewell remarks to his red friends, at the last council in which he took part, embodied a promise that he would make the white people of the East better acquainted with the Blackfeet and their religion, and this book is evidently a concrete fulfilment of his pledge.

Of the Indian question in its broader aspects, and of the Government's relation to it, little is said outside of the last half-dozen pages of the narrative proper. An appendix, part glossary and part commentary, several specimens of Indian music, and a small map are calculated to aid the reader's understanding of the story, which, at intervals, betrays Mr. McClintock's literary inexperience by its diffuseness. Of the pictures, 195 in number, at least half could have been omitted without loss, and those in color are so raw in tone as to detract from the serious effect it was the author's obvious intention to give his volume by its dress.

Life of the Black Prince. By the Herald of Sir John Chandos. Edited by Mildred K. Pope and Eleanor C. Lodge. New York: Henry Frowde. $7.75 net.

The Black Prince. By R. P. Dunn-Pattison. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The earliest biography of the Black Prince, the French poem by the Chandos Herald, has now appeared in a scientifically accurate and complete edition. It contains a detailed study of the language of the poem, an historical introduction, a diplomatic print of the single manuscript, a reconstructed text, an English translation, notes, indices, and a glossary. The examination of the linguistic peculiarities of the poem leads the editors to the conclusion that it was written in the French of Hainault, and that the extant version is twice removed, by Anglo-Norman transcription, from the original. Their argument as to the date of the poem is not conclusive. They hold that it was composed some ten years after the death of the Prince: it is at least equally possible that it was written in large part during his lifetime, with the purpose of winning gifts from him, and later completed and retouched. The continual praise of "largece," the fact that surprisingly little is said of Sir John Chandos, and the peculiar relation of the poem to the two versions of the Chronicles of Froissart, seem alike to point to this conclusion. The historical value of the poem is greatest in the two thousand lines—half of the whole—which deal with the Spanish campaign, of which the Herald was an eye-witness. He gives many details of the battle of Poitiers which do not appear in the other sources, but it seems probable that he obtained this material at second hand. Throughout the poem the Prince is extolled as the ideal chevalier, the most valiant "that ever was since the days of Claris, Julius Cæsar, or Arthur," loyal, devout, and bounteous. The narrative is concise and spirited. The Herald delights in gleaming banners and in knightly prowess, but there is a touch of wisdom in his battle formula: "There might a man regale himself at the sight—one to whom naught was at stake."

The latest successor of the Chandos Herald is R. P. Dunn-Pattison, whose biography affords the general reader an accurate and very interesting account of the Prince's career. He has read and utilized the early narratives and the modern critical works which deal with the Prince, has studied the specific conditions of mediæval warfare, and writes

with authority on tactics and strategy. He is at his best in the accounts of battles and campaigns, but gives them no more than their due share of attention: he treats adequately the formative influences of the Prince's youth, his spectacular hospitality, his extortionate oppression of his English tenants, and the overwhelming difficulties of the administration of Aquitaine. The estimates of the Prince as man and as general are notably just and enlightening. Only less interesting than the figure of the Prince himself is that of Sir John Chandos, at once his adviser and his companion in arms. Mr. Dunn-Pattison does not hesitate to call him "the best diplomatist and the soundest soldier of the day."

English Political Institutions: An Introductory Study. By J. A. R. Marriott. New York: Henry Frowde. $1.10.

The author of this compact and useful book disclaims originality. There is, however, a strong tinge of it in his method; for he begins with current political conditions and constitutional practices, and then works backward to their sources and historic development. This gives a novel and desirable freshness of treatment to his work, while not impairing its soundness. Mr. Marriott had before made ample proof of his scholarship in this field, and in his brief and lucid expositions follows the best authorities. As regards recent and pending constitutional changes, he frankly permits us to see that his sympathies are with the Conservative party, but this fact gives only the slightest color, here and there, to his statement of the case—as when he declares that the "verdict" of the general election of 1909 on the Finance Bill was "unfortunately too ambiguous to permit any positive deduction to be drawn from it." The Lords themselves did not see any ambiguity, and promptly accepted the Budget which they had thrown out.

After two preliminary chapters on the classification of Constitutions and the peculiar and salient features of the British Constitution, Mr. Marriott passes on to discuss in detail the powers of the Crown and of Parliament, and gives a summary view of local government, the judiciary, and the relations of the Empire to the colonies. No part of his work is more suggestive than his account of the way in which the Government of the day is usurping more and more of the time of Parliament, so that no bills except those of the Ministry have much chance of coming to enactment; while behind the Government stands an ever growing tyranny of party management. Such vital political causes may profoundly affect the working of constitutional institutions, even though little notice of them be taken by the text-books.

Notes

Doubleday, Page & Co. promise for this week E. F. Benson's "Account Rendered."

An edition of Edmond Rostand's "Les Musardises," including several unpublished pieces, is about to appear in Paris.

The Appletons announce for publication next month, "The Training of Children in Religion," by Dean Hodges of Cambridge; and for immediate publication: "The Bramble Bush," by Caroline Fuller, and "The Obvious Orient," by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart.

Gen. Francis Vinton Greene has in the press with the Scribners his new book, "The Revolutionary War and the Military Policy of the United States."

"Mr. Wieherly's Ward," L. Allen Harker's novel, to be issued by the Scribners, is said to continue the story of "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wieherly."

Jennings & Graham of Cincinnati will bring out in April or May: "The Social Engineer," by Edwin L. Earp; "On and Off the Trans-Siberian Railway, or Strange Siberian Sights at Close Range," by Marcus L. Taft; "In His Footsteps," a record of travel to the land of Christ, by William E. McLennan, and "The Ladies' Aid Manual," by R. E. Smith.

The following books in the hands of Houghton Mifflin Co. will be ready Saturday: "The Contessa's Sister," by Gardner Teall; "China's Story," by William Elliot Griffis; "John Bright," by R. Barry O'Brien; "The Heart of the Master," by William Burnet Wright, D.D.; "The Standard of Living Among the Industrial People of America," by Frank H. Streightoff; "The Function of the Church in Modern Society," by William J. Tucker, D.D., and "The Recitation," by George Herbert Betts.

Prof. Joel Elias Spingarn is publishing with Sturgis & Walton "The New Hesperides and Other Poems." The same firm announces "When a Cobbler Ruled the King," a romance of the French Revolution, by Augusta Huiell Seaman, and "White Motley," the story of an airman in the Alps by Max Pemberton.

Arthur Stringer is at work on a volume of "Irish Poems"; the publisher will be Mitchell Kennerley.

Victor Hugo's "Les Travailleurs de la mer," abridged and edited with introduction and notes by Prof. E. F. Langley, is promised immediately by D. C. Heath & Co.

John Lane Company brings out this week, "Mary Wollstonecraft: A Story in Economics and Romance," by G. R. Stirling Taylor, and "The Passionate Elopement," a story of stage coaches and Bath, by Compton Mackenzie.

In Richard G. Badger's announcements are found: "Friedrich Nietzsche and His New Gospel," by Emily S. Hamblen; "The Value and Dignity of Human Life, as Shown in the Striving and Suffering of the Individual," by Prof. Charles Gray Shaw, and "St. Paul's Friendships and His Friends," by Carl Hermon Dudley.

Messrs. Hodgson of London are selling many interesting volumes from the library at Birch Hall, near Colchester, England. We note the following: Gower's "Confessio Amantis," printed in 1483 by Caxton, wanting eighteen leaves; Caxton's translation of the "Vitæ Patrum," printed by De Worde in 1495, and by this same printer, the "Polychronicon," 1495; a Latin Psalter, printed by Reynault in 1519, and once owned by Sir James Boleyn, uncle to Anne Boleyn; a first edition of Voltaire's "La Henriade"; an "Encouragement to Colonies," with a map, by Sir William Alexander, a reissue in 1630.

Some years ago, Mr. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Brontë, lent to Clement Shorter a manuscript volume of Emily Brontë's poems, with permission to print whatever Mr. Shorter liked of them. In 1902, sixty-seven of these poems were privately printed in a small edition by Dodd, Mead & Co. To these, Mr. Shorter now adds seventy-one more poems from his manuscript, and publishes them with the rest of Emily's verse in the first of two volumes that are to include her "Complete Works" (Doran Co.). It is hard to know just how to receive such a publication. The temptation to print these relics of an admired author is almost irresistible, yet it is a question whether the memory of the writer is honored or the good public really benefited by yielding. The present reviewer can speak only for himself, and he must say that Emily Brontë seems to him a truer poet and her poetry is more enjoyable to him in the edition which contains only the few better pieces selected by her sister than in this volume in which the immature and the crude or commonplace bulk so large. He has looked in vain among the pieces now first printed for anything that shows the mark of genius. A fair specimen is the following, entitled "Lines" and dated December, 1837:

I die, but when the grave shall press
The heart so long endeared to thee,
When earthly cares no more distress
And earthly joys are naught to me,

Weep not, but think that I have passed
Before thee o'er a sea of gloom,
Have anchored safe, and rest at last
Where tears and mournings cannot come.

'Tis I should weep to leave thee here
On that dark ocean sailing drear,
With storms around and fears before,
And no kind light to point the shore.

But long or short though life may be,
'Tis nothing to eternity;
We part below to meet on high,
Where blissful ages never die.

W. Robertson Nicoll provides an Introductory Essay to the poems, in which the known facts of Emily Brontë's life are given and a high estimate is placed on her work.

Under the somewhat sensational title, "Im Schatten der Titanen" (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt), Lily Braun has published the memoirs of her grandmother, Jenny von Gustedt, a natural child of Jerome Bonaparte, who, after the breakdown of the Napoleonic rule and Jerome's flight from Cassel, was taken by her mother, a Countess von Pappenheim, to Weimar, and who thus passed her youth amidst the intellectual and artistic refinement of the little Thuringian capital. Her descriptions of Weimar life in the twenties of the nineteenth century are intensely interesting. She was an intimate friend of Goethe's daughter-in-law, and Goethe himself took a fatherly in-

terest in her. His figure naturally stands out preëminently in these memoirs, and we get here many new glimpses of his daily life and domestic circle. Most pathetic is the account of the unhappy relations between the indolent, handsome, and good-natured August von Goethe and the hysterical and erratic Ottilie, ending in his flight to Italy and tragic death. But the book affords many other vivid character-sketches of noted men and women—of Karl August, the ever effervescent and boon companion; of his solemn and ethereal wife; of Felix Mendelssohn, the wonder child; of the vagabond, Karl Holtei; of the Princess Augusta, who was to become the first German Empress, and lastly of Jerome Bonaparte, who, after he had settled down to private life in Paris, resumed fatherly relations with his German daughter, and to his death maintained an affectionate correspondence with her.

Another book by a German woman which throws light on intellectual and social conditions of nineteenth-century Germany is the biography of Frau Pauline Brater, wife of the well-known liberal publicist, Karl Brater, written by her daughter, Agnes Sapper (Munich: Oskar Beck). The father of this truly noble woman, Wilhelm Pfaff, was professor of astronomy at the University of Erlangen and a colleague and neighbor of the poet, Friedrich Rückert, who, in the twenties and thirties, held the chair of Oriental languages at Erlangen. Of the eager intellectuality and the primitive simplicity of life in the Franconian university town, this biography gives many instances. Pfaff, apart from his scientific attainments, was a well-known Sanskritist and assisted Rückert in his poetic gleanings from Hindu literature. Rückert's fine version of the legend of Nal and Damajanti, for instance, was in reality the product of his coöperation with Pfaff. Both men, however, were so poor that they could not afford to have each a copy of the original; and thus the single copy which they had procured in common travelled to and fro between the two professorial houses until the translation was done. From the description of this quiet academic life of the early nineteenth century, the book in its second and larger half turns to the stormy political career of Karl Brater, his advocacy of the principles of 1848, his struggle with the persecution and ignominy visited upon him by the Bavarian authorities, his fight in the Bavarian Diet for the cause of German unity, and his premature death just before the triumph, in 1870, of the ideals to which he had given his life.

A little collection of "Tales from the Old French," translated by Isabel Butler, has recently been issued by Houghton Mifflin Company. Miss Butler's work as a translator is too well known to require further testing or illustration. She has selected six *lais:* "The Lay of the Bird," "The Woful Knight," "The Two Lovers," "Eliduc" (the last three by Marie de France), "Melion," and "The Lay of the Horn" (the last by Robert Biquet); three *fabliaux* (the first by Bernier and the last by Huon Leroi): "The Divided Blanket," "Of the Churl Who Won Paradise," and "The Gray Palfrey"; four *contes dévots et didactiques:* "The Knight of the Little Cask," "The Angel and the Hermit," "The Jousting of Our Lady," and "The Order of Chivalry." A brief epilogue explains very simply the nature of the mediæval *genres* here represented, and the Translator's Note states that her purpose is to present to students in one volume, "something of the range and scope of the Old French short story." Only three of the tales in the volumes had before been completely Englished—"The Two Lovers," "Eliduc," and "The Order of Chivalry," the last by William Morris in the Kelmscott Press edition of Caxton's "Order of Chivalry."

It is an instructive and interesting review of French works treating Scandinavian subjects from Rabelais to Leconte de Lisle, Gunnar Castrén gives in his recent book "Norden i den franska litteraturen" (Helsingfors: Waseniuska bokhandeln). The French travellers and diplomatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries found few things attractive in the North, and their accounts could not excite much interest among their countrymen for these regions, where there were *arbores sine fructu et lapides sine usu,* as one of those visitors summarized his impressions of them. The heroism of Gustavus Adolphus and the eccentricities of his daughter Queen Christina, who called a few French scholars and a considerable number of mere parasites to the Swedish court, aroused great interest in France, but did not further in the same degree the knowledge of Scandinavian matters. The French poems and novels of the seventeenth and the earlier part of the eighteenth century, dealing with Northern themes, are therefore commonplace and devoid of local color. The historical works of Vertot and Voltaire were, of course, of value, but they did not cause any great change in this literature for the better. The dramatists often found Scandinavian subjects useful for their purpose, and it is interesting to note what part the Swedish mines played in their imagination. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was the first Frenchman to give a vivid and true picture of Scandinavian scenery (Finland), and about the same time P. H. Mallet introduced to French readers the mythology of the North and old Icelandic literature, but his influence was soon eclipsed by the enthusiasm for the Ossianic poems, which were frequently looked upon as connected with Scandinavia, a confusion for which Mallet himself is partly responsible. The works of the early romanticism, such as Hugo's "Han d'Islande," are certainly no improvement. Through the translations and writings of Ampère and Xavier Marmier we finally reach Leconte de Lisle, who succeeded where all his predecessors had failed; he alone treats Scandinavian themes in masterly French poetry and at the same time with fidelity to the spirit of the North. With him the author takes his leave, pointing out that the French knowledge of Scandinavia is not even to-day unimpeachable, since Jules Lemaître has had great difficulty in deciding whether Strindberg was Danish, German, or something else.

The "Soliloquies" of St. Augustine is a work not frequently read, but though it has not the finely imaginative qualities of the "Confessions" or the "City of God," it contains interesting philosophical speculation and is biographically important. Written in 386, it gives us an impress of the writer's intellectual condition at the moment when he was passing from Neoplatonism into Christianity. The chief problems which the solitary thinker debates with his other self are the nature of cognition and the immortality of the human soul. A smoothly reading translation of this work has been published by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland (Little, Brown & Co.). It is accompanied by notes and an introduction which, though diffuse and amateurish, will interest the reader in St. Augustine.

The status of a solitary white woman in the Australian bush would appear to be analogous to that of the traditional baby in the American mining camp, her advent provoking as many misgivings and her presence inspiring a like degree of indulgent pride, amusement, and solicitude. At least such is the position assigned to and complacently accepted by Mrs. Æneas Gunn, who, under the ambiguous title, "We of the Never-Never" (Macmillan), recounts the details of her year's sojourn among the bushmen of the northern territory. People and scenes "out-bush" are observed with a friendly eye and described with unflagging vivacity, and every incident even remotely approaching an adventure is relished to the full. Barring a slight tendency to the unctuous and tho prolix, the quality of the narrative is admirable, and leaves the impression of a somewhat rosy picture of real conditions. It must, however, be confessed that the exuberant enthusiasm which distinguishes the amateur participant in pioneer life is apt to prove only mildly contagious, except to such as are content to travel in books and hear the characteristic idioms of new frontiers in quotation marks.

In view of the obscurities attending the later career of Mary Queen of Scots, any addition to our knowledge of her is welcome. The Bardon Papers, edited by Dr. Conyers Read, for the Camden Series of the Royal Historical Society, Vol. XVII, concern this period of her history, from 1572 to 1586. Nearly all the documents are contemporary copies of originals which have been in part printed, though the editor gives us but slight intimation of this fact. The notes of Sir Christopher Hatton and Sergeant Pickering and some of the Burghley letters appear, however, for the first time. Dr. Read thinks that the documents were got together for Hatton as material upon which to base a speech, which was delivered in Parliament in 1586, but he is unable to explain how the papers got into Bardon House in Somersetshire, where they had lain for two centuries, until purchased by the British Museum in 1870. As a whole, the collection adds but little to our knowledge of the circumstances attending Mary's imprisonment, trial, and execution, and Dr. Read's preface, while an excellent summary, contains nothing that can be called strictly new. The value of the papers lies in the fact that they disclose the strength of the case against the Queen of Scots, as presented by the English government at the trial. Dr. Read has performed his editorial functions with care, and it is, therefore, the more surprising that on page 20 he should speak of Maitland of Lethington as Mary's representative at the trial in October (not summer) of 1568. Maitland was one of the commissioners at York, and secretly devoted to Mary's interests, but he was not

her representative, a position held by the Bishop of Ross.

It is only about a twelvemonth since the famous historian of the University of Leipzig, Prof. Karl Lamprecht, caused consternation in the academic world of Germany with his winged words: "The German universities no longer stand at the head of the international university organization; other universities, especially those of America and France, have already outstripped the German." Taking these words as a text, Prof. Alfons Dopsch of the University of Vienna, in the *Oesterreichische Rundschau* No. 1, has in a most interesting article laid bare the weak spots of the university system of the Austro-Hungarian empire. He suggests radical reforms, and closes with the words: "All those acquainted with the condition of affairs will agree that the universities of Austria are still less able than those of the German Empire to compete with some in other lands. Immediate and ample help is imperatively needed; and both the Ministry and Parliament must be up and doing."

The documents in the "Narratives of Maryland History" (Scribner), recently published in the Original Narratives of Early American History Series, are of a somewhat more miscellaneous character than those included in earlier volumes. Beginning with Father White's "Account of the Colony" and "Relation of Maryland," they cover Baltimore's "Instructions" of 1633, various extracts from letters from the Jesuits, ranging from 1634 to 1681, Leonard Calvert's letter to Baltimore, and Capt. Yong's letter to Sir Toby Matthew concerning the Claiborne controversy, selections from the journal of George Fox, Augustine Herrman's journal of 1659, reports of conferences over the boundary line, 1682-1684, and a series of rare and valuable pamphlets, "Lord Baltimore's Case," the same "Uncased and Answered," "Babylon's Fall," and its "Refutation," Hammond's "Leah and Rachel," and Alsop's "Province of Maryland," all of which, though well known, are not readily accessible. No reprints of the entire series are more worthy of commendation than are those concerning that mimic struggle of Royalist and Parliamentarian in Maryland between 1651 and 1655, which reproduced in so many particulars the larger contest in England. The "narratives" selected for the period before 1660 are much more satisfactory than are those which follow that date, and it would have been worth while presenting Baltimore's "answers to queries" of 1678, and extracts from letters elucidating the troubles associated with the murders of Rousby and Payne. Except for the boundary question the period from 1675 to 1689 is here largely ignored. Furthermore, a departure has been made from preceding practice in printing entire the English version of the charter, which might well have been omitted. Mr. Hall, as editor, has done his work fairly well, though his introductions contain a number of repetitions and his notes seem meagre. In the analysis of the charter (p. 68) he leaves the impression that the colonists of Maryland could trade directly "with foreign nations with which England was at peace." The charter does not say this; it states no more than that such trade could be carried on with "any other countreys, being in amity with us," through English ports, a practice never forbidden by the English government, either at this time or afterward.

Probably no portion of Nova Scotia is enveloped to a greater extent in an atmosphere of romance than Kings County, which has been made famous by Longfellow's "Evangeline." To be sure, in the history of Nova Scotia at large there is a certain dramatic interest that belongs to few portions of the American continent. This small province served for more than a century as the chief contending ground of France and England in their struggle for empire in the New World. Nova Scotia, or Acadie, as it was then known, was the scene for decades of petty feudal warfare between rival leaders, among whom were La Tour and D'Aulnay. And there, about the middle of the eighteenth century, thousands of simple French peasants were rudely torn from thrifty homes and dragged into exile. Dr. Arthur W. H. Eaton has recently completed an exhaustive historical work of nearly 900 pages, entitled "The History of Kings County, Nova Scotia: Heart of the Acadian Land" (Salem Press Co.). The author presents a sketch of the French and their expulsion and of the New England settlers who went to Nova Scotia to occupy the vacant farms of the exiled Acadians. This is followed by an extended description of Kings County as it is to-day, attention being paid to its geography, educational facilities, religious bodies, economic conditions, municipalities, and its contribution of eminent men to many fields of human activity. The last half of the volume is devoted to biographical sketches and genealogies, the author having collected and systematized a vast mass of genealogical facts. Despite its rather local bearing, the book attracts by its style and is of engrossing interest to any one who has ever visited Grand Pré and the adjacent country.

In his "Study of Yasna I" (Brockhaus, Leipzig, 1910), Prof. Lawrence H. Mills of the University of Oxford, working on the lines which he laid down in his great edition of the Gâthâs, the oldest hymns of the ancient Persian faith, now turns to what all scholars in the Indo-Iranian field have long felt needful—a like investigation of the later records of Zoroastrianism. Accordingly, we have, in the "Study" before us, a full transliteration and translation not only of the original Avesta text of the first chapter of the "Yasna," but also similar transliterations and translations of its old versions in Pahlavi and Sanskrit, together with the transliteration of the Parsi-Persian text, and, as an appendix, the editor's own translation of the Avesta into the closely kindred Sanskrit. Notes and careful collation of manuscripts add to the value of the treatise, and its worth is increased by prefaces dealing with the method of interpreting the Avesta and with the problem of its alleged reconstruction during the Sasanid period.

Miss Anna Callender Brackett, who for years conducted one of the leading private schools of this city, died last Sunday at Summit, N. J. She was born in Boston; was graduated from the State Normal School at Framingham, Mass., in 1856. She returned thither as a teacher after some experience in that work at Brookfield, Mass. In 1859 she became vice-principal of the Girls' High and Normal School of Charleston, S. C. At the outbreak of the civil war she returned to the North, and, after a year as assistant in the High School of Cambridge, Mass., was made principal of the City Normal School of St. Louis, where she spent nine years of singularly effective work. Her school for girls in New York was established in 1872. Miss Brackett was the first woman principal ever appointed in any normal school. Her school here was the first in New York to demand from every girl some study of Latin as the best mental training, as it was the first to put German into the regular course of study and to rescue it from its subordinate position as an "extra." Besides her professional work, she was engaged almost continuously in writing on educational and other topics. Her "Education of American Girls" appeared in 1874, "Poetry for Home and School" in 1876, a translation of Rosenkranz's "Pedagogies," under the title, "The Philosophy of Education," first published in 1872, was revised and reprinted in 1886. Her contributions to the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* were reprinted in a separate volume. A translation of Hegel she made for her own advantage. Her poems, which for a long time appeared in the chief journals and magazines, never were collected. She was an effective writer on many subjects, and for years was an important contributor to the *Evening Post* and *Nation*.

Dr. Ferdinand Regelsberger, whose death is announced from Göttingen, in his eighty-first year, was professor of Roman and German law, and the author of "Zur Lehre vom Altersvorzug der Pfandrechte," "Die Vorverhandlungen bei Verträgen," and "Pandekten."

Science

Esprits et Médiums. By Th. Flournoy. Paris: Fischbacher. Pp. 560.

Professor Flournoy, who is in the faculty of sciences of the University of Geneva, brings together in one volume his valuable but scattered and not easily accessible studies in "metaphysics" and psychology. The first part (200 pages) is the report of his investigation, made some years ago, of Geneva "Spirites"—mediums and mediumist phenomena, in all sixty-three cases, of which nine were supplied him from abroad. The author modestly describes this as not rigorously scientific and as made up of accounts and observations of no great value in themselves, but giving a just idea of the variety of phenomena current among spiritists. From the beginning he protests against the Anglo-Saxon confusion of "spiritism," the pretended scientific explanation of certain facts by a supposed intervention of spirits of the dead, with "spiritualism," which should be used to indicate the philosophic and religious mental attitude that founds on considerations of values a belief in the absolute reality of

conscious individualities and their further development in some other economy as a necessary postulate to every moral conception of life. More briefly, non-English writers by "spiritualist" mean any one who believes in the spirituality and immortality of the soul as opposed to materialists:

So far as I can judge from my experience and reading, spiritism is a complete error. . . . Most of the phenomena are easily explained, and without residue, by processes inherent in the mediums themselves and their surroundings. . . . This is what may be called the *ludic* or scenic theory of mediumship, as against the diabolic theory maintained by Catholic theologians and the spiritist theory of the intervention of the dead.

Professor Flournoy seems not to know the classical application to constantly recurring religious phenomena of a theory similar to his own in the philosophic treatment of "the discretion of spirits" by Catholic and older Protestant theologians. Shakespeare, faithful to the mental habits of his time, clearly distinguished between the "spirit of health" and the "goblin damned" when he raised up from purgatory the "spirit" of Hamlet's father, "doom'd for a certain term to walk the night." To such "haunting" by spirits, allowed by special Providence, were added apparitions of angels and saints, warranted by Scripture and in no sense diabolic. This chiefly interests literature and the history of ideas; but present science could also profit by the theologians' minute observations of hallucinations, self-illusions, and cerebral vapors from over-fasting or concentration of mind, while little could be objected to their common-sense principles derived from unequalled opportunities of observation and experiment in spiritual direction.

The main conclusion of our author has a more than century-old parallel in our classic English literature of religion. Professor Flournoy says:

As to the supra-normal incidents which so often mingle with mediumistic phenomena —and which Spiritism interprets as implying the participation of extra-terrestrial intelligences—in so far as they are truly supra-normal and not reduced to errors of observation and the rest, they do indeed indicate a whole domain of forces or laws which are still mysterious, but in which nothing has yet really proved that disembodied spirits have the slightest part.

Samuel Johnson, speaking in 1778 of John Wesley's proof that a ghost knows our thoughts, remarked: "I am sorry that John did not take more pains to inquire into the evidence for it." Miss Seward (with an incredulous smile): "What, Sir, about a ghost?" Johnson (with solemn vehemence): "Yes, Madam; this is a question which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided: a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding."

Andreas Vesalius the Reformer of Anatomy. By James Moores Ball, M.D. St. Louis. Medical Science Press. $5.

American studies of the history of anatomy are as yet far from frequent. This handsome book with its numerous illustrations is not only welcome evidence of an awakening interest in such pursuits, but is also a very exceptional and admirable specimen of the art of the printer. Dr. Ball undertakes to sketch the career of Vesalius and his relation to his time, as well as to his more immediate predecessors and contemporaries in medicine. This is done with no pretence of any profound examination of the record or search for new material.

In reality somewhat less than half the book is given up to Vesalius himself, and the reduction of the text by liberal margins and the pictures makes the story rather brief. For the biography Dr. Ball frankly admits his obligation to the exhaustive work of M. Roth, in 1892; in fact, these chapters are largely a very clever rendering and skilful abridgment of Roth's more ponderous narrative. The version is not always quite accurate, as, for example, in saying (p. 79), that Vesalius during a visit to Bologna engaged with Curtius in a deep study of venesection, while Roth describes the affair as "eine heftige Auseinandersetzung." There are other discrepancies, but few appear to be of such great importance as the author's acceptance of some doubtful dates as quite certain, and his perpetuating an explanation of the fateful pilgrimage to Jerusalem which has been rejected by careful investigation.

The illustrations, derived from many sources and reproduced by photographic methods, include a number of portraits relating to the text. The vagueness of some of these is almost the only blotch on the typographical excellence of the book. There are also various figures and plates from other anatomical works of the period which show clearly how great a step forward was taken by Vesalius. Of the Vesalian plates, there are four for muscles and one for the skeleton, each reduced one-half and well copied. These plates are all from the *Fabrica*, from which three interesting initials and a few minor illustrations are also taken. Of the pictures in the *Epitome*, only the title-page and the portrait are given. Concerning the personality of the artist, Dr. Ball appears to have no doubt; he unhesitatingly attributes everything to Jan Stephan van Calcar. The Titian tradition is summarily dismissed as improbable on account of his age. The conclusion of Roth that Vesalius made the drawings or at least had a share in the work, Ball hardly considers as seriously as it deserves, and casts it aside, because he does not see how the anatomist could have found time to be also the artist.

In gingham gown come two more of Olive Green's cook-books from the Putnam press. "Everyday Desserts" contains 500 pages; "Everyday Dinners" is an epitome of the specialized volumes preceding it, and completes the Homemaker Series—ten in all.

Sturgis & Walton's science books include: "First Aid To Nursery Ailments," by Evelyn Lincoln Coolidge, M.D.

Dr. William S. Sadler's "The Physiology of Faith and Fear" is in the list of A. C. McClurg & Co.

The D. Van Nostrand Company, New York, has issued a number of books on the applications of electricity. Two of them are for amateurs of a rather advanced standing. The one by Alfred Powell Morgan on "Wireless Telegraph Construction for Amateurs" gives the detailed and systematic information necessary to build a private or experimental wireless telegraph station. If the amateur is interested more in the construction of coil, condensers, etc., than in overcoming the many perplexities incident to an efficient use of such a telegraph station, the book will be useful. But on the whole, now that such apparatus is comparatively cheap, it is better to buy these and spend one's time and ingenuity on the real problem in hand. The average amateur would be discouraged before the station was ready for operation if he attempted to make for himself all the requisite apparatus. The book would be improved by a more complete description of wireless appliances and a discussion of operations with references to other standard books. The other book for amateurs is one on the construction and use of "The Tesla High Frequency Coil," by George F. Haller and E. T. Cunningham. The authors, who are themselves amateurs, describe a seven-inch and a twelve-inch Tesla coil which they constructed. The completed apparatus is not very novel, and the chapter on the use of the coil is rather trifling and not accurate. The style of the authors may be judged from this sample: "It is not the easiest subject to experiment in by any means, on the other hand it is the most difficult." It might also be added that such coils in the hands of amateurs are rather dangerous when exhibited as "thrillers" to popular audiences.

Mme. Laurence Fiedler, who first came to this country in 1907, with a special commission from the French government to study the work which had been done to root out tuberculosis, and to attend the conference held that year in Washington, died Sunday in New York city, aged forty-seven. She was the founder of the Society of Champrosary for Rural Curés, a sanitarium with agricultural household schools for the ill children of Paris, and labored in behalf of the Red Cross. For her work, she was congratulated officially by the Academy of Medicine of France. A few months ago, she returned to New York in the interest of the Franco-American Society, which aims to strengthen the commercial relations between France and the United States. She had been decorated by the French government for her studies in economics and sociology.

Drama

SCENERY AND DRAMA.

During the past six months a number of well-known French artists and critics—Albert Bernard, Henri Marcel, Jules Clairin, and others—have been discussing the "new impressionism" in theatrical decoration, as exhibited in certain "spectacles" produced last season upon the Russian stage. The aim of it is "to create an atmosphere of colors harmonizing with the spirit of the presented play." To procure this it is demanded that the management of the lights and the costumes of the performers shall be subject to the direction of the scenic artist, a provision which, for manifest reasons, would be utterly impracticable except in special instances. Among such exceptions would be included fairy tales, and such pieces of fantastic imagination as the earlier works of Maeterlinck and delicate poetic visions. It should be noted that the Russian experiment is confined, apparently, to spectacles. There is an impressionistic stage also in France, that of the Théâtre des Arts, and Jacques Rouché, its director, has embodied his views on the subject in a little volume entitled "Modern Theatrical Art." Moreover, he has demonstrated his faith in his theories by employing two artists, Messrs. Dethomas and Dresa, to illustrate them in the production of two pieces, "Le Sicilien" and "Carnaval des Enfants."

These artists have explained the principles which guided them in their part of the work. M. Dresa, who had charge of "Le Sicilien," says that his main object was to throw into the boldest possible relief the brilliant and picturesque costumes of the performers. Therefore he provided a background of cool blues and grays, without attempting to create any realistic illusion or exact color. Where he had to represent foliage or buildings he did no more than suggest them, relying upon the actors, as he expresses it, to supply the more definite strokes of the brush. M. Dethomas, the artist of the "Carnaval des Enfants," says that as the spirit of the actual drama, in strong contrast with the general joy of its environment, was bitterly sad, he provided scenery of the utmost simplicity—being careful only to preserve a general harmony—that the work of the dramatist and his interpreters might have the fullest value.

The artistic motive in all this need not be doubted, but if this be the sum of the "new impressionism," it does not seem to contain much that is either new or valuable. As a matter of fact, impressionism has always been a factor in the making of stage scenery. It is susceptible of development, but it can never again be new. Gordon Craig, son of Ellen Terry, has long been preaching it in a far more advanced form than M. Rouché, M. Dethomas, or M. Dresa appears to have dreamed of. He even contemplates the obliteration of the visible actor altogether, a consummation, in some cases, devoutly to be wished. He would substitute manageable puppets, with competent speakers behind his symbolistic and Rembrandtesque stage sets. His ideas concerning mechanism and lighting have been adopted in European theatres. Any movement likely to do away with the crudities in form and color which often disfigure the most expensive scenery in the modern theatre will be highly welcome, but the notion that the interpretation of drama—except in very special instances—can be made more artistic, vivid, or veracious by a calculated and arbitrary observance of color schemes—of nocturnes and symphonies—is simply nonsensical.

It is, however, only in its vagaries, whether in the theatre, or painting, or literature, that impressionism is to be derided. On the stage it always has had and always will have its legitimate opportunities. More than fifty years ago Samuel Phelps made a notable use of it at Sadler's Wells, when, in his famous production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—on a stage devoid of all modern appliances—by a dexterous use of lights and gauzes, he clothed the fairy episodes with an appropriate and poetic insubstantiality. But it could never have occurred to him to set a blood-red or sea-green chamber for the murder of Desdemona. It is to such extravagances that impressionism in scene painting—unless inspired by positive genius, which is rare—would inevitably tend. The modern manager quickly would discern in it an excuse for cheap and gaudy slovenliness. He would never pay the fees which would be demanded by a first-class artist. The days of Beverley, Telbin, and Clarkson Stanfield are over.

There is undeniably an abundance of gorgeous and expensive scenery upon our stage; very little that is really appropriate or artistic. In the "interiors" prodigality is too often mistaken for taste, while the landscapes are riotous with flaming or unseasonable colors. Time and more money are wasted annually upon unnecessary and frequently unsuitable costumes. All this largely unprofitable cost operates in deadly fashion against dramatic growth and progress. It is the result of the suicidal policy which vainly seeks, by mere glitter and display, to make bad plays and worse performances look like good ones. It was the younger Kean, a second-rate actor, but an astute and capable manager, who originated and for a long time prospered by this plan. He, however, had good actors to support him, presented great plays, and strove for artistic beauty and historical accuracy. Other players, ignoring his artistic conscientiousness, his industry, his ambition, and his solid achievement, discerned only the fact that an inferior performer had won wealth and renown by giving to standard plays, on which there was no copyright, a splendid setting. His retirement marked the beginning of that long series of Shakespearean and other revivals, on both sides of the Atlantic, in which mere spectacle—copying or enlarging upon Kean's details—was offered as a substitute for acting. In forty years, Henry Irving has been the only man on the English-speaking stage to furnish a completely worthy performance of a Shakespearean play. This was his first production of "The Merchant of Venice." Edwin Booth was a genius, who blazed his own way without regard for accessories.

It would be rash to declare that the only drama that counts, the drama of human or literary significance, derives no aid from elaborate scenic environment, but it is undeniably true that the decay of the art of acting—so far as the higher imaginative drama is concerned—has advanced as the costliness of decoration has increased. The process has been continuous since the period of the Kembles. When they played "Henry VIII" contemporary critics waxed eloquent over the acting; now that Sir Herbert Tree has revived it in his turn at His Majesty's Theatre, the critical talk is all about the magnificence and the educational influence of the pageant. Herein is a convenient illustration of what has been going on in all the theatres, since the retirement of John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons and the exit of Macready. Acting and speaking are already almost lost arts, but they would vanish altogether with the imaginative painter in full control and the players mere items in a color scheme.

One of Baker & Taylor's announcements is "An Autobiography of William Shakespeare," by L. C. Alexander.

The New Theatre announces a series of four afternoon performances illustrating the development of the English drama, and consisting of scenes from plays of various periods, each presented in the manner of its time, with introductory lectures by Brander Matthews, professor of dramatic literature in Columbia University. The subjects and dates are as follows: (1) Monday, March 27, The Beginnings, a mystery play ("Sister Beatrice"), a morality play ("Nice Wanton") and an interlude ("Four P's"); (2) Thursday, March 30, Shakespeare's time—scenes from "The Winter's Tale," on the Elizabethan stage; (3) Monday, April 3, The Old Comedy Period—scenes from "The School for Scandal," with settings of the time; (4) Friday, April 7, The Contemporary Form—scenes from Pinero's "The Thunderbolt."

Martin Harvey announces that the version by W. L. Courtney of the "Œdipus Rex," which he is preparing to produce, is a

free rendering of Sophocles, but with the addition of a prologue showing the murder of Laius and the fourth act from "Œdipus Coloneus." The probable date of production will be early next year.

Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie will open the London Royalty with a new piece by Jerome K. Jerome, entitled "The Master of Mrs. Chilvers." It is on the theme of woman suffrage, but takes no sides. Pros and cons are more or less adroitly balanced, but there is said to be an exciting climax and an unexpected ending.

Fred Terry has procured the New Theatre in London until July, 1912. He is said to meditate an elaborate revival of "Romeo and Juliet," in which his daughter, Phyllis, will be the heroine. If this actress has the genius with which she has been credited in London, her youth and beauty ought to help to make her Juliet a memorable impersonation. Henry Ainley will be the Romeo.

Laurence Irving seems to be making strides in his profession. The English critics have paid much favorable attention to him lately. One of them says of his performance of the selfish and profligate father in "The Lily":

Mr. Laurence Irving is advancing by leaps and bounds. His skill is growing with every part he plays, and the temperamental force he exhibits in humor and in tragedy is becoming one of the things on which we count in the theatre. His acting has the appearance of absolute spontaneity. Words and movements seem to be entirely things of the moment. His Comte de Marigny is an astonishingly fine performance.

The London Play Actors have produced "Married by Degrees," a piece by A. P. Sinnett, founded upon the notion of a pretty girl having a double personality. As Lucy she is modest and religious, as Leonora she is otherwise. What she does under the influence of one personality she forgets when governed by the other. Naturally, she becomes involved in curious complications, of which the stage effect is said to be exceedingly funny. The piece has been received with shrieks of laughter, but appears to have no other value than that of rollicking farce.

Johanna Redmond, daughter of the Irish M.P., John Redmond, is the author of a tragic little play that has just been produced successfully in one of the London halls. It relates an imaginary incident in the Emmet rising of 1805. An old Irish couple sit in their cabin awaiting news of their two sons, who, with four other men, have been arrested for rebellion. Presently one of the sons enters, travel-worn, despairing, and haggard, to tell how he had been induced by his captors to turn informer on the promise that his brother Shamus should be set free. After giving the testimony that cost the lives of four of his companions, he learned that his brother, Shamus, had long been dead of a fever, and that he had been foully and cruelly tricked. His parents forgive him the treachery, but he will not be comforted, and he goes out into the night, a broken-hearted wanderer. W. G. Fay was the principal performer.

Oscar Asche is now busily engaged in the preparation of "Kismet," the Oriental drama written for him by Edward Knoblauch. He plays the part of Hajj, a beggar. The piece starts at daybreak with Hajj prone upon the steps of a mosque, and finishes at midnight with him in precisely the same position. Meanwhile, he has killed two of his enemies, rescued his daughter, Marsinah, from the clutches of the villain, and performed many other deeds. One scene represents the bathroom in a harem with real water and women disporting themselves in it. Here it is that Hajj does to death his most inveterate foe by a process of slow drowning. There is further, a vivid picture of an Eastern bazaar; also a scene in the Caliph's audience-chamber in which Hajj is called upon to prove his skill as a juggler. When the curtain falls upon an act the story will be continued in front by means of dumb show.

The death of Frederick Haase can scarcely be said to inflict a great loss upon the German stage, for he had long ceased to act in public, but for many years he was recognized as one of the most versatile and accomplished players of his day, and his reputation extended over the greater part of the civilized world. He was a popular favorite in St. Petersburg and New York, as well as in Berlin. And he fought his way to the front rank, in spite of the physical disabilities which at one time seemed to make a successful stage career impossible for him. He was born in Berlin on the 1st of November, 1826, and was attracted toward the theatre in early youth. To qualify himself he studied for two years under the direction of the poet, Tieck. It was in 1846, in Weimar, that he made his first public appearance. For a long time his progress in his profession was impeded by an imperfection in his utterance which was only overcome after years of struggle. His earliest successes were achieved in Munich, Prague, and Karlsruhe. After that he travelled extensively, gradually acquiring recognition as a most capable, versatile, and impressive actor in romantic and character parts. In the great tragic characters he was less admired, the critics charging him with seeking to supply by mere violence and extravagances the lack of the profoundest emotional power and inspiration. He finally made a great hit in Frankfort, and soon afterward he received flattering offers from St. Petersburg, where he passed six winters, winning many triumphs and adding greatly to his fame. Returning to Germany, he became director of the Court Theatre at Coburg, which post he held in 1867 and 1868. It was in the following year that he paid his first professional visit to the United States, where he received the welcome due to a great artist, eminent in all departments of the drama. He charmed by his ease and elegance as a comedian, his fervor as a lover, and amazed by his infinite variety. From 1870-76 he occupied the important position of director of the Municipal Theatre in Leipzig, winning the highest praise, both as actor and administrator. In 1882 he visited the United States for the second time, appearing in a number of classic and more modern characters, and renewing the triumphs of his previous visit. Ten years later, in his sixty-sixth year, he retired from the theatre into private life. Even if a full list of his impersonations were at hand, a mere enumeration of names and titles would be tedious. Among his most admired embodiments were those of Wurm, in "Kabale und Liebe"; Carlos, in "Clavigo"; and Mephistopheles, in "Richard III," while he was inimitable in "A Party at Whist" and other pieces of a similar kind, in which eccentric character could be illustrated by minute and delicate detail, high technical skill, and artistic polish. During his career he was associated with all the most famous theatres in Germany, and he was the object of innumerable honors and decorations.

Music

Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics. Fifth Series. Published by the Music Teachers' National Association, Hartford, Conn. $1.60.

Shortly before his death Joachim declared his belief that the country destined to lead in music of the near future was America. Doubtless he based this assertion on his experience with talented American pupils at the Royal Academy of Music, in Berlin, of which he was the director. Had he ever visited this country and studied our musical annals, he might have found another reason for his statement in the extraordinary rapidity of our musical development. As President W. E. Huntington pointed out in his address of welcome to the members of the Music Teachers' National Association, at their thirty-second annual meeting, the first organ used in America was placed in King's Chapel, Boston, in 1711. The first public concert in that city was given in 1731, and it was not till 1815 that the first organ choral society, the Handel and Haydn, began its career.

The eminent Philadelphia critic and author, Philip H. Goepp, relates in a paper on Music Appreciation as a National Asset that he made a special study, a few years ago, of open-air summer music in German cities and resorts, and found that "nowhere in Germany were there regularly held such excellent concerts for large audiences in the open air as in certain places in America"; for instance, at Ocean Grove, N. J., where throughout the long summer an auditorium of colossal size houses a large chorus and an adequate orchestra in a continuous series of great concerts. Mr. Goepp points out, on the other hand, one respect in which we are still in a certain state of barbarism—far behind the other nations. It is the indifferent attitude toward music of men who not only confess without chagrin their absolute ignorance of this art, but do so with a certain touch of swagger. Such a Philistine attitude must be overcome; but how? Mr. Goepp thinks that our orchestral conductors and programme makers are largely responsible, and that the remedy lies in their hands. They give to certain classical masters rather more than their true meed and devote the rest of their programmes to sensational novelties which astonish

but do not delight, neglecting the "minor poets," whose best music of the lighter kind would help to lure men to concert halls. More stress should be laid on the folk-element, which is so conspicuous in many of the lighter works, and in not a few of the more ambitious. It is human and appealing. To the composers who lament that we have so little folk-music of our own, Mr. Goepp replies that this lack is rather a gain: "for we are heir to all the strains of folk-song of the civilized world, and not limited to a single, narrow rut. It seems to be our destiny to lead in the glorious merging of them all."

Our public schools are doing much to make children musical, and probably, when the boys of to-day are men, they will be more interested in music than their fathers are. There is in this volume the usual Report of Public School Conference, discussing various phases of the subject, emphasis being placed, among other things, on the fact that the school should in every way encourage the children to sing their songs at home. Home-made music is what we need most; and this has been contributed after a fashion by the aid of the multitudinous mechanical players and singing machines. "Caruso on tap in every hamlet in the land; Grieg returning from the dead at the tyro's bidding! symphony concerts in every rich man's palace, to amuse his infants or entertain his guests"—what influence is all this exerting on musical culture? George Coleman Gow of Vassar College discusses this question at length and without professional bias. He sides with the public in preferring Paderewski as reproduced on the pianola to Peter Piper stumbling over the keys of his piano; sees the great educational value of these instruments in making the millions familiar with all kinds of music, including the best; but also emphasizes the fact that there is plenty of music which wholly transcends any limit to which these instruments have approximated as yet. The best manufacturers are aware of the defects and are doing all that an enlightened business instinct can to remedy them. Mr. Gow believes that as the clavier drove out the lute, as the piano dispossessed the cottage organ, so some more perfect interpreter of musical loveliness will crowd to the back the punctured roll.

One aspect of the case is referred to in another paper by H. W. Gray. Just as the Japanese do not themselves dance, but get girls to dance for them, so in this country the majority of persons prefer to pay some one else to make music for them. This tendency is, of course, promoted by the singing machines, which on that account may be objectionable. However, even the piano itself does not escape slander; in a paper on its influence, Francis L. York tries to show that "in many ways the piano has been and still is a curse to music." Incidentally, he makes an erroneous statement—that "Wagner almost constantly used the piano when he composed." In truth, he used it only when writing his earliest operas. Hans Richter lived in the same house with him, near Lucerne, when he was composing the "Meistersinger" score, yet for several months did not hear him touch the piano.

We have mentioned only a few of the papers, but might have dwelt with equal advantage on a dozen others—among them "The Possibilities of the Modern Organ," "Modern Tendencies in Choral Writing," "The Function of the Concert Room," "The Ethical Note in Modern Music Literature," "The State Certification of Music-Teachers," "The Music Collections in the Boston Public Library."

Carl F. Price's "The Music and Hymnody of the Methodist Hymnal" is in the hands of Jennings & Graham of Cincinnati.

A. C. McClurg & Co. promise this spring "Old English Instruments of Music: Their History and Character," by Francis W. Galpin, and "Master Musicians," by J. Cuthbert Haddon.

Preparations are in progress for the London Musical Festival, which will be held May 22-27.

Mary Cracroft, whose pioneer work of introducing new or unknown music has made her well known in England, and whose programmes of Debussy and of the Russian composers have proved to be of much interest, was heard in recital at Mendelssohn Hall on Monday afternoon, March 20, when her programme contained seven pieces never heard by New York audiences and a number which, though familiar to us, received their first rendering in England at the hands of Miss Cracroft. Miss Cracroft is to tour America next season.

Art

THE WINTER ACADEMY.

The eighty-sixth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design shows the inevitable defects of crowding due to its cramped quarters, but is as a whole the most attractive Academy within the memory of the present writer. Its appeal is the expression of its limitations. Landscape dominates the show. The dead spots caused by official portraiture are almost absent. Exceptional, too, is the non-appearance of those deft and smoothly licked figure subjects that derive from Beaux Arts traditions. Little of the painting is in any way distinguished as vision, but the bulk of it shows at least competence and zest in execution. One might gather that our art was quite exclusively one of vigorous and objective landscape, but the impression rests in part upon the abstention of those painters who deal most successfully with *genre*. The one-sidedness of an art that occupies itself chiefly with landscape unreflectively seen and swiftly executed has frequently been noted in this column, and no repetition of so obvious a homily is necessary. Let us take the show quite genially for what it is, and we shall see that its collective importance on the whole outweighs that of individual contributions.

On the long wall of the Vanderbilt Gallery are arrayed canvases by Gifford Beal, Robert Reid, Childe Hassam, Ernest Lawson, Elmer Schofield, Cullen Yates, Emil Carlsen (a fine still life), William Ritschel, Groll, and, holding its own in spite of its less emphatic manner, one by W. L. Lathrop. There is no great picture, but the ensemble is distinctly impressive. One doubts whether any current European exhibition could in like space excel this display for sound, vigorous, and intelligent craftsmanship.

Whether Hawthorne's The Trousseau, which triumphantly wins the Thomas B. Clarke Prize, is a great picture only time will tell, but it would be a craven critic who should meanwhile deny the title to so strong, sweet, and thoughtful a work. A girl bride stands being measured for a frock. Her beautiful hands are clasped upon her white petticoat. An extraordinary impression of consecrated expectant womanhood irradiates from her young face and from her superb nubile form. One hardly notices the withered, intent face of a seamstress behind, who takes a measure with sacramental earnestness, nor the sweet profile of a young mother sewing in dreamy unconsciousness. The first impression of this lovely work is so keen that one scarcely sees the beautiful and authoritative painting of the olive flesh, the enchanting blue shadows of the white bodice and petticoat, and the sober iridescence of the figured stuff that is to clothe the young bride. This picture does more successfully the sort of thing that has made Dagnan-Bouveret famous. At last Mr. Hawthorne has made his fine execution fully expressive. The picture has been bought by the Metropolitan Museum and the honor is well merited.

The importance of this picture has forced us to begin with the smallest category, that of figure painting and portraiture. Otherwise there is little to detain one in the class except Sergeant Kendall's capital portrait of two little girls, MacCameron's effigy of Rodin holding the bronze of the smaller *Penseur*, Hilda Belcher's head of a girl, Jean McClean's figure of a seated girl, very clever and sensitively so; W. Sherman Potts's portrait of the poet Ridgely Torrence, and Brush's head of little Miss Betty Holter, a picture which just escapes banality and illustrates that relishable kind of sophisticated primi-

tivism which we find in the children's portraits of Bronzino. Materially the most important picture in this class is Johansen's In a Garden. We have the familiar assemblage of diaphanous young women with a greyhound, all confected in liquid amber. There is beautiful and uncommon quality of color in Andrew T. Schwartz's decorative composition, Hope, Destiny, and Despair.

Of pictures of town life and scenery, George Bellows's New York is the most striking. With amazing cleverness he has held together his ragout of sky-scrapers, elevated trains, tram cars, trucks, automobiles, sky signs, and harassed hurrying mortals. The whole is felt with a fine Olympian detachment, with a distinct scorn of the stridency and haste so ably denoted. Again Mr. Bellows declines to be taken for granted or even to be measured by himself. Jerome Myers shows his customary intimacy with the collective life of city children in his small picture, The Park Swing; and in the Religious Fête, a most vivacious and original mosaic of color, reveals a mood not far from that of caricature. The picture achieves that complete emancipation from linear methods which is the goal of the neo-impressionists. Louis Cohen's Puente St. Martin, Toledo, is a good example of romantic town scenery large in scale and broadly painted.

Landscape is pretty well, but not quite, exhausted by our summary roll call of the battle array in the Vanderbilt Gallery. A pathetic and commemorative interest attaches to Worthington Whittredge's In the Woods. This little canvas by a former president of the Academy is a last survival of that method which made the Academy, if not great, at least more American and popular than it has ever been since. J. Francis Murphy, who pursues the quest of simplification *à outrance*, Leonard Ochtman, and Ben Foster, in a glimpse of fading sunset through sombre pines, renew old and tried pleasures. Gardner Symons repeats his panoramic mood in pictures very pleasing in color, but deficient in inner structure. Charles Rosen contributes what in the opinion of the present writer are the two most remarkable landscapes of the show. He achieves effects of silvery light without losing the warmth of sunfilled atmosphere. Much may be expected of this growing and ever experimental painter. You could hang his canvases Along the Delaware, and A Shaded Bank between two fine Corots, and both artists would gain from the juxtaposition. It would emphasize the classic and schematic nobility of the older painter and also the more sensitive naturalism of the contemporary man. It is an anomaly that the Academy lacks a painter of this quality.

Landscapes by three artists whose work is unfamiliar to me, George M Bruestle, Charles Bayley Cook, and Edward McDowell, gave me much pleasure. Bruestle has an uncommonly emphatic and intelligent way of asserting the chief planes of his pictures and reverberant color slightly mannered perhaps; Cook's snow covered gorge is well composed and is carved out of the paint with exhilarating energy; McDowell's hills clasp their lake firmly, and the sense of saturation in low lying rain clouds is expressed with admirable simplicity. Sculpture occupies its usual incidental position. Except for two capital lolling bears by Roth and good portrait heads by Mrs. Heyworth Mills, Olga Popoff, John Flanagan, and Mahiuri Young, nothing seems very striking in this department.

The Thomas B. Clarke prize for the best figure composition was awarded to Charles W. Hawthorne for his admirable picture The Trousseau. The first, second, and third Hallgarten prizes were bestowed respectively upon Lillian Genth's Depths of the Woods, a tiny nymph about to bathe in very treacly water; Joseph T. Pearson's solitary goose (a widow?) standing Under the Weeping Willow; and upon Leslie P. Thompson's interior entitled Tea. The Inness gold medal for the best landscape went to Elmer Schofield's vigorous snow scene, February Morning. John C. Johansen's In the Garden received the Saltus Medal, and Mary van der Veer's quietly charming interior, The Geography Lesson, the Julia A. Shaw memorial prize.

While this exhibition is attractive and well worth a visit, its excellence depends largely on prudent omissions. Good luck or good management has eliminated most of the perfunctory and commercial work that usually carries the average down. Moreover this uncommonly harmonious show suffers badly from crowding and damaging juxtapositions. It eloquently points the need of galleries adequate to house a really comprehensive and representative exhibition.

F. J. M., Jr.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman's new publications include: "A Painter's Holiday and Other Poems," five imaginary monologues by Bliss Carman, now for the first time published in book form, and "George Inness, the man and his art," by Elliott Daingerfield.

Mr. Arvanitopoulos, ephor of antiquities in Thessaly, has been conducting excavations at Gonnos, at the foot of Olympus, exactly opposite Tempe, where he has had the good fortune to find many objects of importance. Foremost amongst these is a round temple of Athena. Fragments of the statue of the goddess also came to light, one of which is inscribed with the name Xenocles, either the dedicator or sculptor of the statue. There were also found inscriptions and decrees bearing on the history of the place. The local authorities have decided to build a museum on the spot for the reception of the finds.

The death is reported of Louis Alexandre Bouché, aged seventy-three, a French landscape painter, and a disciple of Corot.

Ernest Crofts, whose death is reported from London in his sixty-fourth year, was well known as a painter of military scenes. He was made an associate of the Royal Academy in 1874 and later an active member. A list of his paintings includes: On the Morning of the Battle of Waterloo; Ironsides Returning from Sacking a Cavalier's House; The Evening of the Battle of Waterloo; Marlborough After Ramillies; Execution of Charles I; Gunpowder Plot; and Queen Elizabeth Opening the Royal Exchange.

Finance

A NEW TURN IN EVENTS.

When it became generally recognized, a year ago, that the country's position on international exchange was one influence in the derangement of our markets, there was some variation in ideas as to how that position should be corrected and how long it would take to do it. In the three months ending with March, 1909, exports had exceeded imports by $67,000,000; in the same months of 1910 imports ran ahead of exports by $13,000,000. Between June, 1909, and April, 1910, the export excess fell short by more than one hundred millions of any other corresponding period since 1895.

The foreign trade statement for last month, published on Tuesday of last week, shows how far that situation has already been reversed. February's excess of exports over imports has been exceeded only once in any February of our history. For the eight completed months of the fiscal year that excess not only runs $230,000,000 beyond the same period a year ago, but actually breaks all records in our history but three—which occurred in the fiscal year 1908, when panic distress had forced us to sell to Europe all that we could, on Europe's terms; in 1901, when the greatest foreign balance in our history was heaping up, and in 1898, when the course of events had already inspired European public men to warn their people against the "American invasion."

Last March three remedies for the unfavorable position were proposed by financial doctors. Some held that prices for our export staples must be brought down, and sales to the outside world increased by forcing the foreign market. Others argued that imports should be checked by reduction of prices on home markets. Still others contended that the whole embarrassment would be solved if we could sell enough of our new securities abroad to make up for the adverse balance on merchandise account.

As matters have turned out, all three of these remedies have been administered. The last-named remedy was the

first applied; the result, during the twelve months past, being sales of upwards of $200,000,000 new American securities to Europe. Ordinarily, it might have been imagined that, where the proceeds of such sales were needed for home expenditure, now or later on, they would have been transferred to the New York money market. But, by a rather unusual turn in the situation, money put out temporarily on the open market has commanded a better rate on Lombard Street, this season, than on Wall Street. Therefore these large accruing balances have been left abroad; they are the basis for the estimate, frequently heard on the London market, that New York is directly lending $50,000,000 on that market and is indirectly lending an even greater sum, through the holding by Wall Street banks of sixty-day drafts on London.

The foreign credit established by these security market operations would have made up perhaps two-thirds of the recent shrinkage in the merchandise trade balance in our favor, as compared with recent prosperous years, had the merchandise movement of the past twelve months remained just what it was the year before. But the other remedies also were being simultaneously applied. Tuesday's trade statement showed that, in the eight months ending with February, merchandise exports had increased $224,000,000, reaching by far the highest recorded figure for the period. Imports, in the same time, had been cut down $5,500,000. Nearly one-half of the increase in export trade has occurred in the past two months; in which, moreover, imports have been reduced $10,000,000.

Such a condition of things, with the radical change in our international position which accompanies it, brings up in everybody's mind two inquiries—first, is this movement to be continuous; second, if it is, what is its general bearing on the financial situation? Sales of securities abroad are likely to continue; nearly $100,000,000 have been placed in the past four weeks. But it is hardly probable that the pace will be maintained in the next few months, and meantime the foreign credits accruing from the sales will be curtailed when other corporation note issues, placed abroad three years ago, mature and are paid off. The merchandise movement is less easy to foreshadow confidently. To the total increase of $224,000,000 in our eight months' export, shipments of cotton contributed $153,000,000; iron and steel manufactures approximately $30,000,000. That is to say, 80 per cent. of the period's expansion in our exports came from those two industries.

Now there is no apparent reason why, if Europe's trade activity remains, our steel and iron shipments should not continue very large; but we can scarcely expect to duplicate the season's experience with cotton. That cotton exports, in the past eight months, should have run $130,000,000 beyond the highest previous record is explained by two circumstances not likely soon to be repeated—the world's abnormally low stored-up supply of cotton, when the season began, and the glaring underestimate of our crop of 1910; 11,426,000 bales by the government's December estimate, as against 11,941,000 by last Monday's authoritative Census returns from the ginneries. Acceptance of that December estimate led the foreign importer of our cotton to pay the highest price in a generation for a total shipment rarely exceeded, even in number of bales, during all the history of the trade.

This circumstance will not soon occur again. Yet even so, the case has some curious points of possible resemblance to the great and continuous expansion of our exports after 1897, which played so notable a part in the period's economic history. In the fiscal year 1898 total exports increased $180,000,000; to which increase the grain trade alone contributed $135,000,000. But grain exports did not soon repeat the achievement of that year. The European wheat famine of 1897, like the European cotton famine of 1910, was an isolated phenomenon. In 1900, grain exports were $71,000,000 less than in 1898; yet our total outward trade had none the less increased $163,000,000 in the period. Increase was general, throughout almost the whole domain of American production.

Supposing the recent increase in our foreign trade to continue, and our foreign credits, as a result of that and of our sales of new securities, to go on piling up; what then? We should certainly have corrected, with the utmost thoroughness, one of last year's unfavorable influences. We should be wholly safeguarded on the side of international exchange, and if revival of industry were to draw heavily, later on, upon home banking resources, we should have abroad a reservoir of credit, available for instant use. If natural conditions also were to favor—something which cannot yet be reckoned on as a certainty—this position on international exchange would be an important contributory influence towards return of real prosperity. But those other conditions are essential for a genuine "boom"; as we learned in sequence to the great foreign credit of 1908, when we boomed things prematurely, and of 1901, when we overdid the booming.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, A. Wells Brothers, the Young Cattle Kings. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.20 net.

Benneville, J. S. de. Saito Musashi-Bo Benkei. 2 vols. Yokohama: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Bordeaux, H. The Parting of the Ways. Translated by L. S. Houghton. Duffield. $1.20 net.

Boston. Receipts and Expenditures of Ordinary Revenue, 1905-1909. Boston: Printing Department.

Bray, F. E. British Rights at Sea. London: King & Son.

Buffalo Conference for Good City Government, Held November, 1910. Philadelphia: National Municipal League.

Cæsar's Civil War, and Nepos's Lives. Latin Sight Reading, for Second Year. American Book Co. 30 cents.

Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. X, Mass—Newman. R. Appleton.

Chapman, J. John the Presbyter, and the Fourth Gospel. Frowde. $2.

Chase, J. S. Yosemite Trails. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Church and Bartlett's Elements of Descriptive Geometry. Cincinnati: American Book Co. $2.25.

Conyers, D. Two Impostors, and Tinker. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Crafts, W. F. A Quarter Century of Moral Legislation. Washington: International Reform Bureau. $1.

Crew, H. C. Ægean Echoes, and Other Verses. Boston: Poet Lore Co. $1.50 net.

Dante. The Vision of Dante. Translated by H. F. Cary (109 illustrations). Frowde.

Dickinson, E. The Education of a Music Lover. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Dunham, C. Wurra-Wurra, a Legend of Saint Patrick at Tara. Desmond Fitz-Gerald.

Durand, L. The Book of Roses. Lane Co. $1 net.

Fisher, I. The Purchasing Power of Money. Macmillan. $3 net.

Fiske, A. K. The Great Epic of Israel. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.

Foster, N. K. Not of Her Race. Boston: Badger. $1.50.

Green, O. Everyday Dinners; Everyday Desserts. Putnam.

Greusel, J. Gen. Alpheus S. Williams. Detroit: Seidel Printing Co.

Grisewood, R. N. The Venture. Fenno. $1 net.

Gudeman, A. Imagines Philologorum: 160 Bildnisse aus der Zeit von der Renaissance bis zur Gegenwart. Stechert. $2.20.

Hardy's Life's Little Ironies. Harper.

Harvard University: Official Register, Reports of the President and Treasurer, 1909-10. Cambridge, Mass.

Hollingsworth, C. M. From Freedom to Despotism: A Prediction and Forewarning. Washington, D. C.: The Author. $1.50 net.

Howard, W. L. Confidential Chats with Boys. E. J. Clode. $1 net, each.

Jastrow, M., jr. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. 16. Lieferung. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.

Johnson, W. S. Glamourie: A Romance of Paris. Harper. $1.20 net.

Jordan, W. G. Commentary on the Book of Deuteronomy. Macmillan. 75 cents net.

Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1727-1734, 1736-40. Richmond: Virginia State Library.

Key, E. Love and Marriage. Translated from the Swedish by A. G. Chater. Putnam.

Kindergarten Lessons. Prepared for the Sunday School Commission, Diocese of New York. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. 75 cents net.

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Seligman, E. R. A. Théorie de la Répercussion de L'Impôt. Paris: V. Giard & E. Brière.
Shaw, C. G. The Value and Dignity of Human Life. Boston: Badger. $2.50 net.
Sihler, E. G. Annals of Cæsar; a Critical Biography. Stechert. $1.75 net.
Smith, A. D. H. The Wastrel. Duffield.
Sophocles's Antigone. Translated by J. E. Harry. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. $1 net.
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Ward, G. H. B. The Truth About Spain. Cassell. $2 net.
Ward, L. H. Violet Verses. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Waterman, L. God's Balance of Faith and Freedom. (Lectures at the Berkeley Divinity School.) Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. $1 net.
Wehberg, H. Capture in War, on Land and Sea. Translated by J. M. Robertson. London: King & Son.
Wisconsin Historical Society. Proceedings held October, 1910. Madison: The Society.
Wroth, L. C. Parson Weems: a Biographical and Critical Study. Baltimore: Eichelberger Book Co.

Henry Holt & Co. 34 W. 33d St.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1911.

The Week

Whatever comes in Mexico, the United States Government should be actuated by its own settled policy of friendliness towards its sister republics and by the law of nations, and not by the size of our capital invested. If the investment of a certain sum gives one nation the privilege of exercising unusual rights or powers, who is to say what that sum shall be? In what text-book is its size stated? Shall it be 50 millions, or 100, or 1,000? And does it vary according to the size of the country in which it is invested? A policy that would irretrievably disgrace this country would be one dictated by those who have entrusted their moneys to Mexican hands. We have but to recall to our readers the price England paid for her war in South Africa, undertaken in behalf of the South African mine-owners, to remind them at what fearful cost a nation permits its foreign policy to be shaped by those who have a financial interest. The very worst advisers in such a case are the men who have a money stake, for that blinds men more quickly than anything else to justice and humanity.

The fact that the Mexican situation appears to be improving does not make this any the less fitting time to emphasize these truths. The danger in our mind is that the people as a whole, and not a few magnates, will become imbued with the idea that large property holdings in Mexico give sanction to President Taft's action; that to the protection of those outlying Americans must be shaped our whole policy toward Mexico—that we may even set a date when the rebellion must cease. To do this would be to substitute for the law of nations the law of the jungle. Europe itself has recently afforded a useful example. When the monarchy of Portugal fell, anarchy reigned for a few days, and there were grave doubts as to the stability of the new republic. No one in the great and powerful adjacent republic of France, whose citizens are heavy investors in Portuguese government securities and commercial enterprises, then dreamed of menacing that country by rushing a French army corps to the border. Historic international policy was not to be affected in a moment because some French citizens might lose their all in Portugal.

Foolish as have been the rumors connecting the movement of troops to the Mexican border with the possibility of trouble with Japan, President Taft has done wisely in taking an early opportunity, upon his return to Washington, to set them at rest. It is stated that Baron Uchida, the Japanese Ambassador, in reply to the President's words of cordiality and friendship, assured Mr. Taft that he had attached no importance to the reports; and it may be added that nobody else had done so whose opinion is worth taking into account. The trouble about the spread of such rumors, however, is that, unsubstantial and absurd as they may be, they are apt to leave a vague residuum in the public mind, which is of no consequence at the time but may go far, on some future occasion when trouble seems actually brewing, to aggravate the situation. It is well, therefore, to put a quietus on the matter at the earliest possible moment.

It was fitting that Mr. Roosevelt in his address a week ago at the University of California on "the higher education," should have dwelt upon the higher law in international relations. This law is, of course, that when you see anything you want, you are to take it. "I took the Canal Zone," declared Mr. Roosevelt, "and let Congress debate." This way of doing it, he explained, was much better than the "traditional, conservative methods," by which it is plain that he meant the legal methods. For laying down this doctrine, Mr. Roosevelt deserves at least praise for frankness. He sets an example of telling the truth. When he says, "I took it," everybody knows that he is stating the exact fact, and that there is no need of looking further to fix the responsibility for the theft. And the ex-President is also to be especially commended for holding up his own precedent before young men in pursuit of a liberal education. Their great temptation is to entertain so many scruples about laws and treaties and national honor that their resolution becomes sicklied o'er, and they hesitate too long when there is a fine chance to steal foreign territory. As Mr. Roosevelt wrote to Sir Henry Johnston in 1908, "this people of ours simply does not understand how things are outside our own boundaries," and "the worst of it is that the educated Northeasterners are not merely blind, but often malevolently blind, to what goes on." At any rate, Mr. Roosevelt has now done his best to open the eyes of the malevolently blind to what was going on when he "took" the Canal Zone.

That the decision of the Court of Appeals, declaring unconstitutional the Workmen's Compensation act passed by the last Legislature, is discouraging to those impressed with the urgent need of the object in view, cannot be denied. It is particularly discouraging because the act was framed with the greatest care by an unusually able commission fully impressed with the necessity of avoiding as far as was possible in such a piece of legislation the danger of annulment on constitutional grounds. And finally, it must in one sense be pronounced most discouraging of all for the reason that our highest court unanimously declares the act to be in violation of a provision contained not only in the Constitution of this State but also in the Constitution of the United States. In some respects, however, the decision justifies a much more encouraging view. For the court, while declaring that the law, in making the employer in hazardous occupations liable to the employee even for injuries for which the former was in no way to blame, runs counter to the Constitutional prohibition against taking property without due process of law, shows in the strongest way a disposition to approve any measure for the like purpose against which this objection does not clearly lie. It points out that it is within the competency of the Legislature to abrogate, as this act does in effect, both the "fellow-servant" doctrine and the "contributory negligence" rule, in spite of the fact that these have heretofore been settled parts of the juris-

prudence of this State and country. "We entertain," says the court, "an earnest desire to present no purely technical or hypercritical obstacles to any plan for the beneficent reformation of a branch of our jurisprudence in which, it must be conceded, reform is a consummation devoutly to be wished." It may confidently be expected that the effect of this attitude of the Court of Appeals will be to cause the lower courts hereafter so to liberalize their position, so to diminish the rigidity of traditional rules, that the laws in their actual operation will be in effect essentially modified and reformed.

Renewed evidence, if any were needed, of the honor in which the memory of Grover Cleveland is held by his countrymen has been furnished in the prompt completion of the fund of $100,000, contributed chiefly in small sums, for the erection of a Cleveland memorial tower at Princeton University. The contributions came from all parts of the country, and the amount was completed on Cleveland's seventy-fourth birthday. Few things are more encouraging as to the future of our country than the fact that this strong and simple nature, this career of steady and unshowy patriotism, this record of quiet and persistent fidelity to principle without reference to the changing moods and fashions of the time, should have made upon the nation so deep and lasting an impression. From the beginning of his public career, when he buckled down to the task of cleaning up the city government of Buffalo, to the end of it, when as President he upheld the cause of honest money in the face of overwhelming hostility in his own and of contemptible vacillation in the opposite party, he was always the same single-minded and devoted public servant. What made this record the more notable was the fact that his attachment to his party was almost as strong as his attachment to his country. It was always perfectly clear that he valued the preservation of the party as much as did the noblest "regular" of them all, but that when a higher duty was manifest he could not hesitate as to which call was to be obeyed.

Two young New York physicians were killed within a week by meningitis. Their deaths in the line of duty may serve to remind us that the medical profession has had its martyrs. They come to the front in time of war and epidemic, but they are also called upon to pay their price in the ordinary daily practice. It is difficult to conceive a higher form of courage than is evinced by the men who have inoculated themselves with the germ of yellow fever and other dread diseases in order to serve science and humanity. The two victims of meningitis must have known the danger they ran in going about their work among the infected immigrants. And that points to a moral. The charge of wanton cruelty to animals will not hold against scientific investigators who, when the need comes, will not hesitate to stake their own lives. The world has come to hold that martyrdom is a good test of truth because it is an infallible test of sincerity. If medical investigators contented themselves with cutting up little dogs and never took chances in person, there would be better ground for the charge.

Readers of John Mitchell's address on "Industrial Accidents, and Compensation to Workmen for Losses Caused by Them" cannot fail to be impressed by its admirable tone as well as by its substance. The facts of the case speak for themselves, if only they are adequately brought home to the minds and hearts of the people; and Mr. Mitchell does not find it necessary to stir up passion by accusations of inhuman wickedness or preternatural greed against American employers and capitalists. Without entering into any question of the degree of moral culpability either on their part, or on that of the general public—which has certainly shown a lamentable degree of indifference on the subject—Mr. Mitchell urges that a large proportion of the vast suffering and loss annually caused by industrial accidents in this country is demonstrably preventable by entirely practicable measures. This is shown by such facts as that, while for each 10,000 men employed in European mines fourteen are killed annually, the number of such fatalities in this country is thirty-four for each 10,000. Both in the enforcement of preventive measures and in the reform of the laws relating to workmen's compensation for injuries incurred in their work, we are unquestionably, as Mr. Mitchell says, disgracefully behind the great industrial nations of Europe, and this is a condition that cries out for remedy. We can think of no more efficient agency for speeding the improvement than just such sane, and at the same time emphatic, advocacy on the part of the real labor leaders as is exemplified by Mr. Mitchell in this address.

The charge made against Booker Washington the other day was in every particular so wildly improbable that we are quite sure that there has been, among right-minded persons, not one in ten thousand who did not instantly reject it as false. Even if his past life had been merely one of ordinary respectability, the flimsy basis on which he was accused of having done a thing at once so queer and unusual, so wholly without rational motive of any kind, would put the matter beyond the need of discussion. This would be so even if we were to give Mr. Washington the benefit merely of that degree of consideration which is due to any person who has enjoyed an unblemished reputation throughout a long and active life. When, however, the case is that of a man who has done a great work, bringing him into continual contact with hundreds of persons in every station of life, and who has extorted, by sheer force of character and ability, the esteem and admiration of the white South in the face of every possible prejudice, the idea of permitting any shadow of doubt to cloud his name in consequence of a silly tale like that of the Ulrichs is one that can only arouse indignation. That their tale is the result of some stupid blunder on their part is highly probable; but from the details concerning Ulrich that have come out in the press since the assault occurred, it appears that the source of the story is even lower than might have been inferred from the story itself.

It is easy to sympathize with Mr. Roosevelt in his feeling about the necessity of the recall as a remedy for conditions which have been shown to exist in the California judiciary; but it is easy also to sympathize with those who resort to lynching as a cure for similar evils. The question that a man has to ask himself, if he has a proper sense of the highest responsibilities of citizenship, is whether the attainment of the immediate end will compensate

for the violation of a principle of permanent and fundamental importance. The real argument against the lynching of a corrupt boss, for example, is not only that it is lawless—there are times of desperate need when it may be that even lawlessness is justifiable—but that if a people is incapable of saving itself from misgovernment by the vote it will not long be saved from it by the killing of some victim of its wrath. And so in the matter of the recall of the judiciary. It is of the very essence of the judge's functions that he pass judgment without fear as well as without favor; and the only way to get good judges is to elect or appoint men who can be trusted. If a people has failed to establish such standards in the judiciary, the task must be undertaken, however slow and laborious it may be, of toning up public sentiment and public intelligence to the point at which these standards will be insisted on. The short cut of the recall may temporarily accomplish the result much more rapidly—just as lynching might; but it would be a success achieved at the cost of such sacrifice of judicial independence as might in the future bring evils incomparably more difficult to eradicate than those it was hastily adopted to remove.

"Talking down" to the people has received another discouraging response in the preference at the Sunday afternoon concerts in Milwaukee for classical music, only 11 per cent. of the requests being for a "rag-time" programme. The fallacy in the argument of those who undertake to please the public taste, whether in amusement, literature, or politics, lies in their supplying great quantities of the mediocre or worse, and then pointing to the consumption of it as evidence that it is what the consumers want. As well argue that people prefer adulterations of medicines and foods, because they buy them. Human readiness to accept what is offered is unfortunately prompt, but it is no more an indication of what is desired than the resort to a bank, because it happens to be around the corner, is an indication of a desire to be cheated. People are to blame for not taking more trouble to "insist on the brand," as the advertisements put it, but this is no reason for confusing their indolence with unwholesome longing, and then encouraging the latter by pandering to it.

The relations between the Italian Government and the Vatican at the beginning of the national jubilee will not be improved by the inclusion of a strong Socialist element in the newly constituted Giolitti Ministry. We need not accept seriously the rumor that Papal disapproval of the celebration is to take the form of closing the treasures of the Vatican to the public. The issues at stake are not to be fought out in so childish a fashion, especially if the new Cabinet, as is probable, should be driven to initiate an anti-clerical campaign. Thus far the astute Signor Giolitti has refused to be drawn into war against the Church. But it may be that he recognizes the favorable moment to be at hand. If, in the midst of general rejoicing over united Italy's first half-century, the Vatican should hold itself apart, it would require no particularly skilful politician to stir popular discontent with the Curia to intenser activity. To a certain extent, therefore, Signor Giolitti, in giving his Cabinet a strong Socialist tinge, has formulated a threat. Upon the fashion in which the Vatican receives it may depend the beginning of a new era in the relations between the Curia and the Government.

That the relations between the Vatican and Germany are somewhat disturbed was made evident by the Chancellor's recent speech on the subject before the Prussian Diet. Von Bethmann-Hollweg did, indeed, use a conciliatory tone and expressed the hope that all the matters at issue might soon be adjusted; but at the same time he let it be known that the Government did not propose to surrender its right to fix the conditions under which professors should serve in the universities. The demand by the Curia that all Catholic teachers in Germany should take the oath against modernism, the Chancellor declared to be one which, if persisted in, might lead the Government to consider the advisability of dissolving the Catholic faculties in the universities and suspending teachers in the gymnasia. He hoped that such a course would not be necessary, and a letter of Cardinal Merry del Val to Cardinal Kopp of Breslau put a better face on the matter. But what the Chancellor asserted to be absolutely essential was entire frankness and directness by the Holy See in all its diplomatic negotiations with Germany. Von Bethmann-Hollweg referred particularly to a statement in the *Osservatore Romano* (the official Vatican organ) denying that the concessions made by Merry del Val were the result of diplomatic representations. That was not to give the whole truth, affirmed the Chancellor, and such publications would not help to restore good relations. But three days later it was explained at Rome that the *Osservatore* was not correctly understood, and that the Vatican was strongly desirous of coming to a good understanding with Germany. To attain that end, however, it is clear that there will have to be a modification of the announced Vatican policy.

For a parallel to the dramatic fall and rise of Premier Stolypin we must go back to the history of France under the Pompadours and Dubarrys as recorded in the novels of Alexander Dumas the elder. Under Nicholas II as under Louis XV, ministers are made, unmade, and remade within twenty-four hours by a system which it would be a farce to call government, composed as it is of equal portions of despotism, intrigue, and sheer incompetency. The parallel with the *ancien régime* is completed by the floods of champagne in which Stolypin's fall was prematurely celebrated. The few facts that stand out of a muddled situation are these: Constitutionalism in Russia is to-day only a hope, and a faint hope at that. No legislative measure can become law without the consent of the Duma and the Council of Empire, but if such consent is refused, it does not really matter. The Emperor can legislate by decree only while the Duma is not in session; but if the Duma happens to be in session it can be prorogued from Monday to Thursday and the required decree published. Stolypin's grip on the Emperor consists in Nicholas II's recognition of the fact that it must be either Stolypin or a truly Liberal Ministry, which the Imperial Will regards with abhorrence, or a return to the old grand-ducal plunderers and incompetents, which Imperial prudence shrinks from. So the man who crushed out the Revolution and tamed the Duma is to go on alternately bullying and cajoling the people's representatives, stifling the universities, persecuting the Jews, and ruling Constitutional Russia according to his own sweet will.

PEACE AGREEMENTS.

"International lawyers have done a great deal of mischief by taking upon themselves to interfere with the strategy and tactics of our naval campaigns." This seems a strange deliverance to come from one bearing the name of Ellenborough. It is, however, a sentence from the speech made in the House of Lords not long since by Lord Ellenborough—of the lineage of the great jurist. He was attacking the Declaration of London, with a violence befitting a retired naval officer. This highly important project, drafted by the representatives of all the great Powers in a conference summoned by Great Britain herself, and designed to strengthen the position of neutrals in case of war and to extend the immunity from capture of private property at sea, seemed to the noble lord perfectly intolerable. To him it was "a one-sided treaty which favored Continental countries but was unsuited to an island Power such as we." Anyhow, the whole thing would be thrown into the waste-basket if there should be a war, since British naval officers could be depended upon, happily, to cut through "dubious wording" with the sword.

Such an outbreak would not be worth referring to were it not typical of a great deal of talk that has been heard in England lately. Endless newspaper and review articles have been published and books written against the ratification of the Declaration of London. Their general argument comes down to this, that Great Britain is entitled to do whatever she pleases in naval wars, and should never assent to anything that would interfere with her treating neutral ships and private property at sea according to her taste and fancy at the moment. Fortunately, powerful voices on the other side have not been wanting. Professor Westlake of Cambridge, in his capacity as Lord Ellenborough's hated international lawyer, has printed a series of articles in defence of the Declaration; while Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, for the Government, have stoutly advocated it, though agreeing to postpone ratification until after the Imperial Conference in May. In the very session of the House of Lords alluded to, the Lord Chancellor made a weighty speech, setting forth the legal aspects of the matter with a kind of sledge-hammer authority, and dwelling especially upon the bad name that England would get if she held aloof from a humane consensus of the other great naval Powers. Said the Lord Chancellor in conclusion:

> I would ask your lordships to bear in mind that we are not the only nation in the world. We are not the only maritime or commercial nation in the world. If we wish, as some writers apparently desire that we should, to stand by our own law even to the last jot and tittle, if we are to refuse such concessions in return for the advantages which I have endeavored to place before your lordships, if we are to do that after we have ourselves been the people to invite the consideration of other nations nearly five years ago, it would be treated as a defiance of the opinion of the world.

This particular English debate is instructive as an example of the play of opposing motives which enters into every attempt by international agreement to minimize the brutalities of war and to make peace more secure. Some public men will always take the attitude of Lord Ellenborough. They will sneer at the milk-and-water pacifists, fall back on what they call the unchangeable facts of human nature, and listen to nothing except the argument of pike and gun and the rule of tooth and claw. Particularly will they declaim against treaties to keep the peace or to establish neutralization—treaties, they assert, which no nation will observe if it finds its interest is to violate them. Even President Taft fell into that vein when he said that no dependence could be placed upon an international treaty guaranteeing the neutralization of the Panama Canal.

But along with this position of international distrust and real disbelief in the power of moral forces and the good faith of nations, there is a slowly-gathering body of opinion in all civilized countries which is pressing with greater strength and success for peace agreements among the nations. We see how the idea spreads by the way in which President Taft's stand for a comprehensive treaty of arbitration with England has so deeply impressed the imagination and kindled the hopes of Europe. Other lands than Great Britain are beginning to ask why they, too, should not be included within the circle of peace. The French Ambassador at Washington has already made approaches to President Taft for the purpose of seeing whether a like treaty with France may not be negotiated. We may be very sure that Germany, under her new Chancellor, would not be slow in responding to any advances along similar lines that might be made to her by our Government. It is more than fifty years ago that Lord John Russell wrote of one of his dispatches to Paris: "I hope you will not think there is too much of the Gospel in it for a Foreign Secretary." Such a half-apologetic tone no man charged with the conduct of international relations would think of using to-day; and that fact alone is significant of the progress that has been made and of the swifter progress yet to come.

PROGRESS IN ITALY.

It is not altogether inappropriate that the dramatic trial of the Camorrists at Viterbo should begin just when Italy is making ready to celebrate the semi-centennial of her political unity. The fifty years that have passed represent to the Italian people something more than an evolution from dismemberment to union. The advance has also been from economic destitution toward a high degree of economic prosperity, and from social disorder to an increasingly emphatic reaffirmation of the reign of law. Disunion, poverty, and social anarchy were Italy's inheritance from her unhappy past. The Mafia and, to a lesser degree, the Camorra were not, in their origin, mere criminal organizations. Both are directly traceable to the times of Spanish rule in Southern Italy, when the people, plundered and oppressed by their foreign masters, resorted to secret societies for the working out of some rude form of justice. To-day they are an ugly survival. The new Italy that has been relaying the foundations of its economic prosperity, rebuilding its cities, and reasserting itself in the councils of the European nations, has now set out to eliminate the forces of domestic disorder. That the Camorra will be crushed at one blow is improbable. The significant thing is that the campaign, begun a half-dozen years ago, is being carried out with determination.

A succinct account of economic progress in Italy during the last thirty years is presented in the last number of the *Century Magazine* by Ernesto Nathan, Mayor of Rome, and one of the most prominent exponents of the modern progressive movement in the Italian peninsula. Signor Nathan begins

with a necessary caution. Economic progress in Italy cannot be measured by American standards. As opposed to America's vast natural resources,

> We [the Italians] are a nation with a long and lean peninsula, the whole of which, even to the limits of eternal snows—plain and mountain, water and land—is totally appropriated and divided up; the birthright of which dates back some twenty centuries; which possesses no coal, indeed, no fuel beyond its meagre forests, no source of energy beyond its streams and rivers, with all its natural resources long ago sucked dry.

This is a condition of things that applies with varying force to all of Western Europe; it applies with most force in Italy. Yet in Italy the population has grown since 1882 from twenty-eight to thirty-five millions. The budget deficit has been wiped out, in spite of the fact that the annual appropriations have risen from 1,270 million lire to over 2,000 million. Government securities to-day stand high.

Signor Nathan tells how this has been brought about:

> Our people have worked hard, lived rather closely, and saved money; they have bought back nearly all our stocks that were in foreign hands (something like a billion dollars' worth), besides putting aside other savings; capital has increased; post office savings banks, which, in 1882, had deposits of 59 million lire, now hold over 1,600 millions; the 740 millions in the private savings banks are now 2,460 millions; the deposits in banks of various kinds have swollen from 858 millions to 2,372. These seem small amounts to countries that calculate in billions of dollars, but they are satisfactory for poor people, and they are trustworthy, being culled from the statement made to Parliament last December by our Minister of the Treasury, Signor Tedesco.

Italian engineering skill ranks with the highest in Europe. The consumption of coal in Italian industry has risen in thirty years from two and a half million tons to nine million tons, besides half a million horsepower of water. The country has not escaped the usual evils attendant upon a rapid industrial development. There are urban overcrowding and want. Yet taking the population as a whole, the standard of living has perceptibly risen. The people, asserts Signor Nathan, eat more than they used to, absolutely and qualitatively; they eat more bread, drink more wine, and consume more animal foods, and suffer less from malaria and pellagra. Mayor Nathan does not touch on one obvious source of Italian prosperity—her vast emigration and the resultant annual inflow of wealth from abroad.

There are phases of modern Italian progress that are not viewed with unmixed approval, especially by the foreigner to whom Italy is—Italy. The city-builder has laid his desecrating hand on the monuments of a glorious past, and hews down Renaissance palaces in the name of a new gospel that is called sanitation. But upon the great mass of the Italian nation, proud though it is of its past, the present enforces its problems; and the future, too, beckons. Signor Nathan is a leader among the Vandals, or progressives, as we choose to call them. He thinks in terms of sewage and apartment-house blocks. He has declared with much vehemence that Italy is no longer content to keep herself a graveyard and an archæological museum for the nations. Utilitarianism has found curious literary expression through the mouth of the Futurists, a rather extravagant poetical band, whose leader recently told the Venetians that half of them are paupers, and dirty paupers at that, and called upon them to fill up their insalubrious canals and pitch their useless new Campanile into the sea. Like many other extravagances, this one of the Futurists is only the wild exaggeration of a sound and popular idea.

THE BIBLE TERCENTENARY.

Elaborate plans are making both in this country and in England to commemorate the three-hundredth year since the publication of the King James English Bible. Time would fail us if we were to attempt to enumerate the many reasons why this event deserves celebration, and we limit ourselves to one: the fact that the translation of the Bible made in 1611 is a great literary monument of the English language. Wholly apart from what the English Bible has been in the faith and hopes and prayers of nine generations, its weaving into the writing and speech and thought of millions of human beings has made it unique and venerable. This very fact, however, may raise a doubt in some minds. Are we confounding effect with cause? Is there not a danger lest the immense impression of long inherited associations, precious and solemn, be transferred to the Bible as pure literature, and we incline to praise too highly as English style what we have first surrounded with holy awe? Many a man, we fancy, has turned back to the Bible in later years with something of the anxiety with which he revisits what he felt in his youth to be grand and inspiring natural scenery. Will his mature judgment confirm young enthusiasms?

Needless to say, any such apprehension is speedily dissipated in the case of the English of the King James's Bible. Its praise has been often in the mouth of competent and impartial judges. The great cloud of witnesses to it includes not merely preachers and devout women not a few, but poets and orators and critics and statesmen. What forced the ice-cold judgment of Hallam into a glow, what the literature-devouring mind of Macaulay exalted as supreme, lesser mortals need not be afraid to admire. Ruskin's crowning of the English Bible is well known; Huxley's tribute less so, though even more convincing. It is a Catholic who said that the language of the Authorized Version "lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten." And so fastidious a critic as Professor Saintsbury has singled out a passage from the Old Testament as the best example known to him of "absolutely perfect English prose." It is the following from the Song of Solomon:

> Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

Scholars and historians have often dwelt upon the fortunate conjunction of circumstances by which the English Bible came into being just when it did. It was a time when the language lent itself with ease to such strength and majesty as are fixed for all time in the King James version. Our present mind, however, is not to go over this beaten path again, but to refer once more to the great loss which the disappearance of the old familiarity with the very phraseology of the Bible has brought with it. The loss is, first of all, as of a key to a great deal of the best in English literature. The Bible is not only a masterpiece itself, it is inwrought in many other masterpieces. Biblical allusions and terms of speech sprinkle the pages of Shakespeare, are as thick in Milton as his own leaves of Vallombrosa,

and color the phrase and thought of Tennyson. We remember to have seen a college examination paper on the latter poet, wherein explanation was asked of Bible incidents and names and idioms adding beauty and significance to his verse. It is unnecessary to say that most of the students miserably failed to pass. What to boys and girls of fifty years ago would have been second nature, is to an appalling number of even well-educated young people today an alien world.

Is there any way of making it as widely familiar again as it once was? This is a question often asked, not merely by religious teachers, but by those interested in the best secular education. They know how maimed and half made-up a student of English literature must be unless the lingering charm of Scriptural terms of expression clings to his memory and he has an easy acquaintance with Bible narrative, yet how to prevent the old knowledge from vanishing away, is the problem. Modern attempts to solve it have not been highly successful. Formal schemes of Bible study in college or in special literary courses do not seem to meet the case. Students go out from such classes still dull to the sinewy phrases and the haunting words which a former generation instantly identified with Bible diction. And the great reason for it, we think, the almost insuperable difficulty, is that a late and literary study of the Bible can never make it the instinctive possession, the man of our counsel, that it was under the old system of assimilating its contents. Assiduous reading in the family from earliest days, the memorizing of Psalm and parable and prophecy and beatitude, the listening to the rolling echoes of Sinai in church on Sundays, along with the lightnings and smoke of torment in the Apocalypse —all this was a process to stamp upon the mind indelibly what no amount of sophisticated study can yield. Grant that there was a certain fear in the childish heart as the sacred page was confronted; it was yet a way of sensitizing the photographic plate to make it receive and hold the impression. All this has largely gone, we fear, and with it the intimate knowledge and the swift response which a speaker like Webster or even Garfield could count upon in his audience when he played upon some chord that thrills in the Bible. To have lost so much of this as our generation confessedly has is little short of an intellectual calamity, and it is to be hoped that the Tercentenary will aid in recovering something of what has slipped from us in knowledge of a book that has for three centuries been "woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history."

THE EXCHANGE OF PROFESSORS.

We are glad to note that in the sober press there is genuine disgust at the mortifying behavior of the two American professors who have been in Berlin this winter, and at their and their wives' squabbles in the matter of going to court. Every one must, indeed, have felt astonishment that representatives of American culture and learning could thus write themselves down as on a par with vulgar *nouveaux riches*, wanting manners and good taste. But, unfortunately, the matter cannot be allowed to rest there, for the whole scheme of exchanging professors has been endangered by just this sort of thing. That is, it has been all but warped from its original purposes by the influence of the Berlin court and the readiness of many of the representatives of this country to bow down before royalty as if there were no such things as republican dignity, scholarly modesty of bearing, and indifference to the glory of royal attentions. The example of Franklin has too often been forgotten; we have heard too much from returning professors of the graciousness of this or that prince or of the number of times the Kaiser invited them to lunch.

Naturally, these things do not go unnoticed in Berlin. The social climber (*Streber* the Germans call him) is not so unknown a specimen in that capital as to make it impossible to classify a foreign variety. A recent French book on Berlin contains an interview of the author with the Kaiser's Court Chamberlain in which, in a way humiliating to all Americans, that official bewails the presence in Berlin in increasing numbers of rich and well-gowned American women who go on their knees to royalty and on all occasions betray their total lack of breeding and good manners. Now, the noise and glare of people of this type obscure those of culture and refinement who sojourn in Berlin to profit by its advantages. With the professors, too, the admirable bearing of such scholars as Prof. William M. Davis and Prof. Theodore W. Richards of Harvard, who devoted themselves to their tasks of the classroom and forgot all about there being a court, or of a democrat of the type of Felix Adler is too readily forgotten when a successor gives a lavish dinner to a hundred or more persons at which he himself, his wife, and children are toasted and extolled. And the true representative of culture is also forgotten when it comes to battles of the *Schleppencour* and the mad race to see who shall converse oftenest with the Crown Prince.

Now to some it might seem as if the solution of all this difficulty were merely greater care in the selection of the exchange of professors; that President Butler and the Harvard authorities should not only always select gentlemen, but gentlemen who will put an end to the jealousies between the Roosevelt and Harvard professors, out of which have arisen many of the untoward incidents for which both universities must blush. There is more to it than that. There ought to be a clarifying of our conception of the duties of these professors in the light of the experience gained. There ought to be a decision once for all as to whether these professors are ambassadors to the court, or to the *Gelehrtenwelt*, or genuine interpreters of the ideals, aims, and aspirations of one people to another. One of the most distinguished of German publicists welcomed with joy the news of the appointment of Felix Adler, because, he said, here is a great teacher who will not think that his mission has ended when he leaves the classroom or the court-levee, but will carry his message of good will to the people as well. But there are not many Felix Adlers, and some great teachers like Professor Richards can only give their message in the chemical laboratory; other real scholars often find themselves confined to their academic audiences.

None the less, there ought to be a readjustment of the point of view and a limiting of the choice to one of the two types, the publicist or the scholar. The Roosevelt professorship is not restricted to university teachers; it can be filled by public men or devotees of literature. Hence it is not true that the list of available candidates has been exhausted as some allege; there is as

great a range of choice as there are able men capable of lecturing abroad. But the real need is of men who can place before the German people the ideals and the ethical standards of the people, who can lay bare the nation's heart, and explain abroad those common denominators which at bottom make our democracy great. For the establishment of these professorships was primarily a peace measure; they were to be the unofficial ambassadors who, free from the trammels of diplomacy, could smooth out misunderstandings and help to remove that ignorance of one another which is the real source of most international misunderstandings. As far back as 1907 able and outspoken Berlin newspapers were frank to say that the interchange had merely been a *succès d'estime;* that whether it was due to the court-stamp on the undertaking or not, the prospect was then that "no result worth mentioning, no real moral or scientific gain, will result." The Berlin *Tageblatt* was even then fearful lest the whole experiment only "turn out to be a curiosity in the history of education." Has there been anything since then to warrant a different view?

Surely the time has come for those responsible to revise their plans, all the more so because the German exchanges have been at times far from ideal. Is the fault, as the *Tageblatt* suggests, because the emphasis is not upon the different methods of teaching here and abroad? Or does it lie deeper? Even if it should prove on examination to have been an impossible experiment based on impossible ideals, the truth should be known. But one thing at least Harvard and Columbia can now do for the country. By eliminating the court feature and forbidding professors to seek royal favors for themselves and their wives they can at least save us from national humiliation, even if they cannot assure us of the achievement of permanent good.

APPLIED LITERATURE.

A recent tale outdoes Jules Verne by presenting, partly in dialogue, partly in incident, the results of the astronomical observations and calculations respecting the mysteries of Mars. The book is, in form, a story, and in fact it possesses all the necessary framework and accessories of one. In its pages live characters as real as those in a pure romance. They plan and achieve, love and suffer, as naturally as if they had nothing to do with such task-work as instructing the followers of their fortunes in the results of a branch of scientific research. Indeed, the unscientific reader will not find it difficult or even especially distracting to turn the leaves more rapidly in some places than in others, and so defeat the author's announced purpose of improving his mind, while discovering more speedily the ultimate fate of the beings in whom he is concerned. Such a book has an obvious two-fold interest, and yet, with the characteristic defiance of art for mathematics, its appeal is less effective than that of unmixed fiction. Sooner or later the reader becomes impatient with its merely romantic parts, or more likely skips the informative interruptions to the course of the narrative. The result in either case cannot be satisfactory to the painstaking writer, who finds himself unflatteringly looked upon as an unskilful story-teller or a frivolous savant.

Yet he is in a large and not ignoble company, for, if it includes such modern figures as George Eliot, with her "Felix Holt"; Dickens, with "Bleak House" and "Nicholas Nickleby"; Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, Zola, Ibsen, and Tolstoy; it comprises also Homer, with his catalogue of ships; Aristophanes, Virgil, Cervantes, Chaucer, and Bunyan. Of lesser examples, such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Looking Backward," "Robert Elsmere," "Jude the Obscure," "Ben Hur," and "Justice," the lists are equally full. Indeed, a casual survey seems to disclose as great a disproportion between the amount of what we may distinguish as pure and as applied literature, as there is between pure and applied mathematics, or science. This probability grows toward certainty as one reflects upon the volume, not only of pseudo-scientific and historic tales, and of problem novels and plays, but of those serving as vehicles for social and economic theories, or of mystery. And while the novel is ordinarily fastened upon as the medium for such pedestrian effects, poetry is not beyond impressment for the same purpose. Not to speak of the mass of personal, political, and didactic verse, often satirical, frequently little better than doggerel, of moderate length, ranging from Addison's "Campaign" and Dryden's "Mac Flecknoe" to Gray's "Progress of Poesy" and Tennyson's "Palace of Art," there are the more extended ambulations of Lucretius, of Horace's "Ars Poetica," Pope's "Essay on Criticism," and Wordsworth's "Recluse," if one is not compelled to look a little askance at even "Paradise Lost."

It is Milton, however, that brings one face to face with the difficulty of drawing the line between pure and applied literature. If ever there was a poem with a purpose, it was the one composed to assert eternal providence and justify the ways of God to men. Johnson's "Irene," on the other hand, can hardly have had any except a literary end. Yet it is not the ostensibly literary, but the avowedly didactic, production that we admire, and for its majestic beauty. Spenser wrote his great work for the "generall end" of fashioning "a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline," but it is not that which has sent every generation of poets since to the "Faerie Queene." The difficulty is not lightened when we turn to such practical, affairs-of-the-hour productions as the "Philippics" of Demosthenes, the more familiar of Cicero's orations, or the inaugurals of Lincoln. If these are not pure literature, one is tempted to exclaim, so much the worse for pure literature. What a lot of well-meant attempts in that direction they have survived! It all recalls the assertion that Burke should have written poetry, and Dryden and Pope prose.

Is the distinction that is recognized in mathematics, then, between pure and applied, non-transferable to literature, or rather, not worth transferring? Does the paradox of pure literature which is inferior, even as literature, to that in which the literary element is only incidental invalidate such classification? Or are our instincts right in leading us to think more highly, as a rule, of those pages that are penned for nothing less direct than the winning of our appreciation for their charm of plot, characters, and style? Even of them, however, it would not be safe to assert the absence of all non-literary motive. We can hardly imagine an author solemnly setting himself down to the work of turning out masterpieces—and succeeding. And as a matter of fact, most of them were not done in any such way. Sophocles was ambitious, primarily, to win the tragic prize from his brilliant

rivals, Æschylus and Eurlpides. Shakespeare wrote, not for all time, but for a theatrical season, or, if luck favored him, for two seasons. Goldsmith was driven to immortality by publishers who had a mortgage on his genius, and such smaller stars as Herrick, Gay, and Lovelace composed their lines for the sake of giving pleasure to their friends. Milton, indeed, hoped to leave something that the world would not willingly let die. Doubtless, many of the great, before and after him, bemoaned their inability to write with an eye single to the demands of literary art. They did not realize that pure literature, like fame or influence or character, is mostly a by-product, and that what they craved, therefore, was as unnecessary as it was impossible.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

PARIS, March 18.

"George Meredith" (A. Colin: 300 pages, 3.50 francs), by Constantin Photiadès, is intended to satisfy the curiosity of French readers concerning the life, imagination, art, and teaching of a man whom, "for more than fifty years, an international group of the initiated has been extolling as one of the greatest writers of modern England." The book, with its French clarity (the author is a Parisian, if not a Frenchman), may serve an equal purpose to many uninitiated English and American readers. The author's opening visit to Flint Cottage in 1908 is an illuminating personal record like Eckerman's for Goethe. The life of Meredith is explained simply in its connection with his literature. His imagination is analyzed chiefly from his "Harry Richmond," with copious translations. His art, in its lyric qualities and style, with its analysis and concentrated effects and super-acute notes, is studied in his poems as well as in his varied prose works. His teaching or logic and philosophy of life—his Notion of the Earth, his Notion of the Comic Spirit, which from Jupiter or Uranus might judge all our feelings and acts with relation to our environment in our own planet—is compared with what critics of friendliest insight have said of him. "In all countries, most of all in France, there are people predisposed by character and culture to like Meredith."

"De l'Art, de l'élégance, de la charité" (Fontemoing: 270 pages, 3.50 francs), by André de Fouquières, is the work of an *arbiter elegantiarum* in the cosmopolitan *salons* of Paris. He has so long been before the footlights of fashion that what he has to say will interest many. Something ought to be learned from this renaissance of "dandysme" and from charity where "social service" is not yet the accepted formula, but each *grande dame* must have her particular *œuvre*—maternal adoption of Juggling Jerry's children or the protection of young girls and the Red Cross.

"Charles Ritter—1859-1905" (Paris: Fischbacher; 310 pages, 3.50 francs) is a choice of letters to and from an able, pensive, cultivated Swiss professor, with "friends and masters" like Sainte-Beuve, Renan, Taine, Cherbuliez, Paul Bourget, the counter-theologian Strauss, George Eliot, Edouard Schuré, William James. The last confided to the Swiss friend of his youth that he was fully decided to try the painter's trade; it was when James was eighteen. At fifty, he writes that his big book of philosophy is making money for him. In these letters are many sincere utterances on latter-day questions, such as are given out among friends.

"Correspondance de Renouvier et Secrétan" (A. Colin: 168 pages, 8vo, 2 portrait plates, 3.50 francs) will be chiefly interesting to those who follow the movement of philosophic thought. Even now, perhaps, only one book and an evanescent influence are all that remains from Secrétan; but Renouvier has left the most continuous and consistent mass of criticism of the world's thought through the ages which was published in the nineteenth century. His positive contribution is not so great, at least not as it is found in his own works, although his thought shows through every page of Bergson and Pragmatism. From his first publications in 1836, when he was fresh from the lessons of Auguste Comte on the philosophy of mathematics at the Ecole Polytechnique, until the last days preceding his death in September, 1903, Renouvier's life was given over to the one absorbing study of philosophy. Unlike Herbert Spencer, he attended first to the critical study of what others had thought, and then to the elaboration of his own system. Having a system of his own was needed to give controversial incitement to his criticism; and this is the chief merit of his letters to his friend of many years, Secrétan. From 1868 to 1891 these thinkers, both systematic, disagreeing gravely, held communion of thought. The persistent opposition of Secrétan, who never succumbed to the more powerful thought of Renouvier, helps to clarify many points of the latter's philosophy. Secrétan, in his lumbering Swiss French, brings out his points clearly. Renouvier, with his life-long dislike of the Church, from the necessity of his thought strove after more and more precision in what came to be almost the historic scholastic vocabulary and principle, bringing his criticism into the great body of classic philosophy. His positive system, which he elaborated with as complicated safeguards of language as Bentham, comes out as clearly as may be in these letters, which, moreover, are anything but scholastic. They will have their use as a *manuductio* in the erudition of philosophy. "I have read several of your volumes and you have read some of my poor volumes, and we continue—what? we begin debating all sorts of high questions between ourselves, struggling against the double difficulty of understanding and speaking."

"Histoire de la poésie française au xvie siècle" (H. Champion: 390 pages 8vo), par Henry Guy, professor in the University of Toulouse, takes us into the literary heart of the Renaissance. This first volume deals with the school of *rhétoriqueurs*. It is the beginning of a work of considerable magnitude, not engaged in the bibliography or philology or æsthetic criticism of French poetry, but investigating scientifically how poetry arose in France, the influences which inspired the poets, and the origins of their art. The book begins with the general characters of the period: the sources in other literatures, such as the Bible, Greek, and Roman and mediæval authors; the art centres, material situation of those who cultivated the art and those who served in place of Mæcenas; the material of the poetry and its chief ornaments; its complications and plays of rhythm; and the poetic *genres*. The second part takes up in order the *rhétoriqueurs* from Octovien de Saint-Gelays, born in 1468, to the court poets and Jean Parmentier, completing the first third of the century. Each chapter is followed by its bibliography, and there is a complete index of names—but, alas! no table of contents. With all its scientific merit, the book is very readable for the student of French literature.

"Souvenirs d'un enfant de Paris" (Fasquelle: 430 pages, 3.50 francs), by Emile Bergerat, is far from scientific literature; but it is the stuff from which such studies of nineteenth-century French literature will have to be made by the university professor of the future. The book tells entertainingly the "years of Bohemia" of the author, a son-in-law of Théophile Gautier. Through his pages walk familiarly Victor Hugo and belated Romantics, beginners like Sarcey and Daudet, amid very lively personal remembrances of the author as a schoolboy at war with his Latin; in the real war of 1870; and then a long section of history and stories of the later years and company of Théophile Gautier himself. The transition of Young France to what has turned out to be a new era as well as a new régime is plain to be seen. Perhaps Emile Bergerat is not even now quite alive to the fact that he, too, in his turn, is an ancestor; but this, like wine long-bottled, only adds to the sparkle of his anecdotes.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The first selection from the great library of the late Robert Hoe will be sold by the Anderson Auction Company in nineteen sessions, beginning April 24, and continuing to May 5. The catalogue of this first part is issued in two volumes containing 3,538 lots.

The vellum copy of the Gutenberg Bible is included in this part. This, the first book printed with movable types, was very fittingly the glory of the library of Mr. Hoe, the man who did more than any one else of his generation to advance the art of printing.

This copy, printed upon vellum, has an authentic history going back to 1825, when it was bought at auction by J. and A. Arch, booksellers, for Henry Perkins, a brewer, and one of the greatest book collectors of his day, for £504. Perkins died in April, 1855, his library going to Algernon Perkins, who died in 1870. In 1873 the library was sold at auction, bringing £26,000 for 865 lots, the vellum Gutenberg Bible bringing £3,400. It was bought by F. S. Ellis for the Earl of Ashburnham, and when again sold with his books in June, 1897, Quaritch paid £2,000 for it. It probably cost Mr. Hoe about $22,000.

Of the seven known copies on vellum of this all-important book this is not only the only copy which has ever been sold at auction in England but is the only one which any collector can ever hope to stand even the remotest chance of procuring, all the other known copies (excepting Mr. Morgan's) being in public libraries from which they can never pass.

Of the seven known copies on vellum two are owned in New York, one in England (the Grenville copy in the British Museum), one in France (in the Bibliothèque Nationale), and three in Germany (one in the Royal Library at Berlin, and two in Leipzig). It would be a notable thing for some wealthy American to seize the opportunity to buy this copy and, at his death, to present it to the Library of Congress.

Only one copy of the book has heretofore appeared in American auction rooms. At the Brinley sale, in April, 1881, Hamilton Cole paid $8,000 for a paper copy, having seventeen leaves in facsimile. He sold it privately to Brayton Ives, and at the sale of his books, in March, 1891, it brought $14,800, being bought by Mr. James Ellsworth, who still owns it.

The first Hoe sale includes also his renowned copy of the first edition of "Le Morte D'Arthur," "reduced in to Englysshe by syr Thomas Malory knyght," and "deuyded in to xxi bookes chapytred and enprynted, and fynysshed in thabbey Westmestre the last day of July," 1485, by William Caxton. This, the most valuable of all Caxtons, on account of its fine condition and rarity, has a long and interesting history. In October, 1698, it was sold, in the library of Dr. Francis Bernard, physician to James II, bringing two shillings and sixpence. It was bought by Sir Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford, who had it bound in red morocco and tooled in the style since known as Harleian. Upon his death, in 1724, his library descended to his son, Edward Harley, the second earl, who died in 1741. The next year the library, including about 50,000 books, 41,000 prints, and 350,000 pamphlets (the greatest private collection ever brought together) was purchased entire by Thomas Osborne, the bookseller, for £13,000. Osborne issued a series of catalogues (5 vols. 8vo., describing more than 50,000 lots), and this copy of the "Morte D'Arthur" appears as No. 372 of Vol. III. The catalogue notes: "This was a favorite Book with King Henry VIII. See what a Character Ascham gives of it, in his Schoolmaster."

The book seems to have been purchased from Osborne by Brian Fairfax, the younger, who died in January, 1749. The Malory was valued by the appraiser at £2 12s. 6d. A catalogue of the library preparatory to a sale by auction was printed in April, 1756, but the whole was sold to Mr. Child of Osterley Park, Middlesex. It seems to have passed in 1804 into the possession of George Villiers, fifth Earl of Jersey, by his marriage with Child's granddaughter. It remained at Osterley Park, until the books were removed for sale at Sotheby's in 1885. The Caxton "Malory" was there bought by Quaritch for £1,950, for Mrs. Norton Quincy Pope, of Brooklyn, the most notable woman book-collector America has produced. In 1895, shortly after Mrs. Pope's death, her husband sold the library entire to Mr. Hoe.

One illuminated manuscript included in this sale is worthy of being mentioned with the two printed books already described. This is the famous "Pembroke Book of Hours," made for William Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke, who was beheaded in 1469. It was later in the possession of his grandson, William Herbert, in whose time, probably, some leaves, written in English, were added. Its further history is unknown until it turned up about 1880 in Italy in the possession of the Borghese family of Rome. From them it passed through an Italian antiquary into the possession of F. S. Ellis, the London bookseller, who sold it to Brayton Ives of this city. At the sale of his library, in March, 1891, it brought $5,900, and was bought for Mr. Hoe.

Correspondence

A NATIONAL LEGISLATIVE REFERENCE BUREAU.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Two bills introduced at the third session of the Sixty-first Congress, and noticed little, if at all, by the public press, are of much significance in the fight for more scientific and studied legislation. One at least will no doubt be again introduced.

Senator Owen of Oklahoma has proposed "to create a United States Legislative Reference Bureau" (S. 10,041), and Representative Nelson of Wisconsin would establish a "Legislative Division of the Congressional Library" (H. R. 31,536).

The legislative reference library as already established in nineteen States and several municipalities aims to give to the members of the Legislature or Municipal Assembly the opportunity of making a comparative study of the questions which come before them as lawmakers. The published experience of other commonwealths as embodied in their statutes, the actual results of the application of these statutes as given by those who must apply them, the literature of sociology describing the conditions of society which give rise to the necessity for new forms of legislation, the best thought of the scholarly theorists in political science, and the experience of those who are daily meeting and solving the complicated problems of modern administration—all this the legislative reference library aims to make available to its patrons.

Senator Owen's bill would have the chief of this bureau appointed by the President and would make its business

to locate, catalogue, and index all material in various government departments in the shape of bills, laws, debates, departmental research, findings of commissions, consular reports, treatises in legal brief and scholarly periodical, and so forth, touching upon problems of current legislation; to gather, catalogue, and index such further material pertaining to legislative experience at home and abroad as shall seem expedient.

Results shall be made serviceable, and in every possible way the enactment of more scientific legislation shall be aided. This bill is brief and carries no appropriation as drawn at present.

The House bill of eight sections provides that the Librarian of Congress shall appoint the division chief and in specific language sets forth with what high educational qualifications this chief must be endowed. His staff of secretaries, technical assistants, investigators, and draftsmen shall be of his own selection. While broad in scope this bill is far more specific and detailed than that of the Senate and carries with it an appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually.

Legislative reference work so-called may be said to have had its beginnings in the New York State Library in 1891, when was issued "Legislation No. 1," a bulletin presenting a "comparative summary and index of State Legislation in 1890." The development in this field of library work since that date is significant. The Governor of Wisconsin, in his message to the Legislature in January, 1911, in asking for an increase in the appropriation for this department in his State to twenty-two thousand dollars a year, takes occasion to express his appreciation of its efficient service in the cause of careful lawmaking.

John Boynton Kaiser.

Austin, Tex., March 9.

SHAKESPEARE AND RALEIGH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am unable to find in any edition of the "Merchant of Venice" or elsewhere notice of the striking resemblance between Shakespeare's song, "Tell me where is fancy bred," and a poem which appeared in Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody" (1602), signed with the initials W. R. (See A. H. Bullen's edition of the "Poetical Rhapsody," Vol. II, p. 112.) It is hard to believe that the matter has escaped the attention of the lynx-eyed generations of editors; but if any discussion of the relation between these two pieces exists it has not yet found its way into the main current of Shakespearean commentary. The corresponding parts of the two songs are as follows:

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

A POESY TO PROVE THAT AFFECTION IS NOT LOVE.

Conceit, begotten by the eyes,
Is quickly born, and quickly dies;

For while it seeks our hearts to have
Meanwhile there reason makes his grave;
For many things the eyes approve,
Which yet the heart doth seldom love.

For as the seeds, in spring time sown,
Die in the ground ere they be grown;
Such is conceit, whose rooting fails,
As child that in the cradle quails,
Or else within the mother's womb
Hath his beginning and his tomb.

Affection follows Fortune's wheels,
And soon is shaken from her heels;
For following beauty or estate,
Her liking still is turned to hate:
For all affections have their change,
And fancy only loves to range.

The letters W. R. in the "Poetical Rhapsody" are supposed to stand for Walter Raleigh; and this song has frequently, though not always, been printed among his works. The possibility of a literary relation, however slight, between Sir Walter and his great contemporary is of considerable interest; and it would certainly be worth while to bring to bear upon this poem any evidence which might help to establish its date or to confirm its authorship.

JAMES HOLLY HANFORD.

Simmons College, March 4.

JOHN TAYLOR "OF CAROLINE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have recently come into possession of a letter of John Taylor of Caroline which will interest students of American history, especially of secession. John Taylor's name appears in few of the encyclopædias of to-day, though he was one of the most influential publicists of his time. He was born in Orange County, Virginia, in 1750, and died in Caroline in 1824. He was an ardent revolutionist in 1776, a follower of Patrick Henry, and opposed to the compromising, perhaps loyalist, attitude of his uncle, Edmund Pendleton. Most ardent in his attachment to Virginia and to the States rights ideas in the early national career, he came soon to be counted with the little group of Jeffersonians to which Thomas New belonged, who desired a peaceable break-up of the Union. But Taylor was not a disunionist (Gaillard Hunt: "Disunion Sentiment in Congress in 1794," a pamphlet published in 1905); rather an idealist who hoped to see all government reduced to the irreducible minimum. He would have given no existence to corporations doing interstate business, he would have had no money but gold and silver, and he thought the ownership of stocks and bonds *prima facie* evidence of degeneration. He warred against the growth of economic and financial interests of the East, and lamented, especially from the economic point of view, the existence of slavery in the South.

In 1798 he espoused the doctrine of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions and became Madison's ablest lieutenant in the ensuing conflict between the States rights and the Federalist school of politics in the Virginia Assembly. He thus had much to do with formulating the doctrine which the South was to adopt in justification of secession. After Jefferson became President he opposed some of the main items of the Republican programme, and when Monroe was made Madison's successor, largely because of Taylor's activity as a peacemaker between Madison and Monroe, he wrote that, though he would go a hundred miles through a snowstorm to cast a deciding vote to make his friend President, he must be considered as an opponent of the Administration—because honest opposition was essential to keep the servants of the people in the right way.

Taylor was three times a member of the Senate, 1792-1794 by election, October-December, 1803, by appointment, and 1822-1824 by election again; and he might easily have had a seat there at other times had he so desired. He would have spurned appointment to any office under the Republican Presidents, all of whom, however, were on terms of intimacy with him during their Administrations. He was one of the first of the race of mugwumps, a prince of independents, and also a writer of many books, now little known, as will be seen from the following list: "The Spirit of Seventy-six" (1809), "An Inquiry into the Principles and Policy of the Government of the United States," a reply to John Adams's work on the Constitution (1814); "Arator," a series of agricultural essays (1818), "Construction Construed," an attack on the judicial opinions of Chief Justice Marshall (1820); "Tyranny Unmasked" (1822), and "New Views of the Constitution of the United States" (1823).

He was a member of the Senate at the time of his death in 1824—a man of such prestige and influence that Presidential aspirants of 1824 made pilgrimages to his retired Virginia home seeking his approval. Few men who wrote so much, were so long in the public eye, and who deserved so well of the country, have been so ignored in works of reference or general information. Hence the following letter, bearing upon an important crisis in our history, and counteracting, as it does to some extent the view of so many students of the Jeffersonian epoch, is offered to the readers of the *Nation*.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

University of Chicago, March 2.

Virginia, Port Royal, Dec. 30, 1820.

Dear Sir: Your letter has reached me, but the gentlemen it introduces have not appeared. Their company would have been very agreeable to me, and an exchange of opinions, when neither a spirit of opposition nor the allurements of victory would prevail, might have been somewhat useful.

I hardly understand what you mean by the "New School." If this phrase refers to the notion of constituting a geographical party by the cement of a temporary impression concerning slavery, the policy will have no permanent effect, except in accelerating the dissolution of the Union; because solid geographical interests will inevitably obliterate a contemplative opinion naturally transitory. If it refers to the notion of contriving laws for making one portion of the Union tributary to another, that policy is equally unsustainable for any considerable period; because, though the Southern States might long submit to their commercial disadvantages, so beneficial to the Northern, they will not long bear an aggravation of them by geographical legislation. Whenever a dissolution of the Union happens, both these projects will fall, and the Southern confederation will either embrace most or all of the waters of the Mississippi, or the confederations will be Eastern and Western. I cannot see what interest can induce the Northern States to wish for either.

These strange geographical concussions seem to have put a more useful subject, that of weights and measures, out of the mind of Congress. More useful, because a cement of the Union by an uniformity in this respect, however small, is preferable to disuniting projects, however great. I lately was present at a delivery of grain, where three sealed half-bushels and two stamped fifty-six weights were produced. No two of the former agreed, and the difference between the largest and the smallest extended to a quart. One fifty-six weighed by the same pair of stilliards above fifty-nine, and the other above fifty-eight pounds. Upon information entitled to much credit, it is probable that the frauds committed by false weights and measures are innumerable, and that they play in a scope of 10 per centum at least. Indeed, the half-bushel is gradually growing towards a whole one. Vice, distrust, and even some degree of enmity between States are thus generated, together with commercial inconveniences to a great extent. If Congress should only establish a common half-bushel, and a true avoirdupois pound for the present, it would be highly beneficial. The English Winchester bushel would be the best, as being about the medium of these frauds, and because our commerce with that nation and its dependencies, in articles of dry measure, may again be greater than with any other. You see, my mind yet clings to the Union, as a man in a consumption does to life. Farewell. Yours with great regard,

JOHN TAYLOR.

[Torn]

Washington, D. C.

ORIENTAL POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That little poem of Yone Noguchi given by your correspondent, S. Tsushima of Kamakura, in your issue of February 16, has no doubt set many readers thinking about the difference between Eastern poetry and our own. A little acquaintance with the poetry of the T'angs shows easily the source of the leading ideas in the verses quoted. The voice of the bell, the shadow, the breeze, the moon, the mountains and rivers, the flower petals, the flash of the stirred leaf, the whispering of the wind in the grass—these may almost be called the stock in trade of the T'ang poets. And so we may assume that in that branch of Chinese literature Yone Noguchi must be deeply read. The combining of these various elements to express some special moment or phase of individual experience is also the method of the T'ang poets, and that is exactly the method of the verses in question, which might indeed be the product of the Buddhist or Taoist tendency in a T'ang poet.

In that poetry, then, what is it that, being different from our own, is yet so attractive? Is it not the contemplation of nature as a play of vast forces in a sphere of their own, independent of and superior to any particular human interest? Our poetry may be said to centre in man, of whose situation and activity nature is merely the background or the instrument. Eastern poetry centres in nature with its imperious motions, its inscrutable laws, its tranquillity and beauty, over against which man appears from time to time, not to change but to contemplate and admire.

This is, of course, the most superficial, as it is the most salient, idea of Eastern poetry, but I have found it a solvent of many difficulties, and a stimulus to further curiosity regarding a mode of thought which though apparently so different, is yet, in a way, the natural complement of our own. In fact, might not one hazard a guess that Eastern thought in general may prove to be rather complementary than supplementary to ours, the other side, as it were, of known experience, rather than additional knowledge; and that a certain roundedness

of culture may perhaps in time result from increasing interest in and knowledge of the East. Yone Noguchi is one of the pioneers of this new knowledge, and I have no doubt that many lovers of poetry will, like myself, feel the attraction of his lines, even if at first we may have to grope around somewhat and feel our way in the unfamiliar but truly poetical Eastern setting.

JAMES BLACK.

Denver, Col., March 4.

Literature

FOLKLORE OF GREECE.

Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion. By John Cuthbert Lawson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4 net.

Mr. Lawson has devoted the leisure of ten years to working up into a solid and interesting book the collections of Greek folklore which he made in Greece during his two years' tenure of the Craven studentship from 1898 to 1900. After studying the fear of the evil eye, as a first and typical illustration of the survival of ancient superstitions, he proceeds to an exhaustive survey of the entire mythology from Zeus and Poseidon to Pan and the Nymphs. This attempt at systematic completeness results in some perfunctory chapters. There is not much real evidence for the survival of the greater gods. The only testimony for Zeus is a Cretan invocation, Ζῶνε θεέ, which Mr. Lawson himself has not heard, but takes from Santzos. The functions of Zeus, including the duties of clerk of the weather, are transferred to God or distributed among the saints. The modern Greek word ἀστροπελέκι suggests the reflection, that "though in the ancient literature, we may nowhere find the word πέλεκυς used of the thunderbolt, there is no reason why the modern word should not be the expression of a conception inherited from antiquity." Of like character is the evidence for Poseidon and "Lady 'Phrodite." Demeter and Persephone yield more. St. Demetrius is the patron of agriculture. But at Eleusis, the peasantry are said to have worshipped a statue of Demeter as St. Demetra so late as 1801. The legend of Demetra's wanderings, as related by an Albanian priest to Lenormant in 1860, we cannot regard as confirmation. It is obviously contaminated by literary reminiscence. Nor is it probable that the occasional acceptance in Greece of the Mohammedan taboo of the pig goes back to the Demeter cult. Curious is the survival in Arcadia of the divinity Despoina, to which Mr. Lawson is, he believes, the first to call attention.

Charos supplies material for one of Mr. Lawson's best chapters. But the ideas, the imagery, the conceits, and the jests are those which human fancy associates with death from the pages of Lucian to those of *Life*. And to uphold his unhesitating identification of Charos with Charon, Mr. Lawson is driven to "suspect that in ancient times the literary presentation of Charon was far more circumscribed than the popular." For the survival of the coin placed in the mouth of the dead, Mr. Lawson has only hearsay evidence. He could not elicit any positive statement that it was the ferryman's fee. The Fates, too, embody a universal commonplace, and the many interesting stories collected and plausible analogies noted prove little. In short, we may be very grateful to Mr. Lawson for the immense stores of entertainment and instruction presented in this volume, and yet retain some reserves as to his main thesis, *i. e.*, that Greek folklore is a real survival of classical mythology. Skepticism is always in place with regard to travellers' accounts of popular beliefs. The imagination of the people is constantly fed by imperfectly apprehended suggestions that filter down to it from above, and about which the accretions of popular fancy cluster. This is especially true of a people that possesses the great literary tradition of the Greeks and takes such pride in it. The population of nearly every canton of Greece has been repeatedly shifted, exterminated, and replaced. The one abiding fact is the pride of the Greeks in the language and the writings of the ancients. In the democratic fellowship of Greek life, there have always been fluent talkers with some tincture of letters whose conversation would supply hints to the imagination of the illiterate. Both in language and fable, then, the hypothesis of revival is always to be weighed against that of survival. If you meet the phrase (σπεύδειν) ἀπὸ ῥυτῆρος in the mouth of an uneducated Greek to-day, you do not assume either that it is a genuine survival or that he has read the "Œdipus at Colonus." He has heard it from somebody who read it in a newspaper paragraph written by some gymnasium graduate. This is an extreme but actual instance which illustrates the possibilities. Some similar process seems to us the most probable explanation of many of the stories related by Mr. Lawson on the authority of Schmidt, Santzos, or Lenormant.

Especially interesting are the rich chapters about the Nymphs, Nereids, and minor figures of mythology and folklore. Are we really to believe that the female demons, the Gelloudes, are derived from Sappho's Gello? From a table of twenty-three spellings of the name and on other good and valuable considerations, Mr. Lawson decides that those mischievous monsters of popular fancy, the Callicantzari, are the Centaurs. The equine half of the Centaur was merely a symbol of his power of assuming any animal shape. The Centaurs were a tribe of reputed sorcerers whom their Achæan neighbors held in awe for this gift and termed Pheres. This, if not true, is at least admirable romantic philology of the new anthropological type.

The second half of the volume deals with more general religious conceptions and superstitious practices. Mr. Lawson finds survivals of divination from the flight of birds, chance words, sneezing, the lines in the shoulder-blades of sheep, and, in one case, from a pig's spleen. A study of vampires introduces the whole question of *revenants* and bloodguiltiness. The words *alastor*, *miastor*, and *prostropaios*, all refer primarily, he thinks, to the vengeful *revenant* wandering in bodily form. The "Mycenæan" inhumation and the "Achæan" cremation, both had for their object the normal dissolution of the body, which put an end to such wanderings on earth, and at the same time made possible the reconstitution of the corpse's elements in a corporeal and happy life beyond the grave. The blessedness of that life consisted in a reunion with the gods, which is described explicitly and not figuratively as a marriage. The literary parallelisms between marriage and death, from the "Antigone" to the latest epigram, are to be taken literally in this sense. The "Pelasgian" mysteries of Eleusis represented the consummation of this union of the human and the divine, and so provoked the indignation and the calumnies of the Christian Fathers. The love philosophy of Plato's "Symposium" has its source in the same order of ideas. To test and criticise these interesting suggestions would far exceed our scope. It is all systematically developed with intense conviction, an enormous mass of illustrations, and the citation of many authorities. It will have to be reckoned with. But it will first have to be verified. Like other systematic reasoners, Mr. Lawson is sometimes tempted to force the facts to fit the system. He translates Æschylus, "Coephori" 287-8:

πάντων δ' ἄτιμον κἄφιλον ἐνήσκειν χρόνῳ
κακῶς ταριχευθέντα παμφθάρτῳ μόρῳ,

"To die at last with none to honor, none to love him, *damned even in the doom that wastes all, to know no corruption.*" (Italics ours.) Æschylus is thus made to confirm the view that the object of cremation and inhumation alike is the dissolution of the natural body, and that the failure of such dissolution is the most awful of curses. But the translation is flatly impossible. The muse of conjectural, romantic anthropological philology is a fascinating creature, but she cannot be exempted from the primary duty of construing her Greek correctly.

CURRENT FICTION.

Denry the Audacious. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Like "Helen with the High Hand," this is a diversion on Mr. Bennett's part. No doubt "The Old Wives' Tale" and "Clayhanger" represent his serious work; but, much to our advantage, he is of the temperament which disdains to be always wise. The Denry of this divertisement is another Clayhanger in origin and environment, but he exists upon an altogether different plane of Mr. Bennett's fancy. His mother is a sempstress and washerwoman, living among the "potbanks" of Bursley; and "Denry" is her time-saving rendering of Edward Henry. The boy shows no special promise. In the course of everyday life he is commonplace enough. But at decisive moments he has an instinct for action, gloriously rash and gloriously successful. Copybook morality does not deter him: he is a Five Towns Napoleon, following his star. In short, as "Clayhanger" is a soberly ironical study of the humdrum, "Denry the Audacious" is a blithely ironical study of the inspired. In his own sphere, Denry breathes the true afflatus. His career is a series of *tours de force.* Bursley is proud of his feats, vaunts him as a "card," and finally awards him the supreme honor in her gift. The tale of his exploits is told with much good humor—it is hardly more than a clever bit of fooling. A reader unfamiliar with Mr. Bennett would not be likely to credit the writer of this story with powers beyond those of a pleasant entertainer. But there are unexceptionable precedents for genius entertaining itself with the play of mere talent. Mr. Bennett's versatility of mood is more remarkable than his virtuosity of method.

Adventure. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is upon a different plane from Mr. London's recent novels. It is free from didacticism, has no remonstrance or propaganda up its sleeve, but disports itself frankly in the realm of the agreeably preposterous. The time is the present, the place is the Solomon Islands, and the persons—the only necessary persons—are an Englishman and an American girl. The man is in solitary charge of a plantation manned by cannibals, who are an unusually bad lot, even for cannibals. The island is fever-stricken when the scene opens, and the white man, who is himself sick almost to the point of collapse, maintains his life and his authority solely by virtue of that miraculous function which, according to the muse of imperialism, enables the Briton to bear his burden. Shipwreck brings the girl upon the scene in the nick of time. She takes charge of the sick man and his affairs, and he recovers to find her established in his household, and virtually refusing to budge. She laughs at the qualms and scruples that agitate his conventional soul, and proposes a business partnership. As an alternative she threatens to buy an island and acquire cannibals of her own. Her bodyguard of big Tahitians she regards as all that can be desired in the way of chaperonage or other protection. Of course, there is only one thing that can happen at the end of the road, and the interest for the hardened observer must lie in the incidents by the way. These include a revolt on the part of the resident cannibals, and the pursuit of some of them far into the enemy's country. Gory details are not lacking, horrors of the sort upon which Mr. London's readers are wont to sup. One learns, for example, the exact method of smoke-curing a human head for the Solomonian trophy-room. But the flavor of the tale as a whole is that of a milder type of romance than Mr. London is in the habit of offering his public.

The Andersons. By S. Macnaughton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Flora Anderson, an able young Scotchwoman resolved on matrimony, and her animadversions upon a halting lover furnish the sustaining interest in this extended narrative. The plot—both rudimentary and trite—is comprised in the disastrous excursion of a middle-class Scotch family into London society and their prompt rescue by auld acquaintances. Though candidly deploring her ill luck, Flora takes no shame from her situation, which she invests with the dignity of a sociological instance. "When the supply does not equal the demand, there is always a fictitious value set upon even the most worthless goods. One million more women than men in the British Isles——" And, indeed, the pressure exerted by this calamitous circumstance is plainly apparent upon all the marriageable women in the book. The initial difficulties attending the cooking of the hare, where hares are leanest and wariest and excellent cooks abound, have seldom been more frankly and feelingly expounded. But it is from the writer's keen flair for native idiosyncrasy and her skill in depicting Scotch *genre* scenes, rather than from her insistent harping on this theme, that the reader's enjoyment is derived.

Basset: A Village Chronicle. By S. G. Tallentyre. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

This is a little masterpiece of historical perspective and imagination. You must rid yourself of the prevalent predisposition, in favor of a clearly defined plot, in order to enjoy properly a modern representation of early Victorian village life, which is like nothing in the world but Trollope seen through a reversed opera glass, unless it be Mrs. Gaskell *en plein air.* Every member of the group constituting a typical English rural community of seventy years ago is drawn as if from life; the artist's estimation of character values is that of her own day and generation, but the characters themselves belong indisputably to the period which she undertakes to re-create, and she has enveloped them in an atmosphere that is not merely decorative but vital. Some changes in personal relationship work themselves out slowly to a satisfactory issue in the course of the chronicle; the situations are significant and often humorous, but never approach a dramatic pitch, except on the occasion when an eloping bride disappoints a waiting congregation. There is a hint of altering conditions in the intrusion of a young London physician upon an old country practitioner's preserves, and a glimpse of the then fashionable affectations exemplified in the persons of a clever frump and her son, a foppish *littérateur.* Upon closer examination, it will be realized that this village group comes near to epitomizing the national life of its decade. Balzac himself might have sketched such a figure as the village parson, whose clumsily assumed cloth conceals a veteran of the Peninsular campaign and an unsuspected hero of knightly adventure.

LORD ACTON ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Lectures on the French Revolution. By John Emerich Edward Dalberg-Acton, First Baron Acton, D.C.L., LL.D., etc., late Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge (England). Edited by John Nevile Figgis, C.R., Litt.D., and Reginald Vere Laurence, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

Since Lord Acton's lamented death nine years ago several volumes of his writings have appeared which have won for him a fame wider by far than he enjoyed in his lifetime; for though the very small circle that knew him personally had the warmest admiration for his powers, his very name was unknown to the great bulk of Englishmen as well as Americans. First came his "Letters to Miss Mary Gladstone," then a volume of lectures, put together from the notes of his pupils, together with two volumes of collected "Essays"; and now we have this volume of university discourses on the French Revolution which were the fruit of his latest years. They form the most considerable single and continuous piece of work he ever did, and probably would never have been composed but for the necessity that lay upon him of preparing lectures for a class. His passion for striving upwards toward the ideal he had set up of fin-

ished literary form, coupled with the passion for accumulating facts and hunting everywhere for new sources, prompted him to keep back for further elaboration whatever he wrote. These lectures would doubtless have been much enlarged as well as polished for publication had he lived longer. But his fastidiousness might have refused to let them appear at all, and we may well be thankful for what we here and now receive as the last fruit off a wonderful tree.

Like everything else that Lord Acton produced, these Lectures have that charm which is felt both in conversation and in reading when one finds one's self in contact with a full mind, a mind that gives forth out of a store so abundant that one knows it could give much more than it has given, and that the opinions it delivers, be they right or wrong, are based on a wide range of knowledge. There is also here, as usually in Lord Acton's writings, a curious un-English quality which imparts to them a certain piquancy. There is a perfect command of materials and a power of referring to out of the way sources which is characteristic of the German scholar, and along with these aptitudes, there is also a fondness for anecdotes, especially those which turn on some pointed saying of historian or essayist which reminds one of the French. Indeed, not infrequently his own way of summing up a view in an epigrammatic phrase reveals the influence of French models. The phrases are often excellently turned, but they have sometimes that fault of luminous obscurity which is the weak point of an epigrammatic style. One finds in this volume aphorisms which sound striking, and which obviously do contain the results of careful thought, yet the meaning and bearing of which are far from clear. That this defect cannot be altogether due to the form of lectures in which the book appears, is shown by its appearance in some of Lord Acton's articles collected in the volume published in 1907.

No modern theme is so well worn as the French Revolution of 1789-99. But these Lectures make it as interesting as a romance, at least to those who will bend their minds to master the full sense of what is given, for the strenuous thinking of the writer requires a corresponding exercise of thought in the reader. Few historical treatises of more solid value have been published in our language for a long time past. Nearly all the English books describing the Revolution have been either narratives of events, or studies of the more conspicuous figures. Thomas Carlyle's History, the best known of them all, was written some eighty years ago, when the materials available were far inferior to those we possess to-day. It is a splendid piece of literature, but it passes lightly over the constitutional part of the story and tells us little either of the ebbs and flows of surface opinions or of the underground forces which were at work. A good deal of it has been rendered obsolete by the discovery and examination of sources unknown when Carlyle wrote. In that most instructive review of the literature of the subject, which we find in the appendix to these Lectures, Lord Acton says of Carlyle's book:

> The vivid gleam, the mixture of the sublime with the grotesque, make opponents forget the impatient verdicts and the poverty of settled fact in the volumes that delivered our fathers from thraldom to Burke. They remain one of those disappointing storm clouds that give out more thunder than lightning (p. 358).

Passing in review the books of Droz, Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Michelet, Villiaumé, Genoude, Gabourd, Barante, Tocqueville, Duvergier de Hauranne, Laboulaye, and some memoir writers, such as Mallet du Pan and Malouet, Lord Acton awards the highest praise to Sybel, Taine, Sorel, Dareste and Aulard, not as necessarily the greatest writers, but as the most useful for the several sides of the subject which they treat. There is nothing better in the volume than this fine analysis of the historians of the Revolution, rich with weighty judgments and glittering with vivacious anecdote. No living man outside France could have composed a survey so full of knowledge, and of that kind of knowledge which is derived not wholly from books, but from intercourse with the best minds of France and Germany.

The distinctive note of these Lectures, as compared with other English books and most French books on the subject is their careful study and exposition of the constitutional side of the movement and of the ideas which animated its leading spirits. To trace those ideas is no easy task, for in the four years between the meeting of the States General, in May, 1789, and the voting of the Constitution of June, 1793—an instrument which never, in fact, took effect—there was an incessant conflict of theories and doctrines, so that almost every form of constitutional monarchy, of moderate republicanism, and of democracy, both representative and direct, had its exponents and advocates. Among the theorists, the clearest as well as most resourceful and inventive thinker would seem to have been the Abbé Sieyès; and, so far as any person can be called a revolutionary hero in Lord Acton's view, Sieyès, "the most perfect representative of the Revolution," is that hero. At any rate, this book is the first one in our tongue in which the gifts and the influence of this remarkable person, whose eminence Talleyrand (in his posthumous Memoirs) acknowledges, malignant as his comments are, have received due recognition:

> As a priest without a vocation he employed himself with secular studies and mastered and meditated the French and English writers of the age, politicians, economists, and philosophers. Learning from many, he became the disciple of none, and was thoroughly independent, looking beyond the horizon of his own century. He understood politics as the science of the State as it ought to be, and he repudiated the product of history which is things as they are. He turned resolutely from the past and refused to be bound by the precepts of men who believed in slavery and sorcery, in torture and persecution: Sieyès was essentially a revolutionist because he held that political oppression can never be right and that resistance to oppression can never be wrong. He was a royalist, not as believing in the proprietary right of dynasties, but because monarchy, justly limited and controlled, is one of many forces that secure the liberty which is given by society and not by nature. He was a Liberal, for he thought Liberty the end of government, and defined it as that which makes men most completely masters of their faculties, in the largest sphere of independent action. He was also a democrat, for he would revise the Constitution once in a generation; and he described the law as the settled will of those who are governed, which those who govern have no share in making. But he was less a democrat than a Liberal; and he contrived scientific provision against the errors of the sovereign nation. He sacrificed equality by refusing the vote to those who paid no taxes, and he preferred an elaborate system of indirect and filtered election. . . .
>
> He became odious to Robespierre, who, after the fall of Danton, turned against him and required Barère to see what he could be charged with. The Abbé's nerves never quite recovered from the impressions of that time. When he fell ill, forty years later, and became feverish, he sent down to tell the porter that he was not at home if Robespierre should call. What I have just said will give you a more favorable view of Sieyès than you may find in books. The Abbé was not a high-minded man, and he has no friends in his own country. Some dislike him because he was a priest, some because he was an unfrocked priest. He is odious to royalists as a revolutionist, and to republicans as a renegade. I speak of him as a political thinker, not as a writer, an orator, or an administrator. Certain papers have recently come to light tending to show that he was as wicked as the rest of them. They would not affect my judgment on his merit as a thinker (pp. 159-163).

We have made these long quotations from the estimate of Sieyès, not only because the view presented will be novel to most readers, but also because they are a good instance of some of Lord Acton's qualities, thoroughness, vigorous independence of judgment, the habit of looking at a man all round, the gift of enlivening disquisition by anecdote. There are, in these Lectures, many briefer, but equally striking characterizations of famous figures, such as Necker, Mirabeau, Danton, Dumouriez, Charlotte Corday, Marat, Robes-

pierre. The judgments passed are, most of them, severe. Lord Acton is what used to be called in England (in the older days) "a hanging judge." Revolutions are said to bring unscrupulous men to the top, or to make the able men who come to the top unscrupulous; but few revolutionary epochs show so high a percentage of wickedness as this does. Even the Girondins, whom we used to be taught to esteem and pity, fare almost as ill at Lord Acton's hands as at those of Carlyle. The eloquence of Vergniaud wins for him little indulgence; it is only the courageous Lanjuinais whom we are permitted to respect. Among them all, Robespierre and his immediate group retain a sort of hateful primacy in bloodshedding, though Danton, with his massacre of September, is really no better, while Tallien, Collot, and the other Thermidorians are just as brutal and ruthless as the dictator whom they overthrew. Rightly, as it seems to us, Lord Acton finds for the crimes committed by all the factions, no great palliation in the intoxication of the people with the ideas of freedom and equality, or in the panic created by the foreign invasions. More vulgar causes—revenge, the ferocity of those whose savage impulses were set free from the usual restraints of law, the excitement of destruction, and the selfish ambition of faction leaders seeking power for themselves, sufficiently explain the action of the chief movers and the ruffians who followed them. That which the sense of danger from without did, was to make the larger mass of the Parisian populace acquiesce, or regard with stolid apathy horrors which, had that peril been absent, they might have been roused to check.

The sternness of our author's attitude strikes us most when we come to his arraignment of the King and Queen. Louis XVI was not a wicked man. He generally wished to do right, and on the few occasions when he showed firmness, it was in defence of a principle. Several times, indeed, he played a double part, and conspired against those who had wrested power from him, in a way that might be called treasonable, but this course could easily, to a man who saw how things were rushing downwards to the abyss, seem justifiable in the interests of France, as well as in his own. His excuse is better than that of the English Charles the First, when the latter stood in a somewhat similar position. Lord Acton, however, passes sentence in these words:

> To absolve him is impossible, for we know, better than his persecutors, how he intrigued to recover uncontrolled authority by bringing havoc and devastation upon the people over whom he reigned. The crowning tragedy is not that which Paris witnessed when Santerre raised his sword, commanding the drums to beat, which had been silenced by the first words of the dying speech; it is that Louis XVI met his fate with inward complacency, unconscious of guilt, blind to the opportunities he had wasted and the misery he had caused, and died a penitent Christian, but an unrepentant King (p. 255).

If history weighs the demerits of men by the results of their errors and their weaknesses, those of the unhappy king will be heavy indeed:

> At every step downward, the King and Queen were the authors of their own disaster. The French republic was not a spontaneous evolution of social elements. The issue between constitutional monarchy and the republic was decided by the crimes of men and by errors more inevitably fatal than crime. There is another world for the expiation of guilt, but the wages of folly are payable here below.

Though the book is not so much a narrative history as a series of running comments upon events, and especially on those movements of opinion which were the most important among the events, it would be unfair to forget to note the author's qualifications as the teller of a story. This is the only one of his books in which he appears in that capacity. The art of narrative is one in which he had little practice, yet every now and then he reaches high excellence. The general march of political change, the succession of events by which the revolutionary movement advanced and prevailed, is, indeed, not very clearly given. So much is assumed as known, or is told by allusion, that in most chapters the reader wishes for some sort of chronicle with dates to help him. But particular episodes are often told with a freshness and graphic force which make one feel the author's imaginative power. The description of Maillard's march to Versailles and its consequences is admirable. In Thomas Carlyle's book, there is no finer passage than the account of the Flight to Varennes. Lord Acton's description is less passionate, less highly colored, perhaps less thrilling. But it is not only far more accurate, an easily gained advantage because much new material has been discovered since Carlyle wrote, but equal in dramatic interest, because we are made to feel at almost every hour of the long and fateful day what was passing, and how the persons were acting upon whose coöperation the fortunes of the enterprise depended. Not infrequently we find in Acton's writings not only the raconteur's love of anecdote, but also a tendency to search for the causes of great events in small ones, sometimes because the small one happened at a critical moment, sometimes because, though not decisive in itself, it revealed the quality of character in which success or failure lay. Many of the anecdotes are new, some of great interest, such as those given on p. 223 about Dumouriez, and those on pp. 245-7 about the massacres of September 1792. Some few will be found surprising, such as the following about Pitt's relations with Danton (p. 254):

> Information was brought to Pitt, from a source that could be trusted, that Danton would save the King for £40,000. When he made up his mind to give the money, Danton replied that it was too late. Pitt explained to the French diplomatist Maret, afterwards prime minister, his motive for hesitation. The execution of the King of France would raise such a storm in England that the Whigs would be submerged.

Hardly anybody comes well out of the story of these years. The sovereigns of Europe and their ministers are less cruel but hardly less selfish and callous than the revolutionists of 1792-6. Mirabeau took money, Danton took money, Robespierre's reputation for not taking it helped him to be more horrible than any one else, except indeed Marat. Has public conscience improved since those days, as we all like to believe? Lord Acton answers gloomily. Speaking of Danton and Robespierre and the massacre of September, he says:

> We are in the company of men fit for Tyburn. I need spend no words in impressing on you the fact that these republicans began with atrocities as great as those of which the absolute monarchy was justly accused, and for which it justly perished. What we have to fix in our thoughts is this: that the great crimes of the Revolution, and crimes as great in the history of other countries, are still defended and justified in almost every group of politicians and historians; so that, in principle, the present is not altogether better than the past (p. 248).

He might have added that the massacres of Corcyra in the fifth century, B. C., were not worse than St. Bartholomew's Day at Paris in the sixteenth, A. D. Thucydides was horrified by the former, and we all know how Papal Rome received the latter. But Lord Acton's condemnation of the Revolutionists does not affect his view of the Revolution itself. To him it marks an immense onward step in the march of mankind, a thing to which we are all today indebted for some of the political benefits we enjoy.

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America. By William Carleton. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.20 net.

This is a most interesting book, well-written and straightforward. More than that, it is a really notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read who is fearful of the effect upon our institutions of our new citizens from overseas. The story is a simple one. The narrator—it is asserted that the book is a narrative of actual experience—was a clerk in a large corporation trying, on a meagre salary, to make both ends meet, and limiting his family to one child in order to make possible that

standard of comfort demanded by convention in the suburb in which he lived, when he suddenly lost his position. Having no savings, and having no acquirements save those of a routine clerk, he found himself at thirty-eight unable to go West or to procure reemployment. In most books of this kind the "way out" is to go back to the land, to wring a livelihood from some abandoned New England farm. Instead, this hero went to a new tenement and began life again, in the topmost flat, with the aid of his admirable wife, and as a day-laborer. How they lived on $9 a week and how "Carleton" won his way upward is absorbing reading. Some housekeepers may question the financial statements given; the very finical might even point out a place or two where the narrative is vulnerable, but it is a stirring human document nevertheless, for the reason that it shows how the stream of immigration quickens our whole national life, and because it concentrates in one human experience much of the romance and the opportunity of America—the freedom to rise that brings the foreign masses to our shores. This particular American who, as he says, "emigrated to New England," illumines in his book a large part of the natural phenomena of our democratic life, besides showing in an admirable way the fine things that adhere to honest manual labor and the cramping effects of middle-class convention. It is a bit of stimulating Americanism that ought to find a place in our school libraries next to Jacob Riis's "The Making of an American," for its emphasis is always on the things that are really worth while.

Gray Days and Gold. By William Winter. Revised edition. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

More than twenty years have elapsed since William Winter first published his delightful notes of travel in the British Isles. The public appreciation of them is best proved by the fact that they have passed through fifteen editions. Now they reappear, after careful revision, and with much additional matter in the new and handsome form chosen for his collected works, with all the advantages conferred by noble type, fine paper, ample margins, and copious illustrations of singular refinement and beauty. In the earlier volumes, articles on Scottish scenes and places were included. These have been reserved for a later book. The present papers, twenty-four in number are devoted, with one exception, to English subjects and two-thirds of them are virtually fresh. It would be difficult to exaggerate their charm. Everybody familiar with any of Mr. Winter's critical or other writings, knows that he is a master of rich and melodious English. In the past, his facility of utterance has betrayed him occasionally into exuberance. But these essays, evidently a labor of love to him, are models of musical prose and are free from redundance. To all educated travellers along the route which they follow—from Southampton to the Scottish border—they will prove an invaluable and fascinating guide to the spots most notable for their historic interest, literary association, or natural loveliness.

The whole book is charged with full and accurate scholarship, especially on subjects connected with the life, the creations and the times of Shakespeare, but is exempt from all taint of pedantry. It is a felicitous blend of pleasant and informing gossip, brilliant description, delicate and poetic perception, and grave reverie. One of its greatest charms lies in its reflection of the author's personality, his poetic susceptibility, his appreciation of the exquisite or the sublime, his alert humor, and his vein of philosophic pathos. It would be easy to quote many passages illustrative of his keen critical faculty —from his tributes to Byron, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, and others—or of his rare gift of eloquent and realistic description in picturing the beauties of Stratford-upon-Avon, or the solemn magnificence of old cathedrals, but the value of this book is not to be tested by samples. The intelligent reader who opens it will not lay it aside until he has absorbed all that lies between the covers, and he will be grateful to the man that produced it.

Cecil Rhodes: His Private Life. By his Private Secretary, Philip Jourdan. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

The appearance of a third book about Cecil Rhodes within eight months witnesses to the interest which is felt, or which English publishers believe to be felt, in England in the character and career of a man whom the swelling wave of what is called "Imperialistic sentiment" has raised to surprising prominence in Great Britain as well as in South Africa. We have so recently, in reviewing the two books about Rhodes written by Sir Thomas Fuller (*Nation* of August 25, 1910), and by Sir Lewis Mitchell (*Nation* of March 16, 1911), commented upon that character and career, that all we need do in noticing this third book is to call attention to the further light, such as it is, which is here thrown upon Rhodes's personality. Mr. Jourdan writes with the pardonable enthusiasm of a private secretary to whom the hero has not ceased to be a hero, intimate though his knowledge is. His book is filled with a series of incidents or anecdotes calculated to show Rhodes in a favorable light as a kindly, generous, warm-hearted man, loyally steadfast to his friends, and seldom personally bitter towards his opponents. His occasional fits of impatience or ill temper are not altogether hidden out of sight; nor are other blemishes denied. The biographer admits the quarrels with Gen. Kekewich during the siege of Kimberley and deplores the passion for bridge-playing which Rhodes contracted in his later years and which, as it induced him to sit up late at night, involved the discontinuance of the early morning rides that had theretofore kept him fresh and vigorous through many toils and vicissitudes. But Mr. Jourdan refutes the calumnies which were circulated about Rhodes in his later years—that he was in the habit of betting, that he gambled in stocks, that his habits were intemperate, that his private life was lax. All these charges, and especially the two latter, are declared to be baseless calumnies: and this seems to be proved by plenty of concurrent testimony from those who had the best means of knowing. We are accordingly ready to believe that Mr. Jourdan's denial of them is sincere and ought to be accepted. He renders a service to the memory of Rhodes by telling in detail the story of the lady, described in the book as of Russian birth, who persecuted him by her attentions, circulated false stories about him, and was ultimately convicted of having forged his name to promissory notes. The account here given completely clears Rhodes, whose life was shortened by these occurrences, for he went from England to South Africa in order to give evidence at the trial, and, being already in weak health, suffered severely from the journey. His medical advisers had warned him of the risk, but he felt that he must at all hazards give in court evidence needed to vindicate his character.

The book, as we have said, is slight and anecdotal rather than historical. It is not always correct, in its facts, nor even in the account of Rhodes's own opinions about other men, and it fails to grasp some of Rhodes's most interesting traits. But it gives an interesting and self-consistent picture of a man of remarkable practical gifts, who cared little for the smaller things of life, being indifferent to comfort or luxury and unmindful of dress, who had no pronounced literary tastes, except for Roman history, and no definite religious opinions, though he was ready to subscribe for religious purposes. All his energy was reserved for the large schemes he was constantly revolving, and into these he threw himself with untiring persistence. He expected all whom he employed to display the same vigor and persistence. If they succeeded, he rewarded them liberally. If they failed, he cast them aside without ruth. He was often brusque and impatient, but not spiteful or vindictive. He loved power and glory with a passion which made him occasionally

transgress the bounds which conscience and honor ought to have set; but his aims were not selfish and his desire for fame did not lapse into the lower forms of vanity. Altogether a man in whom, with all his faults, there was much to like as well as to admire.

Notes

"The King Over the Water, or the Marriage of Mr. Melancholy," is the title of a novel dealing with the old Pretender, which Justin H. McCarthy is publishing with Hurst & Blackett.

Messrs. Hutchinson are bringing out "Parodies Old and New," by Stanley L. Adam.

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch's new novel, "Brother Copas," will come this month from the Scribner press. The same house has in its list Price Collier's, "The West in the East from an American Point of View."

Henry Holt & Co. have contracted with Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper for a volume on representative American story-tellers.

Dante's "Purgatorio," edited by Prof. C. H. Grandgent, after the manner of his edition of the "Inferno," is announced for immediate issue by D. C. Heath & Co. The "Paradiso" is also in preparation.

The Macmillan Company promises shortly: "The Ladies' Battle," an argument against woman suffrage, by Molly Elliot Seawell, and "World Literature," by Dr. Richard G. Moulton.

J. J. Bell has placed a new novel with Cassell & Co.

John Spargo is publishing with B. W. Huebsch "Sidelights on Contemporary Socialism."

Two new novels will be issued in April and May by the Century Co., Mary Dillon's "Miss Livingston's Companion," and "An Ardent American," by Mrs. Russell Codman.

Longmans, Green & Co. have been appointed agents for the sale in the United States of the publications of the University of Manchester.

In his series of California stories, Richard Badger is bringing out immediately "The Dawn Meadow," by Miss G. A. Dennen, and "Don Sagasto's Daughter," by Paul H. Blades.

J. B. Lippincott Co. announces: "From Memory's Shrine," reminiscences of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania: "The Capitals of China," by William Edgar Geil; "A Short History of the United States Navy," by Capt. George R. Clark; "The Boy Scouts of Birch-Bark Island," by Rupert Sargent Holland.

In the list of Henry Holt & Co. are: "The Valley Captives," by R. Macaulay; "Household Administration: Its Place in the Higher Education of Woman," documents edited by Alice Ravenhill and Catherine J. Schiff; "Three Lays of Marie de France," a paraphrase by Prof. F. B. Luquiens, and Wildenbruch's "Kindertränen, edited by Dr. A. E. Vestling.

The publication of Lydgate's "Serpent of Division" (Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press) does not threaten to reverse the world's opinion of the Monk of Bury, but, in the light of Prof. Henry Noble MacCracken's scholarly introduction, this prose tract assumes not a little interest. Writing in 1422, apparently at the command of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, then Lord Protector, Lydgate endeavors to illustrate the dangers of civil strife by recounting the life of Julius Cæsar. It was a time of general apprehension; Henry V had just died, and his heir was only nine months old; but Lydgate is too true to himself to be fired by the opportunity. He sets resolutely to work, collecting his materials, with scant eye to proportion, from the best authorities, and turns out what is, at any rate, the most extensive treatment of Julius Cæsar in Middle English, and one of the very earliest political pamphlets in English history. Even Lydgate's sources, which Professor MacCracken works out with care, are rather soberly matter of fact. In dealing with Julius Cæsar, the mediæval writers kept, on the whole, close to Lucan and Suetonius. The present text is based on the Fitzwilliam MS., supplemented by the Calthorpe MS.; the readings of the Pepys and the Harvard MSS. are collated throughout. The three full-page reproductions from contemporary manuscript illustrations are highly attractive.

Prof. John Livingston Lowes ("Chaucer and the 'Miroir de Mariage,'" Modern Philology, VIII, 2, 3) continues with great acuteness to identify the Old French materials which Chaucer, the "grand translateur," so thoroughly assimilated and which influenced him more extensively and more persistently than has generally been supposed. This time it is the "Miroir de Mariage," a twelve-thousand-line poem of Eustache Deschamps, which supplies Chaucer with a good deal of material for the discussion of marriage in the "Merchant's Tale," with more than one suggestion for the Wife of Bath, and with sundry bits that appear in the A-Prologue to the "Legend of Good Women," the "Miller's Prologue," and the "Franklin's Tale." Bound up in this discussion are important considerations of chronology and of the development of Chaucer's narrative art, which Professor Lowes intends to treat later more at large.

The march of civilization and the humanizing of manners are eloquently attested in the changed relations between authors and publishers. What the eighteenth century writers thought of their booksellers, and how the booksellers treated their writers, has become tradition. Even the gentle Elia grew venomous on the subject. When the great houses of Constable and Ballantyne went down in the financial panic of 1826, Lamb wrote to Wordsworth: "When Constable fell from heaven, and we all hoped Baldwin was next, I turned a slight stave to the words in 'Macbeth' (D'Avenant's), to be sung by a chorus of authors:

> "What should we do when Booksellers break?
> We should rejoyce."

And there is, of course, the famous letter to Bernard Barton: "Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you! ! ! Throw yourself, rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. They are Turks and Tartars. Come not within their grasp." Yet in this same volume that chronicles the wrath of Lamb, and cites the famous anonymous epigram, "Now Barabbas was a publisher" —Frank A. Mumby's "The Romance of Bookselling" (Little, Brown & Co.)—we find the story of numerous hearty friendships between authors and publishers. Of Constable, over whose fall Lamb rejoiced, Scott wrote to Lockhart:

> While I live I shall regret the downfall of Constable, for never did there exist so intelligent and so liberal an establishment. They went too far when money was plenty, that is certain; yet, if every author in Britain had taxed himself half a year's income, he should have kept up the house which first broke in upon the monopoly of the London trade, and made letters what they now are.

Perhaps the classic type of the benevolent and wise publisher is George Smith of Smith, Elder & Company, the friend of Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray, George Henry Lewes, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Gaskell, Anthony Trollope, Symonds, Matthew Arnold, the Brownings, and George Eliot.

Mr. Mumby touches on the ever-fresh subject of authors' earnings. While it is generally true that authorship before the nineteenth century did not "pay," every age has had its exceptions. Martial grumbled at the scant profits from his verses as compared with Horace's Sabine farm and Vergil's 10,000,000 sesterces. The Elizabethans were the victims of pirate publishers. Milton signed away the copyright of "Paradise Lost" for £5, with a further £5 at the end of the first, second, and third editions. Altogether, Mr. Mumby calculates Milton received what would be in present-day money about £63. But already Dryden receives £1,200 for his "Vergil" and £250 for the first edition of his fables. Estimates of Pope's profits from the "Iliad" range between £4,000 and £5,320. Johnson received for his "Dictionary" £1,575, for Rasselas £125, for his Shakespeare edition £1,300, for the "Lives of the Poets" 200 guineas—this because Johnson did not ask for more; the publishers stood ready to give 1,500 guineas. Among large author's payments in later days were Crabbe's £3,000 from John Murray for "Tales of the Hall"; Mrs. Strickland's £2,000 from Bentley for "Lives of the Queens"; Lord Lytton's £20,000 from Routledge for a ten years' right to issue cheap editions of his published works; Thomas Moore's £3,000 from Longmans for "Lalla Rookh"; Macaulay's £20,000 from Longmans for profits on the third and fourth volumes of his "History"; George Eliot's £10,000 from Smith, Elder & Co. for "Romola." For "Treasure Island" in book form Stevenson received, "how much do you suppose? Well, a hundred pounds, all alive O! A hundred jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid! Is not this wonderful?"

In the account which the London *Athenæum* gives of the exhibition, now open at the British Museum, of Bibles and documents illustrating the history of the English Bible, we note:

> The exhibition is in two parts, the first comprising the chief Biblical manuscripts of the Museum, including the Codex Alexandrinus, some early Hebrew and Latin codices, the Bosworth Psalter, and the famous Lindisfarne Gospels, one of the finest examples of Celtic art dating from

about 700 A. D. . . . The first case on the left contains a number of fifteenth-century Bibles printed in the vernacular, including German, Low German, Italian, Dutch, and Bohemian . . . illustrated Bibles, examples of which are the Low German Bible of 1480, the Italian one of 1493, the Malermi Bible, and the French Bible of 1510. A copy of Lyndewood's Provinciale is open at the decision of the Synod of Oxford in 1433 forbidding the circulation of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, with a note to the words "noviter compositus" pointing out that ancient versions were not forbidden, a point afterwards made by Sir Thomas More.

In the second case are several treasures:

The only known fragment of Tyndale's first New Testament, the printing of which was interrupted at Cologne in August, 1525; the only complete copy known of the second New Testament, printed at Worms in the same year; two copies of Tyndale's version of the Pentateuch, printed in 1530, and his translation of Jonah, printed before June, 1531. In the same case are shown Joye's unauthorized edition of Tyndale's New Testament of August, 1534; Tyndale's edition of November, 1534; Joye's second edition of January, 1535; and Tyndale's of 1535, Anne Boleyn's copy of the November, 1534, edition shown is on vellum. Of six reputed editions of the New Testament printed in 1526 no copy is known to exist, unless, indeed, the fragment in the Durham Cathedral Library prove to be one. The editions used by Tyndale—Erasmus's Latin-Greek New Testament and Luther's German version—are also shown.

The next case contains the first complete English Bible printed, that of Coverdale in 1535; Matthew's Bible of 1537, printed at the expense of Richard Grafton and Edward Whitchurch; Taverner's Bible of 1539, and two out of the three editions of the Vulgate with the English translation of Coverdale.

The next case contains:

Five out of the seven editions of Cranmer's Bible of 1540, together with the Royal Proclamation of May 6th, 1541, enforcing its use. The history of the popular Geneva version, of which first editions of the New Testament (1557) and the Bible (1560) are shown, is fully illustrated, and copies of the Bishops' Bible, the Rhemish New Testament, and the Douai Old Testament fill the next case. A folio edition of the Geneva version shows that it was used in churches for some years from 1578, and the last edition in folio, issued in 1644, fixes the date when it began to be superseded by the Authorized Version.

The cases devoted to the Authorized Version show:

The two versions of 1611 (the "He" Bible and the "She" Bible), the 1613 and 1617 editions, and the first quarto and octavo editions in 1611, while a last case contains some curiosities, such as the "Wicked" Bible of 1631, which omitted the "not" in the seventh commandment, and the "unrighteous" Bible of 1653, which printed 1 Cor. vi. 9 as "know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." Some further revisions are shown, including the Cambridge ones of 1629 and 1638; Baskett's "Vinegar" Bible, which was called "a basket-ful of errors"; and an Amsterdam Bible of 1643, containing the text of the Authorized Version with the notes of the Geneva issue.

The cases devoted to documents affecting the history of the English Bible include:

The first mention of Tyndale's translation, in a letter of Lee to Henry VIII in December, 1525, from Bordeaux on his way to Spain. Lee had probably learnt of the printing of the Testament at Calais, where Roye, Tyndale's assistant, had friends and relations. Other items shown are the Bishop of Norwich's subscription to the fund for buying up Testaments to burn them, Monmouth's petition giving the history of his relations with Tyndale, Grafton's correspondence with Thomas Crumwell, licenses for printing the Great Bible, the Welsh Bible, and the Geneva Bible.

The director of the New York State Library for the Blind, which is operated as a division of the State Library at Albany, reports a collection of 3,000 volumes in raised letters, and a registry of 800 active blind borrowers. During the last twelve years 50,000 volumes have been borrowed by blind persons, an average of 17 issues for each volume in stock and of 60 loans to each borrower. The difficulty of enlarging the collection is pointed out in the fact that it costs $316 to print a single copy of such a work as Parkmau's "Oregon Trail" and $230 for a copy of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," each of these works appearing in two mammoth volumes. A corresponding advantage in this high cost is noted in that only works of real worth and interest are thus available. Books which have had the largest circulation the last two years are "Tom Sawyer," borrowed 104 times; Lee's "Uncle William," 97 times; Hale's "Daily Bread," 91 times; Gaskell's "Cranford," 90 times; Andrew's "Perfect Tribute," 80 times; Wiggin's "New Chronicles of Rebecca," 64 times; Wister's "The Virginian," 61 times; Harker's "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly," 54 times; Aldrich's "Selected Stories," 53 times; Taft's "Present-Day Problems," 36 times. By act of Congress in 1904 provision was made for the free carriage by mail of all books for the blind when sent from or to libraries, so all blind persons of the State have the free and equal use of this library, wherever they may reside.

"A Little Fifer's War Diary" (Syracuse, N. Y.: The Author), by C. W. Bardeen, is not an important contribution to our civil war literature. Mr. Bardeen was but thirteen at the firing on Sumter, and though he went through two strenuous years with the First Massachusetts, his diary is very meagre, as might be expected of such a child. Nor do the author's recollections help the matter much; for in great crises, as at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, they are quite crowded aside by quotations from other participants, from privates up to corps commanders, whereby we lose the personal touch. The history is bad. For instance, it is well ascertained that Stonewall Jackson was wounded fatally by the fire of his own men, and not by Federal volleys, as Mr. Bardeen contends, and few students of the engagement will conclude that the honors of Gettysburg belong to Sickles, and not to Meade, as is here asserted. The illustrations are portraits, and the crude contemporary sketches of the pictorial newspapers, vivid enough surely, but for many years scattered broadcast, and easily accessible in more complete and better shape. In the correspondence relating to a pension, introduced to show the unreasonableness and inefficiency of the officials, the commissioner of pensions appears to much better advantage than Mr. Bardeen. Proper vigilance and system in the discharge of a most responsible and arduous duty ought not to be stigmatized as ridiculous red tape and stupidity.

"Yesterday and To-day in Canada" (London: G. Allen & Sons), by the Duke of Argyll, is one of the three opening volumes in a series of books on the British Empire. The Duke of Argyll, one time the Governor-General of the Dominion, retains an interest in all matters Canadian, and is eminently qualified to deal with his subject in a thoroughly informed manner. He refers in an impartial way to the race problem of Canada, which continues to persist as a fundamental problem in the face of passing decades. The author devotes a chapter of general information to each province of Canada except diminutive Prince Edward Island. Attention is directed then to such timely and pertinent questions as the naval and military defence, the development of transportation facilities, and the meeting of colonial ministers in London. In the chapter on the defence issue an account is given of the naval debates in the Canadian Parliament during the early part of 1910. Douhtless the most interesting chapter, to Americans as well as Canadians, is that entitled National Highways of Canada. The author describes the growth and present condition of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and other lines in the country. He goes into detail, in respect to the Grand Trunk Pacific, and presents statistics showing the immense advantage of low and easy gradients, which this line, now in process of construction, is to have over the Great Northern, Union Pacific, and other lines across the continent. In later chapters, attention is directed to Canada's relations with the United States. He endeavors to show that the prevalent notion that England has wantonly sacrificed Canadian interests on several occasions is not based on fact. He discusses the Elgin-Marcy reciprocity treaty of 1854-66, the Alaska boundary controversy, the Newfoundland fisheries question, and many other matters having to do with the relations between Canada and her great Southern neighbor. This leads the author naturally to his pet subject—Imperial federation.

"Corpus Nummorum Italicorum" is the title of a catalogue of mediæval and modern coins, struck in Italy or by Italians abroad, which is in preparation by the firm of Savoie in Milan; the first volume of the ten which are planned is now ready. The work is based chiefly upon the collection of the King, who, from childhood, has been devoted to the subject.

"Aus meinem Leben," Erster Teil, by A. Bebel (Stuttgart: J. H. W. Dietz), is an unusually interesting contribution to modern history by the alert leader of Social Democracy in Germany. Bebel's account of his humble youth and of the development of his political and economic theories is all the more valuable because written in an exceptionally calm and objective way. Among the most interesting features of this work are the author's personal accounts of such history-makers as Bismarck, Lassalle, E. Richter, Liebknecht. The book is a fine literary exponent of modern Social Democracy which incites to thought even where it provokes opposition.

The new German edition of Falk and Torp's Etymological Dano-Norwegian Dictionary (Norwegisch-dänisches etymologisches Wörterbuch, mit Unterstützung der Verfasser fortgeführte deutsche Bearbeitung von Hermann Davidsen; Heidelberg: C. Winter, 1907-1911) is now complete. Its advantages over the older edition (published in Christiania, 1903-1906), which it follows after so brief an interval, are : (1) That all explanatory matter is in German,

which will make it accessible to many students of etymological problems to whom the original Dano-Norwegian text presented no inconsiderable difficulty; (2) that it has undergone thorough revision, involving numerous corrections and the addition of no little supplementary matter. Especially welcome in this connection are the "Literaturangaben und Nachträge" (pp. 1425-1582), with references to the diverging opinions of other etymologists; (3) that indices of Old Norse and German words are included, the first edition having indexed only Norwegian dialect-words. The work with its treatment of numerous High and Low German loan-words and cognates is an invaluable supplement to Kluge's Etymological German Dictionary, which in its last edition (1910) has emphasized more especially the historical development within the modern High German literary language. The philological world owes a debt of gratitude to the publisher of the new Falk and Torp for the rapidly progressing realization of his plan of an extensive series of grammatical and lexicographical works, and not least for an admirable new periodical devoted to etymological-archæological research (*Wörter und Sachen,* 1909 —).

From time to time there appear books undertaking to trace all religious ideas to some point in the remote past. Some of these works (like those of Winckler and Jensen carrying back all myths to Babylonia) have the semblance if not the reality of scientific method; others have not even the semblance of such a method. In the latter class must be placed Dr. Albert Churchward's "Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man, being an explanation of the evolution of religious doctrines from the eschatology of the ancient Egyptians" (Dutton). The author's main interest appears to be in the history of masonry, signs of which he finds in Central America, Assyria, and elsewhere, all going back to Egypt—a genealogy by no means necessary in order to establish the worth of this venerable institution. From Egypt he derives the word "totem," supposed by most scholars to be of North American origin; "American," however, for Dr. Churchward, would be ultimately "Egyptian." The oldest speech of man he holds to be that of the African pygmies, and it, he says, is identical with old-Egyptian; he gives a list of words to prove this identity. From Egypt, according to his scheme, came the code of Hammurabi; Moses was a priest of the Solar Eschatology of the Egyptians and knew that this was brought on from the Stellar; and the Jewish religion is founded on the Mysteries of the double horizon of Ra Harmachis—the Hebrew Pentateuch is based on an Egyptian collection of four books (probably the present arrangement in five books came about in the process of translation into Hebrew); the Brahmanic, Buddhist, and Persian religions are of Egyptian origin; the Great Pyramid, having been built in the period of the Stellar Myths, must be more than 15,000 years old. With such material as this the author fills over four hundred pages. One section of his book that might be of value is his account of the pygmies, in which he gives measurements of individual men and women; but from these prosaic details he passes quickly to an imaginative description of their "spirit-houses" and their cult of a Supreme Being.

The Rev. Dr. William Walker, whose death is announced from England, at the age of ninety-four, wrote a notable life of the Rev. John Skinner, the author of "Tullochgorum."

Prof. Henry Mitchell Whitney, one of four brothers who had attained distinction as scholars and educators, died suddenly on Saturday at New Haven, Conn. He was born sixty-eight years ago in Northampton, Mass., and served in the civil war, being sergeant-major of the Fifty-second Massachusetts Volunteers in 1862-3. In 1864 he graduated from Yale, and four years later from the Andover Theological Seminary. He wrote in collaboration: "Columbian History of Education in Wisconsin," "History of the Fifty-second Massachusetts Regiment," and "Twentieth Century New Testament."

The Rev. Dr. Edward Payson Crowell, professor emeritus of Latin language and literature at Amherst College, and the author of numerous Latin works, died at his home in Amherst, Mass., on Saturday, at the age of eighty. He retired in 1908 on a Carnegie pension, after a service of fifty years. From 1880 to 1894 he served as dean of Amherst. More than twenty years ago he lost the sight of both eyes, but continued his work as professor. Dr. Crowell was a graduate of Amherst in 1853, and in 1859 was licensed as a Congregational preacher. He began teaching at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass., in 1853, and soon after joined the Amherst faculty. He was editor of a large number of Latin text-books, and became known as one of the leading men in his branch in the country.

Science

Under the Open Sky: Being a Year with Nature. By Samuel Christian Schmucker. With illustrations by Katherine Elizabeth Schmucker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

Birds of the Loch and Mountain. By Seton P. Gordon. New York: Cassell & Co.

The style of Mr. Schmucker's book is usually direct and not without a certain literary grace, while his descriptions generally are lucid and sometimes really graphic. The slight flaws in his literary technique are, indeed, easily forgiven in the evidence that he is not only a sincere lover of nature, but an accurate and thoughtful observer. He seems to appreciate, too, the difference between the merely curious and the significant. For example, the description of the mole is a capital bit of natural history writing in a popular vein. Again, in his second chapter, The Great Spring Rush, Mr. Schmucker discusses in a manner which is bound to hold the attention that most interesting natural process, the flow of the sap; the limitations of our knowledge prompt him to say that "not any, nor all of these [theories] put together, seem enough to account for this work of bearing the life-giving stream up the stem," and that "we are still waiting for the master mind who shall fathom the forces which work so silently." He has also expressed clearly and well that remarkable botanical hypothesis—apparently as plausible as poetic—that our dearly-loved arbutus is a cousin (if not a nearer relative) of the very similar Japanese plant; that they had a common ancestor in the northern parts of Asia and America, and that they were separated, during the glacial period, by the great ice-cap which forced one branch of the ancestral plant down through Eastern Asia and the other through Eastern North America, whence, having become somewhat varied from the parent stock by different surroundings, the plants are now moving slowly northward again, apparently with no fear of the "yellow peril" in the heart of the American flower.

It is a little surprising that so good an observer as Mr. Schmucker should say, in discussing the blackbird's peculiarity of walking, that "most of our common birds that fly well, walk indifferently, and are apt to hop along the ground, lifting both feet at once," inasmuch as the crow, the red-winged blackbird, the cow-bird, the starling (now virtually Americanized), the meadow-lark, the oven-bird, the water-thrush, and the Louisiana water-thrush (not to mention the herons), all of them good fliers, are also good *walkers;* while perhaps our best-known bird, the robin, a strong and skilful flier, neither walks nor hops, but *runs.* We must take issue, also, with the author when he characterizes the woodchuck as "stupid"; he is far from that, as is proved by the mere fact of his continued existence even when he is hemmed in on all sides and at short range by his mortal enemy, man; and it may fairly be doubted also whether squirrels actually make very effective use of their bushy tails in guiding their leaps from tree to tree.

On the other hand, there are accurate observation and correct deduction in the account of that wonderful little creature, the humming-bird; and many other subjects (taken up with a charming disregard for the relation of one to another, excepting a purely seasonal one), such as the development of the "June-bug," the growth and nature of the strawberry, and the "run of the shad," receive intelligent and readable discussion.

The illustrations should not get off scot-free. The frontispiece is an incorrectly colored picture of a meadow lark in quite impossible surroundings, and the full-page drawings are almost equally at fault, especially those of the blackbird, the Baltimore oriole, the wood pewee (which is wholly unrecognizable), and the kingfisher. Unfavorable impressions are greatly lessened, however, by the graceful marginal illustrations—

jack-in-the-pulpit, the skunk-cabbage, apple blossoms, white clover, etc.

Mr. Gordon's "Birds of the Loch and Mountain" is a well-written book about the birds of a part of Scotland. It includes the golden eagle, red grouse, capercailzie, ptarmigan, woodcock, goosander, golden plover, curlew, sandpiper, redshank, oyster catcher, common tern, common and black-headed gulls, water ousel, bullfinch, meadow pipit, willow warbler, and peregrine falcon. The text shows that the author is a careful and sympathetic observer; it contains much first-rate ornithology which will interest the student of bird-life, even though he has no personal knowledge of the birds described. The account of the ptarmigan is especially interesting because of the opportunity it gives for comparing that bird's habits and appearance with those of its American analogues, of which there appear to be four distinct species. The Scotch bird apparently is as prompt and as prudent as the American about changing its clothes (from ground colors in the summer months to nearly pure white when its mountain haunts are snow-clad); some of these costumes Mr. Gordon shows by skilful photographs. Evidently, however, he has not succeeded in catching the bird in its white plumage, as J. Alden Loring contrived to do in Alaska in 1901, when he procured a picture of a white ptarmigan on bare ground, which reveals in a striking manner the fact that even in such surroundings the bird's plumage gives it considerable protection by reflecting the ground tints, and thus partly concealing nearly half of its body. Many of Mr. Gordon's other photographs (there are ninety-odd) are noteworthy additions to nature photography, the picture of the bullfinch brooding being remarkably lifelike.

A Congress of Technology, which will give in the papers to be presented a record of the place and practical achievements of science in modern life, will be held in the buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston on April 10 and 11. The sessions will be open to the public.

To his fascinating "Astronomy With an Opera Glass," his delightful "Pleasures of the Telescope," his by no means dry "Other Worlds," his untechnical "Moon," and his captivating "Curiosities of the Sky," Garrett P. Serviss has now added "Round the Year With the Stars" (Harper), in which he sets forth the chief beauties of the heavens as seen with the naked eye. His advice is practical, and the charts are well adapted to the beginner's needs, having plain instructions how to use them to advantage. The patient reader soon finds that less effort is needed in acquiring familiarity with the aspects of the sky than in attaining the fundamentals of geology, botany, or other natural sciences. Mr. Serviss commends highly the use of a mirror and study of the asterisms by reflection. Certainly it is an important convenience in studying circumzenith constellations, and is the same in principle as the little, but very comfortable device of the Vatican Palace for the study of the pictures by Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. The rubricated constellation names seem to us a mistake, because in yellowish artificial light they are almost impossible to decipher; a tissue interleaf would have been much better, with no names whatever on the charts proper.

Edward W. Branigan, professor of clinical dentistry, and acting dean of Tufts College Dental School, died a week ago at the Charlesgate Hospital in Boston, aged fifty-three. Last year he was president of the National Association of Dental Faculties; he was the author of many works on dental subjects.

Dr. Edward F. Ashley, the bacteriological expert on the quarantine staff of Dr. Alvah H. Doty, health officer of the port of New York, died last week in the hospital on Swinburne Island, of malignant spinal meningitis, which he had contracted in the course of his work against that disease. Dr. Ashley was thirty-five years of age. He was a graduate of Yale, and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city, and practised several years in the City Hospital. He thought that there was a greater future in bacteriology than in any other branch of his profession, and did not take up general practice.

Drama

The Doctor's Dilemma, Getting Married, and The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's. $1.50 net.

Disraeli's phrase, "A sophistical rhetorician intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity"—no more than an insolent gibe when flung at Mr. Gladstone—acquires the force of a scientific definition when applied to Bernard Shaw, the author of this bulky, pretentious, and exasperating book. Mr. Shaw, of course, is much more than a mere rhetorician. He is an extraordinarily clever and highly accomplished man, plentifully endowed with wit and a rare mastery of grotesque humor, and a literary facility which enables him to exhibit his varied acquirements in glittering and attractive form, but his intellectual powers are made virtually inoperative by his congenital incapacity for or deliberate rejection of logical thought, and the monstrous egotism which leads him to seek notoriety by the means of paradox and audacious misrepresentation. It is a melancholy thing to see such gifts, which might have constituted the full equipment of a great and inspiring satirist, employed for ignoble or futile purpose. There is almost always a residuum of fact at the bottom of his most frothy and disingenuous deliverances, and it is this that might make them mischievous if they were more widely circulated. To the intelligent reader, who goes to them for mere entertainment, they will long be a source of rich and comparatively harmless enjoyment.

All his characteristic literary vices and shortcomings are illustrated copiously in this present volume, made up of three plays—which are negligible so far as any actual dramatic value in them is concerned—and sundry prefaces of inordinate length which are supposed, presumably, to be entire justifications of the conditions, theories, and personages exploited in the dramas. "The Doctor's Dilemma"—the nature of the dilemma need not be specified here—is one long tirade against the medical profession. The supposed indictment is fortified by reckless misstatement, gross exaggeration, unscrupulous special pleading, suppression of the truth, malicious suggestion, and dogmatic assertion. Occasional instances of maltreatment are quoted as general examples. A quasi-scientific gloss is imparted to fluent nonsense by the use of technical phraseology. In his preface he coolly writes: "I deal with the subject as an economist, a politician, and a citizen, exercising my common sense," common sense being the one quality of which his fallacious illustrations are conspicuously devoid. He does not explain why an economist or a politician should be an infallible judge of medical ethics, practice, and ability. Never were methods more unscientific than those which he employs. Unfortunately the adroitness of his whimsical humor often distracts attention from his own malpractice. He does not always talk pernicious rubbish. His advocacy of sunshine and soap, for instance, as sanitary agents, is perfectly sound. But his wise edicts are mere platitudes. Some of his conclusions are indisputable, but when he points out the way to reform he shatters his pretence of being an economist. He ruins his case by his unjust perversity, dishonesty, and egotism. But his humorous caricatures of different types of physicians and surgeons are delicious, as is his possibly unintended exposure of the humbug of the so-called "artistic temperament" in the person of the fascinating rascal Dubedat. Mr. Shaw knows something about shams.

There is much clever characterization, too, together with some that is impossible and inhuman, in his "Getting Married," which proceeds from comedy to farce and from farce to sheer burlesque. It is amusing and often brilliant in its insincere way, but nothing need be said about the story, which is absurd and dramatically worthless. With its voluminous preface it embodies Mr. Shaw's various notions about the estate of matrimony and the iniquity of British laws concerning it. The subject is one that is daily exacting more and more public attention and offers many opportunities for effective at-

tack. But here again Mr. Shaw ruins his case by his violence, his exaggerations, his cheap cynicism, and his substantial ignorance. He would reform the institution, apparently, by abolishing it altogether, although he admits that wise folk must endure it for the present. The average married man he describes—in what society he formed his ideas is a mystery—as a monster of selfish and brutal sexual depravity, and compares him with a balloon that has lost the lifting power of gas. Evidently he himself has escaped, as yet, that calamity. He admits that his speculations on the aspect of domestic life are necessarily unsupported by evidence, but does not suspect, seemingly, that their value may be affected by this coincidence. In pouring contempt upon the motives of marriage he flouts nature as well as law. Divorce, he maintains, should be had for the asking, and for any cause rather than that of infidelity. The religious side of marriage naturally excites his fiercest scorn, which betrays him into confusing the principles of Christianity with dogmas of the early and mediæval churches. In conclusion —by way of putting the cap on the pinnacle of his wisdom—he remarks that the remedy for all the social evils which he has been depicting is perfectly simple, being nothing more nor less than the provision of the means of independent livelihood for women. This is a sample of his grasp of economic problems. Of course, he does not offer any solution of this one.

He devotes seventy-five pages to an account of his adventures with the Lord Chamberlain's office in connection with the refusal of a license for the public presentation of his play, "The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet." Somewhat too much space in the press has been devoted already to that incident. On reading this piece a cynic might be tempted to suspect that Mr. Shaw—who has often shown himself keenly alive to all the advantages of advertisement—deliberately inserted certain passages to make the refusal of a license absolutely certain. However this may be, the British stage has lost nothing by the suppression of this crude specimen of alternately coarse and sentimental frontier melodrama. The piece belongs to no higher dramatic category. Its incidents, its characters, and its atmosphere are all equally theatrical and untrue. The dialogue, of course, is enlivened occasionally by flashes of the author's peculiar smartness, which, however, are generally inappropriate to the scene. But no consideration of this kind influences Mr. Shaw, who rarely permits reason, probability, or fact to interfere with the exercise of his sardonic humor, his irresponsible wit, or his faculty for distortion. The result is that he has produced a bulky volume which is worthless except as a demonstration of the futility of genius when it is not allied with sanity.

English Dramatic Companies, 1558-1642. By John Tucker Murray, 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.50.

Fleay's "History of the Stage, 1559-1642" may be said to have marked an epoch in the study of the Elizabethan drama, but, apart from the disadvantages that would naturally attach to any work in a field in which so few had labored, the book was often seriously marred by the author's tendency to rash speculation. Moreover, Fleay purposely ignored the provincial companies. There was accordingly great need of a new history, and with this Mr. Murray has supplied us in an eminently satisfactory manner. As explained in the Preface, the work was originally begun as a Harvard thesis on the provincial companies, and it is still most notable for the flood of light which it throws on their history and activity; but the writer was gradually led to embrace the London stage also, and as the final result we have the first volume devoted to the London and the second to the provincial companies. How great the number of the latter was appears for the first time in this work; the interest of Elizabethan England in the drama seems to have extended to every part of the kingdom.

Mr. Murray very wisely does not follow Fleay's plan of discussing stage history according to periods. He takes up the individual companies in succession and relates separately the whole history of each, before beginning with another. Furthermore, at the end of the history of each company a list of all recorded court performances and provincial visits of the particular company is given. In the first volume, where he traverses the ground covered by Fleay's treatise, he has the advantage of reviewing the work of his predecessor, and we may add also of a soberer judgment, so that he is able to supply corrections on almost every page. The notes of this volume are full of such corrections, while certain of Fleay's more important errors are handled in appendices. Especially notable among the appendices of this nature are those which deal with the history of the Earl of Pembroke's company, the question of the great actor Alleyn's later connection with the stage (which, contrary to Fleay's supposition, he seems not to have abandoned until 1604), and the relation of the plague to the closing of the theatres, 1558-1642. The evidence shows clearly that in the period most in dispute, namely, from about 1608 on, the theatres were closed when the weekly deaths from the plague exceeded forty. A table of deaths for the years 1563-1642 (with no breaks between 1605-1642) is included.

We have already noted the great value of this work for the history of the provincial companies. The final appendix, which makes up more than half of the second volume, is a collection of notices drawn from local histories, the publications of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and the records themselves, especially the account books, mayors' court books, and letter-books of the various corporations, the records of Norwich proving particularly fruitful. A great number of companies are unearthed whose existence had not been previously suspected. In this connection it is singular to find the citizens of Kendal as late as 1586 still clamoring for the old Corpus Christi (miracle) plays.

As far as we have observed, the work is remarkably free from inaccuracies. The new patent, however, granted Prince Henry's players (see I, 208) was not dated (April 30), 1607, but 1606. Mr. Murray is here, no doubt, following the transcript of the Patent Roll printed in the "Shakespeare Society's Papers" (1849), but the original license with correct dating is given in the company licenses, quite recently edited for the Malone Society by E. K. Chambers and W. W. Greg. A few of the fourteen licenses printed by these scholars are new and contain details of interest for the history of individual companies. Furthermore, Mr. Murray does not seem to have been aware of the important documents relating to the Fortune and Red Bull Theatres printed by Dr. C. W. Wallace in the University of Nebraska Studies (1909). Perhaps, like the licenses, they were published too late for use in his book. As appears from them, the Red Bull Theatre was already in existence by 1605. Among other things, they contain interesting material regarding a law-suit between the actor Alleyn and a brother of the theatre-manager Henslowe, and give the only information we possess as to the compensation of the Elizabethan "gatherer" (that is, the man who took in the money at the door), which, according to Dr. Wallace, was one-eighteenth of the total receipts. In another matter, of very slight importance to be sure, Mr. Murray accepts the current view that Shakespeare and other actors followed King James in the royal procession on March 15, 1604. Ernest Law, however, in his "Shakespeare as a Groom of the Chamber" (published about the same time as the present work) has shown convincingly that the King's gift of red cloth on this occasion did not necessarily imply any such thing.

In conclusion, we recommend heartily this excellent treatise, which, we are sure, will take its place at once as the most trustworthy authority in its field.

Hauptmann's drama, "The Weavers," is

to be republished this season by B. W. Huebsch.

Granville Barker has arranged with Mitchell Kennerley for American publication of all his work; the first volume will be "Three Plays," containing "Waste," "The Marrying of Ann Leete," and "The Voysey Inheritance."

Matheson Lang and his wife, Hutin Britton, have made arrangements for a prolonged tour in South Africa.

Irene Vanbrugh has been engaged as leading lady of Frank Curzon and Gerald du Maurier for their managerial alliance at Wyndham's Theatre, London. She will play the leading female character in Haddon Chambers's new piece, "Passers-by," now ready for production. This is said to be something entirely different from any of the author's preceding plays. It is in four acts, of light texture, and tells a story of modern London life. Mr. Du Maurier has a young man's character. Miss Vanbrugh's part, on the other hand, is said to be of a different type from any that she has yet played.

At the London Lyceum Theatre on the afternoon of April 4, the eve of the poet's birthday, Elsie Fogerty's company will give a commemoration matinée performance of Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" in aid of the funds of the Poetry Society. Miss Fogerty's original performance in the part of Althæa and Muriel Elliot's music have been highly praised by English critics.

The Oxford University Press (Frowde) is engaged in issuing "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare," three of the proposed nine volumes having already appeared. The general introduction, written by Swinburne, was evidently chosen for its commercial value rather than for any profit to the reader. With the panegyric of one poet by another poet no one need quarrel; it may, besides, be highly suggestive. But in this instance, mixed in with pure lyric outpourings, there are statements which pass on old errors of fact and judgment, and an individual bias of the critic which will perhaps deceive no scholar, but is likely to deceive many for whom the edition is planned. For this, we are informed in a few pages by Mr. Watts-Dunton, is designed to be an open-air Shakespeare. To make the idea seem less fanciful, we are let into a secret:

It is a singular fact in regard to the king of dramatists that, although his representations of life were written to be acted, the most delightful way of enjoying them is not to see them on the stage—where, too often, the obtrusive personality of the actor blurs or is mingled with Shakespeare's own vision of the character—nor even to study them in the closet, but to read them in the open air, along the banks of a river—the Avon, say, or the Ouse, or the Upper Thames—or under the wavering shadows of English trees, with the music of the summer birds and the distant bleat of the sheep lending an accompaniment to the music of the poet's verse.

If an open-air edition is perfect, each page will "pass into the reader's soul with no more suggestion of printer's ink than the hymn of skylark overhead." So the italics, which usually mark the stage-directions, have here been replaced by Roman letters: "the sunlight filtering through the leaves upon the page is apt to dazzle and vex the eyes by accentuating the lack of harmony between perpendicular and oblique lines." For the same reason not a note can be found, either with the text—that of the Oxford edition—or after it. Introductions excepted, among which should be mentioned preliminary notices of the individual plays by Professor Dowden, there is nothing to distract the song of soul or bird—save the publisher's advertisement of 168 books and 2 bookcases. Despite their perfection, the volumes look as though they would be pleasant to use. Vol. I contains "The Tempest," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Measure for Measure"; Vol. II, "The Comedy of Errors," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Love's Labour's Lost," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Merchant of Venice"; Vol. III, "As You Like It"; "The Taming of the Shrew," "All's Well that Ends Well," "Twelfth Night," and "The Winter's Tale."

The first of the series of four lectures, with histrionic illustrations, upon the development of the English drama, which Brander Matthews is delivering in the New Theatre, attracted an enormous audience. It is evident that the public interest in the theatre is deep and widespread. Mr. Matthews, of course, can only touch upon the outskirts of his subject in the brief space allotted to him. Speaking on the ancient miracle and mystery plays and the moralities which grew out of them, he briefly demonstrated their ecclesiastical origins and traced the process—of which we do not know much—by which they gradually became secularized. His explanation was as clear as it could be made in the circumstances, and was fortified by several apt illustrations, but was necessarily elementary in character. Nevertheless, it was received with eager attention by the audience, in which the student element was conspicuous. The acted examples were "Noah's Flood," one of the Chester series of mysteries, with a few interpolations from another source, and "Nice Wanton," a morality of about the middle of the sixteenth century. The first was acted in a two-storied wheeled ark, which was dragged upon the scene, the market place of old Windsor, by the performers. The stage and its appurtenances were sufficiently accurate, and in many respects the conditions of the time were reproduced faithfully, but it was possible to question some features of the performance. For instance, the face, hair, and beard of the actor who played Dominus were gilded. The effect was ingenious and striking, but it is doubtful whether such an expedient would be within the resources of the poorer strollers. The whole equipment of the actors, indeed, seemed too new and prosperous. Another point to be raised lies in the disparity between the players themselves, the artistic dignity and the elocutionary power and skill displayed by the Dominus and the Noah, and the frankly bucolic extravagances indulged in by Noah's wife and other comic characters. The fact is that we do not and cannot know just how these pieces were presented. For "Nice Wanton" the actors built their stage upon trestles. The piece is of small account, but the performance was excellent and carried more of illusion than might have been expected. This was because the individual players were more in earnest. On the whole, the New Theatre is to be congratulated upon the success of its experiment.

Music

"ARIANE AND BLUE BEARD."

Either the attitude of the public has changed, or that astute Maurice Grau was wrong in holding that it does not pay to produce new operas in New York or in the other cities of this country. Andreas Dippel has found in Chicago and Philadelphia a strong desire for operatic novelties, and within the last few weeks he has also given New Yorkers a chance to hear two new scores—Victor Herbert's "Natoma" and Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Secret de Suzanne"—both of which were favorably received. Next Tuesday he will produce still another work never heard here, Jean Nougues's "Quo Vadis," based on Sienkiewicz's famous novel; and this, it is promised, is to be the most elaborate operatic spectacle ever witnessed in a New York opera house. Mr. Gatti-Casazza, on his part, has staged Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" and Humperdinck's "Königskinder," each of which will have had nearly, if not quite, a dozen representations by the end of the season—a record exceeded only once before, when Emma Calvé first came over to act and sing "Carmen," which she sang fourteen times in one "stagione."

To the works of Puccini and Humperdinck the manager of the Metropolitan has now added Paul Dukas's "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue." This, however, though new to America, is not, like the two operas just referred to, an absolute novelty, having been produced in Paris, at the Opéra-Comique on May 10, 1907. The prima donna, on that occasion, was Mme. Leblanc, the wife of Maeterlinck, of whose play this opera is a setting; she did not, according to common report, make the most of her opportunities; but the scenic attire was beautiful and the play and music appealed to the thousands of admirers of Maeterlinck's mystic conceptions, wherefore the opera was pronounced a success. It was also produced in Brussels and in Vienna. The story of Blue Beard has been repeatedly set to music by Grétry (in his "Raoul"), Offenbach, who burlesqued the story, and several others. In Maeterlinck's play, Blue Beard is not the monster of the original French legend, who murdered five wives in succession for the reason that, in his absence, they had used the golden key to open the forbidden chamber of horrors, while the seventh wife was saved at the critical moment by her brothers, who slay Blue Beard. In the latest Parisian version, Blue Beard gives each of his five successive wives seven keys, one golden, the others silver, with permission to use only the silver keys. They all disobey, sooner or later, and disappear mysteriously. Rumors of murder are current among the peasants, whose voices, when the curtain parts, are heard warning

Ariane, the sixth bride, just arriving in a carriage, not to enter the dangerous castle. What the audience beholds is a scene in the interior of the castle, a large hall, semi-circular in form, with three small doors with silver locks on each side. Ariane, with her nurse, enters the hall; she has in her hand the seven keys; the one of gold alone interests her; the others she throws away. The nurse picks them up, and unlocks the first door—whereupon a cascade of amethysts falls upon the floor—rings, bracelets, diadems, and other ornaments. The same results follow the unlocking of the other doors, except that the jewels are different—sapphires next, followed by pearls, emeralds, rubies, diamonds. Though dazzled by all this splendor, Ariane continues to search for the golden lock; at last she finds it, inserts her key, and, when the door opens, a stifled distant chant comes up from the depths —the chant of the five imprisoned wives. At this moment Blue Beard enters and tries to drag Ariane away. The cries of the nurse attract the peasants; she draws the bolts and they come tumbling in. Blue Beard draws his sword, but Ariane sends the peasants away with the words: "What do you want? He has not harmed me."

The scene of the second act is one of the dark underground halls dear to Maeterlinck. Ariane and the nurse descend, lamps in hand. They come across the discarded wives, huddled together. Ariane embraces them, and urges them to follow her out of the dungeon to the sunlight and flowers above. A pale green light serves as guide; it comes through a glass skylight which the five wives think keeps out the sea water; but Ariane takes a stone, and smashes the glass, whereupon they emerge joyously into the garden bordering on the sea. In the last act we see the rescued wives in the semi-circular hall, where the jewels are still sparkling on the floor. Encouraged and instructed by Ariane, they adorn themselves so as to show off each one's peculiar beauty to best advantage. The nurse creates alarm by announcing that Blue Beard is returning. But the peasants, armed, are watching for him; there is a fight; they bring him in, bound, and place him on the sofa. Ariane bids them go back to the village and dress their wounds. When she turns her head she sees the five wives on their knees gazing on Blue Beard with adoring miens. She cuts the ropes that tie him; she bids him good-by, and asks the wives to follow her; but they refuse to leave him. His own eyes are fixed on her retreating form.

It has been surmised that Maeterlinck, noting how much more effective his "Pelléas et Melisande" is with Debussy's music than without it, deliberately wrote his "Arlane et Barbe Bleue" as a libretto. It certainly seems too slight and fantastic to be effective as a play, but for a musical setting it is admirably adapted, and it may be said at once that Paul Dukas has made good use of his opportunities. Reports had come from Paris that he had outdone Debussy; but that is not so. There are, it is true, a number of places where the harmonic—or rather dissonantal—progressions that are now the fashion in Paris are used, but there is quite as much of Wagner in this score, and the best things in it are Dukas's own. He had previously shown in his orchestral scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (which has become a favorite in our concert halls) that he is a composer with a personality; and this impression is strengthened by his opera.

What distinguishes it most favorably from "Pelléas et Melisande" is that it contains real melodies and dynamic contrasts. Some of the leading themes are so individual that they impress themselves on the memory at once and become more effective with each successive hearing. One wishes that more of this melody were assigned to the singers; but in confiding it chiefly to the orchestra Dukas was simply following the example of other composers of the period. It is a fashion which must have its day; some future Bizet will end it. Ariane's diamond air is the nearest approach to the set numbers of opera as it used to be; for the rest, the vocal parts are a sort of intervallic declamation or recitative, less monotonous than Debussy's, yet seldom expanding to sustained melody. The advantage of this method of writing for the voice is that it enables the singer to enunciate distinctly; it enforces the principle, first followed by Peri and restated by Gluck and Wagner, that "the play's the thing." Its disadvantages are partly overcome by the orchestra, which in "Ariane" nearly always has something to say. There are several superb and genuinely dramatic (not merely operatic) climaxes; six of them in quick succession after the doors are opened that had hidden the jewels —each orchestral outburst being differently colored, like the jewels themselves; but the grandest of them occur where they are most needed—at the close of the different acts. The exultant strains heard when the liberated women gambol in the flower garden are among the most exhilarating things in modern opera. Of musical "atmosphere" there is an abundance throughout the opera, the most striking instance being the subdued moaning chorus of the imprisoned women in the first act after Ariane has used her golden key.

"Ariane" is almost as much of a "prima donna" opera as "Lucia," though in a different way. On Geraldine Farrar rests the chief burden of the opera so far as the stage is concerned. She is, fortunately, as accomplished an actress as she is a singer, else it would have been foolish for her to essay the part of Ariane. At the dress rehearsal, on which these comments are based, she fascinated the invited audience, winning much applause for her skill in assimilating a style of music to which she had heretofore been unaccustomed. She shared the honors with Mr. Toscanini, who demonstrated on this occasion that he can interpret a Parisian opera of the hour as sympathetically as the Wagner, Verdi, and Puccini operas that have made him famous.

After nearly forty years of secret existence, the autobiography of Richard Wagner is to be published this year by Dodd, Mead & Co. In one striking incident he relates how he was summoned from school to the bedside of his dying father, for whom he was asked to play. He did so, and the father whispered, "I wonder whether he will ever develop a talent for music."

Art

Répertoire de Reliefs Grecs et Romains. Tome Premier, "Les Ensembles." By Salomon Reinach: Paris: Ernest Leroux.

In bringing out this volume of reproductions of Greek and Roman reliefs M. Reinach has again earned the gratitude of students of ancient art. Every archæologist is familiar through constant use with Reinach's "Répertoire de la statuaire grecque et romaine" (3 volumes), and his "Répertoire des vases grecs et étrusques" (2 volumes). A work of a similar nature on Greek and Roman reliefs has been looked forward to since the promise of its publication eleven years ago. Its appearance therefore is welcome news, though this is only the first of the two volumes expected, and there seems to be no immediate prospect for the publication of the second.

The present book is entitled "Les Ensembles," that is, it contains reliefs with groups of figures which either formed part of the decorations of ancient buildings, such as metopes, friezes, and pediments, or ornamented smaller objects, such as metal vases. It is not the author's intention to reproduce all known reliefs of this nature; but a selection of the more important works is given, arranged in chronological order according to the places in which they were found. Thus, the sculptures from Delphi, from Ephesos, Assos, Phigalia, Trysa, etc., as well as the reliefs from the various arches and columns of Rome, which hitherto could only be studied in bulky, expensive editions, often difficult to obtain, are here faithfully reproduced side by side. As M. Reinach proudly says in his preface, the works published in this volume could before only be found scattered in seventy-three publications,

costing about $600. Of course, the reproductions in M. Reinach's book do not pretend in any way to have artistic merit. They are mere records in black and white of the compositions of the groups, without any indication of detailed work, but for reference they will be invaluable. The text which accompanies them is reduced to a minimum; there is no attempt at general descriptions or artistic appreciations, but the essential parts of the history are stated in a clear and concise manner, and references to the chief publications are duly given.

Altogether, the author deserves the highest praise for bringing before us this valuable material, particularly as it was a work which, while it required infinite patience and exactitude, was unrelieved by the stimulus of original research or the building up of theories, so dear to the hearts of most archæologists.

"A, B, C of Old English China" was announced by George W. Jacobs & Co., and not, as we stated, by John Lane Co.

Hutchinson & Co. include in their spring list "John Opie and his Circle," by Ada Earland, author of "Ruskin and his Circle." An appendix will contain a list of Opie's pictures.

The German archæologist and assistant director of the Royal Museum at Berlin, Prof. Otto Puchstein, died recently at the age of fifty-four. He made a careful study of the sculptures at Pergamon, and published several works. He wrote: "Reisen in Kleinasien und Nordsyrien." with Humann; "Pseudohethitische Kunst," "Beschreibung der Skulpturen aus Pergamon," and "Die griechische Bühne."

Henry A. Ferguson, the landscape artist, died last week at his home in New York city. He was born in Glens Falls, N. Y., about sixty years ago, and was educated at Trinity College. When he left college he travelled extensively, and set up his easel in Egypt, Italy, Mexico, and South America. In recent years Mr. Ferguson had devoted a great deal of his time to the restoration of paintings, a work in which he achieved great success. He was an associate member of the National Academy of Design.

Finance

TRYING TO READ THE FUTURE.

On Friday of last week, total transactions on the New York Stock Exchange fell to the smallest aggregate of any full business day since July, 1908, when the after-panic inertia seemed to have reached its climax. On Monday of this present week transactions touched a still smaller figure; the day's whole business being 150,000 shares, as compared with one day, almost exactly a month ago, when nearly a million shares changed hands, and with a daily average of upwards of half a million only a few weeks ago. Under such circumstances, "dulness" has itself become the principal topic of conversation in the Wall Street offices. It is plain enough that the outside investing public, taken as a whole, is neither buying nor selling stocks; that foreign markets are not dealing actively in our shares; that the large banking houses are taking no aggressive attitude, and that therefore even the professional speculators on the floor of the Exchange are unable to discover any continuing tendency. Even as regards prices, it is possible to say that, at this week's opening, the half-dozen most active stocks hardly varied half a point apiece from their prices of March 1. At such times the question follows, What does this complete financial hesitation mean?

At the moment, it is probably true that the business community is divided between two main opinions—one, that American industry, having finished the work of drastic readjustment, is awaiting the signal for another forward movement; the other, that it is pausing on the brink of renewed and even more general reaction. The basis for the first opinion is the country's unvarying experience with the severe industrial setbacks of the past ten years. The basis for the second is the experience of other generations. Seasons of trade depression such as 1904 and 1908 were largely completed in the compass of a year, and the halt after twelve months' liquidation we now know to have signified, not the inertia of exhaustion, but the massing of tangible resources in advance of another "boom." But seasons of depression such as followed 1876 or 1890, for example, were the affair of years; they embodied not only radical and permanent revision of staple prices, of wages, and of cost of living, but thorough change in methods of doing business.

Now it is true, the teaching of all history is that the kind of prosperity that is marked by violent speculation and by intense industrial activity, goes by long upward and downward swings which cover a stretch of years. When the sensational chapter of 1869 and 1870 had been closed, no other chapter like it was opened in this country until 1899 and 1901. Furthermore, it may be admitted without the slightest hesitation that the general trend, from that point of view, has been downward ever since 1901. Such a receding movement is never continuous and unbroken; each relapse is followed, just as it was before, by another upward surge. But the boom of 1906 was a very much smaller thing than that of five years before, and it is not at all improbable that the next forward movement, even if more substantial than the illusory boom of 1909, will be still less spectacular than 1906. But that is not the same thing as saying that the country is in the sweep of a movement of prolonged depression. On the contrary, it is possible to argue that progress on conservative and stable lines, even if the speculators and promoters find their energies shackled by circumstances, is in the long run an infinitely more wholesome condition than the crazy delirium of a decade ago.

As for the notion of an impending plunge into a gulf of black depression, there is one simple fact to which people may as well pin their faith. This is the same United States as that of a decade ago—stronger because of its increase in population, its development of resources, its expansion of facilities, its recent study of economics in production, and, not least of all, because of its gradual escape from a false and mischievous system of industrial exploitation of which the fundamental ideas were the wasting of natural resources and the perfectly unscrupulous dissipation of capital.

Most other nations, after passing through such an experience and learning its necessary consequences, would have found that the horse was gone some time before the owner had got to the stable door, and some of them would have proceeded to burn the stable down. But the American people were more fortunate. Having reached a thorough comprehension of what had been going on, they have busied themselves with fitting bolts and bars. It is quite in keeping with the programme that this procedure should have started an outcry that we were putting a quietus on all future booms and were strangling that prosperity which, but for this sudden stupidity of people, law-makers, and courts, might have gone on forever on the scale of 1901. The probability is, however, that the nation itself has reached the conclusion that it has had quite enough of that brand of prosperity to last for a generation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Borup, G. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Stokes. $2.10 net.
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Browning's Men and Women, 1855. Edited by G. E. Hadow. Frowde.
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Cone, H. G. Soldiers of the Light. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Connor, H. G., and Cheshire, J. B. jr. The Constitution of North Carolina. Raleigh: Edwards & Broughton Printing Co.
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Hang, Y. Y. The Commercial Code of Japan. University of Pa. Law School Series, No. 1. Boston: Boston Book Co.
Hart, A. B. The Obvious Orient. Appleton. $1.50 net.
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Rosegger's Der Lex von Gutenhag. Edited, with notes, by B. Q. Morgan. Boston: Heath. 40 cents.
Rich, J. W. The Battle of Shiloh. Iowa City; State Historical Society of Iowa.
Saunders, R. N. The Teacher and the Times. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Shantz, H. L. Natural Vegetation. Washington: Dept. of Agriculture.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1911.

The Week

An excellent beginning was made by the House Democrats at Washington in their caucus on Saturday. The saving of $200,000 in the annual pay-roll of the House may not be in itself a matter of tremendous consequence to the Treasury of the United States, but the spirit indicated in it is of the most vital importance. The very point where economy pinches, in the mind of the average Congressman, is in the cutting out of places which he has a chance to parcel out as political favors; if the Democratic Representatives have been able to resist the temptation of keeping these "jobs" open for their hangers-on, it ought to be easy for them to put the knife in deep where the cutting does not come so near home. The efficient leadership which must have gone to bringing this about seems also to have been displayed in a number of other directions. A sense of responsibility for the success of the Democratic conduct of the House at a time at once so auspicious and so critical as the present is evidently felt by the new majority, and is shown in taking hold vigorously of such questions as that of the organization of the House, the improvement of the new rules of procedure, etc.

The harmony and definiteness of purpose that were manifested give promise of a record for the Democrats in the extra session which will greatly strengthen the party before the country and have a most important influence on the Presidential campaign of 1912. In committing the party to the Canadian reciprocity agreement, the caucus follows up the good record made in Congress on that subject in the last session, and points to a still more united front upon it in the session which has now begun. By this support of President Taft's measure the Democrats will procure for themselves the lion's share of the credit for the achievement of this forward step in national policy, upon which the Republicans made a sorry showing in the Sixty-first Congress. It is perhaps too much to hope that the party will be piloted through the shoals and narrows of tariff revision without some trouble and mortification, but it looks at present as though a clear-cut and intelligent programme would be kept to the front and on the whole faithfully followed. In giving to the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people the first place in the party's programme, the caucus has recognized the all but unanimous desire of the nation for this reform; and we trust that it also recognizes the virtual necessity of avoiding the purely factitious difficulties which were permitted to bring about its defeat in the last session of Congress. Perhaps most significant of all, the alleged impossibility of making the House organization work except through the autocratic rule of a czar-like Speaker has been manfully grappled with.

Tariff for revenue, with incidental and reasonable protection—this about sums up the position of Representative Underwood of Alabama, who is to be chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means in the Democratic House of Representatives. Mr. Underwood's method of testing the propriety of certain tariff schedules, as to their conformity with this principle, is interesting both from a logical and from a practical standpoint. When importations constitute only an insignificant percentage of our total annual supply of a given class of goods, he regards this as proof that the duty is unjustifiably high—this on the double ground that it is not a true revenue-producer and that it rules out competition. The first point is self-evident; in the second the case is perhaps not so obviously clear, since the absence of importations may be due to our own advantages rather than to the prohibitiveness of the tariff. But Mr. Underwood would doubtless answer that if the non-importation is due to our advantages in the way of cheap production, then there can be no harm in cutting down the duty, which is supposed—in so far as it is protective—to be laid on to counterbalance disadvantages, not to confirm advantages.

On the whole, while this test of a tariff tax, upon the vague principle of a revenue tariff with incidental protection, is of course not an instrument of scientific precision, there is a great deal to be said for it as against the modern Republican expedient of determining the difference of cost of production by special research. This latter method is certainly difficult of application and will unquestionably leave room for a vast amount of difference of opinion; whereas Mr. Underwood's plan, which goes on the maxim that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, has the merit of simplicity at least. Call a tariff prohibitive when it works like one is the idea—and it is not so bad, as far as it goes. If we were to add the further requirement that when the tariff *rate* is on its face unreasonable—whether prohibitive or not—it must be cut down to a reasonable figure, the two things together would go far toward constituting a satisfactory guide to practical tariff reform.

Monday's decision by the Supreme Court considerably limits the scope of the so-called "commodities clause decision" of 1909. It declares, in effect, that stock ownership by the railway in the producing company may not be so employed as to continue the absolute control of the transportation company over such production. As the Chief Justice puts the matter, even this stock ownership cannot entitle the railway "to do by indirection that which the commodities clause prohibits"—something which would plainly be done "by the unnecessary commingling of the affairs of the producing company with its own so as to cause them to be one and inseparable." Apparently, therefore, a railway may lawfully hold control of the stock of producing companies along its line, but may not exercise such control. This further interpretation of the law may have been foreseen by one of the railways concerned in the original suit, the Lackawanna, which organized, after the decision of 1909, a $6,800,000 corporation to take over the railway company's coal-mine properties, the stock of the new company being offered pro rata to Lackawanna shareholders, and the officers and directors of the coal company not duplicating those of the railway company.

The Department of Agriculture an-

nounces that it is ready to begin operations looking to the purchase of land by the National Forest Reservation Commission created under the Weeks Law. The law was passed with special reference to the creation of national forests in the Appalachian and the White Mountains, and under it the Secretary of Agriculture is to examine, locate, and recommend for purchase such lands as in his judgment may be necessary for regulating the flow of navigable streams. These purchases are not restricted to particular regions, except that they may be made only in States whose legislatures have consented to such acquisition. New Hampshire is one of these, and the first lands to be examined will be those which the law was particularly aimed to reach. Although the area in need of protection is much larger than the Government can purchase, the Department hopes that careful selection will do much for the permanent improvement of the watersheds. Since high prices cannot be paid, it is probable that little land having a heavy stand of merchantable timber can be bought, nor will good agricultural districts be considered. Owners may reserve the right to remove valuable mineral deposits which are known to exist, and Secretary Wilson hopes for the display of such public spirit as will result in procuring lands at moderate or even nominal prices. The lands acquired will be protected from fire, and the growth of the timber will be improved as much as possible. They will not be game preserves, but will continue to be open to the public for hunting and fishing in accordance with the State laws.

Fire destruction in the Capitol at Albany being only partial, it is to be taken for granted that the building will be "restored." Even so, the cost to the State will be, it is estimated, $4,000,000 or more. And although the entire appropriation may not have to be made by the present Legislature, it is evident that this unexpected disaster, with its consequent large outlay, will pretty surely make it impossible for Gov. Dix to keep his promise to reduce the annual budget. That he could have cut as much as $4,000,000 from last year's appropriations was, in any event, highly improbable. The large expense which the State is regularly under for public buildings—prisons, asylums, hospitals, and so on—is one of the main reasons why the budget has gone on increasing. All this work of construction is paid for directly out of current revenues. In the city of New York, bonds are issued for such building, and so nothing but the interest charges at once made a yearly liability. Gov. Hughes more than once dwelt upon the different way in which the State does its building, with the inevitable result that higher taxes go with the policy of paying as you go. If the Capitol had been entirely destroyed, so that an outlay of $15,000,000 or $20,000,000 for a new structure had to be faced, it is altogether likely that some way of borrowing the money would have been proposed.

It is highly probable that the so-called "Gaynor Charter" for New York city will not even be taken up seriously by the Legislature, in the urgency of other business after the recess. This will tend to prevent anything like full discussion for the present. The new document contains several excellent proposals. One is to reduce the enormous bulk and clear up the ambiguities of the existing Charter. There will be opposition, however, to the plan of cutting down extensively the powers of the elective Controller, and transferring many of them to the appointive Chamberlain. With the latter official to-day what he is known to be, the suggestion seems almost jocose. Nor do we think that the soundest opinion will be with the Mayor in his proposal to replace the present Board of Education with a salaried Board of seven members. That the existing membership of more than forty is unwieldy and ought to be reduced to ten or fifteen, we believe that most authorities on education agree. But the idea that the smaller body will need to be paid for their services seems to us mistaken. We are confident that competent men and women can be found who will be glad to do this work for the city without a money reward. And if the notion is to get seven educational experts who ought to be paid for their time, that, too, is to go on the wrong track. There should be, as there are, high experts in the department, but they should remain under the direction of the Board of Education, and not enter its membership. For the best service there, we need men and women of large intelligence and entire devotion to the best interests of the public schools, who will pass upon plans and determine policies, not with technical expertness, but in a spirit of wise general administration.

Nearly six hundred different persons contributed a total somewhat above $57,000, in amounts ranging from $10,000 to one cent, to the campaign of Professor Merriam in Chicago. Names and amounts have been published in a sworn statement. As the Merriam primary campaign cost $40,000, here is a grand total of virtually $100,000 spent in the effort to elect a Mayor. The largest contributor gave $8,000 to the primary campaign, and $10,000 to the present one. What the two contests have cost Harrison is uncertain, as his list of contributions is admittedly incomplete. His unsworn statement of his personal receipts contains items of sums from ten cents to $4,000, and totals $17,000. The largest item of the Merriam expenditures was $15,000, which went for advertising. For salaries and expense of headquarters $9,000 was paid out, while ward headquarters and organization cost above $6,000. It is not just, however, to saddle these amounts upon the Mayoralty campaign alone, as the ward contests must have been aided by them. The ordinary voter does not begrudge the dollar which a rough calculation may indicate as his share of the preliminary outlay, so long as he can trace its expenditure and knows it to be honest. He may, however, feel chagrined over the results. Despite the outlay of money, Carter H. Harrison has been elected Mayor, for the fifth time, by a plurality of nearly 18,000.

A gleam of hope for the fitting recognition of art in New York is given by the action of the National Academy of Design in adopting a new plan to procure an adequate building for exhibition purposes. The scheme is to bring about a union of all the principal art organizations of the city, and to seek to house them under one roof. It seems to be the expectation that this larger project will appeal to wealthy men, who are notoriously fond of combinations, and might produce the necessary funds, if not for an Academy, then for an Art Trust. Be this as it may, everybody must hope that in some way and soon the reproach may be taken away from

New York that it is more inhospitable to artists than is Philadelphia or Baltimore or Pittsburgh, not to mention scores of European cities.

San Francisco's lost opportunity in the matter of housing conditions is pointed out by the secretary of the Housing Association of that city in the *Survey*. Here was a city built on the hills, swept clean by fire. "Surely the builders would grasp their unrivalled opportunity." But to-day, instead of a city of homes, it is a city of tenements. The primary reason for this condition is found in the necessity, following the fire, for shelter, the kind being less important than the promptness with which it was provided. The result was that in less than a year the city was face to face with a housing problem which there was no law to keep from growing worse and more formidable. A tenement-house ordinance, however, was passed, not without difficulty, based upon the New York law, with its requirements for light and air. Even these restrictions were soon evaded, and the ordinance itself bitterly opposed by speculative builders and property holders. It was seen that a State law was imperative. Here again the opposition was so strong that the New York law was all that could be obtained. The latest phase of the struggle centres about the "Romeo flat," which, despite its common stairway, evades the tenement law by virtue of its separate entrances. A bill to remedy this defect is under consideration by the California Legislature, but it is unfortunate that prevention was not chosen instead of cure, and a great calamity thus turned, in part, into a blessing.

The celebration of the Bible tercentenary is being made the occasion for earnest demonstrations in behalf of international arbitration. We take it that this is more than our human fondness for tying up subjects that happen to be to the fore in the day's news. That Mr. Taft's proposals for a comprehensive British-American arbitration treaty should have come just in the three hundredth year of the English Bible, as we know it to-day, is a coincidence; but it is one of the dramatic coincidences that impose themselves upon the popular imagination because of their extraordinary aptness. In a very real sense the Bible has been, to use Mr. Taft's words, the precious tie that has bound together the Old and New Worlds. The book has been not merely a common heritage for the two peoples; it has played a most important rôle in the actual peopling of the new continent from the old. It was because men in the seventeenth century read their Bibles differently that New England was founded. To-day the tendency is to pick out in the Bible what all men can agree on. Its actual history has been that of a beneficently disruptive and a beneficently unifying force.

Diaz's message to the Mexican Congress makes the mistake of yielding but not yielding enough. The promises held out by the aged President would have been sufficient to bring appeasement a year ago. But it is idle to suppose that after putting the erstwhile dictator on the defensive, the revolutionary leaders will be content with a policy of shutting their eyes and opening their mouths and seeing what happens to them. For a shrewd man of affairs the Mexican President has latterly been peculiarly blind to his own best interests, in the highest sense. Of earthly power he has surely had more than enough. In the course of nature he must have been prepared to pass from the scene in a few years at most. Had he chosen to retire with good grace, he might not only have had the nominating of his successor, but would have gone into private life amidst the plaudits of his countrymen, his faults forgotten, his services freely acknowledged. Diaz at eighty, unsatisfied with forty years of sovereignty, playing the dog in the manger, is surely less imposing a figure than Diaz the great President emeritus would have been.

Within less than three months from the time of his arrest, the London murderer, Morrison, has been tried, found guilty, had his appeal passed upon, and been handed over to his fate. Coming closely after the courts' procedure in the Crippen case, this affirmation of the law in England as being law and not a game, throws our own system into shameful relief. Consider what is now going on at Cincinnati in the case of one George B. Cox. This most vicious example of the political boss has at last been haled within sight of the reward that has come to Abe Ruef. To escape this fate George B. Cox has been fighting in the courts, not to prove his innocence, but to prevent his case from going before a judge whom he fears. Hence we have just had the following beautiful example of the functioning of our judicial machine: By the vote of two judges against one judge, it has been decided to issue a mandamus against a fourth judge, ordering him to pass on the question why George B. Cox should not be tried before a fifth judge —the one he is afraid of. Why blame the Socialists for railing at our courts? It would be more than human to omit the opportunity.

The German Chancellor admitted a week ago that by the principle of unrestricted arbitration two nations like Great Britain and the United States could dispose of all matters of controversy at present in sight; but if new questions arose arbitration might prove inadequate. Now, at first sight it may appear to be very practical and very statesmanlike to scan the future for objections to a scheme that is eminently desirable in the present. But actually there are occasions when burrowing into the future is only borrowing trouble. Especially is this true of an innovation like international courts of arbitration against which not even the most ardent opponent can say that it will do harm. The worst that can happen to a system of universal arbitration is that it may fail. To go on constructing hypothetical situations in which arbitration would not work is to argue in a truly undergraduate manner. What human institution is there that does not on occasion break down? If the German Chancellor were working for the legalization of monogamy by the Reichstag, he could point to our modern flourishing divorce courts as proving that contingencies must arise when marriage is a failure. The German Chancellor is probably not in favor of abolishing all courts of criminal justice and reënacting the law of fist and claw. Yet phenomena like the Higher Law and thriving alienists eloquently attest the very frequent breaking down of the laws against murder. To reject universal arbitration because it won't create heaven on earth, is childish. The point is whether arbitration cannot do something to make earth a bit more inhabitable than it now is.

LABOR UNIONS AND EFFICIENCY.

Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth, the building contractor who has worked out a system of scientific brick-laying, has a strike on his hands at Glens Falls, N. Y., where he sought to put the new method into effect in erecting a large mill. The case is a good concrete illustration of the general difficulty of getting labor unions and experts in efficient management to bring their minds together. On its face, and looking solely at the question of visible results, the matter seems to be simplicity itself. Mr. Gilbreth proposed to cut down the hours of the bricklayers from eight to seven and one-half, and to increase their pay from 55 cents an hour to 75. This great gain to labor he was able to offer by means of his mechanical and other devices to make the process of brick-laying simpler and more rapid. But the plan involved keeping a close tally on each man's work, the bonus being paid for actual number of bricks laid, and the tendency being, of course, to put a premium on first-class work, and gradually to weed out inferior workmen. It was on the latter account, mainly, that the men struck. Their union would not consent that any of its members who, for age or other reason, were not up to a high standard of efficiency, should be discriminated against. They demand a rate per hour alike for all, with no watch upon the output of the individual bricklayer.

We must not be too hasty in denouncing this and a similar attitude on the part of many labor unions as the height of unreason. Something is to be said for their point of view. With much in it that is short-sighted, selfish, obstructive to progress, and even tyrannical, it has an element of human nature in it and often of humanity that cannot be overlooked. It will not do to scoff at the fraternal feeling which leads laboring men to think of their fellows who are too old or too feeble physically to endure the extreme of competitive conditions. Nor can we dismiss without a hearing the plea that a man should not be treated exactly as if he were a lever or a cog in a machine, to be speeded to the limit and thrown away when worn out. This is, of course, a grossly distorted view of what scientific management aims at, but it is one which thousands of workingmen have firmly got in their heads, and it has to be reckoned with in the long work of conciliation and adjustment which will be necessary before the gospel of efficiency is accepted. The new processes are bound to be adopted. No one can doubt that who believes that knowledge is certain to expel ignorance, and skill vanquish blundering. But there will first have to be a great deal of delay and friction and tentative experimenting. Before there can be full success there must be a clarifying of men's minds regarding the fundamental principles involved.

The labor organizations number many able and tenacious men among their leaders; and they must be made to see that the unions cannot afford to place their huge bulk across the track of advancing industrial efficiency. Such objections as they have to the new methods must not be stated so as to make it appear that they stand for waste instead of saving, or that they are going to fall again into the old fallacies of hostility to labor-saving machinery. There is too much of the latter in the attitude of some representatives of organized labor —as evidenced, for example, in the persistent opposition to the introduction of power presses in the Bureau of Engraving at Washington—and there is also too plain a feeling on the part of many unions that the thing for laboring men to do is to "make work." So far as this is at the bottom of antagonism to the new plans for efficient management, it puts organized labor into a position wholly indefensible. Civilization has advanced by eliminating work, not making it, and the laws of progress will in this respect remain unchanged in the future. But hope lies in the fact that few labor leaders can be found to-day openly opposing the use of improved machinery, even though it temporarily throws some men out of work, or avowing the doctrine that the interest of workingmen is to have the world's manufacturing and building done on the scheme of "ca'canny"—that is, as slowly and awkwardly as possible. There is thus no acknowledged radical difference in principle between the unions and the efficiency engineers, so that, in time, it ought to be feasible to arrive at a working agreement between the two.

This should come along the lines of a common understanding that a great gain is to be won by scientific management, and that then the fair share of workingmen in that gain is to be reasonably determined. That is where the labor unions will come in with their power to make collective bargains. There is no reason why they could not function as well under the new conditions as under the present. But they cannot even exist, they will be destroyed, if they set themselves unyieldingly against the application of science to industry. Trained minds and observant intelligence are being directed to-day in many trades to the question how to reduce human effort to the minimum, and to heighten production with lessened exertion. That can mean only a vast good, and any man or organization that withstands it must be thought of as an enemy of human progress. The questions how to use that good, how to divide it, how best to make it the basis of social content and further advance, will press for reasonable decision later. But on the main issue, the previous question, of scientific management—which means the enlargement of knowledge, the economy of muscle, and the freeing of man from useless labor—there can be no serious debate. The new principle is seizing upon men's minds in all countries, and the industrial democracy that refuses to admit it and act upon it is in danger of perishing. The man or union who resists the great innovation is in a fair way to commit what Doctor Johnson called "civil suicide."

THE SENATORIAL OUTCOME.

To Judge O'Gorman it is due that his qualifications for the New York Senatorship should be examined to-day just as if he had been brought forward and elected on January 17. In that case one would have had to say, as now, that he has the reputation of being a good lawyer and an able and honest judge. But one would also have had to say that he had long been identified with Tammany, was on friendly terms with Murphy, whose rule he had never questioned or opposed, and that his election to the Senate would be a distinct triumph for Tammany and its boss. All this is in no wise dimmed by the fact that Senator Roosevelt declares that Judge O'Gorman would have been from the first acceptable to the insurgents, or that Mr. Stetson, as long ago as February 7, mentioned O'Gorman's name as among those to whom there would be no objection. We must look at things

as they are. It is true that Murphy was not able to force the election of Sheehan, whom he did not really want, or of Cohalan, whom he did want, or of his second or third or fourth preference, but that, nevertheless, the final naming of the Senator was done by him. Judge O'Gorman's views on public questions were absolutely unknown. After his election, he put forth a statement of them which is fairly satisfactory. But what a howling absurdity it is first to elect a man and then find out who he is and what he thinks! It is not surprising that the advocates of the direct election of Senators at Washington are already seizing upon the manner of Judge O'Gorman's election as the clinching argument for their cause.

In any fair summing up of the long struggle at Albany we must "consider our mercies," and first among these we reckon the defeat of the plot to elect Mr. Sheehan. We write without a particle of personal animosity against him, but it is impossible to be blind to the fact that his election would have been an incalculable public misfortune. This we assert partly on account of the way in which his nomination by the caucus was originally procured. No one denies —he himself has virtually admitted —that the thing was done by his being able to bring to bear upon Murphy forces too powerful for the boss to resist. And that these forces were as abhorrent as they were secret, nobody has had the hardihood to question. But behind this ugly fact, of itself enough to damn any candidate, lay the early and unforgettable political record of Mr. Sheehan. Now, on that subject there has been a good deal of mushy talk. It is said that we ought not to fling old political misdeeds in a man's face. Agreed, in all that relates to him personally and in a private capacity, provided he is striving to rise on his dead past to better things. But publicly, it is of the highest importance neither to forget nor to forgive a career such as Mr. Sheehan ran in the eyes of all the people of this State. It is not only right, it is desirable and essential, that it should pursue him like a remorseless Nemesis to the end of his days. For consider what the example of his success would have meant to observant youth. They would have read in it warrant for practising the basest arts of politics, for defying public sentiment, for outraging the best feeling of one's own party, all in the belief that such things would be condoned when the time was ripe to strike for high office. From that demoralizing lesson the young men of New York have been preserved; and in the frustration of Mr. Sheehan's ambition they will see the wholesome moral that such acts as he was notoriously guilty of are ever afterwards his fatal shadows.

This great and useful moral demonstration could not have been made had it not been that enough Democratic members of the Legislature were found with sufficient principle and courage to defy and nullify all the trickery and tyranny of the caucus. To the insurgents in the Democratic ranks at Albany we must make our acknowledgments for the pluck and determination with which they have stood together, despite the most tremendous pressure, and saved the State and their party from Sheehan. They have been spoken of as disrupters of the party, and more responsible than anybody else for the spectacle of Democratic quarrelling and futility. But they have been really the men to give honest folk some heart of grace for the future. If there had been no dissent, no open revolt, we might well have despaired of the Democratic party in New York. If everybody had lain down under the decree of Murphy, as meekly as the Republicans all those years permitted Platt to set his foot upon their necks, it might have been said that there was no hope. But the bold fight of the Democratic insurgents, which some have deplored, was the cheering sign that life and conscience were not extinct, that manhood had not wholly gone out of the party, and that a spirit had been roused which would leave the Tammany boss in no doubt that men would always hereafter be found to despise his swords. And we are confident that those who to-day are hailing and thanking Senator Roosevelt and the men who so gallantly stood with him all these weary weeks, are but anticipating the verdict of the political historian when they say that these men performed the greatest service to their party.

In rejoicing, however, at the good fight that has been fought against the powers of evil, we must not forget how great those powers are or how menacing they remain. Say what we will about what we have escaped, what we still have to face is appalling enough. Murphy's strength, even when clipped and crippled, is the startling and terrible thing. That he was ready to use it unscrupulously, and without a single thought for the good of his party and the welfare of the State, we knew; but few could have expected the malign exhibition which he has given, with its resultant disgrace to the Democracy of New York. If such a leadership as his is now known to be is not challenged and broken, then there is no limit to the outrages and insults which honest Democrats will endure.

THE NEW JERSEY ELECTIONS LAW.

While the direct primary which both parties in New York promised hangs fire, the reform of New Jersey's primary and election laws is nearly consummated. The so-called Geran bill has passed the Assembly and is expected to go through the Senate with only slight changes. This measure, which it is admitted by all would have had no chance of enactment but for Gov. Wilson's vigorous advocacy, contains some novel features, and is in general so thoroughgoing as fairly to revolutionize the practice in New Jersey. That State has long been in crying need of some such improvement. Its ballot laws, in particular, have been very loose and open to abuses. The whole question is dealt with comprehensively in the Geran bill, which, with its forty-four folio pages, is a somewhat formidable document.

To begin with the novelties, we note a striking new departure in the method provided for appointing the officials who make up the boards of registry and election. These officials are almost everywhere named by party bosses or committees. Their positions are among the petty rewards for party workers; and it often happens that incompetent or positively dishonest men are selected. Under the proposed statute, however, these appointments are to be made only after examination and in accordance with civil-service rules. The offices are to be divided equally between the parties, as is proper, but the nominees are to be tested as to eyesight, the ability to add and subtract correctly, and to write a legible hand, good health, etc.; and an eligible list is thus to be created from which appointments shall be made by lot. All this involves, of course, a good deal of machinery, but the end aimed at is certainly worth attaining. If the pri-

mary system is to be extended and safeguarded, and if the spread of independent voting is to make the need of accurate and trustworthy election clerks more imperative, the law-makers are justified in taking the necessary steps.

Another unique provision of the New Jersey law is for the election of delegates to National Conventions by a direct primary, nominations in a given district to be made by petition of not less than one hundred members of any political party. The Secretary of State is to certify such nominations to county clerks, who will proceed to print the names on the official ballots for the primary. The bill provides that candidates for the position of delegates to National Conventions may be grouped together, and that they may have placed opposite their names the candidate for President whom they favor, under the caption "Choice for President." This is something new in our politics. It furnishes an opportunity to the voters to express their wishes in regard to the Presidency much more directly and emphatically than has been the case in the past. Everything, to be sure, will depend upon the zeal and spirit which are brought to the new device, but it is clear that it offers an excellent means of preventing a party boss from "swinging" the delegation of the State in a National Convention away from the Presidential candidate really desired by the majority of the party.

Into the minute details of the conduct of the direct primary in the various divisions of the State, with the careful provisions for a correct registry list, and the full opportunity of putting names on the primary ballot by petition, we cannot here go. Suffice it to say that the Geran bill sets out to do in complete fashion what public opinion in New Jersey has long been demanding—that is, to provide the means by which the electors may, if they choose, exercise complete control over party nominations and conventions. As regards the election of United States Senators, an approach toward direct election is made, though not as close as that adopted in Oregon. Candidates for the Assembly or the State Senate may sign either one of two statements, the first promising to vote for the candidate for the United States Senate who has received the highest vote in his party primary; or the second, declaring that he will regard the primary vote as only a recommendation which he is at liberty to disregard. Here, again, the people can, if they will, not only indicate their choice for Senator, but compel the Legislature to adopt it.

In the matter of ballot reform New Jersey has lagged behind most of the other States. Each party has had its official ballot, which, moreover, could be freely distributed by party workers. Now that is all to be changed. There is to be but one blanket ballot, with the names of all candidates for any office grouped under it—a party designation being printed after each name—and the giving out of an official ballot is made a misdemeanor. A provision is made, however, that sample ballots, like the official ballot in everything except the color of paper, are to be mailed to every registered voter. Such sample ballots are, of course, purely for information, and cannot under any circumstances be voted. If the Geran bill contained no other improvement than this, it would warrant the hard fight which Gov. Wilson and his supporters in the Legislature have made to pass it.

THE SMALL BANK ACCOUNT.

There has of late arisen a somewhat animated discussion, especially in families of moderate means who keep small bank accounts upon which to draw checks for household payments, over the intimation by their banks that the account cannot be continued unless the deposit is maintained at a stated amount. Sometimes the intimation comes in the form of refusal to open the account unless such a stipulated minimum can be assured. More often it takes the shape of a notice that the average deposit account is too small, and that unless it is maintained at or above a specified figure, a monthly charge will be imposed for carrying it. In some of these notifications which have come to our attention, the bank declared its purpose of charging a dollar a month for carrying deposit accounts which averaged below $200. This, in the eyes of most people, would be equivalent to notice of withdrawal; for the proposal that a depositor shall pay 6 per cent. on his own deposit, for the privilege of having it carried, is financially preposterous.

Now such banks as may have taken this action had their reasons, and they did not do it merely because they dislike to have small depositors on their list. One hundred separate deposits of $200 each produce a loanable fund of $20,000, and no banking institution is indifferent to even so relatively small a sum for money market uses. The position of the banks as we understand it, however, is that the bookkeeping, the clearing and collection of checks, and the other incidental expenses of the office are as applicable to a small account as to a large one, and that where (as in most household accounts) the number of separate checks drawn on the account bears exceptionally high proportion to the average credit standing at the bank, the performing of these functions may cost more than the bank could possibly earn by lending out the deposit.

The case, thus stated, is unquestionably strong, but it omits some other considerations. If a bank had no deposit accounts except such as have been described, it certainly could not go on doing business. But if the question concerns a bank the bulk of whose accounts are commercially profitable, but which also carries some small deposits which are not remunerative, the matter wears a slightly different aspect. The late Frederic D. Tappen, one of the shrewdest judges of banking practice in his day, took ground very strongly in defence of accepting small deposits. There was then, as now, a disposition to figure up statistically whether such an account insured a profit to the bank or not, and if not, then to refuse to open it. Mr. Tappen criticised this conclusion on two grounds—one, that a small deposit account to-day might be a large one next year or some years later, and that the business of a bank was to look for customers; the other, that the use of a given bank's checks, in the payments even of a small depositor, was the best of all advertisements for that bank, and the cheapest also. The bank may make no profit from the account on which are drawn the checks to settle butchers' or bakers' bills, but it may, in the course of time, get the butcher or baker himself as a depositor.

We would not push this second argument too far; it would apply to a small bank in the residential district where it would hardly apply at all to a powerful Wall Street institution; but it is after all to these smaller banks that the matter at issue has most reference. Deposit banks doing business of

that nature have a peculiar field, which cannot be cultivated altogether on the ideas accepted elsewhere. We have in mind the case of a small bank in an uptown district of this city, and of the safety of a household account in which a certain business man was feeling doubt, because of the Robin incidents. His account, as it happened, varied considerably; on the average it was neither large nor small, as such things go. It had been low, however, during several months; which inspired the bank to notify him that unless he at once increased it, the charge of a dollar a month would be imposed. One may imagine what the depositor's face expressed when the notice reached him. It is possible that in that case the loss of this one account, which naturally occurred forthwith, was followed by loss of other and much more profitable balances.

There are obviously two sides to the question, neither of which can be confidently measured by extreme cases. There is undoubtedly a tendency among depositors, in these days of competition between trust companies, savings institutions, and deposit banks for obtaining accounts which will rest for a reasonable period undisturbed, to leave the bulk of a credit fund where it will draw some interest, and to cut down to the smallest convenient size the deposit account which gets no interest, and on which household checks are drawn. It is not unreasonable for a bank, under such conditions, to point out to a depositor that it must have at least a working margin in a given deposit, if it is to be expected to do the work involved in facilitating transaction of affairs by check. We imagine that most small depositors, thus appealed to, would see the justice of the position. But pressure in such directions may easily be applied unwisely and too far, and the bank rather than the depositor be the sufferer in the long run.

THE OLDEST LIVING RULER.

Ninety years of age, beloved of his people over whom he has ruled with kingly power since June 13, 1886, but only a prince—such is the Regent Luitpold of Bavaria. He wears no kingly crown, because King Otto still lives, without a vestige of reason, in a castle where little of royal dignity surrounds him, and because there is nothing in the Bavarian Constitution to permit the deposition of the sovereign. But if he lacks the crown and title, it has long been Prince Luitpold's fortune to possess in rare degree the affection of his subjects. For the Regent embodies the rugged virtues of his people. They have thought of him as of one of themselves, though far above them, and a father to them all. They have known, through innumerable instances, of his kindness of heart and the generous simplicity of his nature. His love of hunting, persistent even in age, appeals to them; pictures of him in simple mountaineer's costume, with his gun in his hand, are in every village tavern, and they have heard stories without end of his unaffected comradeship not only with his own old friends, but even with his trusted servants and guides. They remember that he fought well for Bavaria, as inspector-general of its army, against the French, when no one believed that he would head the state in place of the handsome young sovereign who met his death in Starnberg Lake.

Prince Luitpold was sixty-five years old when he assumed the regency—an age at which a man's character seldom undergoes further changes. This explains, perhaps, why the simplicity of his ways was unaltered and why his policies were readily foreseen. The very geniality and kindliness of his nature made him a man to seek no strife, but to endeavor to procure harmony by compromise and by unceasing efforts to reconcile the warring. The great desire of his life has been peace and quiet, and it must be admitted that in some respects Bavaria has suffered thereby. Even in one of the subordinate German monarchies, it is highly desirable that the ruler should have a fighting edge, since the forces of reaction are sleepless. So in Bavaria it is undeniable that, while the Prince Regent has taken but little interest in politics, the ultramontane leaders, on the contrary, lost no time in getting more and more control of the government. There was a genuine reason for calling Bavaria a "minister-republic" in the early eighties and for some time after the death of King Ludwig, for the government was actually then a moderate-liberal one. Luitpold's government has run on smoothly enough; there have been no great issues to face and no complicated problems of state to solve. Yet the Centre has gained so steadily as to be to-day the dominating power. It is undeniable, too, that the Regent has had no little suspicion of the Liberals. But with it all he has reigned as a Constitutional monarch, and strengthened the ties of friendship and of government with the Empire, so that even the Liberal press speaks well of him to-day, attributing his political shortcomings to age and lack of political skill rather than to any deliberate attempt to turn Bavaria over to the Clericals.

When it comes to what Luitpold has done as patron of the arts and crafts, as part moulder of the Munich of to-day, there are no dissenting opinions. The simplicity of his nature forbade his posing as a great art critic or connoisseur, but his interest in everything relating to the art world has been unceasing and unmarred by any particular fads or special crazes. All through his regency, the capital of Bavaria has grown richer and richer as an art centre, just as it has grown from one of the poorest of the European cities to one of the most prosperous and advanced. Munich's debt to him is great indeed, and it is interesting to note that his last large public gift was devoted to art and artists. It is also characteristic of him that, refusing any costly and elaborate celebration of his ninetieth birthday, he expressed only one wish—that when it came, on the 12th of last month, the public should, if it pleased, establish a charitable fund the income of which should be used for the common welfare and for philanthropic purposes.

He has truly shown, as has recently been pointed out by the Berlin press, that if the kings of the minor German states are excluded by the Empire from participation in the politics of the world, there is none the less a great field for most useful activity and leadership within their own domain. An honest, simple, straightforward, upright man in whom there is nothing that is bad or false; an economical administrator who keeps his affairs in a condition wholly beyond criticism—this is the verdict to-day even of the press politically opposed to Luitpold. And all over Germany people are quoting the speech he made but a day or two before his birthday, when he declared that among all the emotions crowding upon him his dominant feeling was for the German Empire, to the welfare of which

he had conscientiously devoted all of his thought and all his actions. Twenty years ago or so the Kaiser wrote in the Golden Book in the Munich town hall: *Suprema lex regis voluntas.* Some years later the Prince Regent wrote in the same book his guiding motto: *Salus publica suprema lex.* That he has truly lived up to this his popularity attests, and the Kaiser exaggerated but little when he described the oldest living sovereign on his birthday as "the incarnation and model of all the princely virtues."

THE QUESTION OF EDWIN DROOD.

London, March 22.

Two strange little new books have enlisted the curiosity of a public not, indeed, numerically large, but intellectually respectable. The first is "About Edwin Drood" (Cambridge University Press), and is from the classic pen of Dr. Henry Jackson, regius professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. Five or six years ago, when I published "The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot," another very distinguished Cambridge scholar reviewed it. He said that as to "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," most people on the Cam were indifferent, while many asked "Who *was* Edwin Drood?"

Many persons, but among them, I think, no lawyers, have attempted to discover the way in which Dickens meant to solve his mystery. The late Mr. Proctor, a scientific character, argued in favor of the survival of Edwin. Jasper was not to succeed in murdering his nephew, though he believed that he had succeeded, and Edwin was to "come up smiling" in the last round. Mr. Cuming Walters, on the other hand, argued that Jasper did murder his nephew, and that the mysterious amateur detective, Datchery, was a very young Eurasian girl, Helena Landless, disguised in a white wig, a blue *surtout*, and gray trousers. If this was Dickens's intention, he was *felix opportunitate mortis.*

Dr. Jackson began by doing what no other student had done, and what a scholar would naturally do. He consulted Dickens's manuscript of the story at the Victoria and Albert Museum: with the story are "plans." They are written on a broad sheet of paper; on the right hand are the chapter headings, much as they appear in the published book, with very brief notes of the contents. On the left hand are other notes, not numbered, and these, or some of them, appear to me, under correction, to be earlier than the notes beneath the chapter headings. In the notes on the right hand, Dickens put questions to himself, such as "continue the opium woman?" of the first chapter. He answers "no," and twice, to these notes on the left hand, he adds the words "done already." Chapter xix is headed, on the right hand, "Divers Flights," which Forster (after Dickens's death and before the chapter was published) changed into "A Flight." The chapter is concerned solely with the flight of Rosa from Cloisterham to her guardian in London. On the left hand (the earlier, I think), Dickens had written "Disappearance of Drood. THE MYSTERY," and later had written "Done already"—namely, in chapter xvi. His original idea seems to have been to make Edwin and Rosa disappear almost simultaneously. Moreover, Dickens had originally meant to put chapter xviii—"A Settler in Cloisterham" (the appearance of the detective Datchery)—after the chapter which now follows it, in which Jasper proposes to and terrifies Rosa, and causes her flight to London.

Now, Dr. Jackson, believing that Miss Landless is Datchery, and seeing that she could not set out in her disguise till after chapter xxii, thinks that Dickens, had he lived, would have placed the chapter introducing Datchery after the present chapter xxii. In that case it would be chronologically possible for Datchery to be Helena. As matters stand, Dickens's reputation for taste and sense is safe: Helena cannot be Datchery. On the other hand, when Dickens wrote these "plans" (at whatever moment he did so), I think that he meant the murder to be successfully achieved. But, to judge from certain indications, he may have changed his mind, and I rather lean to the opinion that he *did* change his mind. He had committed himself to nothing, and the question of his final decision is insoluble; my own opinion is wavering.

Another curious problem is raised by a little book, "The Adventure" (Macmillan), which has already been rather widely read. In 1901 the narrators, two ladies whose real names and highly respectable positions in life are well known, paid a visit on an August day, after luncheon, to *le petit Trianon.* They knew nothing about the house except that Marie Antoinette used to amuse herself there in a rural way. They went through places that no longer exist, they met persons in the costume of 1789; one of them saw, close beside her, and the other did not see, a lady who resembled a portrait of Marie Antoinette; but some days passed before each told the other that the Trianon seemed to be "haunted." Months passed before they spoke to each other freely on the subject. In January, 1902, one of them went alone to the place, heard music which was not being played, and felt as if she were the centre of an invisible but audible crowd of courtiers.

It is an infinite pity that they did not, in August, 1901, and January, 1902, write down their stories, and leave them in the hands of the Society for Psychical Research, while their memories were fresh, and while they were still ignorant of the local topography of the Trianon as it was in 1789, and of the costumes then worn by the gardeners and people about the court. In place of doing that, they have been making researches in old maps and old royal account books, and find that what they saw was what in 1789 they would have seen. This affords to the skeptic an opportunity of saying that their later acquired information has unconsciously colored their memories of their adventures. Their first statements, in each case, are followed by the date "November, 1901," but no date of the day of writing is given in either case. By the account of the lady who gives the first account, it did not occur to her that she had seen anything out of the common till several days after her visit to the Trianon. Even now, nothing is told us about the costume of one man, who, if the narrative is absolutely correct, was not a man of mortal mould, and must, if a shadow of 1789, have worn a dress that could not but excite attention and surprise. Yet he was, at the moment, accepted as a servant of the year 1901. One lady felt deeply depressed; the other felt as if she were walking in a kind of dream, "dissociated," as psychologists say. There was all the more room for errors of impression and of memory.

A book of very great interest to scholars is Alexander Shewan's "Lay of Dolon" (Macmillan). Mr. Shewan is a student of Homer, and of everything that has been written about Homer in Germany, America, France, Italy, England, and modern Greece. He takes as his text the tenth book of the "Iliad," the "Doloneia," at which every passing higher critic throws his stone, finding the language, versification, and general matter late and spurious. Mr. Shewan proves that the faults objected to—the vocabulary, metre, grammar, the use or non-use of the digamma, in fact, all the grounds of objection—are just as common in the supposed most ancient books of the "Iliad" as in the tenth book. He defends the archæology; he "rages like a fire," as Homer says, among the hosts of the adverse critics; showing up their logic, their statistics, their inconsistencies, with ruthless patience and very great erudition. Probably they will take no notice of a work so terribly damaging, an impeachment so humorously severe of the doctrines termed "scientific." Happily, in Germany and in Holland there are old scholars and young scholars who have shaken off, or have never yielded to, the glamour of Wolf and his successors.

Andrew Lang.

SWISS NOTES.

NEUCHÂTEL, March 25.

At the coming International exposition in Rome the Swiss intend to display some interesting archæological specimens to illustrate the former relations between Helvetia and the imperial capital. While it is impossible to transfer to Rome the valuable collections of Zürich, Avenches, Lyon, and other Swiss towns, the Swiss national museum has been charged by the government with the task of making the exhibition as complete as it can well be made. The idea of the directors of the museum is to show what the Roman Helvetia was. This is to be done, however, by means of photographs, plaster casts, and copies.

Previous to his departure for Constantinople, John Mott addressed large audiences in the principal Swiss towns. At Geneva the meetings were held under the auspices of the university faculty, and the hearers were chiefly students representing almost every civilized country. Mr. Mott spoke in English, but was aided by an interpreter. Among other things he said:

> You have here many Russian students, and this puts you with Tokio, Paris, and Oxford. You have many Orientals, and you can reach by your influence, besides the Turkish and Slavic, the neo-Latin nations, and through them those of South America.

At the last meeting Mr. Mott was introduced by Dr. Werner, the new professor of philosophy at Geneva, who spoke of Christianity as "the most important flight of idealism which has raised man to a higher plane."

Like Athens, Geneva is always eager to hear or to tell some new thing. Nevertheless, it gave a cold reception to Madame de Polozow, a Russian lady who came to address her compatriots in the university with regard to political conditions in their native land. After making a sort of apology for the faults of Russian administration, she attacked those Russians who go to foreign lands in order to engage in a revolutionary propaganda. The large Slavic population of Geneva is by no means in sympathy with such conservative sentiments, and a number of Russian students, both male and female, left the hall to show their disapproval of this *vox clamantis*.

A posthumous work of J.-J. Gourd, formerly professor of philosophy at Geneva, is entitled "Philosophie de la Religion." It has been published at Paris, with an introduction by Emile Boutroux. During his lifetime Gourd had considerable success as a teacher. It is doubtful whether this book will be much admired by students of either religion or philosophy. He divorces religion from science to such an extent that it is hard to see how there can be a philosophy of religion unless philosophy is unscientific.

Definite action has been taken at Berne to establish a "bureau of languages." A committee has been formed with M. Frey, a former federal councillor, as president, and Karl Schneeberger as secretary. Among the members is Professor Ostwald of Leipzig. A memoir has been addressed to the Swiss Federal Council requesting it to invite the governments of all civilized states to take part in a conference which shall study the question of adopting "a universal auxiliary language."

The arrest at Berlin of Mario Segantini, accused of selling paintings of his own to which he had forged his father's name, recalls a singular and almost tragic family history. Giovanni Segantini had two sons. He was himself a successful artist who lived for many years in the picturesque Grisons region in Switzerland. His eldest son gained a strange sort of fame by his eccentric and morbid art, and died by his own hand. The younger son, who has been arrested, is notorious both in Europe and in America. Among the mountains of his Swiss canton he qualified as Alpine guide. He is a good horseman and an accomplished boxer. In Central America he acquired fame as a yachtsman. He studied art at Milan and Vienna. At the Palais des Beaux Arts at Milan he exhibited a painting which was much admired and for which an offer was made; but for some reason he destroyed the picture, saying that it did not satisfy him. He then attempted to imitate the paintings of his clever father. When a connoisseur in Berlin declared that the young man had no talent, Mario made a wager that he would "rouler" the critic. He not only imitated the work of his father, but forged the latter's signature, writing the "G" so that it might have been mistaken for another initial.

Rossel's "Histoire de la littérature suisse," which has already been referred to in the *Nation*, has given rise to much idle debate. M. Rossel has a high reputation here as jurist and statesman. His book, although very complete and thorough, is an encyclopædia rather than an appreciative and critical review of the subject. Swiss men of letters are still discussing the question whether there is a Swiss literature independent of the literature of adjacent nations. There seems to be not much more than a war of words. Was the French Calvin a Swiss or a Frenchman? Was the Swiss Rousseau a Frenchman or a Swiss? When Eduard Zeller wrote at Zürich before going to Tübingen and Berlin, was he Swiss or German? Is Rod to be reckoned a Frenchman because he knew his Paris, or as a Swiss because he knew the Vaudois peasantry so well? A Tessinois who writes in Italian may be Swiss, but his work is a contribution to Italian literature. It is plainly the language of the author, and not his race, which determines his place in literary history. Longfellow and Cooper were not North American Indians; and Booker Washington's admirable writings belong to English literature. But Rossel would insulate the literature of Switzerland and ask the writers of his country to put a barricade about themselves to protect them from foreign influences.

A very elaborate treatise on the science of education has just been published at Geneva. It it entitled, "Le Problème pédagogique, essai sur la position du problème et la recherche de ses solutions." It is an ambitious volume of nearly six hundred pages. The author is Dr. Jules Dubois, a graduate of the University of Lausanne, who has had years of experience in the Swiss high schools. His book gives a brief history of pedagogy, followed by an exposition of the author's educational theory. His discussion is divided as follows: the philosophical problem or question of the ideal, the technical problem or question of the programme, the scientific problem or question of the method, the pedagogic problem or question of the educator. He writes from the "voluntarist" point of view, as the following passage from his book will show:

> In spite of all theories of integral education that may be elaborated, in spite of efforts made to give to instruction a more practical character, the official education of our European countries has become, and remains, overweighted with intellectualism. The idea that the more one knows the more social value one has, the idea that one cannot be a so-called cultivated man without going through a series of scholastic cycles, each of which represents a programme wider and more detailed than the preceding one, is not this to-day in many minds a pedagogic dogma which cannot be attacked without incurring the condemnation of many intelligent people?

To this it might be answered that no one can ever know too much, and that practice of whatever sort does not depend altogether on the teacher.

A. A.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The price paid in the Ashburnham sale for the Gutenberg Bible was £4,000, not £2,000, as was stated in this column last week.

A list of the Incunabula included in the first Hoe sale arranged by countries and cities is printed, filling four pages, at the end of the catalogue. Among other important books from German presses, after the great Bible, are the "Epistolæ et tractatus" of St. Jerome, printed by Peter Schoeffer at Mainz in 1470, and on vellum; the "Catholicon" of Balbus de Janua, printed at Strassburg by the "R" printer, now identified as Adolph Rusch, son-in-law of Mentelin, to whose press these books used to be ascribed; the first edition of Richard de Bury's "Philobiblon," printed at Cologne in 1473 by a printer not certainly

identified; and the first edition of the "Imitatio Christi," printed by Günther Zainer at Augsburg about 1471. The long list of early books from Italian presses begins with the Lactantius of 1465, from the first press in Italy, that set up by Sweynheim and Pannartz at the Monastery of Suhlaco, and the Apuleius of 1469, by the same printers, after their removal to Rome. Among twenty books from Venice presses before 1500 are: "De Civitate Dei," printed by John and Wendelin of Speier in 1470, and on vellum; the Pliny of 1472 from Jenson's press, and also on vellum; the first edition of Euclid (1482), printed by Ratdolt, and eight books from the press of Aldus Manutius, among them being his most famous book, the first edition of the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili." The first edition of Homer, printed at Florence in 1488 by Lorenzo Rossi, and "De Claris Mulieribus," with many woodcuts, printed at Ferrara in 1497, are other notable Italian books. Among French incunabula we may note "La Mer de l'Histoire," Paris, 1488; and "La Rommant de la Rose," undated, but about 1497. Three books from three presses at Basle, Switzerland; two books from Gouda and Haarlem presses in Holland; Boccaccio's "De la Ruyne des Nobles Hommes et Femmes," printed at Bruges by Colard Mansion in 1476 and the first book from his press with a date, are Continental incunabula.

Besides "Le Morte d'Arthur," from Caxton's press already noted, this first portion of the library includes the first edition of the "Book of St. Albans" (1486), one of two perfect copies known; the first printed collection of English statutes, from the press of William Machlinia about 1482, and one or two other books printed in England before 1500. The superb copy of "The History of the Noble Helyas Knyght of the Swanne," from Wynkyn de Worde's press, is of later date (1512), but is one of the most valuable of early English printed books. Besides being the only known copy of the book, it is printed upon vellum, and is said to be the only book so printed by Wynken de Worde. From this copy the Grolier Club made a facsimile reprint in 1901.

An Index to the books remarkable for their bindings has also been added to the Catalogue. This shows the peculiar richness of the Hoe library in Armorial bindings, especially those of French origin. In this part alone are described no less than four books from the library of Jean Grolier, including Heliodorus's "Æthiopicæ Historiæ" (Basle, 1552), preserved in a morocco case, under glass, and considered one of the finest known specimens of bindings done for this famous early hook-collector. There are books from the libraries of Francis I, Henry II and Diane de Poitiers, Henry III, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, Charles X, Catherine de' Medici, Marie de' Medici, Marguerite de Valois, Anne of Austria, Madame de Pompadour, Count Hoym, Jacques Auguste de Thou, and many other notables. The list of English hindings is not so long, hut royal copies, formerly in the libraries of Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth, Charles I, Charles II, James II, Queen Anne, George I, and George III, are included.

There are also two "chained books" and several specimens of silver bindings of Dutch, German, English, and Russian workmanship.

Mr. Hoe never collected Americana systematically nor with much enthusiasm, although the library contains a large number of the rarest and most-sought-for hooks relating to America. From the N. Q. Pope library he selected a few first-class rarities, among them the uncut, large-paper copy of Smith's "History of New York" (1757), the New York Charter of 1719, John Norton's "Redeemed Captive" (1747), Mason's "Brief History of the Pequot War" (1736), and Simcoe's "Journal of the Operations of the Queen's Rangers" (1787), all of which are included in this first sale; but the larger portion of the rare Americana came to him at the piecemeal dispersal of the collection of the late Charles H. Kalbfleisch. From the latter source he procured the uncut copy of Denton's "Brief Description of the Province of New York" (1670), Winthrop's "Declaration of Former Passages and Proceedings betwixt the English and the Narrowgansets" (Cambridge: Stephen Daye, 1645), and Champlain's "Des Sauvages" (1603), the three most valuable American items (prohably) in this first sale.

The Columbus letters are not included here, nor is the very rare Vespuccius "Lettera di Amerigo Vespucci delle Isole nuouamente trouate in quattro suoi viaggi" (n. d. but about 1506), of which the Kalbfleisch-Hoe copy is the only one in this country. Three of the earlier printed accounts of Vespuccius's third voyage are included, one printed at Paris hy Jehan Lambert, a second without name or place of printing, and a third (dated 1605) from the Strassburg press of Mathias Hupfuff. All three are exceedingly rare. Richard Eden's translation and enlargement of Peter Martyr's "Decades" (1555), the first collection of voyages printed in the English language, is always a notable book, though not of extreme rarity. The same may generally be said of Hakluyt's great collection of Voyages (1598-1600), hut Mr. Hoe's copy contains the rare genuine map lacking in almost all copies.

Among pamphlets on early Virginia we may note the "Nova Britannia" (1609) and "The New Life of Virginia" (1612), hoth ascribed to Rohert Johnson; Hamor's "Present Estate of Virginia" (1615), and Copland's "Virginia's God be Thanked" (1622). But few early New England tracts appear in this sale. Besides the Winthrop noted ahove, there are Wood's "New England's Prospect," the second edition (1635); Gorges's "America Painted to the Life" (1659), and Hubbard's "Narratives of the Troubles with the Indians in New England" (1677). There are several very rare New York pamphlets, both Dutch and English. Among the former are the first edition of Van der Donck's "Beschryvinge van Nieuw-Nederlandt" (1655), Vrics's "Korte Historlende Journaels" (1655), and the anonymous but important "Breeden Raedt" (1649), and "Kort Verhael Van Nieuw Nederlants" (1662). Wooley's "Two Years Journal in New York" (1701), and Colden's "History of the Five Indian Nations depending on the Province of New York" (1727) are, after the Denton, among the most valuable English books on the Colony. The first Directory of the City of New York (1786) is another very notable New York item. No copy has been sold at auction since 1886, when Morrell's copy (now in the library of Columhia University) brought $100. A copy has since been sold privately for ten times this sum.

Correspondence

A NOTE ON BOTTOM THE WEAVER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Nick Bottom and his "crew of patches, rude mechanicals," are acknowledged representatives of the English artisan of Shakespeare's time. Prof. C. W. Wallace has shown that Shakespeare resided with an artisan, Christopher Mountjoy, wigmaker. What is more natural than that Shakespeare should depict the artisan whom he best knew, and that he should make him chief of the mechanicals, disguised as "the weaver"? Bottom shows, for a weaver, strange familiarity with heards:

> I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain heard, or your French crown colour beard, your perfect yellow. (I, ii, 95.)

Who, save a wig-maker, would rattle off glibly such trade terms as "orange-tawny," or "purple-in-grain"? They have the sound of a catalogue of Mountjoy's stock-in-trade. It is Bottom also who arranges that Snug's head shall appear through the lion's mask, and who instructs the others to "Get good strings to your beards." (IV, ii, 35.) Perhaps Shakespeare is ridiculing a tendency of Mountjoy to assume, among his fellow-artisans, a knowledge of stage-craft, because, forsooth, an actor and playwright resides in his house.

This assumption involves one difficulty: the commonly accepted date of this play is 1593-95, and there is no proof that Shakespeare lived with the Mountjoys before 1598. To admit the assumption we must have a later date for the play, or an earlier date for his residence at this place. The latter presents little difficulty, for the statement of Shakespeare which sets the date 1598 refers to his acquaintance with both Mountjoy and the apprentice Bellott, who came to Mountjoy in 1598. Nothing is said, naturally, of any earlier acquaintance between Shakespeare and Mountjoy; therefore it is certainly as fair to assume an earlier acquaintance as to deny it. Any identification of Bottom as Mountjoy would tend to establish Shakespeare's residence with Mountjoy hefore 1598.

T. G. Wright.

Yale University, March 25.

"LE FAKIR."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There lies on my tahle, as I write, an eighteenth century French pamphlet, gray with age, and still in its original cover of light brown paper. It is not of the greatest importance, but it has relations to an extraordinary character and is in itself a document of some interest in the history of comparative literature. The title page reads:

> Le Fakir, conte . . . Tantæne animis cœlestihus Iræ! Virg. Æneid, Lih. I, vers. 15. Prix Douze sols. [Monogram] A Constantinople, de l'Imprimerie du Muphti. M.DCC.LXXX. 8vo, pp. 24.

On the half-title of my copy is written "De la Part de L'Editeur," followed by an elahorate letter or monogram of fantastic interlacings intended to represent the initials—or some of them—of Alexandre Balthazar Laurent Grimod de la Reynière. In the

"advertisement" we are told that the author was a young officer in the army, and that it was published without his knowledge, a MS. copy having been communicated by a friend to a Parisian man of letters. The "Editeur" also announces his intention of issuing three other works, one of which is the "Réflexions sur le Plaisir, par un Célibataire," *i. e.*, by Grimod de la Reynière.

The story has nothing in common with Voltaire's well-known conte except the title. The theme is thus expressed in the opening verses:

> Coupable orgueil, source de tous nos maux,
> Toi qui perdis notre commune mère,
> Que de forfaits, que de crimes nouveaux
> Tu fais encore éclore sur la terre!

The Fakir, who has lived in the desert for more than a generation and has become renowned for sanctity and austerities is tempted by the devil to incontinence, kills the victim of his lust in order to conceal his first crime, and when detected agrees to worship the devil if he will rescue him from death. The devil agrees, but the Fakir when he has thus blasphemed his own religion, is left to the executioner. The writer cites as his source "un Auteur Tartare."

This story of the Santon Barsisa appears earlier in English as No. 148 of the *Guardian*, probably written by Sir Richard Steele. He professes to have found it in the "Turkish Tales," by which Sir William Ouseley thinks is meant an English translation from the collection by Petis de la Croix. The story can be traced back to Saadi and Zacaria Cazvini. (See Trans. Royal Society of Literature, I, Pt. ii, pp. 14 and 21.) The tale of the hermit deceived by the devil was known in Europe in the Middle Ages, and four variants of it are cited by Legrand in his account of the mediæval fabliaux. It has also been suggested that "Monk" Lewis found in it the idea of his once famous romance.

"Le Fakir" has been attributed to Etienne François de Lantier, but Gaston de Flotte in the biography prefixed to the "Œuvres Completes" (Paris, 1837, p. v.) denies that he was the author. De Flotte avows his ignorance of the real authorship. Lantier wrote his own epitaph:

> Dans cette tombe protectrice
> Repose un mortel peu connu:
> Il vécut libre, il abhorrait le vice,
> Il aimait la vertu.

There is no doubt that Grimod de la Reynière was the "publisher" of this story, and whether that elastic term might not imply authorship also may be a matter of doubt. The grotesque character of Alexandre Balthazar Laurent Grimod de la Reynière is well known to the loiterers in the byways of French literature. The great apostle of cookery was the grandson of a *fermier-général*, devoted to the "pleasures of the table," who died with a serviette round his neck, choked by that cruel dish, a pâté de foie gras. His father was rich, his mother was a sister of Malesherbes, and a niece of a bishop of Orleans not famous for sanctity. Grimod, their only son, born in 1758, was malformed from birth, as his arms terminated in fin-like appendages. Hands made like that of Goetz von Berlichingen—of iron but covered with gloves of white skin supplied the place of the missing members. He was otherwise good-looking, and was well-educated, but too fond of making fun of his mother's aristocratic airs and pretentions, and of aristocrats generally. He did not fall in with the plans of his parents for his advancement in life, and on their side they successfully opposed what might have been a happy marriage. The unhappy lover became a happy gourmand, and his dinners were soon the talk of Paris alike for their splendor and for the eccentricities of the host. His gallantries, his duels, his suppers in which coffins and funeral ceremonies mingled with the costly wines and elaborate dishes, were the theme of court and city alike. When the elder Grimod stopped the supplies, the son turned coachman, and charged for carrying passengers in the family carriage! Later he turned merchant, if that is the right word, and went from fair to fair with a bazaar. He continued his literary efforts, and while the Revolution was uprooting all the old social landmarks he used the influence which his former opposition to the aristocrats had given him, on behalf of his parent. He did not approve of the Revolution, and had a special grievance against it, for he declared that in all its disastrous years not one fine turbot had reached the market! In 1803 he began the work that has made him famous, the *Almanach des Gourmands*. It continued until 1811, and has given Grimod de la Reynière his special niche in the French Panthéon. His later years were passed at his chateau de Villers-sur-Orge, where his guests were often subjected to strange experiences, rendered possible by secret passages and machines which, however useful in a theatre, are, happily, not usual in a home. In his pleasant retreat in the Department of Seine-et-Oise death made his call upon Grimod de la Reynière and guided him to a place where there is neither feasting nor the giving of feasts—after the fashion of Grimod de la Reynière.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Manchester, England, March 20.

AN INSTANCE OF WORD-MAKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The other day a little girl came up on my porch to play with the baby. By some accident, in tossing down his mother-of-pearl tooth-ring, he contrived to lodge it on one of her outstretched fingers. Then she called out, "See, he has hung the ring on my finger." Then this child of eight put out her two first fingers and said, "Here are my hangers." It struck me as a particularly vivid instance of word-making, of the fashioning of a momentaneous word to suit a passing need. If the word-maker had been a grown person I should have thought no more of it, but for a child to call a finger a hanger, to suit a single occasion, indicated the extent to which language works in us.

The incident set me to thinking about our word for *hand* which the etymological lexica of importance treat with great caution. The strongest statement that they venture is to the effect that some connect *hand* with the Gothic verb *hinthan*, "to seize." This makes hand mean "the seizer, grasper." On the—shall I call it—mechanical side, there is no obstacle to this conclusion. Every single sound in the word *hand* is legitimately accounted for by the derivation from the root of the Gothic verb in question. Why, then, do the lexica shrink from this etymology?

Truly, the etymologists are a curious folk, if I may be permitted, who am an etymologist *ex-professo*, to criticise my own kind, without becoming liable to a charge of arrogance. They are like those other curious ones that strained at a gnat, but swallowed camels.

To begin with, when Gothic *handus* is cited alongside of English *hand*, the etymologists and the readers of dictionaries think that they are giving or learning the etymology of *hand*, while the only conclusion the comparison warrants is as to the great age of the word *hand;* it can be traced to the pre-Germanic period—and no further. The comparison is valuable for word-history, but the only tenable suggestion that seeks to show us the origin of the word is that it is a derivative meaning "the seizer," and cognate with the root of Gothic *hinthan*.

Now, "seizer" is, as such matters go, an absolutely adequate description of the hand, as the momentaneous description of a *finger* as a *hanger* was not adequately descriptive of the finger. So far from stumbling, then, over the definition (which means the etymology) of *hand* as the "seizer," I shall seek to justify it. In Vienna they have the formal word *hand*, identical as it happens with our own, but they say on the streets *Greiferl* "little seizer," in place of *hand*. The adequacy of this affectionate diminutive of the streets, in point of descriptiveness, is reflected in the formal language of science, for, in noting the distinctions between man and his ape progenitor, it becomes necessary to say that both possess a *Greif-hand*, but that in man the *Greif-fusz* has almost totally disappeared. Science has developed the word *Greif-hand* explicitly to describe the function of the hand. But science is not more likely to have given an accurate functional description than our pre-Germanic ancestors. And my little girl, with her "hangers," was, for the nonce and for her need, as accurate as either. Her description, too, however inadequate, was as inclusive as a large portion of the descriptions that have become crystallized into names. A name is often most partially descriptive, witness the *tie* (on my neck), the *ties* (on my feet, on the roadbed of a railway, about a cotton bale).

EDWIN W. FAY.

Austin, Tex., March 29.

AN OLD SONG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish, if possible, to recover the words of a song which I read in my youth, and parts of which still haunt my memory. The writer's name I never knew. It is a beautiful specimen of a lost type, as will be seen from one stanza, which I subjoin:

> In their caverned, cool recesses
> Songs for thee the fountains frame;
> Whatsoe'er the wave caresses
> Lisps thy name.
> Greener verdure, brighter blossom,
> Whersoe'er thy footsteps stray
> O'er the earth's enamoured bosom,
> Live alway.

WM. HAND BROWNE.

Rider P. O., Md., March 27.

Literature

STUDIES OF TRANSPORTATION.

Railroad Traffic and Rates. By Emory R. Johnson and Grover G. Huebner. 2 volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $5 net.

Our Home Railways. How They Began and How They Are Worked. By W. J. Gordon. 2 volumes. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. $4.50 net.

The two attractive volumes by Professor Johnson and Dr. Huebner have the active railway man primarily in mind. They are evidently designed to give to the ordinary clerk or even subordinate official of a great railway system, who knows little or nothing beyond his appointed task of the industry that he serves, a broader knowledge of railway operations as a whole. The first volume is devoted to the freight service, the second to passengers, mail, and express. The method of treatment is to describe the organization and management of each kind of service, and the documents used, and to follow this with an account of classifications and rate-making. Experts in the railway field have read and criticised the various chapters, and in consequence the material presented may be accepted as authoritative. The matter is well arranged and set forth with great clearness. Being abundantly illustrated with facsimiles of forms and documents, the books should serve as a valuable guide, so far as they go, to traffic operations.

It is a question, however, whether they contain what the young railway man wants, or at any rate what he ought to have. With the exception of the sections on rate-making, which are largely taken from the work of McPherson, Ripley, and others—for which generous acknowledgment is made—the chapters are almost wholly descriptive. They are merely surface accounts of the methods employed and the forms used, with scarcely a reference to underlying problems; this despite the fact that almost every item printed in a railway blank form is the outcome of a struggle—the solution of some problem, however unimportant, in railway operation. Take for example the subject of the uniform bill of lading. A careful description is given of its provisions, a facsimile is presented, but there is no reference to the long controversy between shippers and carriers of which this document is the result; it can be of little value to a railway clerk to be told that the original of an "order bill of lading" is printed on yellow and the shipping order on blue paper—bits of information which he can pick up by himself after a few days of office practice.

A second criticism relates to the sources of information from which the illustrative matter is drawn. In view of the fact that railways still vary so widely in their methods, far too many references are made to the procedure of one particular railway corporation. It was doubtless more convenient for the authors, but it does not give one confidence that the railway practice of the country has been studied and summarized.

Mr. Gordon's two volumes embody the history and description of the important railway systems of England and Scotland. The illustrations with which the books are generously provided, and which include every form of construction and equipment, will prove of more interest to American readers than the text, for the descriptive matter consists largely of technical and mechanical details which can have only local interest. There is only an occasional reference to traffic and rates, and none at all to problems of regulation. It can in no way supersede Acworth's delightful "Railways of England," written in 1889. Here and there appears an item of interest to Americans. We learn for example that the first Pullmans were introduced into England in 1874 and that their smooth running was responsible for the present style of long carriage with four-wheeled bogies. That the United States is not the only country of speed and hustle is shown by the fact that the Great Northern runs a train without stop from Paddington to Plymouth, a distance of 225¾ miles, in 247 minutes, and that one of the "tubes" is operating trains during the rush hours at intervals of eighty seconds.

A characteristic difference between freight service here and there is revealed by the following description:

> In the old days of leisurely delivery, the orders were large in order that a stock might be kept by the dealers. Nowadays, the railways have so improved their services that goods collected at night are delivered next morning, with almost the certainty of letters. The result is that whereas the dealer used to order in tons, he is now contented with hundredweights, and the packages that have to be handled and booked are twenty times as many. The men behind the scenes in railway work have to be more numerous every year; and the net profit suffers. It is the penalty of efficiency.

Transportation in Europe. By Logan G. McPherson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

We have had much experience with the book on American conditions embodying the impressions of the European traveller after a brief sojourn with us. Its frequent misinterpretations, its hasty generalizations, its omniscience, arouse suspicion as to its accuracy and resentment as to its conclusions. It was pardonable, therefore, if we approached with no very eager expectations a book treating of transportation in all the leading countries of Europe, by one who had devoted but six months to study on the ground. The book proves, however, to have genuine merit; it is the outcome of careful and thorough investigation, its conclusions are thoughtful and considerate, and in the main seem sound, its tone is judicial, giving almost no evidence of bias; in a word, it presents a most satisfactory picture of existing transportation conditions in Europe. The author was peculiarly well fitted by training and circumstance to gain every advantage from his stay abroad. After a long practical experience in the industry, and more recently a three-year study of the rate situation in the United States, he was attached as expert to the National Waterways Commission, and had every facility granted him for procuring information.

In the opening chapters a concise history is given of highways, waterways, and railways, in which the situation in each country is brought up to date. In the discussion of present-day relations between the railways and the government clearness is sometimes sacrificed to brevity, so that while the reader gains a good idea of the historical development, he is left with a somewhat indistinct impression of existing conditions. Passenger traffic, freight traffic, government control, and the comparative usefulness of water and railway transportation are discussed in separate chapters. One gathers the general impression that European railways charge higher rates, and that their efficiency is in most respects inferior to that of the railways of the United States. This the author would attribute in part to remediable conditions of operation, in part to the fundamental and perhaps unalterable conditions under which the business is done, in part directly to government management and operation. Yet he grasps fully the difficulties of accurate comparison and is generous in his allowance for differing conditions. For example, in the discussion of German freight rates, after remarking that "freight classifications in Germany are not so pliant as those in the United States," and that "German officials admit that on the whole their freight rates are higher," he says, "In a country where the greatest continuous rail distance is less than 1,000 miles . . . the German system of rates fairly meets the needs of existing traffic."

In view of the recent nationalization of Swiss railways it is of interest to note that the Swiss experience coincides with that of other democratic countries that have made similar experiments. The quality of administration has been impaired by reductions in salaries in the higher grades of the service; rates have been lowered and at the same time the wages of the rank

and file increased, with the inevitable result of a deficit in operation. That water transportation flourishes in all European countries in marked contrast to the situation here, is explained by the fact that the various governments do not permit railway rates to be fixed so low as to endanger water traffic.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that on International Rail Traffic, in which is described the effort thus far made toward the removal of restrictions and the development of traffic across national boundaries. In this form of traffic lies the possibility of the application of American methods. A final chapter is given to transportation in England, concerning which the author concludes that the conditions are so different that the problems of interior transportation in England and in the United States are virtually without parallel.

CURRENT FICTION.

Klaus Hinrich Baas. By Gustav Frenssen. Authorized translation from the German by Esther Everett Lape and Elizabeth Fisher Read. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Upon the whole the life of Klaus Hinrich Baas from his birth in the hut of impoverished Holstein peasants to his setting sail for China as head of a large commercial concern in Hamburg varies little from that of a boy born under similar circumstances in any other country and rising from obscurity and poverty to prominence and wealth. But in his manner of working up and in the details of his life the story differs widely from that of a boy of Anglo-Saxon stock. In his essential traits this hero bears an unmistakable family resemblance to Jörn Uhl. But his transplanting from the native acres of his fathers to the cold and alien pavement of the city gives the author opportunity to strike some new notes. He portrays city dwellers of varied social caste and moral calibre, presents a picture of the life within the walls of ancient wholesale houses engaged in foreign trade, and gives us a glimpse of the homes of the merchant aristocracy which in the Hansetowns formed a caste of truly patrician ideals and habits. But as the younger generation of these merchant princes departs from the staid and careful business policies of its forefathers and from their comparatively simple standards of living, the traits transmitted through many generations begin to be held less sacred and the character of the old families is undergoing a change. When the author marries Klaus Hinrich Baas to Sanna Eschen one cannot help feeling that by this infusion of the strong, thick peasant blood he hopes to save a race that has nearly exhausted its vitality. Thus Frenssen can indulge in touching problems dear to his heart; but to a much greater degree than in "Jörn Uhl" and "Hilligenlei," he controls the temptation to preach. Re-reading the book in English confirms the impression which one had in reading the original, that in the delineation of his characters Frenssen has in this work reached his high-water mark. Antje Baas, the hero's mother, who feels so keenly the inherent weakness of the Baas character that she sets out with dogged determination to curb it in her children, is a figure of strong outline, and Kalli Dau, the product of Hamburg's slums, is a remarkably forcible creation.

The translators have bravely struggled with the very difficult task of rendering into English the language of Frenssen, charged with provincialisms where the scene is the country, with the vernacular of the wharves and the gutter where it is Hamburg, yet have not wholly succeeded. The translation contains passages which fail to convey the meaning of the original. Thus when Kalli Dau says of his family "Mit meiner Familie ist nichts los," he does not mean "There's nothing the matter with my family" (p. 28), but "My family is good for nothing." When he says that his stepfather "sitzt im Buddel," he means far more than that he is "a regular bum"; he alludes to his being locked up. His forceful characterization of his mother, who instead of cooking proper meals goes "Schuldern und Schandiren," is also very poorly rendered by "Cheating and nastiness are what she lives on" (p. 47), instead of "She slouches and loafs about the street."

Robert Kimberly. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

That story-writing should now have become so popular a trade with us entails certain disadvantages and even perils. A citizen may begin the business quite honestly and innocently, aiming to turn out a maximum of marketable stories, short or long, by a given date, as, in another "line," he would be turning out shoes or cotton cloth. He has no illusions about his work: it is an output, a commodity, and that is all. If he can sell it, it is worth making. He does not worry about the quarter in which his market may be found. He is not a pearl-merchant—he frankly grows turnips for his swine—the fair thing from the swinish point of view.

But the tale-wright is seldom permitted to remain in this simple and virtuous state. His neighbors take to calling him "Author Jones"; his publisher asserts that his fiction is art of a high order; and he is lost. He ceases the growing of honest turnips, and begins the manufacture of sham pearls. His purpose is an honest one, but the product is a thing of slight value.

No careful reader of current American fiction—let us say of the current novel—would doubt that it "means business" in the highest as well as the lowest sense that may be attached to the phrase. Hundreds of writers are trying their best to produce work which shall be acceptable to the gods (nameless as yet) of current art, as well as the gods of the marketplace. The result is a glut of self-made novelists. To this number the author of "Robert Kimberly" belongs. He has won success as a writer of short stories, and now aspires to work upon the larger scale. There are some real types in this book, if not living persons. The promise of the opening chapters—the promise of a mere tale of domestic scandal in the haunts of the multi-millionaire—is agreeably falsified. The plane of action shifts by degrees from ambition and intrigue to religious emotion. The conclusion ought to be powerful; but it is marred by spectacular accessories. This is a study toward a novel, rather than a novel. The writer has put all his muscle into the effort; but the creaking of bootstraps is distinctly audible.

Keeping up with Lizzie. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Bacheller's fancy deals habitually with a blend of rustic humor and unabashed melodrama—that formula of "The Old Homestead," "Shore Acres," and like dramas, which so doth take our Lizas and our Jims. The central figure in his present scene is a country lawyer, one of those professionally dry and droll rustic philosophers who can trace their American ancestry much farther back than a David Harum or a Hosea Biglow. This one is a man of cultivation who loves the vernacular, so that his wit has a double edge. He is, one sees at first glance, the good genius of his community, has his finger in every pie, for the good of the pie. Particularly in need of his care are two young should-be lovers. Lizzie is the daughter of a prosperous grocer who in an unlucky moment begins to aspire for his child. Fine clothing, a fashionable school, and association with the children of the rich bring new and increasing burdens on the luckless Mr. Henshaw. Lizzie becomes a symbol of the American spirit. As Soc. Potter, the lawyer-oracle, puts it, "The odor of gasolene is in the path of the eagle. Our thoughts are between earth and heaven; our prices have followed our aspirations in the upward flight." The grocer charges more because he has to make more—taxes the community for the luxuries of his offspring. And presently the whole community is following in her steps—"keeping up with Lizzie" to the best of its ability. Mortgages and motors become equally common among the natives: fashion invades households of the humblest villagers. The idea is sufficiently humorous. It is, of course, the function of Lawyer Potter to save

the situation by reforming Lizzie and presenting her to her deserving but outdistanced adorer. Nothing remains for the community but to keep up with Lizzie by reforming itself. An obvious and rather perfunctory touch of sentiment is added in a marriage arrangement for the Hon. Socrates Potter, who is unmistakably leading man in this rural comedy.

The Imprudence of Prue. By Sophie Fisher. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

In the days of Queen Anne, it appears, a wife's debts were buried in her husband's coffin. It occurs to a feather-brained fair one of the court, Lady Prudence Brooke, to take advantage of this legal provision and cheat the creditors who threaten her with "the Fleet" by marrying on a Friday a highwayman condemned to die on Monday. The highwayman, however, exerts himself to remain alive—a betrayal of trust which neither the lady nor the reader could possibly have condoned, had he not been immediately converted from the notorious outlaw Robin Freemantle into Robert Gregory de Cliffe, Jacobite agent and political exile. Even so, it requires a whole series of precarious interviews interspersed with final partings and mutual rescues, before the scrupulous gentleman feels himself entitled to carry his wife off to France and the court of King James.

The author is fairly conversant with the period in which she deals—its laws, literature, manners, court intrigues, and fashions in attire. The latest witticisms of Mr. Prior and Mr. Pope are quoted; we see something of a masked ball at Marlborough House, hear some little talk of "Mrs. Freeman and her poor, faithful Mrs. Morley" from the tyrannical mistress of the robes; and disguises are freely improvised out of periwigs, plumed hats, and chairmen's liveries. In her treatment of human nature she is rather less versatile; outside of the rôles assigned them, the characters would be scarcely more distinguishable than uncostumed lay figures.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The Beginnings of the American Revolution. Based on Contemporary Letters, Diaries, and other Documents. By Ellen Chase. 3 volumes. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. $7.50 net.

We doubt if the reader will be prepared for the limited interpretation which Miss Chase has put upon her subject or for the curiously unformed and inartistic way in which she has assembled much of her evidence. In scope her field is Boston and vicinity; in form she has published a kind of glorified scrap-book. All that concerns other aspects of her subject than New England is a negligible quantity, as far as historical value is concerned. Her point of view is always that of Massachusetts, "the wronged province," and her way of approach is always through that which is personal and anecdotal. With the larger problems, the real causes and beginnings of the Revolution, she has nothing to do, and with the actual operation of the British constitutional and administrative systems she has no familiarity. She can speak of a "Secretary of the Treasury" and a "Secretary of War" in England as unconsciously as she can spell Haldimand "Haldiman," Carleton "Carlton," Germain "Germaine," or turn to Thackeray for her knowledge of the Georges or to the tea-tax debates in Parliament for the last word on British policy.

Two volumes are devoted to the events of a single year, 1774-1775, and a volume and a quarter to the incidents and issues of a single day, April 19, 1775. Fifty pages are given over to the Boston Tea Party and twelve lines to the burning of the Peggy Stewart in Maryland. A similar perversion of the historic sense appears in the secondary authorities upon which Miss Chase has depended for her information and from which she quotes with delightful ease and abandon. She can refer to books for children, such as those of Tappan, Tomlinson, Blaisdell, and Channing with the same assurance as to Force's "American Archives," and she seems to know no other general histories than those of Gordon, Morse, Botta, Spencer, Goodrich, and Murray, with the single exception of Bryant and Gay's popular work; while Lossing's "Our Country" and Niles's "Principles and Acts of the Revolution" are virtually eviscerated. Magazine articles, newspaper communications, and public orations are used without doubt or criticism. On the other hand, Miss Chase has brought together a notable collection of primary authorities both in print and manuscript. In one part or another of her volumes will be found the greater part of Andrews' "Letters," Rowe's "Diary," Hutchinson's "Diary," and the contemporary writings of Newell, Stiles, Quincy, Tudor, Bernard, and others. Many extracts are taken from newspapers of the day, from unprinted archives, and town records.

The valuable portions of Miss Chase's volumes are those that present, with somewhat the fidelity of a moving picture, the leading incidents of Boston's history from 1765 to 1775. She has made a real contribution to our knowledge of such events as the burning of Hutchinson's house, the conflicts with the soldiers and the Boston Massacre, the Boston Tea Party, and particularly the march to Lexington and Concord, the retreat of the British troops, and the rousing of the countryside. She has gathered what we must confidently believe is a complete array of evidence bearing on these events; drawing together scores of scattered stories which lingered on in town and county records and in family tradition. These details are arranged in chronological and topical order and in a few of the chapters, notably those on the Massacre and the Tea Party, rise to a high level of description.

All things considered, Miss Chase is impartial, although her sympathies are unmistakably patriotic. Of the Massacre, she can say that "the provocation came about equally from either side," and of the conduct of the soldiery in general, she is inclined to think that the troops showed much patience. She is sparing of comments and expressions of opinion, preferring to let the evidence tell its own story. The very minuteness of her narration dissipates the mists of hero-worship, and we see the insurgent colonials, brave men, indeed, but possessed of the weaknesses to which all flesh and blood is heir.

Studies in Chinese Religion. By E. H. Parker, professor of Chinese at the Victoria University of Manchester. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Professor Parker writes in his preface: "The contents of this book may be described, in the main, as the original studies from which a summary was made and a popular work published in 1905, called 'China and Religion.'" That work was not cumbered with "too many references, proper names, and 'intensive' matter generally," and the present volume supplies the lack, giving "vouchers for previous statements of fact made in general terms for popular consumption." But our expectation of a scientific treatise is disappointed. It is true that there is no lack of "references," etc., but the data for the verification of statements are almost wholly wanting, the mass of Chinese names in the text by no means supplying the want. Our belief in the argument rests as before on our general confidence in the author, a confidence which, on the whole, is well deserved. For the rest, there is an absence of scientific method, and the book has been thrown together in haphazard fashion, from the author's collection of studies, and without re-editing. The amount of repetition is extraordinary and annoying; indeed, one does not understand how the proof-reader can have failed to call the author's attention to this persistent defect. Besides, some of the chapters were manifestly prepared for "popular consumption" and are put in to fill out the required number of pages. How else shall we account for a statement like the following?—

> At the Imperial capital Confucius had interviews with the keeper of the Imperial archives, a moroso, hermit-philosopher named Lao-tsz, who founded a rival doc-

trine or system of mystics called Taoism, but, as Confucius himself said that he was unable to comprehend those misty teachings, and the very existence of this Taoist philosopher is held by some to be a matter of conjecture, we need not dwell further upon the incident.

This, on p. 204, and more than one hundred of the preceding pages are devoted to Lao-tsz (or better Laocius, as Mr. Parker often writes it, after the Latinized forms, Confucius, Mencius), with an analysis of these "misty teachings," a determined effort to prove the actual existence of the "morose, hermit-philosopher," and an admirable translation of the Tao-teh, the classic which Parker maintains is undoubtedly his production. Finally, in way of adverse criticism, our author is a very matter-of-fact person, with little interest in any form of religion and no pretence of insight into things metaphysical or mystical.

Nevertheless, the book has its value. Nowhere else can one who has no opportunity to study the original Chinese authorities find so good a statement of the points at issue in the controversy over Tao-ism and its founder, or so impartial and complete a summary of all which has been written upon it by European scholars, or so clear and comprehensible a translation of the Tao-teh. Incidentally the reader gets an excellent view of the sources on which Chinese history rests, with the persuasion confirmed that at least a thousand years of the time put down as historic in the standard works on China is legendary.

International Arbitral Law and Procedure. By Jackson H. Ralston. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.

Within the last one hundred years a body of law and procedure has grown up relating to the functions and operations of international arbitrations. The precedents creating it are scattered in digests in the reports of arbitrations, many of which have never been fully reported, and some of which have been printed in such limited numbers that they are virtually inaccessible.

The author has collected these precedents under appropriate headings and has included the views of arbitrators upon questions arising under the law of nations. The principle of *stare decisis* is not recognized by international commissions, and as to nearly every point of substantive law there is an irreconcilable conflict. This will continue as long as the various nations make use of the faculty given them by Article 42 of the Hague Peace Conference of 1907 to institute special tribunals instead of submitting the dispute to the Permanent Court of Arbitration.

The decisions of the commissions can therefore not be regarded as constituting a body of law, yet they are interesting because they embody the views of some of the greatest authorities on international law, not only on the subjects which are treated at length by text-book writers, but also on points of which no full discussion can elsewhere be found. An instance of this occurs in the disputes growing out of the so-called Calvo clause in concessions. This Calvo doctrine, which takes its name from the well-known South American statesman, absolutely condemns diplomatic as well as armed intervention as legitimate methods of enforcing any or all private claims of a purely pecuniary nature, at least such as are based upon contract or are the result of civil war, insurrection, or mob violence. The great Powers have generally refused to accept this theory in their dealings with South American states. The attempt has been made to incorporate this doctrine in the concession itself by providing that questions arising from the contract shall be decided by the law of the country granting the concession and by its tribunals, and shall not be considered as a motive for international arbitration. It has been held in some cases that such a clause prevented the consideration of the claims by an international commission. The better opinion, however, which is sustained by numerous decisions, seems to be that a subject cannot contract away the right of the sovereign to enter into agreements to submit all claims to arbitration. It is well said by the author that "in this branch of legal science, as has often been the case in other branches, tribunals in their conclusions are in advance of the speculations of the scholars."

Land Problems and National Welfare. By Christopher Turnor. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50.

A more trenchant indictment of the English land system than this has not been penned by any Radical or Socialist reformer. Mr. Turnor is an aristocrat—a member of an old landed family closely allied with the peerage. He is also a Conservative, and he imagines himself an Anti-Socialist. Yet he approves the Fabian Society, all but its Socialist label. He places Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb on a high level as thinkers and administrators, and gives high praise to the minority report of the Poor Law Commission, which was largely their joint work. He wishes to see an end of great estates and a fairer division of the land among small holders—either as owners or tenants, with some leaning to tenancy rather than to ownership so long as the tenure is secure—and he is emphatic in his condemnation of the present waste of land and destruction of crops through the devotion of its owners to sport. Mr. Turnor is also opposed to the holding of land in large farms. "In the interest of the agricultural industry as a whole," he writes, "no land-owner should own more than 20,000 acres (of average agricultural land) at the outside, and on the other hand it would be well if it were impossible for a tenant to hold more than 1,000 acres." The absentee farmer Mr. Turnor regards as an injury to agriculture. A man can get the best possible returns from a farm of 500 acres, but if he adds another farm of 500 acres, and puts in a foreman, he has not the same incentive to do his best by it. He may make a net profit of £100 a year by the second farm, and this may be all that he cares to do; but it is not putting the land to its fullest use, as every acre of land in England should be put. What is needed for England is intensive culture, and hundreds of thousands of small farmers, well educated and trained in agricultural colleges and with an active Agricultural Department behind them ready to give aid and instruction. These small farmers should enjoy security of tenure and freedom from the vexatious restrictions concerning cropping and the breaking up of grass land which so many land-owners impose upon their tenants.

It is the land-owners, however, rather than the farmers, who come in for the most severe criticism at the hands of Mr. Turnor. If a land-owner expects a return from the capital locked up in land, at all commensurate with the return on capital invested in manufacturing or commerce, he must regard land-owning as a business. Love of sport, indifference to the real welfare of the country, and inefficient and incapable management of their too huge estates, are in Mr. Turnor's opinion the chief reasons for the present unpopularity of English land-owners. "The great point to keep in mind," he writes, "is that about 80 per cent. of the population has little or no sympathy with the land-owner; in fact, any feeling there is may be looked upon rather as one of hostility." Intelligent artisans, he adds, are, so far as his experience goes, "all very much against the present system of landlordism, and feel it wrong that so much of the land of England should be in the hands of so few men."

These landlords, on whom so much of the welfare of England depends, do not exceed five thousand. The number includes all who have above one thousand acres each: together, they own just about one-half of Great Britain. Instead of entering upon their estates with thorough preparation for a most important and onerous life-work, most land-owners entrust their possessions to a firm of non-resident agents, or, worse still, to a firm of solicitors entirely untrained in farming or estate management. The only interest of the owner is to receive his income and to enjoy the fullest opportunities for sport, and moreover he frequently turns over to

his agents all poor and needy relatives who may be lacking employment. "This is bad economy," remarks Mr. Turnor dryly; "it would be more economical to pension them."

A return to protection is strongly advocated by Mr. Turnor—a return to duties amounting to at least fifteen per cent. on wheat and food stuffs. He has a theory that such duties would tend to eliminate the middleman, and that while prices would be higher, most of the tax would come out of the middleman's profits. He acknowledges that there is nothing now in the way of the organization of farmers in coöperative societies which should do away with middlemen's profits; but he apparently believes that if prices were raised by means of a protective tariff and the farmers were enjoying greater prosperity, the middlemen would kindly consent to be eliminated in order that the consumers might not be too severely mulcted by the duties. There are several other difficulties in the way of a return to protection for which Mr. Turnor fails to indicate any solution. If duties were reimposed on both foreign and colonial foodstuffs, as he advocates, before any of the reforms which he pronounces to be essential had been obtained, the effect even according to his own showing would be to raise the value of land, to swell the rent roll of the present owners, and to increase the tenacity of their hold upon their estates; to make the present slip-shod methods of agriculture of a large proportion of the tenant farmers fairly remunerative at the expense of the population at large, and to remove the incentive to improvement which is furnished by the keen competition they now have to meet.

Notes

The Appletons have in the press the late David Graham Phillips's, "The Grain of Dust," and "The Man with an Honest Face," by Paul Wells.

The first issue of the *American Economic Review*, published by the American Economic Association, has just appeared. This new quarterly, which takes the place of the *Economic Bulletin* and the monographs previously published, contains four leading articles: "Some Unsettled Problems of Irrigation," by Prof. Katharine Coman; "How Tariffs Should Not Be Made," by Prof. F. W. Taussig; "Seasonal Variations in the New York Money Market," by Prof. E. W. Kemmerer, and "Promotion of Trade with South America," by Prof. David Kinley. The managing editor is Prof. Davis R. Dewey of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

G. W. Dillingham & Co., who have moved to No. 12 East Twenty-second Street, announce: "The First Law," by Gilson Willets, and "The Man Without a Face," by Albert Bosslère, translated from the French by Florence Crewe-Jones.

Owing to the recent destruction of the New York State Library, the New England Historic Genealogical Society of Boston desires to make public its own great need of a fireproof building; it has the largest and most comprehensive genealogical collections in this country.

The American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful knowledge and founded in 1743, will meet April 20-22.

Andrew Lang has written a book, called "Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy" (Longmans), of which the main purpose is to prove that Scott was not dishonest. He does not, of course, address the general public, which has never been seriously concerned about the veracity of the sheriff of Selkirkshire. He aims only to enlighten the austere modern students of balladry who have severely censured the editorial methods of their great predecessor. If what they say is true, argues Mr. Lang, then Scott was a downright liar—no less. The defence is in part a reply to Col. Fitzwilliam Elliott's "The Trustworthiness of Border Ballads," and is occupied largely with "Auld Maitland," "The Ballad of Otterburne," "Jamie Telfer," and "Kinmont Willie." With some show of new evidence, and considerable ingenuity, Mr. Lang, while admitting a liberty larger than current laws allow, insists that Scott did not deliberately attempt to deceive the public. His case as a whole is not entirely convincing, nor at the best does he clear his client of "criminal carelessness" in statement. Ballad specialists will be interested in the three imitation ballads which he presents, with a challenge to Professor Kittredge to point out the infallible signs of their modernity.

Edward Thomas's "Feminine Influence on the Poets" (John Lane) belongs on the shelf with the works of the industrious Mr. Gribble. We have seen of late so many flies tracking from this honey-pot, so much book-making of this seductively facile character, that we know about what to expect under a title like Mr. Thomas's—a loosely organized mass of pretty trite biographical detail, a lush passage here and there, and a grand dearth of ideas. It is a pity that so rich a theme finds no competent historian, no writer of philosophical and historical grasp enabling him to illustrate with the loves of the poets the development of taste and the progress of civilization. A few years ago M. R. De Maulde La Clavière did, indeed, accomplish something of the sort in "Les Femmes de la Renaissance"—a work not without historical purpose and significance. Mr. Thomas unhappily handles his material in the spirit of the dilettante and the gossip.

In the Oxford Editions of Standard Authors Series, Henry Frowde has reissued in two volumes, at two shillings each, William Stebbing's work, formerly published under the title of "The Poets: Geoffrey Chaucer to Alfred Tennyson." In its revised form, the work is called "Five Centuries of English Verse." The first volume extends from Chaucer to Burns; the second, from Wordsworth to Tennyson. Mr. Stebbing has followed the perhaps unfortunately old-fashioned spirit and method of Lamb in dealing with the Elizabethan dramatists. After a life spent with the poets, he has made his own Golden Treasury, consisting of excerpts from seventy-one authors set into the history of his poetical enthusiasms. Books of this character always contain many disputable matters, but, when well written, as this one is, offer excellent browsing.

Sir Norman Lockyer met Lord Tennyson in the sixties, and they were soon drawn together by a common interest in the heavenly bodies as seen through a six-inch telescope in the former's garden. The astronomer was much impressed by the breadth and keenness of the poet's curiosity in scientific matters, and by the accuracy of the scientific figures and allusions in his works. He has now compiled, with Winifred L. Lockyer, a collection of passages from the poems illustrating in a rather special sense the Wordsworthian dictum that poetry is "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." The volume is entitled "Tennyson as a Student and Poet of Nature," and is published by the Macmillans.

"Essays on Russian Novelists" (Macmillan), by Prof. W. L. Phelps, is a volume of cheerful criticism of gloomy literature, from an enthusiastically appreciative and yet a frankly American point of view. Professor Phelps states (p. 231) that "Russian novelists are a thorn in the side of complacent optimism," but he does not let the "thorn" cause him the least personal irritation. The book, despite a few slips of detail, is thoroughly sane and helpful, and makes the reader wish to turn to the novelists themselves. The essays on the great figures of Russian fiction, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoy, are superior both in matter and manner to those on their successors, Gorki, Chekhov, Artsybashev, Andreev, and Kuprin. A good "list of publications," by Andrew Keogh of the Yale Library, adds to the usefulness of the volume.

Charles Francis Adams continues his military study of the American Revolution in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society (see *Nation*, November 3, 1910, p. 423), by describing the campaign of 1777. If the capture of Philadelphia was the object of Howe, a land march would have placed him before the city in a few days, in spite of any efforts of Washington to prevent it. If he intended to aid Burgoyne, now coming from Canada, his proper course was up the Hudson to meet him. Instead of doing either, Howe put his army on transports and departed on a voyage of some weeks' duration, in which he was entirely outside of active operations, either in aid of Burgoyne or in offensive operations against Washington. Blundering as Howe's manœuvre was, that of Washington was, according to Mr. Adams, equally so, and involved serious dangers. He stripped his army to reinforce Gates, and in that condition he marched against the stronger and better equipped army of Howe, inviting the inevitable defeat at Brandywine. Then, failing to defend the forts on the Delaware, he found himself without power to act. Mr. Adams holds that, occupying a position of vantage, and acting upon interior lines, Washington, as soon as Howe sailed from New York for the South, should have marched his army to the North, crushed Burgoyne, and returning with the combined army, flushed with victory, he could have met Howe on equal terms, with every chance of success, and brought an end to the

war. It is impossible to do more than suggest the subject of this elaborate paper. The vigorous tone of criticism and questioning gives a wholesome challenge to what has come to be accepted as good historical writing.

The Rev. Dr. George Brown, "pioneer missionary and explorer," whose acquaintance with Pacific Islands extends over nearly fifty years, has now brought together his observations in a stout volume, entitled "Melanesians and Polynesians" (Macmillan). He deals especially with New Britain (now New Pomerania), New Ireland (New Mecklenburg), and the Duke of York group (New Lauenburg), in the northwest, and with Samoa in the centre. All these are at present under German control, the northwestern group being renamed Bismarck Archipel. While Dr. Brown's observations are always valuable, his chief contribution to Melanesian sociology is his description of customs on New Britain, on which island there was no white man living when he landed in 1875. His remarks on Samoa and adjacent islands give material in addition to what is found in Turner and other writers; but it is on New Britain life that he goes into greatest detail. Besides the usual features of Melanesian social constitution (class exogamy, cult of spirits, and germinal forms of gods, prayer, taboo, loose political organizations), he describes fully the cannibal habit, the great variety of methods of burial (adjacent districts therein differing notably), commercial customs, secret societies, and ideas concerning the future life. Cannibalism, he thinks, is not due to scarcity of food, and cannibals are not ferocious; some cannibals that he knew were "very nice people." The Dukduk and Iniat Societies have severe ceremonies of initiation, and wield enormous power. The former has a couple of woman members; the latter has images of supernatural beings. Totemic restrictions of food do not exist. There is a regular system of borrowing and lending at interest (shell money is used), and a custom that is nearly identical with the potlatch of our Northwest Pacific Coast: a young man calls together his friends and neighbors, and divides among them all his property and all that he has been able to borrow. After a while they give him greater amounts, and he is enriched (a sort of system of investment). Prices vary according to the relation between supply and demand. The artistic excellence of carved figures in New Ireland (as also in New Guinea and the Solomon Islands) is remarkable. The belief in the existence of mermaids and tailed men brings the native near mediæval Europe in culture. The souls of the dead are invoked for aid, but are not sacrificed to; there are punishments in the other world for niggardliness, theft, and breaches of etiquette. The snake-bridge of Normanby Island (which lies off the southeast coast of New Guinea) recalls the Persian Cinvat bridge: the great warrior passes over in safety; the deformed or ugly is precipitated into the chasm. Altogether, Dr. Brown's volume sets before us a very interesting picture of a nascent Melanesian civilization, apparently indigenous. For what he says of the Melanesian languages he has had help from Codrington and others. Other parts of his work, relating to Polynesia, would have been better if he had been better acquainted with general Polynesian history.

Christopher Hare's "Romance of a Medici Warrior" (Scribner) concerns the brief but adventurous life of Giovanni delle Bande Nere, the son of the still more famous Caterina Sforza, the Lady of Forlì. It is a popular book, of that class which has sprung up and flourished during the last few years, and is seemingly written for the sake of its illustrations. Although less exciting than a Dumas novel, it is usually readable, and it contains a sufficient ballast of documented facts to warrant its being catalogued as history. Mr. Hare devotes the last third of his volume to the life of Giovanni's son, Cosimo I, who is chiefly remembered now as the consort of Bianca Capello. Italian proper names elude the author's proofreading.

The volume on Ceylon, lately published by H. Parker and already reviewed in the *Nation*, has been closely followed by "Village Folk-tales of Ceylon," by the same author (Luzac & Co.). By way of introduction, Mr. Parker gives a realistic description of village life in Ceylon, including accounts of flora and fauna, the life of the farmers, tricks of the snake-charmers, etc., together with a short statement regarding the sources of the seventy-five folk-tales which the volume contains. They are the genuine stories of the Sinhalese, being almost entirely free from foreign influence, and were collected by Mr. Parker himself during his long residence in Ceylon as head of the Irrigation Department. A number of them come from the lowest castes, from whom hitherto nothing literary, even of the simplest sort, has been gleaned. Many of the circumstances alluded to are of social interest, and even of historical importance, as when "Vaedda kings" appear in the stories. As in all collections of folk-tales, there are innumerable points connecting these stories with those of other lands. The author thinks that very few reflect Buddhistic influence. Notes appended to the stories give parallel tales from the Punjab, Kashmir, etc. Other folk-lorists will be able to add a good deal from a wider circle. The author promises to supplement this volume with another shortly.

Wilhelm Ostwald's "Die Forderung des Tages" (Leipzig: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft) is made up of a large number of addresses, lectures, and essays, on a great variety of subjects, held together by a thread of autobiographical narrative. Its delightful bits of reminiscences are a contribution to the psychology of the scholar of to-day, wide awake and interested in everything that goes on in the world of action and thought, whether it has anything to do with his own specialty or not. To be called a dilettante does not disturb him. Ostwald says, in the preface to another of his recent books, "Energetische Grundlagen der Kulturwissenschaft," that, in the interest of the cause, he has conquered the fear of entering another field as a dilettante, seeing that he on one occasion had been of assistance to the anthropologist Friedrich Ratzel, in offering him through the theory of energetics "ein bequemes und ausreichendes Denkmittel." And this theory, whose bearing on the humanities as well as on the natural sciences Ostwald himself rediscovered, is the *leitmotif* of his latest book. The title of the book the author took, as he tells in the introduction, from Goethe's "Maximen und Reflektionen": "Wie kann man sich selbst best kennen lernen? Durch Betrachten niemals, wohl aber durch Handeln. Versuche, deine Pflicht zu tun, und du weisst sogleich was an dir ist. Was aber ist deine Pflicht? Die Forderung des Tages." During his whole life as teacher, first as young *Dozent* in Dorpat, afterwards as professor, first in the Polytechnicum in Riga, then at the University of Leipzig, each day was always filled with its own demands. Now, though relieved from the daily duties of the university teacher, he still finds the day too short, so many are the causes which he has made his own. The first paper in the volume before us, "Zur modernen Energetik," serves as a guide to the thought that underlies the whole book. This theory, which he has expressed most concisely in the words: "die Energie ist unsere Welt," is related to pragmatism, and is, as Ostwald expressly states in the current number of the *Annalen der Naturphilosophie*, not a "general and sufficient principle for the understanding of the universe," but a method by which to explain phenomena. The contents of the volume fall into the following six groups, besides the introduction and the conclusion: Allgemeine Energetik, Methodik, Psychologie und Biographie, Allgemeine Kulturprobleme, Die Internationale Hilfssprache, Unterrichtswesen. The history of civilization is "the history of the subjection of energy by man," he says in the study of "Energetik und Kulturgeschichte." The aim of it all is "the delivery of humanity from suffering and the increase of its pleasure." But it is not a question of a superficial utilitarianism or hedonism. In "Der Fall Wangel" he tells of a well-known actress who left a successful career on the stage to join the Salvation Army, and who there, in the unselfish work for her fellow-beings, found the highest "increase of her pleasure." As a theory of human life and work, energetics might be called the theory of efficiency. Encourage everything that makes for efficiency, for the display of your fullest power, combat everything that produces a disproportionate amount of waste. What waste, for instance, it is that each people on the earth has its own language and that members of different nationalities who wish to communicate with one another must learn all these languages, which, besides, are made up according to no scientific or logical rules. Therefore, there is need of an auxiliary language. It should seem that here is, according to Ostwald, the greatest obstacle to the fullest efficiency; at least, he gave a substantial part of the Nobel prize to this cause.

Sir J. D. Rees, the author of "Modern India" (London: George Allen & Sons), has had a long and honorable career as an administrator in England's Eastern empire, having been at one time a member of the Council of the Governor-General of India; at present he has retired from active service and is a member of the British Parliament. His new volume is one of a series which aims to present a trustworthy description of British interests, resources, and life throughout the empire, and has been preceded by "Yesterday and To-day in Canada" by the Duke of Argyll, and "South Africa," by the Hon. J. X. Merriman. It is manifestly impossible within the scope of one small volume to discuss in even a mod-

erately exhaustive manner such fundamental questions as the ethnology, the caste system, and the religions of India; the foundation of British rule, the development of the Indian administrative machinery, the economic, political, and social results of British rule, and the manifold complexity of the present political situation. Nevertheless, the author has achieved his avowed purpose of touching upon most of the important issues and of adding something new to our knowledge of them. He effectively deals with such questions as the so-called economic "drain" of Indian resources by England, the participation of Indians in the government of the country, and the stock criticisms so often uttered by the professional critic of the British. In short, the book will give the thoughtful reader an intelligent and comprehensive outlook on the Indian situation.

"Das junge Deutschland und Goethe," by A. C. von Noé, was accepted by the faculty of the University of Chicago as a doctor's dissertation in 1905, but has only recently been published, the author having projected a larger treatise in which he hoped to incorporate it. After a brief survey of the literature already published on the subject, and a list of his own references, the author outlines the æsthetic programme of the movement known in literary history as Young Germany. He then takes up the writers of the movement and discusses their various relations to Goethe, backing up each statement made by quotations from the author concerned. Because of their outspoken partisanship, it goes without saying that their judgment of Goethe and his significance for Germany was not unanimous, and could not be expected to settle the question of what the Germans should make of their greatest poet. Menzel hated him violently all his life, ascribing to him talent, but no genius. Börne accused him of cowardice, servility, and weakness of character, but had words of praise for his lyric poetry. Heine's attitude toward him varied with his own state of health and personal or political affiliations, and may have been somewhat influenced by a feeling of jealousy; but as he grew in years he grew also in appreciation of Goethe. Wienbarg showed from the beginning a clearer grasp of Goethe's life and work, and was far more objective in his portrayal of the poet's relation to his age, even calling him the spiritual liberator of Germany. The other writers of the school represented combinations and variations of the tendencies of the three already mentioned. Goethe was such a dominating figure in the life and thought of his nation that if agitators could not use him for their purpose they felt they must seek to destroy his influence. Von Noé's study is interesting, not only in its results, but also in that the material collected illustrates the extreme opposite of the overzealous Goethe cult, of which so much has been said and written. It should seem as though Goethe had first to die and be vehemently maligned before he could become a permanent positive influence in the progress of his race.

The death, a year ago, of Prof. William Graham Sumner, and the tributes to his memory and work which came from a multitude of sources, brought to the public attention the fact, hardly recognized even by many of his warm friends and admirers, that the latter years of his life were devoted to studies more arduous, profound, and significant than those of his earlier manhood. The opinion had become somewhat general that when Professor Sumner swung over from the field of economics into sociology his creative work was mainly over. The error of this idea, however, was impressed upon all who read his last volume, entitled "Folkways," which appeared in 1907, and has just been reprinted (Ginn & Co.). This book was intended to be introductory to his treatise on the "Science of Society," upon which he had been working for eight years, but which he never completed. It contains in condensed form much of the richest and ripest of his individual thinking, and stands as a permanent contribution to the knowledge of social facts. As the sub-title indicates, it is "a study of the sociological importance of usages, manners, customs, mores, and morals." The greatest value of the book lies in the illumining discussion of the nature of the mores—a word which he used in its broadest sense—their method of growth, and their influence on human life and society. He strips society of all shams, and shows its true character with great clarity. The new printing contains only occasional slight changes in the text; it has, as frontispiece, a portrait of the author, and an introductory note by Prof. Albert G. Keller, the closest of his academic associates. Of special interest are the announcement by the Yale University Press of a memorial volume of collected essays, written by Professor Sumner, but not hitherto published in book form, and the tentative promise of the "Science of Society."

Chief Engineer Edward Biddle Latch, who died on Monday in his seventy-eighth year, and who had the rank of commander on the retired list of the navy, was the author of "A Review of the Holy Bible" and of a series of "Indications" dealing with the books of Job, Genesis, Exodus, Romans, Revelation, Leviticus, and Numbers.

The Rev. Thomas Samuel Hastings, D.D., former president of the Union Theological Seminary, died suddenly on Sunday, in his eighty-fourth year. He graduated from Hamilton College in 1848 and from the Union Theological Seminary in 1851. He received the D.D. from New York University, the LL.D. from Princeton, and from Hamilton College the L.H.D.

Science

Intracellular Pangenesis. By Hugo de Vries. Translated by C. Stuart Gager. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. $3 net.

Near the end of the second volume of his treatise on "Animals and Plants under Domestication," Charles Darwin says that he was led, or rather forced, to form an hypothesis which connects the large classes of facts bearing on variation in organisms. He calls it "merely a provisional hypothesis or speculation; but until a better one be advanced, it will serve to bring together a multitude of facts which are at present left disconnected by any efficient cause. . . . Under this point of view, I venture to advance the hypothesis of Pangenesis, which implies that every separate part of the whole organization reproduces itself." In a foot-note, he candidly presents the most important objections which numerous critics raised against the hypothesis, and with unfeigned and characteristic modesty admits their force. In an early letter to Prof. Asa Gray, he wrote: "The chapter on what I call Pangenesis will be called a mad dream, . . . but, at the bottom of my own mind, I think it contains a great truth." In a letter, written a little later, to Sir Joseph Hooker, and quoted by the translator of the present work, he wrote: " I feel *sure* if Pangenesis is now stillborn, it will, thank God, at some future time reappear, begotten by some other father, and christened by some other name." Among the few who discerned the value of the hypothesis, was Hugo de Vries of Amsterdam. He saw that by a slight change in terminology and by an essential modification in one of the characters of the mechanism assumed by the hypothesis, a part of the serious objection could be removed. He suggested the substitution of the term *pangen* for the term *gemmule*, and he assumed that these material particles, which are the bearers of individual hereditary characters need not be transported, as Darwin suggested, throughout the whole organism, nor even from one cell of the organism to another, but may carry on their efficient work within the individual cell. Thus Darwin's hypothesis of pangenesis became De Vries's hypothesis of intracellular pangenesis. The revised hypothesis has now seen more than a score of years, without having received, before this, so far as we are aware, an adequate introduction to the English-reading public. The work in its original forms has been well known to scientific students, but even so, it has hardly received the attention which its merits deserved.

The whole question of heredity is engaging the energy of hundreds of investigators at the present time, and each one of these investigators is confronted by questions as to the mechanics of inheritance. Take, for instance, a Red Oak. In each of its forming seeds, there is a microscopic granule of living-matter which has been impregnated. This microscopic granule is endowed with powers of development which will, sooner or later, bring into full stature the oak tree. Moreover, it will bring out of the past and give to the mature oak, all the characteristic features of its immediate ancestors, and confer upon its flowers the power of transmitting these features to countless generations. Here then is the problem. What material entity within so small a compass can receive and transmit all the features of a race? The

physicist is obliged to postulate for his studies the existence of an ether, which cannot be demonstrated; the biologist endeavors to assume the existence of equally undemonstrable material particles. The ingenious manner in which the pangens are made to account for many of the activities of the organism will be of interest to a wide circle of readers whose pursuits lie outside the fields of biology. Every reader will find Professor Gager's translation remarkably free from involved sentences. The work is enriched by an admirable chapter on Fertilization and Hybridization, in which certain peculiar views of de Vries are well stated.

In a revision of his popular book, "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves" (D. Appleton), F. Schuyler Mathews tries a very interesting experiment on his readers. He is an accurate delineator of plants, whose services have long been in request by authors desirous of precise drawings. Now, in a revised edition of one of his own most popular works, he has reproduced his charming sketches in black and white, all of which are characterized by exactness, and then he has added good reproductions of a dozen impressionist water-color paintings. Of these last, he says, "My sketches in water-color were intentionally impressionistic. I avoided all those petty details which the camera could have given with minute fidelity, and aimed for color and effect, for mass and character." In these water-colors we have "lilac shadows, purple tree trunks, emerald foliage, cobalt sky, and the warm pink tone of the atmosphere" of an artist's day, of which the camera can make no record. He speaks of "the colored fire of cloud and sky, and the soft emerald of the meadow broken by the lilac-blue shadow" of the elm, and asks what camera can tell of these. In short, an artist, recognized as an accurate delineator in black and white, now presents these paintings which seem to him to be essentially truthful, and yet has purposely avoided all detail. Our readers will find a study of these sketches of much interest. The text has here and there received some emendation, always for the better.

Mrs. Ellen Henrietta Richards, for twenty-five years instructor of sanitary chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, died last week at her home in Boston, aged sixty-eight. She graduated from Vassar College in 1870. Her writings include: "Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning," "Food Materials and Their Adulterations," "The Cost of Living," "The Cost of Shelter," "The Art of Right Living," and "The Cost of Cleanness."

Dr. Simon M. Brainin of New York city died last Friday. He was born at Riga, Livonia, Russia, in 1854, and studied medicine in Dorpat and Berlin. He was appointed physician to the Jewish Community in Riga, and in the early nineties was its director. Dr. Brainin was a delegate to the Rabbinical conference in St. Petersburg in 1892, and a member of the Society for the Promotion of Culture Among the Jews of Russia. He came to this city in 1895. His books include "Sanitation and Hygiene" in Hebrew, and "Medical Guide" in Russian.

Drama

THE BOSS ON THE STAGE.

Paul Bourget's latest play, with politics for its subject, has failed in Paris. Its fate leads one earnest critic to ask why politicians on the stage are almost aways an artistic failure. With us the politician, in the British sense, is not so popular among dramatists as the boss. And with good reason. If the drama is to consist in a conflict of wills, what possible opportunity is there for Congressmen or members of the Legislature who notoriously have no will of their own? Power with us emanates from the boss, and in him, too, abides that picturesqueness of character which is indispensable to the playwright. Yet with all his initial advantages it must be confessed that the boss has scarcely been made a more effective figure on our stage than the parliamentarian or Cabinet Minister across the water. The type, as the playwrights have built it up, has become classic. The boss is a fat, unscrupulous person, with an inexhaustible fund of ready humor, and a fondness for roustabouts and little children. Like the inhabitants of a certain cannibal island discovered by the young English naval lieutenant and described in a brief cable to the Admiralty Office, his morals are none and his manners are beastly. In the end he does succumb to virtue as embodied in the honest young district attorney who is in love with his youngest daughter. But we are left with the impression that the defeat of the boss is a concession to the sentiment of the audience rather than to the inevitable march of events.

In Bourget's play the author is held not to have proved his thesis because the conflict he has depicted is not between the politician and the state, but between the politician who is a doting father and the state. In other words, he fights and loses not as a man of politics, but as any one might fight and lose, whether butcher or baker or Prime Minister, or boss. As a matter of fact, there are almost as many types of boss as there are bosses. In point of physique it is not essential that his chin should be double and his complexion unhealthy. Abe Ruef does not resemble Charles F. Murphy, and Matt Quay did not look like George B. Cox of Cincinnati. To show that their methods are frequently the same does not justify the creation of a type. Even their life history may be greatly alike in its progress from humble circumstances to the manipulation of millions of votes and dollars, and yet lay no basis for the development of a type. Grocers and dry-goods merchants make use of very much the same methods in their respective trades, but the type of the grocer or the merchant holds little dramatic promise. As a comic type the boss has his possibilities. George Ade has shown that in his "County Chairman." But precisely because the boss has become the daily food of the newspaper caricaturist and the newspaper paragrapher, he has become difficult of use on the stage. What the playwright has actually done is to give bodily presentment to the boss as the cartoonist has developed him.

On the mere ground of effective portrayal, the boss hardly lends himself to the purposes of the stage. The playwright sets out to depict a man of infinite resource and sagacity, like Kipling's mariner, and most often makes him act like a child. The mere notion of wire-pulling is hostile to the broad, coarse action of the stage. Plots nurtured during weeks of husky whisperings must be formulated on the stage in five minutes. Legislators who fight off temptation for years must succumb within the brief space of a single interview. It is precisely the same difficulty that confronts the playwright who attempts a great orator or a great musician or a great wit. In the very nature of things, the playwright's oratory, musicianship, or wit is bound to fall below the requirement; we are not living in Shakespeare's time. The mechanics of business life are too complicated for the stage. The captains of finance who have lately been inundating the stage in plays of the hour are a sorry lot, mentally. The ease with which they eliminate their enemies involves the suspicion of contributory negligence on the part of the latter. We may take the best of the plays of business life—Mirbeau's "Business is Business." The extraordinarily vivid figure of Lechat, the pirate-captain of industry, is depicted not in what he does but in what he says. We are shown a man who is a brute in his home, and we find it easy to imagine what he must be in his office. The only business scene in the play, the episode near the end where Lechat outwits the two rascally "promoters," is not very impressive. One of the two men is a fool and the other is a coward, and Lechat has only to yell at them for a minute or two in order to confound them. How infantile does this situation on the stage appear when compared with the record of one day's transactions in the history of the Carnegie Trust Company! Lechat the beast of prey is an impressive figure; Lechat the man of business is convincing only by reflected light.

But the fundamental fallacy lies in assuming that there can be a typical boss on the stage. For the approximate uses of every-day conversation we may speak of the typical boss or the typical business man or the typical artist. But when we speak of types on the stage we mean figures impressed with the stamp of universality. Tartuffe is a type, and Hamlet is a type, and Don Quixote and

Falstaff and Joe Sedley and Mrs. Jellyby are types, for the reason that in every one of us abides the capacity for hypocrisy, or ailment of the will, or ideal delusion, or the gross joys of life, or selfishness, or slovenliness. But it is quite evident that not all of us can be bosses or captains of industry or woman-suffrage leaders. A true type is made by the soul within. Occupations and professions are only accidents. There may be types of elevator boys and "salesladies" and commissioners of water, gas, and electricity; but such are sufficient only for the purposes of the comic artist and the vaudeville comedian, not for the stage.

Grace Isabel Colbron has made an English translation of Björnstjerne Björnson's two-act play, "A Lesson in Marriage" (Brandus). It narrates the troubles of a young husband, whose wife had been the spoiled child of doting parents, and who resented the proposal that she should leave the home in which she had so long been paramount. Her parents also regard his wish to have his wife to himself as a manifestation of heartless selfishness. But he stands upon his rights, and finally—with the assistance of a female ally, who awakens the wife's conscience by means of a parabolical story—procures his own and everybody else's happiness. The little play exhibits humor and observation, and makes pleasant reading, but is too artificial and didactic for stage representation. Moreover, it has no real dramatic interest, as the happy ending is never in doubt, and the emotional tempests are of tea-cup dimensions.

Mrs. Fiske is generally regarded as an exponent of the intellectual drama, but "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," the "new comedy," by Harry James Smith, which she presented in the Lyceum Theatre on Monday evening, is a piece of no distinction either in manner or matter. The intent of it, which is to ridicule the democratic desire for aristocratic connections, and the absurdities of false family pride, is sound enough, but the illustrations are so crude and extravagant as to be inadmissible, except in farce or burlesque. The work of a novice's hand is betrayed by the long passages of narrative, the old stage types, the transparency of the devices, the arbitrary arrangement of convenient incident, and the utter conventionality of the means by which the desired ending is ultimately procured. If the piece had not offered a part generally suitable to the theatrical methods of Mrs. Fiske, and one that promised to keep her well in the limelight, it is not at all likely that it would have been produced in its present shape. The part is that of a social adventuress, a vulgar variant of the Becky Sharp type, who pushes her own way to the front and converts threatened defeat into victory by conduct which reduces her almost to the level of the common blackmailer. It is not pleasant in itself, and it is not notable for originality, veracity, or brilliancy of delineation, but it fits fairly well the theatrical personality of Mrs. Fiske, who plays it with her usual restless vivacity and abundant assurance. She was generously applauded—for she has a large body of faithful followers—but she is making no advancement as an actress, and her speech is becoming less and less articulate.

A performance of Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus" was given recently at Essen, Germany. For the occasion the text of 1604 had been translated by Morsbach and Repp; the staging was in the Elizabethan manner.

Sir Herbert Tree has decided to end the run of "Henry VIII" at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, on the 15th inst. He will then revive "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Arthur Bourchier will be the Bottom. New dresses and much new scenery have been prepared. The production of "Macbeth" has been once more postpoued, until the beginniug of next season.

It is probable that the new play which Walter Frith has written for Laurence Irviug will be produced in London before the end of the present year. Mr. Frith has also finished a new three-act piece, which has been procured by Lyn Harding. The leading part is that of a Welsh poet-farmer. Owing to the lack of a suitable London theatre, this play will have its earliest production in the provinces.

Herr Reinhardt has just given his spectacular production of the second part of "Faust" iu the Deutsches Theater, Berlin. A correspondent of a London journal says:

The numerous changes of scene—nearly twenty in number—succeeded each other with admirable precision, and the 8,000 lines of the text had been so shortened that it was hardly possible for the pageant to drag. The scenic effects, which included an elephaut and a centaur, were extraordinarily effective aud ingenious. . . . Considered as a pageant, and not as a tragedy, still less an allegory, Herr Reinhardt's production must be regarded as a brilliant success.

Edmond Rostand is at work on a translation of Goethe into Freneh; he begins with "Goetz" and "Tasso."

Paul Bourget's new play, "Le Tribun," which has just been produced in Paris, and which purported to exhibit the conflict between the principles of Socialism and the system of the family, seems to miss its mark entirely, and to be totally ineffective as a demonstration. Portal, Socialistic leader and prime minister, has discovered a system of parliamentary bribery in connection with admiralty contracts, which he expects to turn to great political account. He entrusts the evidence against the chief offenders to his son, whom he has made his confidential secretary. But the young man is desperately infatuated with a Madame Claudel, whose husband is on the verge of disgraceful bankruptcy. So he sells the evidence in his hands to the guilty persons for a huge sum of money, with which he relieves the distresses of his enchantress. When Portal learns the truth, he resolves to play the Roman father, and send his son to jail, but when the public prosecutor arrives he yields to the instinct of paternal tenderness and refuses to make any complaint. Then he resigns his office. It is clear that the issue here is in no way between Socialism and the family, but between paternal affection and official responsibility. Thus the play had little or none of the political significance which had been supposed to attach to it. But Guitry is said to have been uncommonly fine in the character of the broken statesman and wounded father.

Music

Some Commentaries on the Teaching of Pianoforte Technique. By Tobias Matthay. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cents.

Baltzell's Dictionary of Musicians. By W. J. Baltzell. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

While the German-speaking peoples have given to the world most of the greatest music ever written, it is singular that as performers the Germans do not excel in the same way. Their great operatic conductors are mostly Hungarians, their singers, with a few exceptions, are not among the best, while of their pianists not one has equalled the Hungarian Liszt, the Russian Rubinstein, the Polish Chopin, Paderewski, and Hofmann. Yet Germany is now considered, as Italy used to be, a high-school of music for all the world. Professor Matthay of the Royal Academy of Music in London thinks, however, that the state of affairs when no British student felt safe unless he had finished his schooling abroad is now past history. He is glad of it, too, because we have to thank Germany, pianistically, "for much of the very worst teaching, to instance only the interminable exercise-grinding and monumental blunders of some of her 'Schools' and 'Methods'—methods which were accepted here and in America as undeniable gospel."

Eight years ago Professor Matthay gave to the world a book entitled "The Act of Touch," in which he tried to show that touch in pianoforte playing is no more a gift than is the art of articulate speech itself, and that it "can be acquired by every person of average intelligence"; upon which we commented that "if this be true, it is the most important news communicated to the musical world for many years." In that book, which remains the best treatise on the subject, the author glossed over many points in order that the main issues might not be obscured. These points he has now taken in hand in this Supplement to it, which is concerned with such topics as the principle of forearm rotation, arm-vibration, pianissimo playing, the use of bad touch forms, the artificial legato element, the purpose of arm-weight, the difference between key-striking and true pianoforte touch. On this last topic the author writes with much indignation, railing at the primitive and childish doctrine still taught in Germany that touch at the piano consists of tapping *at* the key-levers by finger-action or knuckle-action alone, although Czerny long ago recommended that the finger should reach the key "without any actual blow" and that the keys "must be pressed down." Two prominent German pedagogues, Steinhausen and Breithaupt, have recently issued treatises in which, on the whole,

the true method is taught; yet, in a chapter on British piano progress, Professor Matthay does not hesitate to say that "comparing the average English piano student with the average German student, we must pronounce England to have won the day—for the present."

The question whether professional teaching aids in producing great pianists is not considered by Professor Matthay. England has not yet produced one of higher rank than Fanny Davies and Katharine Goodson, unless Harold Bauer, whose mother was English and who was born in London, be credited to that country; in which case D'Albert may be called Scotch. Add to these the Irishman John Field, the originator of the nocturne, and we get a respectable array of names. All of these, with probably some minor ones of recent fame, may be found in W. J. Baltzell's latest volume, the "Dictionary of Musicians," which aims at being quite up-to-date, although some important names, among them those of the three great operatic conductors, Campanini, Hertz, and Toscanini, have been unaccountably omitted. English critics like Newman, Baughan, and Shaw might complain that they had as much claim to being mentioned as some of the American critics included in this volume. Had this book appeared a few weeks later, Mr. Baltzell would have been able to correct the statement that "Königskinder" has not been a success; it has proved both in America and Germany the biggest success of the season. The remarks anent Liszt's literary works are very misleading and unjust; some of them were marred by the collaboration of the Princess Wittgenstein, but the pages written by Liszt are easily recognizable and they compete with Schumann's literary writings for the claim of being awarded first prize among all books on music. Apart from these points the new biographic dictionary deserves much praise. Constantin von Sternberg contributes a page on the pronunciation of Russian names, and Tchaikovsky is spelled as in England, and not, as usually in this country, in the German way, Tschaikowsky.

A musical trilogy has, it is said, been written by Gustave Charpentier, author of "Louise," each part having two acts.

Max Reger, whom his admirers call "the Bach of the twentieth century," has been appointed general musical director of the Meiningen Theatre.

Another American girl has been acclaimed in Italy as a rising opera star. Her name is Meta Reddish; she has studied abroad for two years, and a few weeks ago she made her début in Naples as Amina in "La Sonnambula."

Berlin is better supplied with opera than any other city in the world. Besides the Königliche Opernhaus there are two other theatres which give operatic performances every day, and on Sundays usually two. The cosmopolitan taste of the Berliners is illustrated by the list of operas sung on the seven days from March 12 to 18. At the Royal institution the repertory included Mozart's "Magic Flute," Humperdinck's "Königskinder," Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment," Wagner's "Lohengrin," Beethoven's "Fidello," Leoncavallo's "Maïa." At the Komische Oper the works performed were: Verdi's "Traviata," Offenbach's "Hoffman's Tales," Puccini's "La Bohême," and "Tosca." Mozart's "Figaro," Verdi's "Il Trovatore," Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus," D'Albert's "Tiefland." The Volksoper gave: Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," Flotow's "Martha," Verdi's "Il Trovatore," "The Dollar Princess," Nessler's "Trumpeter of Säkkingen," Verdi's "The Masked Ball." Weber's "Der Freischütz." In all, nineteen operas and one operetta.

The last volume of Glasenapp's monumental biography of Wagner is to be published in May by Breitkopf & Härtel.

Strauss's new opera, "The Rose Cavalier," has already been sung in German, Italian, and Czech. An English version is now in preparation. The manager of the Royal Opera in Berlin evidently does not want this work, for the Straussites have twice been taken in special trains to Dresden to hear it, and now it is said that the Magdeburg Opera Company is to be engaged to give it in Berlin at the Neue Schauspielhaus.

Henry Holt & Co. have arranged with Lieut. Arthur A. Clappe for a book on "The Wind-Band and its Instruments," which will be illustrated.

Sir Edward Elgar has accompanied the Sheffield Choir across the Atlantic to conduct performances of his "Dream of Gerontius," at Montreal, on March 2; Indianapolis, April 21; Chicago, April 24, and St. Paul, April 28, and of "The Kingdom" at Cincinnati, on April 18. In addition to Sir Edward's works the repertory will comprise "Messiah," "Elijah," Verdi's "Requiem," Berlioz's "Faust," Sullivan's "Golden Legend," Parry's "Best Pair of Sirens," Bach's "Pan," as well as glees, madrigals part-songs, and choruses by British composers. Australia and South Africa are also included in this tour.

Dodd, Mead & Co., who have procured the American rights of "The Autobiography of Richard Wagner," give out the following concerning the way in which the work has for so many years been kept secret:

Between the years 1868 and 1873 Wagner compiled his memoirs from diaries and other memoranda which he had kept for thirty-five years. As these memoirs were extremely frank, and discussed not only the affairs of the author, but the affairs and characteristics of prominent people of the time who were well known to the writer. Wagner took the utmost precautions to keep his work a secret. As it was impossible at that time to secure duplicate copies by a typewriter, the book was set up by French compositors who did not understand German. Twelve copies were printed, and the type was then distributed. Of these twelve copies eight were entrusted to Frau Cosima Wagner and four copies were distributed among the author's nearest and dearest friends. The greatest care was exercised in the event of the death of any one of these five people that the closely guarded memoirs should be turned over to one of the survivors. In this way the secret was kept so closely that, although Wagner died twenty-eight years ago, very few people, even in Germany, have known his autobiography was in existence.

Art

AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON, March 25.

It is too soon to pronounce definitely upon the work now being done at the National Gallery. Chaos still prevails in the old rooms: walls overcrowded, screens standing where they are least expected and least wanted, doors walled up with building or re-building going on behind them. But five new rooms and a fine basement below have been opened, and their opening and the temporary exhibition of Lord Lansdowne's Mill have brought art once more upon the town, and Trafalgar Square and Pall Mall are lined with carriages, queues form as at the door of a popular theatre, a fresh newspaper correspondence is started, and Rembrandt's name is in everybody's mouth.

But the new rooms are something more than a seven days' wonder. They give a good idea of the manner in which the work of enlargement and rearrangement is being carried out, and of its value. Of the gain already in wall space, there can be no question. Pictures now enjoy a margin and are spread out along the line instead of being hung one above the other until the highest cannot be seen without a kink in the neck and weariness to the eyes. The improvement in this respect when all the new galleries are complete can hardly be over-estimated. Four of the rooms are of fairly good size; the fifth is very large, like the Venetian, Dutch, and Umbrian Rooms. Of the decorations I must speak with more reserve. London dirt and London atmosphere are so kind to the London decorator that he is apt to take advantage of the fact and rely upon them for his effects. A great deal has been left to time in these new rooms, which will probably be pleasanter and more restful a few months from now. The walls are covered with a heavy embossed paper, highly varnished, admirable from a spring-cleaning point of view, but with a disagreeable trick when fresh of catching the light, when old of catching the dirt, on the high ridges of the pattern. The flat tone used in the basement rooms makes a much more quiet and less obtrusive background. Nor do I think the choice of the color very happy. In two of the rooms, it is a vivid, rather sharp green; in two, a dull, lifeless red; in the large room, a gold that somehow is more broken up by the pattern than either the red or the green. The walls of the old rooms covered with the same paper show that the tone given to it by time has a tendency to dinginess. The frieze and the vaultings of the ceiling throughout the new building are of pure white, in its freshness so glaring that it cries out for a coating of London dirt; the glass at the top would be no less improved by a layer of

London smoke and smuts, for, extraordinary as it may seem to say such a thing of a gallery in London, the light at certain hours is far too brilliant, more especially in the large room. This is a fault, however, that a velarium or a system of blinds could easily remedy. The most has been made of the opportunity of rearranging as many of the pictures as the new rooms will hold. The work of the Ferrarese, Parmese and Bolognese schools as now grouped in one of them, can be far better seen than ever before. The French school, filling two, is treated with greater consideration than it has hitherto received, though the gaps in it are still deplorable. Claude is shown with a trifle more dignity at last. Fantin's portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Edwards hangs on the walls, while opposite a place has been made for Corots and a Millet from the Salting collection. A fourth room is devoted to the sixteen Turners reserved for the National Gallery when the others were removed to the Tate, and here the two Claudes hang again by the two Turners, as the English painter was mistaken enough to stipulate in his will that they should. As the other Claudes are in the adjoining room, the student may further pursue and elaborate the suggested comparison. The large gallery contains a fine selection of British pictures from Dobson and Hogarth to Constable and Crome. The sense of space here is delightful, all the more so when one remembers the overladen, jumbled-up walls of the British Section as it used to be not so very long ago. No one painter is represented, even as exhaustively as he might be in Trafalgar Square, but a representative series of each has been made, and Hogarth's Shrimp Girl—not, however, enjoying the place of distinction it deserves—Reynolds's Three Graces and portrait of Two Gentlemen, Gainsborough's Mrs. Siddons, Constable's Hay Wain, Crome's Mousehold Heath, with other paintings as characteristic, now hang together. In the endeavor to show the British pictures at their best, as was never possible under the old conditions, zeal appears to have been carried too far. Surely, it is not only the result of the new and more spacious hanging, or of the hard light that has been streaming down upon them during these last bright March days of east wind, that many look so painfully fresh and clean. I do not know exactly what has been done to them, if anything; I cannot say whether or no they have, while waiting to be re-hung, passed through the restorer's or the cleaner's hands; but certainly they have an air of having been recently and thoroughly done up, though the worst shock is when one comes to Gainsborough's Market Cart, and sees the wide space of blue sky to the left of the picture shining with cleanliness as if it had been painted but yesterday, and then not by a master of color.

In the basement the hanging is provisional, so that it calls for no criticism. This is fortunate, for the walls and screens present a bewildering assortment of all schools and all periods. When more new rooms are built, or more old rooms remodelled, the disorder will right itself. It is to be hoped that then as few pictures as possible will be left downstairs. The rooms are large and spacious, but, of course, there can be no top light, and in the cross lights the paintings can with difficulty be seen; and, worse, screens upon which they are placed make a series of those little alcoves that are so irritating in many Continental galleries and that the National Gallery has hitherto been able to do without. But it will be time to criticise when the additions and alterations to the building are entirely finished.

The Mill is attracting more people to the National Gallery than even the new rooms. Lent by Lord Lansdowne for an interval before its sale, it is placed temporarily in the small room where Francia and the others of his school used to hang. The object is that the public, seeing it once more, will realize the urgent need of raising one hundred thousand pounds, to which Lord Lansdowne will generously contribute his little mite of five thousand, and so save it for the nation before it has fallen into the rapacious grasp of the inconsiderate American who has offered to buy it at the price. To expect a government, obliged to meet the bill for old age pensions and new Dreadnoughts and increased Ministerial salaries and no end of other necessities, to pay the required sum for such a luxury as another Rembrandt is out of the question. There is not much hope from the National Art Collections Fund, which, in the last emergency of the kind, only scraped through with the help of the anonymous donor who contributed forty of the seventy thousand the Duke of Norfolk demanded for his Holbein—the millionaire is rare who will give away a small fortune for any but the pictures that go into his own collection. And from the general public, as a last resource, there is no hope at all. They may crowd to gape at the painting, but that is not because of any appreciation of its beauty or admiration for Rembrandt, but simply because of the money it represents: a hundred thousand pounds' picture is not to be seen every day. And, moreover, the public are having enough nonsense talked to them to make them hesitate to put their hands in their pockets, even if they felt so inclined. They are told that Rembrandt has already delivered his message to England—though just what this means I doubt if anybody could explain—and that therefore The Mill is not essential to the happiness of the country. They are assured that it is valuable mainly as an expression of Protestantism—though heaven knows how or why—and that as this expression is found also in the landscapes of Crome and Constable, therefore the Briton may cheerfully let the Rembrandt go to convert the poor heathen American who still believes that Benjamin West and Copley are masters. Some suggest that the hundred thousand pounds would be better spent upon painters whose message has not yet been delivered to England, the "Post-Impressionists" by choice; or else on the young English geniuses who curiously happen to be the friends of those who think they should be encouraged. Royal Academicians are horrified at the waste, when they remember that the income of a hundred thousand pounds could purchase the four best pictures of the year until the end of time; enterprising editors send round circulars to people with names to ask if they think The Mill "a bargain" at the price. On the other hand, there are appeals to public patriotism—is England to see her treasures depart for other lands without a protest? There are appeals to public sentiment—think of the inestimable privilege of gazing upon the picture of the mill where Rembrandt was born and received his earliest impressions, even though the authorities say he was not born there at all. In fact, the old floodgates of Victorian sentiment have been opened.*

It is clear that the excitement within a few years over the Rokeby Venus and the Duke of Norfolk's Holbein, and now, over Lord Lansdowne's Rembrandt, has made England feel the necessity of taking some such measures as Italy has already taken, if the great masterpieces in private collections are not to be lost to the nation. Only the other day, the question came up again in the House of Commons, and indeed it may be the anticipation of the government's interference that has caused some of the owners of these masterpieces—heavily burdened as they are with death duties and new land taxes and unearned increment taxes and super-income taxes—to part with them and make an honest hundred thousand or so when they can.

N. N.

Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover announce the transfer of the publications of the Davis Press of Worcester, Mass., to their list, with the exception of the "School Art Book," which has been sold to the National Arts Publishing Company of Boston.

The new volume in the "Ars Una: Species Mille," general history of art series, "The History of Art in France," by Louis Hourticq, which is promised for May by the Scribners, is said to be modelled on Reinach's "Apollo."

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*A dispatch dated April 3 states officially that The Mill has been sold, probably to an American.

The *Bulletin* of the Brooklyn Institute in recent weekly numbers has printed a series of articles by Prof. William H. Goodyear on the Baptistery, Leaning Tower, and Cathedral of Pisa. On the basis of his own surveys, the photographic records of which are part of the collection of the museum of the Institute, Professor Goodyear discusses leaning constructions (the Baptistery falls under this class), curves in plan and in elevation, and various calculated irregularities in building. The arguments and verbal descriptions are supported by plates of excellent clearness and adequate scale. Most of the photographs have been recently taken by a new and expeditious method of sighting across a plumb line suspended in the camera itself. Students of architecture, and for that matter working architects, will find these numbers of the *Bulletin* useful and instructive.

Important excavations have been carried on by Mr. J. Hatzidakis, ephor of antiquities in Crete, near the village of Tylisos, about six miles west of Candia and Knossos. They have resulted in the discovery of a palace with surrounding buildings which belong to the same period as the other Minoan palaces in Crete. It also was destroyed by violence and fire, and many of the movable articles seem to have been carried away; but enough remains to show the high state of civilization in which the occupants lived. Already an area of about 600 metres—that is about half the palace—has been unearthed. About six metres west of the palace was discovered a building, 25 by 15 metres in extent, divided into five apartments. The palace was two or three stories in height, as can be seen from the remains of staircases. It belongs to the late Minoan period, but traces of the Middle Minoan period have been found in a lower stratum. The objects unearthed are similar in character to those found at the palaces of Knossos and Phæstos. Most important among them are: huge bronze cauldrons and other vessels; a small bronze statuette, about twelve inches high, of beautiful execution; many fragments of pottery; several steatite vases; two large pedestals for lamps; and a fine *rhyton* of obsidian. There were also found two tablets with Cretan script, and fragments of wall-painting. A few yards' distance from the palace was discovered a pit filled with sherds of the Early and Middle Minoan periods, from which circumstance it is hoped that objects belonging to these earlier periods will also be discovered. To the north of Tylisos, near the river Gazes, a cemetery of the Middle Minoan period was discovered, and near the shore a settlement of the Minoan period. These will be explored later.

To the "General History of Art" (Scribner), which is issued in five languages simultaneously, has been added Corrado Ricci's "Art in Northern Italy." The record in painting, sculpture, and architecture, has been carried down to recent times, and an extraordinary amount of information has been packed within the covers of this pocket volume with its hundreds of small illustrations. Naturally condensation is the rule. Such artists as Titian and Correggio have to be dispatched with half a dozen pages each. Yet Commendatore Ricci contrives to make his text always vivacious and readable, and the little book is a model of its kind. We note only the minor inconsistency that Vittore Pisanello appears on page 40 under his traditional name, while on page 112 he receives his new style of Antonio. Giorgio Schiavone on page 101 is a palpable misprint for Gregorio. In the last paragraph of page 53, first line, the translator should have inserted the word *former* to make the reference clear. In general the book deserves unstinted praise. It is an eloquent argument for the expert as the best popularizer.

Sir Richard Rivington Holmes, whose death in his seventy-sixth year is reported from London, was librarian at Windsor Castle from 1870 to 1906, wrote the lives of Queen Victoria and King Edward, was archæologist to the British Abyssinian expedition in 1868, and achieved some distinction as a designer and a painter in water colors. Other books by him include: "Naval and Military Trophies," "Specimens of Royal, Fine, and Historical Bookbinding," and an edition of the "Book of Common Prayer," with titles and borders designed and drawn by himself.

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, formerly director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, died last week at his home in London, aged sixty-five. He was educated at Gaultier's Collegiate School, Sydenham, at Beaucourt's School in Bologne, and at the National Art Training School in South Kensington. At the age of thirty-two he was appointed architect of the Indian section of the Paris Exposition in 1878, and immediately afterwards he was commissioned by the South Kensington Museum to collect objects of art in Germany, Italy, and Spain; in 1892 he was made keeper in this museum of all the art collections, and in 1896 became its director. The English government made him its royal commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1900 and to the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. In the following year the Metropolitan Museum engaged his services, and he quickly instituted his policy to make the museum attractive to the common people. Some estimate of his services to the museum was given in the *Nation* of July 7, last year, just after his retirement, on account of failing health. He was a fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, of the Royal Society of British Architects, a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, of the Royal Academy of Madrid, and was honored by the order of the Crown of Prussia.

Finance

SOME ILLUSIONS OF CORPORATION FINANCE.

Ten years ago this month, when a very remarkable economic situation, such as does not twice occur in a generation, had swept off their feet some of the most experienced financiers, it became the word of the day that forces were at work which had never been at work before, and that, therefore, practical financiers might do things which all their previous experience had pronounced impossible or improper. This notion had its field of activity, as such notions usually do, in corporation finance. It took shape especially in four startling theories, all proclaimed and applied by eminent financial leaders of the day. First, the general welfare would be promoted if competing corporations were to buy one another's stock, exchange directors with one another, and arrange their affairs harmoniously. Second, the investor's best interests would be subserved if a company's capital stock should be made so large that nobody could control it, and hence that existing managements could never be unseated. Third, a huge combination of companies did not need to husband its working capital, because, when it needed money, it could borrow from the banks. Fourth, stock was entitled to dividends and ought to get them, no matter what the origin of the stock or the trade conditions of the moment.

In the ten succeeding years, these extraordinary theories, one by one, have been exploded. The first was shattered when it was found that "community-of-interest" directors were not allowed either to direct or to learn the secrets of a company. The real possibilities of capitalization so large as to guarantee immunity of a management from discipline were exposed to public view when the stupid trade policy of the Amalgamated Copper was discovered, and when the most powerful financial interest in the country had to take a hand in stopping the Steel Trust management from an act of incredible folly. The problem of working capital had some new light thrown upon it in 1903, when the Lake Superior Company went down, the Cotton Duck and New England Yarn corporations assessed their unlucky shareholders and the Steel Trust had to stop dividends, in each case because of the lack of a proper operating surplus.

The theory, finally, that a stock, however created, was entitled to dividends, had some awkward blows, but it has persisted longer than the others. Not only did it raise its head in the Steel Corporation's attempt of 1903 to buy up its own preferred shares with borrowed money, so as to leave the inflated common shares in the field of dividends, but it reappeared, not six months ago, in the argument at the Interstate Commission hearing, to the effect that transportation rates should be put up high enough to guarantee dividends on stock of every railway, whatever its capitalization, situation, or policy. It has once more cut a figure, along with a dash of pretty nearly all the other exploded illusions above referred to, in a somewhat sensational controversy of the past week.

The American Woollen Company, organized among the $3,593,000,000 industrial incorporations of the year 1899, had outstanding lately $40,000,000 preferred stock and $29,500,000 common. The preferred, being "cumulative," had to pay 7 per cent. dividends; the com-

mon has never paid anything. In 1908, the preferred stock's dividend was not fully earned; in 1910, the surplus earned, after greatly reducing depreciation charges, was only 2¼ per cent. on the common stock. During 1909, $5,000,000 was raised by sale of new preferred—"for the purpose," the president explained, "of meeting extraordinary requirements in the purchase of wool, and in the manufacture of goods already sold and still in demand."

Barely a year and a half after this recourse to the market, the management has now sent out to shareholders this announcement:

> After nearly twelve years of patient waiting, it would seem that the time had come when some consideration was due to the common shareholders of your company. . . . Your directors have felt that they could not justifiably enter on a dividend-paying course on the common shares until they were wholly confident of being able to continue that dividend with the same regularity and reliability that now attach to the preferred shares.
>
> It seemed, therefore, in the interest of the preferred shareholders, that your directors should avail themselves of the privilege allowed by the laws of the State of New Jersey to buy in the open market the shares of the common stock, and this your directors have done, until they have purchased 95,011 shares.

Nothing is said as to whence the $3,000,000 or so required to buy these 95,000 common shares was obtained. In default of such explanation, it has been imagined that, directly or indirectly, the $5,000,000 cash raised by sale of new preferred stock has served the purpose. If this were so, it would present the novel situation of a company borrowing at 7 per cent. to buy up stock paying nothing and not required to pay anything.

This may not have been the fact; but if not, the only alternative is that $3,000,000 of a company's cash assets have been employed to purchase something for which the company had no use whatever. This being so, it will be interesting to see what sort of family discussion is evoked when the special meeting, called to vote upon this remarkable fiscal undertaking, convenes on April 28. It is hardly necessary to explain what a Pandora's box of mischievous financiering would be opened, through the adoption of the theory that directors of a company were entitled, at their will, to use the cash resources of the company, or the proceeds of its obligations, to buy up its stock for cash. That is a vastly different thing from reducing share capital by the voluntary action of the shareholder and with no expenditure of cash. The absurdity of this new expedient, it would seem, is only paralleled by the hazards invoked through giving any "inside management" such a chance for secret ventures on the market.

Considered in this light, the Woollen Company affair is a genuinely important incident of the day. It is financial experiments of the sort, their reception by the community as a whole, and their results in corporation policy, which give their particular color to an economic period. Sometimes a relatively unimportant incident, like the shareholders' meeting of the Metropolitan Street Railway, compelled in 1902 to approve the lease of that company to a four-mile Westchester trolley line, is so evident a landmark of the day as to become historic.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, L. C. The Autobiography of Shakespeare. Baker & Taylor. $1.50 net.
Anderson, A. J. The Artistic Side of Photography. Dodd, Mead. $4 net.
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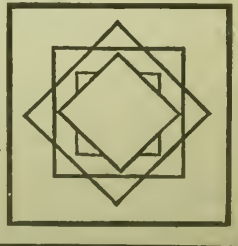

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The Week

The Democratic leaders in the House continue to indicate a most sensible programme. Following the assurance that there is to be no unnecessary manœuvring for political effect in regard to the Canadian reciprocity bill, there comes the statement that another bill is to be introduced at the same time, providing for the lowering of the tariff on a number of articles in which farmers are interested as buyers and not as sellers. In the farming communities along the Canadian border there has been a very natural feeling that in the reciprocity arrangement they were asked to give up some of their tariff advantages, while those to whom they were paying tribute through the protective tariff were permitted to enjoy their special privileges unabated. A downward revision of the tariff on wire fencing, agricultural implements, sewing machines, lumber, meats, and flour, which are among the items mentioned as likely to be included in the proposed bill, would be heartily approved by public sentiment generally, and would be to the farmers an extremely welcome recognition of their right to consideration.

Representative Foster of Vermont is one of the ablest and most responsible men in the House. As a member of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, he speaks with additional authority. Yet he has no hesitation in declaring publicly that the latest attempt to manufacture a Japanese war-scare by way of the City of Mexico is part of a deliberate jingo policy to force large naval appropriations. These are his words:

> I am absolutely convinced that there is a criminal conspiracy on foot for the purpose of bringing on a war between the United States and Japan. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are being spent to carry on this propaganda, and I am confident that the plans of these conspirators will unfold themselves before very long. I am convinced that this constant agitation for a war between the two nations is nothing but a subterfuge employed by those people who are determined that this government shall buildnot less than two battleships each year. To endanger the friendly relations of two great nations in order that certain selfish interests may be gratified is nothing short of criminal.

This is precisely in keeping with what many outside of political life have been saying for years past—that the rumors of war with Germany or Japan which have regularly appeared year in and year out during the last decade are the deliberate work of those who would profit by an international conflagration.

In taunting Speaker Clark upon the reduced prestige of his office, Uncle Joe is true to his own standards of delicacy and humor. "Aren't you sorry now that you voted last year for a Committee on Committees?" asks Mr. Cannon. The point would stick if last year's uprising against the powers of the Speaker had been a partisan move directed by a Democratic minority against a Republican presiding officer. For a man of that stand-pat temperament which never forgives and forgets, Mr. Cannon has very quickly forgotten the fact that he was deprived of his powers by a revolution within his own party. If Speaker Clark stands to-day shorn of important prerogatives, it is chiefly because Mr. Cannon demonstrated that there may be Speakers who are unfit to be trusted with them.

With a fine display of authority, Mr. Bryan has set apart the Democratic sheep in the United States Senate from the Democratic goats. Coming from Mr. Bryan such an act of segregation must be very embarrassing—to the sheep. When war broke out within Republican ranks in the Senate, progressives and reactionaries alike were fortunate in being left to their own devices. The worst that could then be said of Aldrich and La Follette was that they were in the wrong; no one accused them of dancing to the crack of an outsider's whip. That is the unhappy fate which threatens the Democratic progressives if Mr. Bryan abides much longer at Washington and continues to emit pontifical utterances. By what right Mr. Bryan issues orders and distributes praise and blame, we fail to see. Does he really find in the recent Democratic victory a vindication of himself? Has he stopped to think how much he contributed to that victory by his absence?

The public reputation of Tom L. Johnson, which came to be national, was largely identified with his long contest to procure a three-cent fare on the street-railways of Cleveland. Our customary American facility in giving nick-names made him known as Three-Cent-Fare Johnson. In the obituary notices it is freely stated that he failed in this great fight of his life; but this is inaccurate. He was, indeed, beaten in his last contest for the Mayoralty, but a good part of what he strove for is now established in Cleveland. On some lines and for certain distances, there is a three-cent fare in that city. And even if the event shows that the three-cent fare cannot be made universal in Cleveland, that will but slightly diminish the value of what Johnson achieved. For the question of the fare, more or less, was only a part of the object he fought for. His great aim was to bring about an entire change in the attitude of the people toward public-utilities corporations, and in this he won a success which nothing can dim. Mayor Johnson was, indeed, a leader in what we can now see to be a revolution effected. The old conception of an indifferent public on the one hand, and scheming and overbearing companies on the other, has passed away almost completely.

Little by little Mr. Johnson worked out a change of attitude in Cleveland toward the whole problem of municipal administration. He was, of course, a party man and a politician, and "played the game" with the best of them, but in certain matters of high civic importance he would not allow the government to be thought of as merely a dispenser of jobs, or a system of outdoor relief for needy political dependents. If the city's water-supply needed to be overhauled and regularized, he put a competent scientist at the work. So, too, in matters affecting the police and parks and public playgrounds and the lake-front and the much-needed union railway-station, Mayor Johnson took his stand on large principles more often than upon small politics. For all these reasons he deserves to be thought of as one of the earliest and most successful to enter upon the great work of renovating the public life of American cities.

Judge Sanborn's decision on Saturday against the Minnesota Railway Commission was only what was expected after the report on the facts made last year by a special master, yet it has considerable importance. When we reflect that the opinion was handed down by the same Federal judge who held the Northern Securities Company illegal and also decided against the Standard Oil Company, we perceive that the courts will prevent confiscation even if they strike down monopoly. And it is mainly on the ground that the orders of the Railway Commission would prevent a fair return on railway property that the court declares them unconstitutional and void. By reducing passenger fares 33 per cent. to 2 cents a mile, and directing nearly as large cuts in commodity rates, the Commission had not merely interfered seriously with interstate commerce and brought about discrimination between localities, but had disabled the roads from earning a fair return on their property. The basis on which the capital is figured is virtually the cost of reproduction, rather than the market value of stocks and bonds, but the court decides that interest on the cost of reproduction of railway property at 4 per cent. "during one-half the time requisite to acquire and construct it," is a "necessary expense of reproduction and may be lawfully allowed as such." It has often but erroneously been said that the Supreme Court of the United States has fixed 6 per cent. as the rate of interest which public-service corporations may be allowed to earn. What was really decided was that such a rate of interest in the case of the Consolidated Gas Company of this city was "not unreasonable." Judge Sanborn now holds that "a net income of 7 per cent. upon the value of railroad property in Minnesota . . . is not more than the fair return to which a railroad company is entitled under the Fourteenth Amendment." This only shows that the courts will properly allow for differences in time and place.

The trade unions, we imagine, will utter no protest against the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Danbury hatters case. And yet the principle underlying the reversal of the lower court's judgment against the Hatters' Union is precisely the same principle that is involved in other decisions which have been criticised as being animated by hostility to Labor. This is the very commonplace principle that judges cannot make the law, but can pass only on the question whether the law has been applied properly in a certain case without violating the rules of judicial procedure. Upon the second point is based the quashing of the lower court's findings in the hatters' case. The Circuit Court of Appeals declares that the Connecticut judge was in serious error on several points, and primarily in directing the jury to bring in a verdict against the Hatters' Union. The jury was thus prevented from passing on the validity of the evidence submitted and the case of the defendants was correspondingly prejudiced. A new trial is to be had, but the illegality of boycotting stands affirmed in the same pronouncement that orders a new trial.

It would be a pity if the flaring headline should be allowed to prejudice thoughtful readers against the valuable and conscientious report just made public by the committee which has been investigating conditions in the underworld of Chicago. "Chicago's annual toll to vice is $60,000,000"; thus the truth is blazoned forth on the theory that all the sins and ills of humanity are now best translated into terms of dollars and cents. The annual homicides in the United States cost us so many millions of dollars; the number of miners entombed during the last twelve months represents the loss of so many millions of dollars; the number of babies who die for lack of pure milk represents the loss of so many more millions of dollars! The inhumanity of the argument is all the more inexcusable because it is an absolutely ineffective argument. Is the man in the street very likely to be roused by the thought of a hundred million highly metaphysical dollars that he cannot even imagine, let alone hope to see? A month ago, in speaking of the loss of lives by fire, the scientific commentator might have told us how many millions of dollars are lost annually in the form of factory people who are burned up. But it was not the capitalized value of 145 lives that recently stirred New York to horror.

The result of the Democratic primary election in Baltimore is not encouraging to those who are sanguine as to the near approach of the adoption of sound ideas of municipal government by the mass of the voters in our great cities. Against the winning candidate, Mr. Preston, there were, indeed, no accusations of personal unfitness; but the contest was nevertheless a clear-cut one between domination of the city by a political ring, with a coarse boss of the worst type at its head, and the retention in the Mayoralty of a perfectly "straight" and "regular" Democrat who had failed to satisfy the boss in the conduct of his office. An extraordinary effort was made by many of the most prominent and public-spirited citizens of Baltimore to achieve the renomination of Mayor Mahool, but the candidate of the ring beat him by 9,000 in a total vote of 50,000 at the primary. It is evident that there is still plenty of work to do in the way of getting "the plain people" to place their interest in honest and efficient government above their attachment to the party "organization."

New Hampshire has done its duty by the Crawford Notch. Gov. Bass has received a bill, duly passed, providing for the purchase by the State of the forests on the sides of the mountains through which, as the dispatches put it, the Notch "cuts its picturesque way to the heart of the White Mountains." The larger value of this action lies in its effect upon other Legislatures. It is a fine thing to save a piece of natural beauty for the enjoyment and the elevation of the generations that are to be, but, incidentally, one instance of the kind is worth tons of arguments with reference to similar action elsewhere. Owners of masterpieces abroad, and even the countries where they live, may have to perform a sacrifice in order to save them for the nation. With our States, debt-ridden as they are, no such obstacle opposes the appropriation of whatever amounts may be needed for the preservation of nature's wonders in their original majesty.

The proposed creation of a chair in political science at Princeton University for ex-Mayor McClellan should go far toward encouraging that friendly relationship between politics and scholarship which is one of the newer phenomena of the times. He probably knew more about Venice than any

other man who ever made a mess of it in New York. Nor would it be raking up dead fires to recall that during the storm and stress of his four years' term as Mayor he often evinced a peculiar aloofness from earthly circumstance that was more suggestive of academic shades than of the City Hall. His example cannot be held to prove one thing or another about the college man's qualification for an active career in politics. Whether the result be success or failure, it is not the college man, but the man, who has succeeded or failed. At Tammany Hall, of course, the appointment of Mr. McClellan to the Princeton faculty would be received with wonderment. It is conceivable that a professor should want to be Mayor of a large city; but why a man who has been Mayor should want to sink to a professorship staggers comprehension.

The misfortunes of the New Theatre give point to the suggestion, made in the last number of *Science*, that there is room for a new profession, that of acoustical engineering. Although the laws governing the perfect distribution of sound in an auditorium have not been completely worked out, our writer maintains that the theoretical results obtained by physicists are far in advance of what architects have been putting into practice. The difficulty is that the physicist is not concerned with the practical problems that confront the architect, while the architect is concerned with many important problems other than that of acoustics. Hence the necessity for a specialist to mediate between the two. The suggestion is an attractive one. If science can work out approximately true acoustic formulas for halls of various types, the architect's function would then be reduced to the problem of putting this model space into the handsomest shell he can devise. At present the auditorium is too often scooped out within the solid mass, instead of having the exterior frame the interior.

For an American to rank Canada with Abyssinia or Siam, especially with reciprocity pending, would be untactful. But when those on the other side of the border do it, one can only sympathize. Their trouble is the lack of a national library. There is the Library of Parliament at Ottawa, but that is a legislative library. Our own Library of Congress, says a Canadian complainant, furnishes a brilliant example of a legislative and a public library in one, but it is not a usual combination, and, as he sweeps his melancholy eye over the earth, he is depressed as he sees that even the South American republics have each their Biblioteca Nacional. But he has practical suggestions to offer. For a long time the Library of Parliament has been overcrowded, and the authorities have halted between finding room for the excess of books elsewhere, and erecting a new building. Now comes the suggestion of a national library, with removal to a centrally situated building of all books that would naturally go with such an institution.

On the same day last week questions were asked of the Government, both at London and Paris, respecting Canadian reciprocity, their point being whether the reductions of duty made by the United States on Canadian imports could not be claimed by France and England also under the "most-favored-nation" treaties. The cautious answer was given in both cases that due inquiries would be made. There cannot, however, be any doubt on this subject in the mind of the officials of either Foreign Office. They know what the uniform practice of the United States has been in the matter of reciprocity agreements. It was stated as early as 1817 by John Quincy Adams, to the effect that the most-favored-nation clause covers "only gratuitous favors" and does not touch "concessions for equivalents, express or implied." In the case of Canadian reciprocity, of course, every concession made by us is for an equivalent concession by Canada. For every *quo* there is a *quid*. Hence there can be no doubt what the attitude of our State Department will be if approached by the British or French Government. It will be the same as that of Secretary Olney in 1894 in reply to Germany, namely, that in the question of given concessions "no other country is entitled to them except upon rendering the same equivalent." The case would obviously be different if Senator Cummins were to have his way and add to the list of free imports from Canada, outside of the bargain. As Mr. Root pointed out in the Senate, such additions would be "gratuitous," and therefore, under our most-favored-nation treaties, would have to be extended to other countries equally.

The signing of a satisfactory commercial treaty between England and Japan is another blow to the British protectionists. They had dogmatically asserted again and again that without English tariff duties it would be impossible to make a bargain with any other nation in matters of commerce. The thing was clear as arithmetic. If you have no tariff rates to lower, how can you ask another country to lower hers? Mr. Balfour urged the point in the very instance of Japan. Her Parliament had lately voted an increase in the Japanese customs duties, some of which would bear heavily upon British trade. But an impotent Liberal Government, stupidly clinging to the worn-out formulas of free-trade, would be absolutely unable to do anything in the premises because it would not be in a position to threaten tariff reprisals. Mr. Asquith, however, calmly invited the Conservative leader to wait and see; and what he sees now is the negotiation of a treaty highly favorable to British commerce. Japan makes large reductions in whole classes of duties on English goods.

The impression created by the Camorrist trial at Viterbo is not only that the spectators are getting an excellent show for their money, but that the prisoners are getting a very fair trial for their lives. It may be safely asserted that European criminal jurisprudence, as descended from the Roman law, is not the dreadful thing which we, as a people happy in the possession of a Common Law, are frequently apt to assume. The charge that European tribunals start with the assumption of the prisoner's guilt and not his innocence, is probably more epigrammatic than true. In any case, it is not to be denied that at Viterbo the accused, each in his turn, are getting the fullest hearing that a man on trial could possibly ask for. Add to that the apparent privilege of proclaiming in open court and in quite untechnical language that personal justification which the average man aches to blurt out in defiance of lawyers' ways, and there is no reason for characterizing the proceedings at Viterbo as anything but fair—whatever else they may be.

A SYMPHONY IN K FLAT.

For some months it has been evident that the beneficiaries of the tariff duties on woollen goods—Schedule K—have been uneasy and apprehensive. It was bad enough to have President Taft declare the rates which they got in the Payne-Aldrich bill "indefensible." But when they learned that the Tariff Board was looking into their protectionist rake-off, and that the Democrats were proposing in the extra session to put through a bill cutting down their duties radically, they began to exhibit a fearful looking-for of judgment. They had a convention in Washington to show what benefactors of the people they are and to make the threat that whatever member of Congress might touch a fleece of yon gray sheep should die like a dog. Later, they began a campaign, not of education, but of advertising. In sixteen magazine pages, the American Woollen Company has set forth, we will not say a defence, but a glorification of Schedule K, which it shows to be the very article of a standing or falling republic. The whole is written in a tone of almost religious exaltation, of which one can hardly be expected to follow the dithyrambic reasoning, but before which the proper emotions are certainly wonder and awe.

One of the earliest strains of this music about the wool duties reveals the hitherto unsuspected truth that they decided the issue of the civil war and saved the Union. We have often heard of the wool tariff of 1867, but our advertising symphonist reminds us that Schedule K really came into being when the fate of the nation was at stake. It was first seen in a bill signed by Abraham Lincoln. That name is printed in black-faced type, and then our young-eyed cherubim goes choiring on:

> What were the immediate results?
> Our soldiers were provided with the needed uniforms. Victories were won. War was ended. All this is history.

Thus we see that any attempt to revise Schedule K is not only un-Republican and un-American, but is the height of national ingratitude and really next door to treason.

We cannot follow our advertiser's further swallow-flights of song in "history." He tells us that, under free wool from 1894 to 1897, "nearly every woolmill in America was closed." Was it Sir Robert Walpole who said: "Don't read me history, for I know that history is a pack of lies"? But this symphony in K flat does not pretend to be strong on facts. Miserable interrogatories about rates of duty and prices and quality have no place in this grand sweet song about wool at so much a page. The idealist point of view is taken throughout. Wool and woollen clothing, protected 100 to 200 per cent., become a sort of sacred symbol of American hope and grandeur. Unworthy motives or anything like a suggestion of selfishness flees away. Note how the poetical advertiser, rising to the height of his great argument, disposes of the small-minded objection that all the information upon which Schedule K was framed "came from wool growers and woollen manufacturers":

> Where else should it have been secured?
> Does any business man expect practical, usable, technical information about his business from any save those acquainted with the business?
> Congressmen are mostly law-makers—not manufacturers.
> Their business is that for which they are elected—making laws.
> A tariff law must, necessarily, deal with complicated phases of many businesses—phases which are understood only by those engaged in those businesses.
> This is true of the tariff on wool.
> Schedule K is not easily understood by the average reader.
> But any—and every—part of Schedule K can easily be explained by wool growers, woollen manufacturers, or others directly concerned with the business.

But while the American Woollen Company thus, with Milton, has a soul like a star that dwells apart, it also lays upon itself the lowliest duties—moral, not tariff, of course. Accordingly it stoops even to meet the needs of the school-girl who wrote in her examination paper, in reply to a question about the "chief uses" of cotton: "The chief use of cotton is to make woollen goods." The advertisement takes up the "ridiculous" charge that "part-cotton" cloth is sold for woollen. In the first place, no law could protect any one against buying part-cotton cloth for all wool—"if they were wholly lacking in sense." It is only the protective tariff, we infer, that makes it safe for even idiots to go into manufacturing; in ordinary buying and selling they have to look out. Besides, "have you ever paid an all-wool price for part-cotton clothing?" If you have, you are, of course, a fool, and so your opinion does not count.

The advertisement closes in a grand climax *fortissimo*. The brasses crash heavily at the name of the President of the American Woollen Company, who pays for the orchestra. Then there is a series of triumphant outbursts. "Schedule K stands on its merits alone." "The case of K is now in your hands." Schedule K can be destroyed only by "ignorance, malice, or party politics." "All the five millions of people directly interested in the wool business believe in America for Americans." "They believe also in the Golden Rule." If it is not an anti-climax, we add that they evidently believe, too, in unlimited humbug and in throwing away their money. But, as they say, no law can prevent their doing it if they are wholly lacking in sense.

A MUNICIPAL DONNYBROOK FAIR.

If there are any citizens of New York who have been in doubt or ignorance as to the Hibernian character of their city government, they need only look about them now to see on all sides evidences of certain Celtic traits coming to the surface with the members of the Administration. The good, old Donnybrook motto, "If you see a head, hit it," is the order of the day on all sides. It must make many a recent immigrant from Ireland feel his hand grasp his patriarchal shillelah a little more tightly, as he beholds the grand mix-up in and about the City Hall, and recall to many a veteran the glorious days when to crack a landlord's skull was the happiest diversion of a crowded hour in Roscommon or Tipperary or County Kilkenny. There is not a day passes but somebody gets a black-eye or a rap on the head at the hands of a brother member of the Board of Estimate, with whom he chatted so pleasantly but a little while before in the presence of reporters, and the fun grows fast and furious, with no signs of any weakening as the blood is spilled. To be a member of the city government these days is, indeed, to know the thrill and zest of life. It is the *grand* time these gentlemen are having.

There is Mayor Gaynor, for instance. There is a noble fighter for you. Let him but get the idea that a man has "vice in his head," and there is no let-up for him until that head is pounded to a jelly so the vice can get out. It's all the sweeter task when one's adversary has the fine old South of Ireland cognomen Corrigan—nothing Orange about

him, praise be the Lord. Even a Prendergast—is it Prendergast of Sligo or Cavan?—is a worthy foe to give the lie to while saying that 'tis politics that bhoy's afther. Then there is Mitchel, too; what more natural than that the blood of the Fenians should be stirring in his veins? Could there be any joy in life greater for him than standing before a crowd and making a spectacle of his Honor the Mayor, or making him eat his words about the subway? There's McAneny, too. What county the other side of Hoboken his people came from we know not. That it was not far from Kerry we'll wager by the way he stands by his own when attacked, be it asphalt or a Miller, and by the good sound piece of advice he gave to the Irish members of the Board of Aldermen the other day about the new Building Code the people *will* have—more power to his elbow! There's a fighter, too, to please the saints. And those who cannot get their fill of fight by day, battle at night in the sessions of the subway committee. But what goes on there, and how many with broken heads they carry off each night, no man can say. And as for Charley Hyde, who could count the knives that's out for him?

It's catching, this grand battling of the big men. Already a stray American, who got into the Park Department by accident, Stover by name, is quarrelling with his landscape architect. In the Fire Department, there's trouble all the time, with Croker on top and the Commissioner with a German name, Waldo —Heaven be good to him—underneath. They do say that the Tenement House Department is quiet as yet, but it can't be for long, for there's a Murphy at its head. He will be at the Corporation Counsel next, the saints defend him! As for the police, they're clubbing themselves and not the thieves today—but what can you expect, when there's three such fine Irish gentlemen at their heads, as Cropsey of Monaghan, and Flynn of Donegal, and "Clem" Driscoll of Dingle Bay? How could there be peace and quiet, unless they fought for it? Then there's Tomkins, he of the Docks; he's out after Prendergast and Mitchel, and even up in the Bronx there's a grand row on between Miller and Thompson and one "Phil" Donahue of Tammany Hall, over the sewer pipes up there, with Messrs. Miller and Thompson singing:

> But when they grew impertinint we simultaneous rose
> Till half of them was Liffey mud an' half was tattered clo'es.

Now all this must be grand fun—in Ireland. We dare say that there it would be considered the best evidence that all was well in the body politic and that, besides proving the friendliest feelings among all concerned, there could be no better sign that the Government was alive and alert. But here it's different. There are still so many of these dull Americans about who don't know pure fun when they see it, that we fear there will be some serious public misunderstandings ere long. They have a curious old-fashioned idea that a circus is a circus and that its proper place, when not in winter quarters, is the Madison Square Garden. They feel that the City Hall was never built for a bear-garden. They know, too, that while there has been many a feat of ground and lofty tumbling within that ancient edifice and many an educated and well-trained animal performer on view there, the real place for these antics is elsewhere. So we are very much afraid that, if the present public three-ring circus continues, the spectacle will pall, and the ill-bred citizens who so far forget themselves as to complain to the Mayor about the police and to tell him what they want in the way of a subway will begin to protest loudly about all the rowing that is going on. Impertinent rascals that they are, they simply will not read Seneca or Epictetus or Lecky, and be quiet.

WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN CONSTITUTIONS.

England appears to be on the eve of a constitutional change more important than any that has taken place since 1832, and in its nature more deep-seated than that brought about by the great reform bill of that year. The direct concrete consequences of the abolition of the Lords' veto may, indeed, be far less pervasive and far less immediately manifest than those that attended the popularization of the House of Commons; but the departure is in its essence more distinctly vital. If the impending change should go through as proposed, a very fair approach will have been made to single-chamber government; and the approach will be of such a character as totally to remove any serious obstacle to the explicit adoption of virtually complete single-chamber government. With the House of Lords constitutionally unable to interpose anything beyond a two years' delay to the execution of the will of the House of Commons in existence at any given time, the reduction of even this prerogative to one consisting merely of the right to compel reconsideration will be a short and easy step whenever a strong majority of the Commons may wish to take it.

Reports from England indicate that while the Unionist party in Parliament is making a vigorous and resourceful fight against the Government programme, sentiment in the country at large is by no means active. If a change in the written Constitution of this country were in contemplation, having a tithe of the importance or significance of this that is impending in England, there would unquestionably be among us a vastly more active agitation in the press and among the people on both sides of the question. That the comparative apathy existing in England is explainable by many circumstances connected with the history of the case is undeniable: the people have tired of aimless manœuvre and sterile discussions, the result is looked upon as a foregone conclusion; and furthermore this present situation is but the climax of a long series of somewhat similar ones that have arisen from time to time for half a century. But all this is insufficient to account for the comparative lack of interest; it must in very great measure be attributed to the difference between the part played by a written constitution and an unwritten constitution in the life of a nation. And the question thrusts itself upon the mind whether that difference—be it good or bad—is not destined to be greatly accentuated in case the present proposals, or their not improbable extension above referred to, should go into effect.

What the British Constitution would be with an omnipotent House of Commons is a question upon which the experience of the past affords no secure guidance. That England's unwritten Constitution has given her much of the benefit to be obtained from a written Constitution, while avoiding many evils and drawbacks that attend the operation of such an instrument, is unquestionable. Probably most thinkers on the subject would agree that the balance

has been decidedly in favor of the more indefinite and more flexible of the two systems. But flexible as the British Constitution has been in its usual operation, there has always been a latent possibility of making it rigid upon any extraordinary occasion; and this latent possibility has been operative psychologically, even when it may not have been brought patently into exercise. And for a long time back it has been in the powers of the House of Lords that this possibility has centred. The grievance of the Liberal party, that the House of Lords has been a check on legislation only when the Liberals were in office, cannot be disposed of in a word; there are real grounds for complaint. But on the other hand, it is in the very nature of a Constitution which shall not be a mere fiction that somewhere there shall exist a force which is intrinsically and permanently conservative. With us that force resides in our written Constitution and our Supreme Court; in England, with the steady advance of the popularization of the House of Commons, it has resided chiefly in the House of Lords. With the further progress of that advance, with increasing democratization of the nation itself, with the not very remote prospect of a paid membership of the House, it is difficult to see where that force could find lodgment. And so we may be approaching a time when the British Constitution, substantial in the past in spite of its vagueness, may become not only far more vague, but quite unsubstantial.

It may be that a great democratic nation, constantly confronted with vast material and governmental issues, may prove perfectly capable of dealing successfully with its problems without those restraints which we are accustomto designate as constitutional. Furthermore, it would be but a shallow view of the matter which did not take account of the mighty force of mere tradition, unembodied in any mechanism of checks and balances, as being at the heart of a constitutional system such as that of England; but these are days of rapid change, and half a century may see such a loosening of the hold of tradition as half a century ago would have seemed impossible. How much a written constitution like ours, or an unwritten constitution intrenched as has been that of England in the past, may be capable of doing in the way of preventing rash innovations which, once introduced, may be sadly repented, but may prove next to impossible to reverse, no one can say. In our own country, with the tremendous tide of change in conditions and in population with which we have constantly to reckon, it must, we think, be the inevitable conclusion of sober thought that, with all its drawbacks, our written Constitution—by no means unamendable, but difficult to amend—is an invaluable assurance of that combination of fundamental stability and reasonable progress upon which the great future of the republic must rest.

THE PLIGHT OF THE POET.

Mr. Percy MacKaye, in the *North American Review*, laments the hard case of the poet. "The poet has no professional vocation," and consequently is often compelled "to make an avocation of his highest powers." "Other workers in the fine arts—painters, sculptors, musicians, architects—may make their art their recognized calling." But the worker in poetry must derive his means of living from other sources than his real occupation. Even Alfred Noyes, "whose poetry is said to be self-sustaining," is at work on a play. Why wonder at a dearth of poets when society provides no vocation for them? There are other difficulties. "The cadences, the harmonies, the seizure by the imagination upon consonants and vowels, sounds which subtly evoke the human associations of centuries—these are addressed to the ears, not the eyes, of his audience." And "originally his audience was not a person, but a people. Homer sang to all Hellas—not from the printed page, but from the mouths of minstrels. Thus the very craftsmanship of the poet is based upon two assumptions which are seldom granted him to-day: The sung, or chanted, word: a plural audience." From all these causes, and others, the power of the poet with the people has waned, and can be revived only by a partial renascence of the older conditions. Specifically, the drama is for him, as it was for his predecessors in the days of Sophocles and again in those of Shakespeare, the nearest approach to a congenial vocation.

It must not be supposed that Mr. MacKaye is ironical in this appraisal of the drama as the poet's one great opportunity. To be sure, he is looking at it with a poet's eyes, remarking that the theatre is but half-aware of the weighty forces which are stirring it to rebirth. He also includes the revival of pageant, with its promise of vocation to the poet as such in the production of masque, ballad, and choral song. But it is obvious that even drama can supply employment for only those poets who can write drama, and they did not comprise a single great figure in either England or America during the nineteenth century, rich as that age was in the mass, the variety, and the quality of its verse. On the other hand, Mr. MacKaye reasons like a poet rather than a logician in his estimate of the necessity of the sung or chanted word and of the plural audience. Homer may have moved thousands by his singing, but Homer in the printed page has stirred his myriads; while Tennyson and Browning won virtually every auditor they ever had without so much as having seen him. The poet need have no fear about his chanting. Let him put it into his verses, and they will roll the echoes long after his own lips are still.

Must we admit that the power of the poet with the people has waned? "The inspiration of the ancient bards," declares Mr. MacKaye, "has never passed from the earth. It is perennially in the poet's heart. But it can never pass effectively into the hearts of the people through their eyes—from the pages of printed volumes or magazines." Are we, then, to betake ourselves, with our magazines under our arms, to those whose verses appear in them, in order that the inspiration which our eyes have failed to see may find effective passage into our hearts through our ears, as the poet lends to his rhyme the beauty of his voice? Macaulay, after demonstrating the impossibility of a modern poet, rang up the curtain, in his usual theatrical manner, upon one of the greatest of them. Mr. MacKaye gives one the impression that there are plenty of poets, but insists that they have no way of making their existence known. There is one man, however, from whom they cannot hide. Mr. Wallace Rice can put his finger upon "no less than seventy men and women" in this country "who are writing admirablo poetry, which will bear comparison with the best poetry of the English at any time." The circumstance that it is not read by anybody

ls regarded by its discoverer as the very reason why it will survive.

When we leave fantasy and paradox for solid ground, we can only wonder why any one should deny our lack of poets or our appreciation of poetry. The best evidence of both facts is the eagerness with which we greet any promise of a poet. The popularity of Kipling, so long as he kept out of absolute bathos, is an earnest of the dazzling rewards that would be heaped upon a veritable singer. A more recent illustration is Francis Thompson, whose "Selected Poems" have been passing through several editions in England. As a British critic points out, Thompson's verse has characteristics of excessive waywardness of fancy and style which one might have expected to exclude him from his heritage of popularity for at least a generation, and yet it "has found its way to the hearts of lovers of poetry as Mr. Noyes's never will." Although "critics assign to some of the best of his poems not less than classic rank," they are popular with young men. The truth is that we are so eager for real poetry that we overpraise those who are more than mediocre. How many of our real singers have missed during their lifetime a substantial instalment of the fame that was to be confirmed by the ages?

This recognition is society's perennial call to the poet. An avocation, at first and for long, his work may be. It may be, as Mr. MacKaye says, that it is among those with independent incomes that most of the excellent names in English poetry are found. Nevertheless, if Burns had not won his immortality before he won his chance for material success, he would probably never have won it. Without unduly minimizing this limitation, it is to be noted that the poet suffers therefrom in degree rather than in kind. What is a painter, a sculptor, a musician, an architect, a novelist, an actor, an orator, to do while he is still on the way to the place where he can afford to give himself up to the demands of the highest in his art? What of the historian, without money or reputation to collect the materials indispensable to the composition of his epic? The poet can weave his tapestry on any loom, but canvas and marble are not to be had for the asking. The most precious element of all, time, is more easily his than it is of the worker who must resort to wood or gallery, to library or landscape. It may be hard and even cruel that things should be thus arranged, but they are, and it may be doubted whether society can much improve them.

THE "RAVENOUS SOCIAL PROGRAMME."

In writing an introduction to a recent volume on John Bright, Mr. Augustine Birrell refers to that statesman's life-long fight for economy in public expenditure. Especially valiant was that tribune of the people in opposing with voice and pen year after year the swollen outlay for military purposes. Mr. Birrell wonders what Bright would say if he were in the House of Commons now and speaking on army and navy estimates twice as great as those against which in his lifetime he pleaded and thundered. But then Mr. Birrell goes on to remark that even if men like Bright could to-day keep down or even nearly abolish the expenditure on armaments, the result would be only a temporary relief to the taxpayer, since "the ravenous social programme" would soon consume every penny that could possibly be got from taxation.

This is not put forward as an argument against disarmament. It really cuts the other way. If there is, as there undoubtedly is in every country, this enormous pressure upon public finance to provide the means for social betterment, the duty of statesmen to strain every nerve in order to prevent the waste of money on guns and ships becomes clearer than ever. A dollar saved from the arts of temporary destruction may mean more than a dollar gained for permanent upbuilding. On the other hand, there is reason to believe that some of the advocates of big and ever bigger navies and armies are more or less consciously influenced by the hope of staving off in that way political movements which they dread. By taking for military objects all the money available, they think to starve out the social causes which clamor for larger appropriations. As a matter of fact, however, those who pay taxes see the burden for both classes of expenditure steadily growing. Whether you look at Germany or England, France or the United States, you discover that the military budget and the peace budget enlarge side by side. If their united strain is not to become intolerable, it should seem that one or the other must soon be lessened.

In whatever way those competing figures may be adjusted, however, there can be little question that Mr. Birrell is right in looking forward to a steadily rising scale of public expenditure as a result of the ravenous social programme. Every legislator, every executive, feels its appeal and its force. There is a constantly rising demand for expenditure on hospitals and schools and good roads and public health and better housing for the poor. When we add the appropriations for the endless forms of investigation and inspection, and for the new governmental machinery continually created in response to some real or fancied social need, we get a mounting total that would affright an old-fashioned economist. And this is to say nothing of the more advanced and more expensive parts of the social programme which Mr. Birrell doubtless had in mind—old-age pensions, workingmen's insurance against sickness and lack of employment, the expropriation of land for the benefit of the small tenant, and so on. There is such a cry of "Give, give" heard on every side of public treasuries, great and small, that it is not strange that their traditional "watch-dogs" are frightened away.

Now, there is one thing to be noted in connection with this ravenous social programme in our own country at least, and that is that it does not proceed upon any definite or consistent principle. It is not the avowed Socialists who are pushing the social programme, with all its cost. They have their own ideas and aims and ways of working. For the time being, they may be found approving or at any rate demanding the various forms of governmental outlay which we vaguely call paternalistic or social, but by themselves alone they would not be strong enough to compass the object. The real moving force is that great and growing body of humane men and women who act in this matter not so much from a fixed conviction as from a philanthropic impulse. It is not a case of Socialism, or of any other definite doctrine, but of rule of thumb. Without stating to themselves a precise economic or political reason or principle, masses of people somehow find themselves at one in feeling that certain bad conditions of life can no long-

er be tolerated, that given facilities of civilization must and shall be provided; and then follow agitation and organization and protests and appeals to Governors and Presidents, to Legislatures and Congress, with the result that money is presently voted to clean up slums and build sanitary tenements and provide parks and playgrounds and regulate industry and care in a thousand ways for what we call the unfortunate or dependent classes. That is what the social programme chiefly means in the United States at present, and it is certain that it will long go on making fresh and large demands upon the public purse. We may not like it, but there it is, and it has unquestionably come not only to stay but to grow. It is not necessarily an enemy of economy in public expenditure, but it does hold out a very clear prospect that for every dollar the public economist can save the social reformer will stand ready to spend two.

One inference from all this is unmistakable. If we are going in for the social programme, we must be prepared to foot its bills. The tax is sure to run beyond our sympathies merely, and to hit our pockets. So that in the interest of frankness it ought to be understood that every man who advocates a new form of benevolent social activity on the part of government, is really advocating a new tax. It will not do to say in a large, Micawber way that the general resources are sufficient to meet the drain or that somehow the money will be found. The only way governments can find money is by looking for it and seizing it in the hands of citizens; and the latter may as well understand, first as last, that the social programme is a taxation programme.

THE INVASION OF NORTH AFRICA.

When Mr. Robert Hichens wrote the "Garden of Allah," he initiated one of the most impressive land reclamation schemes in history. It is only a half-dozen years since Mr. Hichens entered the Desert, and already the face of the great waste is blooming with novels and romances by British and American writers. The present spring season has brought us two or three Saharan books, with the promise of a generous crop when the printers' leaves begin to turn next autumn. From publishers' advance notices we evolve the picture of an endless line of high-powered automobiles, stretching along the hot sand roads from Oran and Algiers to Constantine, and on to where the cultivated land stops and the local color begins. The drivers of these high-priced automobiles are, needless to say, American novelists. They are in pursuit of the brooding desert silences and the hoary mysteries of the East, for which there is a perceptibly growing demand in the fiction market. India and Egypt have felt the demand; but for the moment the pioneer energy of our best-sellers seems destined to move along the road from the Mediterranean, through the wall of the Atlas Mountains to the oasis of Biskra, a name that has oddly enough escaped the attention of the expert in nomenclature employed by our largest manufacturer of soda-crackers.

Mr. Hichens has not merely given the impulse to this new invasion; he has decided its main characteristics in advance. In all forthcoming novels of the Sahara, we take it, there will be (1) enervated Europeans or Americans in search of Peace; (2) sensuous Oriental dancers; (3) Zouaves in red trousers, Chasseurs d'Afrique, with an occasional Foreign Legionary or a *goumier;* (4) fortune-tellers who read your fortune in the sand; (5) Arab curio-dealers with eyes of smouldering fire; (6) camels; (7) a pretty love story; (8) oases; (9) Arab guides of princely bearing and cameo-like cast of features; (10) *bournouses, hadjis, wadys, oueds, sidis,* and *babs.* Individual temperament and aptitude will, of course, embroider on the main pattern, but, in general, the atmosphere will be what we have indicated. The two most radical innovations to be expected are (1) the introduction of automobiles, which Mr. Hichens does not even mention, and (2) the injection into the brooding desert silences of something of that red blood and cheerful optimism without which it is hard to succeed in contemporary fiction.

The second hypothesis is not so visionary as may appear at first sight. Of one Desert novel, it is already asserted that its scenes are as clear-cut as the white houses of Algiers and its story is full of the mystery of the East. How a story of brooding mystery can be framed in a clear-cut scene, we do not profess to know; but since previous books by the authors of this particular story have sold by the scores of thousands, we have not the least doubt that they can do it, and have done it. As for the sociological implications of the new Desert literature, we have no doubt that it will be just as good a thing for the Arabs and the Desert as for the Feringhi novelist. Why should East and West be content to remain eternally apart? The thing to do, like practical men, is to get together. The East can give the West enough brooding peace to repair the wear and tear of a hard year at Newport and bridge. The West can supply the East with something of that "push" which the Orient must have, if it is ever to wake from its thousand-year-old dreams and develop progress, railways, standing armies, child-labor, anti-tuberculosis campaigns, fire investigations, automobiles, press-agents, book-reviewers, and nature-lovers.

Having seen that the novelists are now flocking to the Desert because Mr. Robert Hichens went there, it is next in order to ask why Mr. Hichens sought the Desert. The answer is that the world's visible supply of local color is becoming so rapidly exhausted that writers of fiction, an industry into which local color so largely enters, have been compelled to search the world for new deposits of this precious element. The crisis is exactly the same as that which confronts the platinum, rubber, and potash industries. Up to a few years ago, for instance, Italy and the Riviera supplied pretty nearly the entire demand for exotic fiction. To-day the Riviera and Italy are beginning to be spoken of as worked out, both for the novelist and the tourist. The trend has been steadily toward the equator. Capri and Sicily have been stepping-stones toward the African coast and Egypt. There is plenty of steam-heat to be had now in the shadow of the Pyramids, together with chefs and mechanical pianos equal to the best that London or Paris can offer. The oasis now furnishes its visitors the combined advantages of the Peace of Allah, the heart of an exotic civilization, and the most advanced methods in water-therapy and Swedish massage.

Our confusion of the novelist and the tourist is intentional. Between the two there has grown up of late years an intimate connection that cannot help being regarded with concern by the Baedeker interests. The local-color writer

has been pushing hard the classic authority on what is the proper fare for a drive for three persons in a two-horse carriage for two and a half hours outside the fortifications between 8 and 10 P. M. But one disadvantage of the new method has been that when the tourist reaches the scene of action he finds reality drab and pale by comparison with his preliminary reading in the novelists. That is why even the vivid tones of the Riviera and Italy are losing their appeal. The tourist movement is toward the great primary colors of the Desert, of Egypt, and of India. But here, too, the traveller finds the fiction writer close at his side.

WALTER PATER.

Whatever else one may say of Pater, however one may like or dislike him, he stands in the complex, elusive nineteenth century as a clear sign of something fixed and known.* But he performs this office not as a critic, as he is commonly reckoned; indeed, of the critical mind, exactly speaking, he had little, being at once something more and something less than this. It is, of course, legitimate to take the expression of life as it comes to the critic in literature, and from this to develop a philosophy and vision of the critic's own; and this rather than any weighing of relative values was the intention of Pater. Such an aim is entirely justifiable, but it is not justifiable to misunderstand or falsify the basis on which the critic's own fabric is to be reared. If he is true critic his first concern must be the right interpretation of the documents before him, and whatever else he may have to offer must proceed from primary veracity of intention or vision. Just here Pater faulted, or defaulted. He has much to say that is interesting, even persuasive, about the great leaders and movements of the past, but too often his interpretation, when the spell of his manner is broken, will be found essentially perverted.

This may seem a harsh judgment to pass on a writer who has been one of the main influences in later nineteenth-century literature, but it can be easily substantiated. In his three greatest works—"Plato and Platonism," "Marius the Epicurean," and "The Renaissance"—Pater has dealt with three crises of history; and in each case he has gravely, though in varying degrees, falsified the reality.

I.

"Plato and Platonism" is a book that every student of Greek and of life should read; it is in itself a beautifully wrought work of art in which each detail is fitted into its place as part of a total designed effect; but that effect, presented as an interpretation of Plato, is of a kind, it can scarcely be said too emphatically, that differs *toto cœlo* from what Plato himself meant to convey in his dialogues, and is gained by a wilful distortion of the facts of history. In one of his chapters, Pater gives a picture, based largely on Karl Otfried Müller, of the Doric life in Lacedæmon as the actuality which Plato had in mind when he conceived his ideal city-state. It is a picture of cool colors and deliciously subdued harmonies, an idyl beautiful in itself and not without lessons for the youth of to-day in its insistence on the sheer loveliness and exquisite pleasures that may flow from austere discipline and self-suppression. It has its own wisdom, as in the development of Müller's text, that "in a Doric state, education was, on the whole, a matter of more importance than government." But it has one serious defect: it is not true. This city, as the picture finally arranges itself, is simply not the cold, hard Sparta that stood on the banks of the Eurotas, but some idyllic Auburn wafted into some Arcadia of the imagination. At the end of the chapter, after giving a noble account of the training, or *askêsis*, by which the Lacedæmonian youth were drilled for life, Pater represents an Athenian visitor as asking: "Why this strenuous task-work day after day; why this loyalty to a system, so costly to you individually, though it may be thought to have survived its original purpose; this laborious, endless education, which does not propose to give you anything very useful or enjoyable in itself?" The question is apt, and Pater puts the answer into the mouth of a Spartan youth: "To the end that I myself may be a perfect work of art, issuing thus into the eyes of all Greece." The discipline of Lycurgus, that is to say, was to the end that the young men of Sparta might be "a spectacle, æsthetically, at least, very interesting" (the words are Pater's) to the rest of Greece! Really, a more complete perversion of history has not often been conceived. The institutions of Sparta, as the Lacedæmonian in Plato's "Laws" admits without hesitation, were ordered to the end "that Sparta might conquer the other states in war." Not the indulgence of vanity, however chastely controlled, but the law of self-preservation and the terrible survival of the fittest made the Lacedæmonians the most comely of the people of Hellas; they were warriors and the mothers of warriors, not æsthetes.

And this same misrepresentation extends through much of Pater's analysis of Platonism. Pater saw, as all who study Plato are forced to see, that the heart of Plato's doctrine lay in his conception of ideas, in his use and enforcement of dialectic or the process of passing from particulars to generals. But Pater saw also something in this process that militated against his particular notion of æsthetics, and he was bound, if he accepted Platonism, as it was his desire to accept all the great movements of history, to interpret Platonic ideas in his own way. The result is a curious "apology for general ideas—abstruse, or intangible, or dry and seedy and wooden, as we may sometimes think them"—as a means of heightening the momentary perception of particular, beautiful phenomena. Doubless to represent Plato as an enemy of the decent and comely things of life, as an iconoclast of art and poetry and music in themselves, would be to forget some of the great passages in his "Republic" and other dialogues, in which the practical effect of beautiful things upon conduct is largely recognized and in which beauty in the abstract is placed by the side of the True and the Good in the supreme trinity of ideas. I would even admit that much of what Pater says in regard to Plato's conception of beauty is sound and worthy of emphasis. He has done well in drawing out the element of discipline in the Platonic æsthetics—the value of the capacity for correction, of patience, of crafty reserve, of intellectual astringency, which Plato demanded of the poet and the musician and of every true citizen of the ideal republic. Plato, as Pater rightly observes, was of all men faithful to the old Greek saying, *beauty is hard to attain*. But Pater's interpretation of Plato ends in a creed which Plato would have rejected with utter indignation. To recommend the pursuit of ideas for the sake of lending piquancy to the phenomenal, to use the intellectual apparatus in order to enhance the significance of the particular object, to undergo philosophical discipline for the sake of adding zest to sensuous pleasure; in a word, to make truth the servant of beauty, and goodness the servant of pleasure, is to uphold a doctrine essentially and uncompromisingly the contrary of everything that Plato believed and held sacred. To follow such a course, however purely and austerely beauty may be conceived, is, as Plato says, to be ἥττων τῶν καλῶν, the subject of beautiful things and not their master. Plato taught that the perception of beauty in the particular object was one of the means by which a man might rise to contemplation of the idea of beauty in the intellectual world, and wherever he saw the danger of inverting this order, as Pater and many other self-styled Platonists have inverted it, he could speak of art with all the austerity of a Puritan. There is no sentence in the dialogues that cuts more deeply into the heart of his philosophy than the foreboding exclamation: "When any one prefers beau-

*New Library Edition of the Works of Walter Pater. In Ten Volumes. With decorated backs. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net the volume.

ty to virtue, what is this but the real and utter dishonor of the soul?"

II.

From the study of "Plato and Platonism" we turn naturally to the greatest of Pater's works, "Marius the Epicurean," and here again we are confronted by a false interpretation of one of the critical moments of history. The theme of "Marius," I need scarcely say, is the life of a young Italian who, in the age of Marcus Aurelius, is searching for some guiding motive amid the dissolution of all traditions. He sees the world about him, the world at least that has outgrown the ancestral belief in the gods, and has not sunk into frivolity or sad skepticism, divided between the two sects of the Epicureans and the Stoics; and the larger part of the story is really a disquisition on the effect of these opposed philosophies upon the human soul. In the choice of Epicureanism instead of the harsher Stoic creed as a preparation for Christian faith, Pater, I think, shows a true knowledge of the human heart. Pascal, it will be remembered, found himself fifteen centuries later face to face with the revived tenets of Epicurus and Zeno, which are indeed the expression of the two main tendencies, not of one time but of all times, of those who attempt to stop in a religious philosophy just short of religion; and Pascal, too, saw that the step from Epicureanism to Christianity was easier than from Stoicism. So far Pater in his account of the relation of the Pagan philosophies and Christianity was psychologically right, but his portrayal of Christianity itself one is compelled to condemn in the same terms as his portrayal of Platonism. Read the story of Marius at the home of the Christian Cecilia and at the service of the mass, and you will feel that here is no picture of a militant faith in training for the conquest of the world, of a sect looking for struggle and moral regeneration, but the report of a pleasant scene where the eye is charmed and the ear soothed by the same subdued and languid loveliness that seemed to Pater to rule in Sparta and the ideal city of Plato. No doubt it would be wrong, as Pater asserts, to set over "against that divine urbanity and moderation the old error of Montanus" (Montanism, it may be observed by the way, was at that date quite young, but in the romantic convention everything is "old")—to set up as the complete Christian ideal the "fanatical revolt" of Montanus, "sour, falsely anti-mundane, ever with an air of ascetic affectation, and a bigoted distaste in particular for all the peculiar graces of womanhood." It is well to avoid extremes in either direction. Yet if choice had to be made between the dainty voluptuousness of religion as it appeared to Marius, and the moral rigor of Tertullian, the great Montanist preacher who was contemporary with Marius, it would not be hard to say on which side lay the real Christianity of the second century. Against Pater's "elegance of sanctity," as he calls it, a Christian might exclaim with Tertullian that "truth is not on the surface but in the inmost heart." Pater, borrowing the phrase from Tertullian, describes the death of Marius as that of a soul naturally Christian. Beside that picture of a soul daintily dreaming itself into eternity set the apostrophe of Tertullian himself to the *anima naturaliter Christiana:*

> But I summon thee—not such as when moulded in schools, trained in libraries, fed in attic academies and porches, thou blurtest forth wisdom—I address thee simple, and rude, and uncultured, and untaught, such as he possesses thee, who possesses thee and nothing else; the bare soul, just as it is from the road, the street, the weaver's shop.

The simple fact is that in Marius we have no real conversion from Epicureanism to religion, no Christianity at all as it would have been recognized by St. Paul or St. Augustine, but that peculiarly languid æstheticism which Pater sucked from the romantic school of his century and disguised in the phraseology of an ancient faith. To write thus was to betray Christianity with a kiss.

III.

In the third of Pater's major works, "The Renaissance," there is again a reading of Paterism into the past, but without the offensiveness that is felt in his treatment of Platonism and Christianity. Not a little of the romanticism from which Pater drew his philosophy may be traced to the Italy of Botticelli and Leonardo da Vinci; but the tone, the energy, the *êthos*, are changed. The nature of the change cannot be better displayed than in the famous description of the La Gioconda in the essay on "Leonardo da Vinci," which is too familiar for quotation. Now I shall not criticise this famous passage for its treatment of plain facts. Those who care to see how far Pater has departed from the inconveniences of history may consult the monograph of Salomon Reinach in No. 2 of the *Bulletin des Musées de France* for 1909. And, after all, Pater was not dealing with facts, but with emotions; as a "lover of strange souls," to use his own phrase, he was analyzing the impression made upon him by this picture, and trying to reach through it a definition of the chief elements of Leonardo's genius. Yet viewed even in that light, the description rings false—not so false as his interpretations of Platonism and Christianity, but still subtly perversive of the truth. It may be true in a way that the genius of Leonardo, as Goethe said, had "thought itself weary"—*müde sich gedacht;* but the deadly and deliberate languor that trails through the lines of Pater—not, I admit, without its own ambiguous and troubling beauty—has no correspondence in the virile art of Leonardo. And whatever may have been the sins of Leonardo in the flesh, and whatever may have been his intellectual doubts or indifferences, he would not have understood that strange and frequent identification among the modern romantics of the soul and disease. Into the face of Mona Lisa, says Pater, "the soul with all its maladies has passed!" as if health were incompatible with the possession of a soul.

The simple truth is that Pater was in no proper sense of the word a critic at all. History was only an extension of his own ego, and he saw himself whithersoever he turned his eyes. To form any just estimate of Pater's work, we must forget the critical form in which so much of his writing is couched, and regard the substance of his own philosophy apart from any apparent relation to the period or person to which it is transferred. And here we are aided by the singular consistency of his nature. In his works all is of a piece, and all is the perfectly lucid outgrowth of an unvarying design and of a single attitude toward the world.

IV.

If we search for the sources of this design, apart from the original character of the artist himself, we shall find them without difficulty. Among English writers he himself would probably have ascribed the chief influence upon him to Ruskin, but as a matter of fact I suspect that the more dominating personal influence came from another and more insinuating mind. I do not certainly know that Pater ever met Rossetti in the flesh, but he recognized that great and sad genius as one of his teachers.

But however Pater may seem to have lighted his torch at Rossetti's flame, we must not overlook the strong impersonal influence that emanated from the memories and the very stones of Oxford. We all know Matthew Arnold's apostrophe to the "home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties"; to the dream-city that "lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages." The call of Oxford is, as her lover says, to beauty and to higher ideals; but there is an aspect of her appeal which is not without its fascinating danger. From the beginning she has been the home of secluded causes as well as lost causes; she has stood always as a protest against the coarse and ephemeral changes of civilization, but she has maintained this centre of calm too much by a withdrawal from life rather than by strong control. Hers at her origin was the ideal of monasticism and of faith fleeing the world; her loyalty to the king was strongest

when loyalty meant a separation from the great powers of political expansion; her religious revival in the nineteenth century was not only the desire of resuscitating an impossible past, but sought also to sever the forms of worship entirely from the influence of the state and of the people. Certainly much good has come out of this pride of seclusion, and waves of spiritual force have continually emanated from this reservoir of memory; but it is true also that these influences have often ended in sterility or have tended to widen rather than close up the unfortunate gap between the utilitarian and the sentimental phases of English life. In a word, they have been too often a reinforcement to the romantic ideal of the imagination as a worship of beauty isolated from, and in the end despised by, the real interests of life, and too seldom a reinforcement of the classical ideal of the imagination as an active power in life itself. The very contrast of the enchanted towers of Oxford with the hideous chimneys of one of England's great manufacturing towns seems to give to the university an atmosphere of æsthetic unreality. Ideas do not circulate here as they do in a university like that of Paris, situated at the heart of the national life, and in too many of the books that come from Oxford one feels the breath of a fine traditional culture that has somehow every excellent quality—except vitality. And so it was not strange to see the Oxford Movement depart further and further from practical and intellectual realities and lose itself in an empty and stubborn ritualism. Thought is the greatest marrer of good looks, said Oscar Wilde, and that is why there are so many good-looking young curates in England. The æstheticism of William Morris and Burne-Jones was a conscious revolt from the vapidity of the later stages of the Oxford Movement to a pure and Pagan sensuousness. Rossetti gave body and passion to the revolt, and Pater, following in their steps, lent a scholastic authority to their artistic achievements. Paterism might without great injustice be defined as the quintessential spirit of Oxford, emptied of the wholesome intrusions of the world—its pride of isolation reduced to sterile self-absorption, its enchantment of beauty alembicated into a faint Epicureanism, its discipline of learning changed into voluptuous economy of sensations, its golden calm stagnated into languid elegance.

V.

In more than one passage Pater gives direct expression to his philosophy, nowhere else so explicitly as in the conclusions to his volume on the Renaissance. The motto of that chapter is the famous saying of Heracleitus, "All things are in a state of flux and nothing abides"; and the chapter itself is but a brief exhortation to make the most of our human life amidst this endless and ceaseless mutation of which we are ourselves an ever-changing element. That is the sum of Pater's philosophy as it is everywhere implicitly expressed in critical essay and fiction: the admonition to train our body and mind to the highest point of acuteness so as to catch, as it were, each fleeting glimpse of beauty on the wing, and by the intensity of our perception and participation to compensate for the brevity of the world's gifts; in a word, the admonition to make of life itself an art. Now, we ought, I think, to be grateful first of all to anyone who recalls to us and utters in manifold ways this lesson of the immediate perception of lovely things, of grace within answering to grace without. Perhaps no other philosophy to-day has so completely passed out of our range of vision as this doctrine of the art of living which has been one of the guiding principles of the great ages of the past. We are too hurried for this, a little too unbalanced between egotism and sentimental humanitarianism, a little too uncertain, despite much optimistic brag, of any real and immediate values in life. And there is much also to commend in the method Pater proposes for attaining this ideal. If he teaches that the art of life is to train our emotions, like a well-trimmed lamp, "to burn always with a hard, gemlike flame," he also endlessly reiterates the lesson that this joy of eager observation and swift response can be made habitual in us only by a severe self-discipline and moderation. Only when the senses have been purified and sharpened by a certain chastity of use, only when the mind has been exercised by a certain rigidity of application, do we become fit instruments to record the delicate impacts of evanescent beauty. In his essay on Raphael, one of the soundest of his critical estimates, Pater refers to the "saying that the true artist is known best by what he omits"; and this, he adds, is "because the whole question of good taste is involved precisely in such jealous omission." No one, indeed, has seen more clearly than Pater that virtue is not acquired by a rebound from excess, but is the exquisite flower of the habit of moderation.

Yet withal, the account with Pater cannot stop here, nor, if we consider the fruit of his teaching in such men as Oscar Wilde, can we admit that his teaching was altogether without offence. His error was not that he inculcated the art of life at all seasons, but that his sense of values was finally wrong; his philosophy from beginning to end might be called by a rhetorician a kind of hysteron-proteron. And this is visible in his treatment of the three great movements of history. Thus in his interpretation of Plato, we have seen how he falsified Plato's theory and use of facts by raising beauty, or æsthetic pleasure, above truth as the goal to be kept in sight. Now this may seem a slight sin, when, in extolling the one, nothing is intentionally taken away from the honor of the other. Pater would even say that as truth and beauty are the same, it makes no difference which of them you set before your gaze, and in this he would have the authority of many eminent predecessors. Are we not all fond of quoting the lofty words of Keats?—

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Perhaps, in some high philosophical realm that is the case; but it happens that in practice in this mundane sphere, truth and beauty are by no means always identical; and it makes a world of difference where you come out, according to whether you hold this or the other as your first desire when the divergence occurs. I have been struck by a passage on this theme in one of the recently published Japanese letters of Lafcadio Hearn—certainly no foe to romantic beauty. "They all [the romanticists] sowed a crop of dragon's teeth," he says. "Preaching without qualification, the gospel of beauty—that beauty is *truth*—provoked the horrible modern answer of Zolaism: 'Then truth must be beauty!' " Pater's misinterpretation of Plato was equally a misinterpretation of life.

In like manner, when Pater in his treatment of Christianity placed æsthetic satisfaction before religious duty, he really missed the goal of happiness he was aiming at. The old Scotch preacher Blair pronounced the sure answer to such an error many years before Paterism existed: "To aim at a constant succession of high and vivid sensations of pleasure, is an idea of happiness altogether chimerical. . . . Instead of those fallacious hopes of perpetual festivity, with which the world would allure us, religion confers upon us a cheerful tranquillity." Nor was Pater's fault in regard to the Renaissance essentially different in its consequences; it may even be that here, where his temperament would seem to be most at home, his subtle inversion of the facts, in making beauty and pleasure the sole purpose of life instead of the reward or efflorescence of right living, is the most instructive of all. Read Pater's exquisitely refined pages on Leonardo da Vinci, with their constant implication that beauty is a kind of malady of the soul, and then recall the strong, lusty soul of the Renaissance as it speaks, for instance, in the ringing lines of Chapman:

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t' have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind. . . .
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is—

recall the whole magnificent passage, and you will see why Pater's philosophy leads on inevitably to weariness, and satiety, and impotence. This exaltation of beauty above truth, and æsthetic grace above duty, and refined perception above action, this insinuating hedonism which would so bravely embrace the joy of the moment, forgets to stay itself on any fixed and unselfish principle, and forgetting this, it somehow misses the enduring joy of the world and empties life of its true values. It is for such reasons as this that we cannot finally accept Pater's philosophy of the art of life, notwithstanding all that may be said in its favor; that even his lesson of moderation and self-restraint, much as that lesson is needed to-day and always, seems at last to proceed from some deep-seated taint of decaying powers rather than from conscious strength. So intimately are good and evil mingled together in human ideals. P. E. M.

FOGAZZARO'S LAST NOVEL.

FLORENCE, Italy, March 29.

"Leila," the novel which Fogazzaro published shortly before his death,* is a continuation in a certain sense of "Il Santo," for, although none of the characters of the earlier work, save in one small incident, reappear in the later one, it is permeated with the same ideas and tendencies, and the hero of "Leila," Massimo Alberti, is the devotee of Pietro Maironi ("Il Santo") and a continuator of his tradition. I fear that the author's last novel will not add to his reputation; it has neither the technical and psychological merits of some of his earlier novels, notably "Daniele Cortis" and "Piccolo Mondo Antico," nor the inspired religious fervor of "Il Santo"; the style lacks vivacity, the plot is not convincing, the motives and personality of most of the characters are merely perplexing and unsympathetic, and the general treatment is weak. Leila Da Camin, the daughter of disreputable parents, but herself a fine character—at least, so we are told—was engaged to Andrea Trento, although she esteemed rather than loved him, and at his premature death was glad to get away from her own parents. She goes to live with his father Marcello, who desires to have her constantly by him as a reminder of his dead son. The son's most intimate friend, Massimo Alberti, a young Milanese doctor and a "modernist" of deep, if somewhat vague, convictions, comes to pay a visit to Trento, who conceives that a marriage between him and Leila would be in every way desirable. Massimo falls in love with her without realizing it, but Leila, thinking that he is merely an adventurer, after her fortune, treats him with absolute rudeness, so that he leaves the house crestfallen. Marcello Trento dies suddenly, leaving Leila his property; but as she is still a minor, her father comes to take temporary possession of it. A priestly intrigue is on foot to prevent her from ever marrying and to induce her to enter a convent, so as to get control of the Trento inheritance through her father—a time-honored *motif* in Catholic countries. A common friend, however, Donna Fedele Brayla, intervenes and brings Leila and Massimo together. Religion plays a very large part in the book, and we are told at great length what are the convictions of each of the characters. Leila and Massimo, who had almost lost all faith in the church, owing to the unworthiness of some of its members, regain it through mutual love; and after Leila has renounced the Trento inheritance in favor of her father, the couple retire to a mountain village, where Massimo will devote himself to assisting the poor as *medico condotto*.

Yet with all its faults, and they are many, the book has charm; the descriptions of the scenery in the Alpine foothills near Vicenza and in the Valsolda above the Lake of Lugano are delightfully fresh. La Montanina, the house where most of the action takes place, is a living and lovable personality, and many of the minor characters show the hand of a master. Above all there is the charm of Fogazzaro's own spirit. Even through bad workmanship and poor character-drawing, we always feel the deep sincerity and refinement of the author; he is always an artist and a gentleman, although his treatment may be often inartistic. As in "Il Santo" so in "Leila," we see Fogazzaro against hopeless odds ever fighting the good fight of reconciling traditional Catholicism with modern thought and modern science; in the former work the struggle is for the reformation of the church from within, in the latter for the regeneration of two souls. "I said to myself," writes Leila to Massimo, "all or nothing. As long as I could I accepted all. Then when I saw things more closely and found allied together the persons who incarnate the All—the *arciprete*, the chaplain, the *arciprete's* sister, my father, a certain Molesin, a friend of my father's, I could not resist and said to myself: better Nothing. But Nothing fails to satisfy me, and I ask you for a faith, glad that you are freed of your old beliefs, of your ideas of a Catholic renovation. I ask of you a God whom I can worship in the woods of Dasio, in the gorge of the cascade, on the waves of the lake, in a wedding chamber; who does not impose official intermediaries, who asks me only for love and forbids me only hate; who does not torture my intelligence with incomprehensible dogmas nor annoy me with tedious observances; who does not undertake to attract me with heavens or terrorize me with hells." L. V.

*Imported by Lemcke & Buechner, New York.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The very remarkable collection of rare books which was brought together by the late E. Dwight Church, and which has been often referred to in this column, has been sold privately by the executors of Mr. Church's estate, through George D. Smith, the New York bookseller, to H. E. Huntington of New York city and Los Angeles, Cal. For its size, the Church library is without doubt the most valuable collection of rare books ever brought together. The elaborate catalogue under way for several years, and just nearing completion at Mr. Church's death, is in seven imperial octavo volumes, printed on Van Gelder paper made especially for the work in Holland, and with hundreds of reproductions of title pages. It cost upwards of thirty thousand dollars. The price paid for the collection has not been made public by either the purchaser or the seller. When the collection was first offered for sale it was held at a million and a quarter dollars, and this sum was given in the newspapers as the purchase price now. It may be stated, on good authority, that the sum paid by Mr. Huntington was approximately eight hundred thousand dollars, and, although this sum is a considerable advance upon the cost of the library to Mr. Church (exclusive of interest charges), it must be regarded as a low price. Mr. Huntington already owns a large and important library (he was the largest buyer at the Henry W. Poor sales, taking about one-third of the entire collection), and, if he retains the Church books and manuscripts, it will place his library very near the head among private libraries of the world. Mr. Church was, during a quarter century, the buyer of many of the rarest books, within his lines of collecting, that came upon the market. By the dispersal at auction of the Barlow and Ives libraries and the breaking up privately of the Kalbfleisch and Lefferts collections (and from other sources) he was able to bring together a collection of rare Americana such as would have been supposed impossible, ranking, for rarity and condition, though not in number of volumes, with the John Carter Brown and Lenox libraries. By the purchase of the Rowfant library, he put his Shakespeareana at the head of American collections, though in this department it is probably now surpassed by Mr. Folger's collection.

Mr. Hoe, at the time of his death, had printed, in an edition of one hundred copies only, a catalogue of his printed books, forming fifteen volumes. A catalogue of his wonderful collection of illuminated manuscripts was in preparation. Since his death this has been completed and printed. The volume describes upwards of two hundred and fifty manuscripts, ecclesiastical and classical, illustrating the art of the calligrapher, illuminator, and miniaturist from about 1200 till nearly the present day. A selection of seventy of these manuscripts will be sold at the twelfth session of the first Hoe sale, Monday evening, May 1. We have already noted the famous Pembroke Hours, perhaps the most valuable of the illuminated manuscripts. In this first sale is also included the almost equally important manuscript known as the Charles VI Missal. This is a fine manuscript of the fourteenth century, made for Charles VI of

France and given by him to King Henry V of England on the occasion of his marriage to Catherine de Valois, daughter of King Charles VI. It seems to have remained in the hands of Henry VI, Henry VII, and Henry VIII, but in the reign of the last-named it passed into the ownership of Jean Legrand and was sold by a certain Gilles in Antwerp for Legrand's account to the monastery of Tongerloo, where it remained for nearly three hundred years. In 1869 it was acquired by a Paris bookseller, by whom it was sold to M. Didot, and came up at auction with his library in 1879. Mr. Hoe acquired it with the Norton Q. Pope collection. It is very copiously illustrated, containing no less than 107 large miniatures, each (with a few exceptions) having on the same page four small miniatures, thus making the total of 529.

Another historic Book of Hours in the Hoe collection was made about 1477 for Anne de Beaujeu, daughter of Louis XI of France. This also is from the Didot collection. Thirteen other fine manuscript Books of Hours mostly of the fifteenth century are included in the first sale. Among notable secular manuscripts of continental origin are a fine Josephus in Latin, ascribed to the thirteenth century; another Josephus, in French, of the fifteenth century; Horace's "Opera"; Martial's "Epigrammata"; a late fifteenth century manuscript of the French poetical version of Ovid's "Epistolæ Heroidum"; and Petrarch's "Sonette, Canzoni e Trionfi," in a contemporary Florentine binding. Of several specimens of English execution Lydgate's "Lyf of Our Lady" and an early manuscript of Richard de Bury's "Philobiblon" are of special interest. Several illuminated Persian manuscripts and a fine specimen of the work of Nicholas Jarry, a noted French calligraphist of the seventeenth century, are also included. The Jarry manuscript is in an elaborate inlaid Trautz Bauzonnet binding, being No. 7 of twenty-six mosaic bindings executed by him.

The French books, in point of actual numbers, form the largest section of the Hoe library, upwards of a thousand titles being scattered through the two volumes of the Catalogue of this first sale. These are first and other early editions of the French classical authors as well as many beautifully printed modern books issued in very limited editions, some containing water-color drawings. Almost all are in handsome bindings by French artists or by the Club Bindery. A copy of "La Tribu indienne," a romance by Lucien Bonaparte, printed in 1799 but suppressed, is the only uncut copy of the three copies now known to exist.

LIBRARIES IN NEW YORK STATE.

The State Education Department received reports last year from 1,345 libraries in this State, of which 710 are free circulating libraries, and 635 are limited in use to particular institutions or associations. The stock of books reported in all the libraries was 10,094,246 volumes, and the total circulation for the year was 20,573,449 volumes. In the free circulating libraries there is a stock of 4,341,449 volumes, and the circulation in 1910 was 19,254,727 volumes. Compared with the figures reported a year ago, there has been a gain of 39 in the number of libraries reporting, 137,021 in the number of volumes in stock, and 657,163 in the circulation. For the free libraries, the gain has been 21 in the number of libraries, 113,437 in the stock of books, and 506,880 in the circulation.

These gains are not so great as have been reported in recent years, but they show that library expansion is still proceeding at a more rapid rate than the increase in population, and that such decreases as have recently been reported in a few of the cities of the State, and have been made the basis for discouraged comment, are purely local and exceptional. In estimating the significance of the gain reported, it must be borne in mind that this is the seventeenth successive year in which gains have been shown, and that in this period free libraries in the State have increased in number from 238 to 710, in stock of books from 849,000 to 4,341,000, and in circulation from 2,293,000 to 19,254,000—a gain of 300 per cent. in number of libraries, 500 per cent. in stock of books, and 850 per cent. in circulation. Even during the last five years there has been a gain of 100 in the number of libraries reporting, of 1,000,000 in the number of volumes, and 7,000,000 in circulation. Since the enactment of the present library law in 1892 the circulation from free libraries has grown six times more rapidly than the population of the State.

Of the 710 free libraries reporting this year, 462 are in direct relation with the Education Department, and are privileged to draw an annual grant of $100 each from the State for the purchase of approved books, provided they apply the same amount of their own money for this purpose. The amount thus apportioned by the State last year was $32,915, divided among 370 libraries which applied and qualified for the grant. The total amount of local taxation for the support of libraries was $1,471,022, an increase above the previous year of $34,090. In addition to school libraries, some of which are free to the general public, 281 libraries are now receiving local tax support. Of the 49 cities of the State, all except Watervliet, Cortland, and the new city of Lackawanna have free or public libraries, and of these, 40 make an annual appropriation for library purposes. Of the 118 villages with a population of above 2,000 each, 92 have free libraries, 52 of which are supported by local taxation. Two hundred and nineteen, or nearly one-half, of the free libraries connected with the State Department are in villages or hamlets of less than 2,000 population. Of the 451 incorporated villages of the State, 231 are provided with free libraries and 220 are without such facilities. Outside of incorporated places, there is a population in the State of 1,500,000; for this population there is a total of 85 free libraries. Assuming that each of these libraries is available to as many as 1,000 people—a very liberal estimate, there is left a rural population of 1,400,000 entirely without library privileges. Adding to this the population of incorporate places not having libraries, it will be seen that at least a million and three-quarters people are without public library advantages.

The following libraries have completed and occupied new buildings during the year: Heermance Memorial of Coxsackie, Normal School Library of Geneseo, Mt. Morris Free, Seward Park branch, New York city; Olean Public, Pleasant Valley Free, Portville Free, Jermain Memorial of Sag Harbor, Margaret Reaney Memorial of St. Johnsville, Saranac Lake Free, and David A. Howe Library of Wellsville. Only one of these was a Carnegie gift, and, among the 52 gifts recorded the past year, but two were from Mr. Carnegie. Numerous and conspicuous as the Carnegie gifts have been, it is worthy of note that in this State, outside of Greater New York, of the 146 different places receiving gifts of buildings the last seventeen years, only 31 were from Mr. Carnegie, while 115 were from other donors.

Correspondence

THREE ARTISTS IN BOSTON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is at present in Boston an exhibition of paintings worth more than local notice. When three artists, taking a gallery together, hang it with white and panel it with evergreen, and show but fourteen of their works, their taste and reserve suggest stronger qualities. The quotation from Kipling that heads their catalogue—

> There are nine and sixty ways
> Of constructing tribal lays,
> And every single one of them is right—

is both a promise of independence and a challenge to criticism. On examination, the exhibition by Messrs. Hopkinson, Prendergast, and Pepper shows strength and individuality in all three men.

Mr. Charles Hopkinson's five pictures cover a wide range in treatment. That his technique is sober and even old-fashioned shows especially in his two portraits. These are splendidly direct studies of personality, without a trick or a flourish, indeed, without an accessory in the composition, to distract attention from the characters of the sitters. His Marine is but rocks and surf and sky; its lighting is of the late afternoon; the work is as sober as the portraits, but shows in its haze of color and its truth of distance, and in the flash of the restless crests, the suggestion of wider powers. These are set free in the remaining two pictures. Arranging Flowers is a study in pure color; the composition is simple enough, but the woman in white at the table, the scattered nasturtiums before her, the green chair and curtain, the Japanese doll, among them take all the upper notes of the gamut, but always in harmony. The Wonderful Island is scarcely a second marine—it has too much landscape; is scarcely a landscape, for it has too much of sea. Into the foreground sweeps the bough of a pine; below this stretch the tops of trees in varied green; still further down lie the tossing waters of a cove; and beyond this rises up the islet, lying in sunset light. The shadows of the rocks are blank pale purple; the lighted crags, and the waters below them, are dark and rich, the strong notes of the picture; the isle is crowned with trees whose autumnal foliage glows in the evening but is softened by the distance. To the left is the inlet from the harbor, and beyond the island lies a broad water, at whose limit shows, faint in the haze, the further shore. The composition is unusual in its effect: line as well as color centre upon the island in the middle distance, a place for childhood's strange ad-

ventures. This quiet and yet strongly imaginative piece forms the fit centre to the four paintings which flank it.

Mr. Maurice Prendergast is more individual in technique than either of his friends, and more certain to rouse opposition, if not resentment. Yet his mosaics of color patches melt at a slight distance into the required effects of light and air, of people and of natural objects. One must not inquire too closely the sex or the age or the employment of his small figures; but with him a crowd is a crowd, a building is solid, and sea and sky are real. The recent advance in his work is revealed by the presence of an earlier piece, subdued and of tapestry quality beside the glowing color of his recent paintings. Mr. Prendergast has command of atmosphere and distance. His most pleasing work is Brimstone Corner, in which the handling of the old Park Street church, the snow-clad Common, the hurrying people, and the smoky sky, is less mannered than in the other pictures. Though Mr. Prendergast is often a little beyond us, his virtues are very real.

The special quality which marks Mr. Pepper's four figure pieces, beyond the interest in color which is characteristic of all three men, and which does much to unify the exhibit, is a peculiar absorption in the personality of the sitter. In these life studies the pleasurable sweep of line shows a different method of attack from Mr. Hopkinson's directness; nevertheless, Mr. Pepper also centres interest in the face. This is shown especially in his group of three, of which each serves to emphasize the others. The lady with the veil, who seems to add charm of mind to charm of person, contrasts with the Widow who reveals the devastations, the still present power, of grief. Between them, the little Jap, even as she passes across the narrow field of her picture, appeals with child-like eyes and half-quivering lip for your patience while she hastens on your errand. It is quite worth noting that Mr. Pepper, with no attempt to tell a story—for these three pictures are but figure and bare background, nothing else—succeeds in thus drawing attention to the mental traits of his subject.

These three artists, of whom Mr. Hopkinson shows the broadest range, Mr. Prendergast the most uncompromising methods, Mr. Pepper the most persuasive appeal, have, by different ways, reached different points of view. All the more interesting is it, then, to see their works together, and to find that each of the fourteen paintings leaves its distinct impression. This is not because of their small number; I write at a two days' interval after viewing the collection, and without a note taken at the time, which gives plenty of chance to forget the insignificant. If, then, each is worth remembering, perhaps indeed "every single one of them is right."

ALLEN FRENCH.

Concord, Mass., March 19.

FIRST RAISING OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note with considerable interest the letter in your issue of March 9, entitled the "First Raising of the Stars and Stripes," and signed "American." This is a subject in which the writer has taken a good deal of interest and which he has studied for a long time. There are very few facts regarding the early history of the flag that can be proved. One statement made by "American" is incorrect—that the flag was carried for the first time in the battle of Brandywine. It is generally accepted that the skirmish at Cooch's Bridge in Delaware on September 3, 1777, was the first engagement in which the American flag was used after it had been publicly proclaimed as the national flag. To mark this site a monument was there unveiled with appropriate ceremonies, September 3, 1901.

But unquestionably the Stars and Stripes were in use in the army long before Congress officially adopted them. A portrait of Gen. Washington after the Battle of Trenton, December, 1776, by Capt. Charles Willson Peale, the commander of a company in this battle, which is supposed to have been painted immediately after the battle and which was, until recently, on exhibition in the Senate Wing of the National Capitol, shows a flag with a blue field and white stars arranged in a circle. Another portrait of Washington Before the Battle of Princeton, by John Trumbull an aide-de-camp to Washington, shows the American flag with thirteen stars. This would prove that the Stars and Stripes were really used by Gen. Washington before they were officially adopted.

Now, we know that Washington was encamped at Middlebrook Heights near Bound Brook the month of June, 1777, and that Congress officially adopted the National flag on June 14, 1777, the exact wording taken from a fac-simile of the Journal of the Continental Congress, reading:

Resolved: That the flag of the United States be 13 stripes alternate red and white, that the Union be 13 stars white in a blue field representing a new constellation.

This being an order affecting the Military Department, it would, according to all military regulations, be at once transmitted to army headquarters, which we all know were at that time at Camp Middlebrook. Allowing time for the courier to reach headquarters, "American" seems correct in his statement that the Stars and Stripes were raised not more than two days after June 14, 1777, the route from Philadelphia being open as history records. The flag was already in possession of the army headquarters as has been shown.

There is a very interesting book about the flag, entitled "The Evolution of the American Flag," compiled by George Canby, a grandson of Betsy Ross, and published in Philadelphia in 1909.

RUSSELL E. WATSON.

New Brunswick, N. J., March 13.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The date of the first raising of the Stars and Stripes, a matter referred to by "American" in your issue of March 9, is hard to settle with certainty. The first distinctive continental flag was raised over Washington's headquarters in Cambridge on January 1, 1776; but, of course, this was not the Stars and Stripes, for the colonies had not as yet decided that separation from England was necessary and unavoidable. This standard introduced the stripes of the present flag, but retained the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a blue ground in the corner, the whole implying the surviving acknowledgment of the royal power, with the appearance of a new nation. When Independence had eliminated the royal element, the crosses were replaced (1777) by stars as at present. This national flag—thirteen stripes, red and white, and thirteen stars on a blue field—was adopted by the Continental Congress on June 14, 1777; but, for some reason, the adoption seems not to have been officially promulgated until September 3, 1777. (See Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History, Vol. III, p. 383.) It seems hardly probable, therefore, that this national flag was officially raised over the army headquarters before that date. This supposition, inherently probable, is confirmed by the statement of the late John Fiske in his "History of the United States," p. 227. Describing the march of St. Leger down the Mohawk Valley and his siege of Fort Stanwix, he says:

That same day (August 6, 1777), the garrison at Fort Stanwix made a sortie and sacked a part of St. Leger's camp, capturing five British flags. They hoisted these flags upside down over their fort and raised above them a rude flag made of scraps of a blue jacket and a white shirt, with some bits of red flannel. Congress had in June adopted the national banner of stars and stripes, and this was the first time it was ever hoisted.

W. H. WHITING, JR.

Hampden-Sidney, Va., March 14.

THE EXCHANGE OF PROFESSORS WITH GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit me to express my concurrence with your view of the purposes and methods appropriate to the exchange of professors with Germany, and to say that it accurately represents the plan as originally proposed? A strictly academic interchange of instruction, an acceptance of the visitor on both sides as a member of the teaching staff with no exceptional place or mission, a belief that each university had something to teach which the other might wish to learn—this, and nothing more, was the scheme welcomed by Harvard University in 1905, and the consistent maintenance of this view is essential, if we are either to get competent scholars to go to Germany or to command the confidence of scholars there.

On one point, however, I venture to take a more rigid view of the case than your editorial suggests. You remark that "the establishment of the exchange was primarily a peace measure; they were to be the unofficial ambassadors, who, free from the trammels of diplomacy, could smooth out misunderstandings." That seems to me a dangerous extension of the visiting professor's functions, and precisely the peril which the exchange has encountered. To fancy one's self an "unofficial ambassador" is almost inevitably to become involved in affairs of the court and the chancelleries, with which one's mission has nothing to do. A German professor does not come here as an "ambassador." He comes to lecture on Greek or music, and if international peace is promoted, it will be simply by his knowing us better and believing in us more. The same limitation of function should be observed in Germany. You justly commend the services of Professor Richards and Professor Davis. They were, however, not

"smoothing out misunderstandings," but lecturing on chemistry and geography; and the opportunities which they had of meeting distinguished personages were as incidental to their work as an evening at the opera. Academic interchanges may be no slight contribution to the peace of nations, but this must occur, not by conscious intention, but by strengthening the bonds of scholarship and by teaching the unity of truth. Harvard University has committed itself to the promotion of this strictly academic aim; and the Prussian Ministry of Instruction — where, under the arrangement with Harvard University, the choice of visiting professor is annually made from a submitted list—has again expressed its agreement with this view by selecting as its guest for 1911-12 Theobald Smith, professor of comparative pathology. FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

Cambridge, Mass., April 6.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While fully sympathizing with the sentiments expressed in your article on "The Exchange of Professors" (*Nation*, March 30), I should like to draw your attention to two or three points. First, one of "the two American professors who have been in Berlin this winter" is a German, born and bred; secondly, the Harvard exchange professor is selected not by the "Harvard authorities"—though doubtless in consultation with them—but by a high official, presumably the Minister of Public Instruction, in Berlin; third, the notion of a college "forbidding" its professors to conduct their social lives as may seem to them good appears, in Cambridge at least, a little comic.

The right to be a cussèd fool
Is safe from all devices human;
It's common, as a general rule,
To every man that's born of woman.

L. W. HOPKINSON.

Cambridge, Mass., April 2.

FROM CAUSE TO EFFECT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial in a recent number, entitled "The Human Factor in Medicine," is more a criticism on Bernard Shaw than a disposal of the assertion that the present tendency in medicine is to kill us with "serum cultures" and hypodermic injections. Within the past few days I have heard two men of average intelligence regret that the Flexner serum had been used in the case of the doctor who recently died. Thirty years ago there were no "Rockefeller Institutes." Brown Sequard was criticised as a dangerous enthusiast because of his "reckless" use of subtle vegetable poisons. Yet his remedies were administered through the stomach, where their virulence was immediately modified by chemical action. Now it is well known that these same poisons, when administered subcutaneously, in infinitesimal quantities, have sometimes produced alarming symptoms and even death; while in other instances many times the quantity has produced no dangerous effect. It must be admitted that the difference was in the patient and not in the drug. Dr. Snow may be too severe and Bernard Shaw too sarcastic, but this is a question that is agitating the public mind perhaps more than is generally suspected. Various serums differ in their mode of preparation, but all depend for their so-called curative properties upon the poison that is in them. No doctor in New York would risk injecting 1-100 grain of atropine into his own system, for while he might do it in perfect safety he knows that no two systems are alike, and he knows that no chemical combination is absolutely a success. The ordinary medical practitioner's knowledge of chemistry does not seem to be large, but he knows that prussic acid does not kill every dog, even in big doses. If doctors were all well balanced and cautious men, the danger would be less, but their professional attitude is largely influenced by their temperament; and I think it will readily be conceded that the medical fraternity has not gained anything by its appearance in court, as "expert evidence." If pain and increased temperature are but symptoms, why should the doctor seek to destroy them before they have developed into any recognized type of disease? J. E. DUBOIS.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., April 2.

"PRACTICALLY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am glad to see in my last *Nation* (February 9) the letter of Professor McKnight on "Commercial English," and that of Professor Hall on "'Pessimistic' and 'Optimistic.'" I have long desired to see such a treatment of *practical* and *practically* as Fitzedward Hall would have given them, if he had happened to notice the impropriety with which those words are used, perhaps by all writers!

I am led to such notice of it as I can give, in the absence of books and notes, by an unusually strained use of the poor word in a leading article in the same issue of the *Nation*, p. 135, col. 2, line 38: "What practically happens . . . is," etc.

The usual misuse of the word is for *nearly* or *almost*. I think the dictionaries recognize it as a use, with no hint of its impropriety. The Standard Dictionary recognizes *enthuse*, with no hint, if I remember aright, of its vulgarity (possibly "colloquial"). This perhaps raises the question: What is the function of a dictionary as to words that creep into the language from infected sources? Ought it to welcome all new-comers alike, or draw a line between those invited by need and intruders? *Proposition* is not needed for anything but *something proposed*, and *practically* is not needed for *not quite*. Is a dictionary not out of its function as much in recognizing vulgar words as valid as in the other extreme of not recognizing bad usage at all? Or what usage is it that makes words? The usage of business makes business words of course; but can the usage of every writer under the sun make *practically* a good word for *almost*, or *proposition* for *man* or *circumstance* or *enterprise* or *thing*?

JOHN E. POWERS.

Palermo, Sicily, March 1.

[The *Nation* agrees with Mr. Powers in regard to the common misuse of *practically* for *virtually*. As a matter of fact, the word in this particular instance was used correctly as meaning *in practice*. ED. THE NATION.]

Literature

BOOKS ON JAPAN.

Behind the Screens: An Englishwoman's Impressions of Japan. By Evelyn Adam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Highways and Homes of Japan. By Lady Lawson. With a frontispiece and 59 illustrations from photographs taken by the author. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3.75 net.

Japan for a Week. By A. M. Thompson. With numerous illustrations from photographs. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50.

Military Japan. The Japanese Army and Navy in 1910. By J. C. Balet. Translated from the French by C. A. Parry, B.A. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh

The Japanese Empire and its Economic Conditions. By Joseph d'Autremer, Lecturer at the School of Oriental Languages, Paris. Translated from the French. With a map and 20 illustrations. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

The Political Development of Japan, 1867-1909. By George Etsujiro Uyehara, B.A. (Wash.), D.Sc. (Lond.). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

The first three of these half-dozen books on Japan recall the kind of criticism and appreciation we used to get a score of years ago, when the globe-trotter discovered the country. But there is a difference: the traveller needs to be more carefully equipped now than then if he hopes for readers. Yet even with his increased accuracy it is doubtful if he conveys a truer idea of the real Japan than he did before she had acquired a navy. There remains ever the intangible something that separates the Oriental and the Occidental. It effectually obscures even the simplest statement; it misleads the best intentioned critic whose sympathy and long experience with the people of another world are incontinently betrayed by alien standards. A type of this sort is the author of "Behind the Screens." She has a shrewd wit and some knowledge of the language. She is cheerful and generally charitable in her observations upon a people who are passing through the awkward age of a nation in transition. She gives us a clever and decidedly readable book. It is doubtful, however, if much is gained on either side by printing the "wholesome truths" she has to tell, or by pressing the analogy of the individual and the nation; there are resemblances between the two, but they count for little as a basis of political estimate or reform—and the political relationships of Japan bulk rather large in her pages. A grewsome tale is told of a poor old couple procuring from the

War Office the release of an only son from military service during the late war. After being summoned one morning to the Office to get his papers the boy's body was delivered at nightfall at his father's door with the laconic message, "He will remain at home now." Stories of this sort are floating about every club and hotel piazza in the East. They are sometimes founded on fact, but they are almost always untrue. Does it serve any decent or honorable purpose to repeat them in print?

Lady Lawson's "Highways and Homes of Japan" is a duller recital, but more instructive and better worth a place on a library shelf. She has filled her notebooks with items small and great gathered upon two visits to the Empire and digested with considerable care. There is little criticism and abundant sympathy shown in her minute examination of the social structure, but we are never for a moment relieved from the standards of good old England. "What a contrast," she exclaims, after seeing "one fat and flabby wrestler pushed out of the ring by another even fatter and more flabby"—"what a contrast to European professionals, who are trained down until nothing is left but bone and muscle!" One recalls the contrast observed by another Englishwoman at the theatre between the domestic life of Cleopatra's court and "that of our own gracious sovereign."

A. M. Thompson is an editor and dramatic critic who is not ashamed to say that he went to "Japan for a Week" to get local color for setting a new play in London, and thought an account of his trip worth putting into his paper. The letters thus engendered were obviously written for an uncritical group of readers. He is willing to say what he thinks, and to say it frankly. He did not like the geishas, or the inns, or the cooking, or the smells; he "came to seek the capital of fairyland and discovered an Oriental Manchester." Of course, if Mr. Thompson did not like a thing it was not good.

"Military Japan" is something more than the soldier's handbook which the title implies; it is the initial portion of a larger work by a French officer long resident in the country, the remainder of which will be devoted to the economic resources and social life of the Empire. The information compressed in this little volume is more complete than any to be found elsewhere in a European language, and on this account it will be invaluable for reference to the student of Japanese policy. Among many penetrating observations of the author two are worth noting: despite an appearance of perfect solidarity in the governmental machine, the two feudal clans of Choshu and Satsuma which led the revolt against the Tokugawa in 1867 still maintain a selfish and exclusive control over the army and navy. In the antipathy shown by these clans toward each other and toward the rest of the provinces, the author sees a menace of future strife which may in time repeat the mediæval struggle between Taira and Minamoto; "for it must not be supposed," he adds, "that this absolute preponderance of the two clans is accepted joyfully and without jealousy by the rest of Japan. Attacks, though as yet timid ones, have been delivered in Parliament, in the press, and in public meetings at this relic of feudalism, *bambatsu seifu*." M. Balet's second observation relates to the Japanese common soldier. He praises him for his implicit obedience and devotion to the politico-mystical faith in the imperial divinity, qualites that have been "cleverly kept up and skilfully worked" by the authorities to accomplish great things in a short time; but the Japanese individual he describes as lacking in frankness and decision. "The man is formal, arrogant, addicted to excesses, rancorous, and vindictive. On the other hand, he loves reason and has a profound sense of justice." This estimate by a considerate interpreter of Japan as she is to-day is suggestive, in view of his conviction that "the Japanese army, young, enthusiastic, and never having known defeat, is certainly preparing itself for new victories."

M. d'Autremer's "Japanese Empire and its Economic Conditions" is a sober volume which has served a useful purpose as a work of reference for French students of Japan. It hardly seems worth putting into English when account is taken of the numerous books of this sort already in our language. The volume is amply furnished with statistics on the products, trade, and industrial development of the country. It is only possible here to pass these by with a nervous twinge of gratitude that we do not have to stop and verify the figures, but confidence in their probable accuracy is not increased by occasional slips which the author has made in historical statements, such as giving 1852 for the date of Perry's expedition, referring to the "closing of Japanese ports to foreigners *down to* 1617," and to Kyoto as the first permanent capital of the Empire. The book has the same inadequate map that appears in the volume on Japan in the Story of the Nations series.

Dr. Uyehara's "Political Development of Japan," submitted as a doctor's thesis to the University of London, is the most careful and comprehensive study that has yet appeared on the introduction of representative institutions into Japan. Though it is now twenty years since Nitobe began the series of historical and economic studies on Japan issued by successive Japanese students trained in foreign universities, this essay may still be counted as among the first fruits of that intellectual harvest from which much is yet to be expected in these profitable fields of research. The author of this volume is not quite so happy in his preliminary discussion of "the nation and its political mind" as in presenting the political situation as it is at present. He need not be blamed for being less of a philosopher than an historian, but a reviewer has a right to inquire why he declares that "a retrospect of many centuries furnishes no trace of civil wars or of struggles which might have threatened the unity and solidarity of the nation." The feudal period of Japanese history strikes the Western observer as having been singularly contentious as compared with other states of the same degree of culture.

The genesis of the constitutional movement in Japan is generally dated from the promulgation of the "Charter Oath" of April 6, 1868, at the beginning of the present Emperor's reign. Dr. Uyehara makes it plain that this oath was inspired by the determination of a few leading statesmen of the period to undertake a national reorganization for preserving the independence of the country and freeing it from foreign aggression—not, as has been alleged, to checkmate the Western *daimyos* in their attempt to obtain supreme power. A comparison of this crisis with the barons' uprising against King John of England is inappropriate, therefore, because in Japan the impulse toward change came from above, not from the people. And this has been the process from the inception of Japan's political reconstruction, where liberty is *bestowed* and the political struggle, such as it is, remains a clash of feudal clans. The peace of the country has been preserved by a supreme and divinely established throne, always able to silence agitators by sheer weight of prestige, but not in any real sense responsible to the people. This feature of the Japanese governmental system is scarcely understood abroad. It is a mask of representative institutions, not responsible government as accepted in the West. Here is where Japan still halts on her way from pure autocracy to a genuine parliamentary régime:

> According to the traditional political ideas of the Japanese, the chief duty of the ministers of state was to keep the country for the Emperor and to promote the happiness and prosperity of his subjects. To fail in this duty and to allow the Emperor to be cognizant of the dissatisfaction and suffering of his beloved subjects was considered disloyal on the part of the ministers and deserving of *hara kiri*. It was, and still is, imagined by the masses that the wish of the Emperor to make his subjects happy and contented is akin to that of a kind father toward his children.

The matter is one of great interest to students of government because Japan is the first country outside Christendom to assume the machinery of European

administrations. Tho machinery once set up, it remains to be seen whether an Oriental people can work it. At present it should seem that Japan was far from comprehending the true idea of constitutionalism. The "oligarchic statesmen" in power adopt the methods of Walpole and of Tammany to procure their ends; the voters take bribes. This, the author declares, is not because they have not enjoyed the franchise long enough to understand its use. Corruption, instead of decreasing, has steadily increased under the constitutional régime, and has not been checked by the passage of a Corrupt Practices Act in 1901. With this also is found the unwholesome symptom of abstention, the increase in the proportion of voters who stay away from the polls having risen from 11.72 per cent. in 1898 to 28.56 per cent. in 1908. A tendency is noted toward the development of professional politicians, rings, and bosses, and with these has come the inevitable increase in the expense of standing for election, so that it now costs a successful candidate about 3,000 yen—a heavy burden when the wealth of the country is considered. "Yet the seat for which they pay so dearly yields them very little power; some members of the House never take part in a debate during the whole of their parliamentary life, but simply sit and vote as directed by the whips of their party. The worst part of the bargain, however, is the uncertain length of their parliamentary existence. It is limited to four years, but at any time the House may be dissolved at the fiat of the bureaucratic statesmen in power."

But the fault need not be supposed to lie in a lack of intelligence on the part of the voter or in a low state of public morality; in both of these respects Japan is probably as well off as America. It remains for her to finish her task and remove the remaining traces of feudalism and autocracy by making the government really responsible to the will of the people.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Broad Highway. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The American publishers of this tale have trumpeted it as a masterpiece by a new author; and the English press notices furnished from the same source show that the book has been favorably, if not judicially, received in London. One critic declares that it is "more fascinating and even more human than 'Lorna Doone,'" a second rates the storyteller with Dumas, a third thinks him like Dickens, and a fourth (that well-known critical authority, the *Sportsman*) traces his derivation to "Fielding or Sir Conan Doyle," Addison, and Steele. All of which would indicate that the exuberant pressman is not an exclusively American genius. The *Sportsman* further declares this novel to be "a work of art by an unconscious artist." Nothing more patently untrue could be said of this book. Its "ante scriptum" quite frankly confesses a self-conscious origin. And Mr. Farnol's real model seems to have escaped the ken of the above-cited commentators. There is a romantic story, and a sufficiently wild one, but where the book most distinctly has merit it owes most to George Borrow. The simpler adventures of the road, the colloquies with tinkers, coachmen, and the like, the Scriptural tang of narrative and dialogue, all owe their favor and inspiration to Lavengro. As for the more conventionally romantic part of the book, the quality of the incident oddly antedates the setting. That is, the action takes place in nineteenth-century England, but the atmosphere is that of the 'sblood period, the day of smallsword and periwig. Peter Vibart, the hero, is a man of good blood and education, suddenly thrown upon his own resources by the eccentric will of an uncle. A clause of the will gives him the nominal chance of winning a fortune by marrying a certain town beauty and toast. The chance is also open to a wild cousin, Peter's double in appearance, and antithesis in character. Peter takes to the road, becomes a blacksmith, and, of course, in due time, brings the wild cousin to confusion and carries off the lady and the fortune. The plot is developed ingeniously enough, and the incidents are not more improbable than ordinary in the popular romance. But the charm of the book lies in its Borrovian touches.

The Prodigal Judge. By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Such a string of adventures as that which forms this story ought, if rightly handled, to hold the reader's interest securely. Back in the days of Andrew Jackson, we read, a small boy of uncertain origin, Hannibal Wayne Hazard, is left by the death of his protector, a mum old general, living on a huge estate in North Carolina, to the care of the mountaineer, Bob Yancey. Enters at once Capt. Murrell, the villain, sues in vain for the hand of Betty Malroy, an heiress from Memphis, and then tries to possess himself of Hannibal, who is evidently the key to some mystery. There follow: An attempt at kidnapping; a country law trial; flight by Hannibal and Yancey, with Murrell in pursuit; a drunken encounter at an inn where Yancey is all but killed; Hannibal's escape from Murrell to the company of the two middle-aged, bibulous pals, the judge and Solomon; the judge's imprisonment and jail-breaking; the migration of the three to Memphis; the arrival of Murrell, and the kidnapping of Hannibal and Betty; the rescue by lovers; the solving of the mystery by the judge regenerate; the seizing of the fortune.

Here is stuff for a "Treasure Island," for a capital detective story, for a "Candide," for an "Ivanhoe," to go no farther. Our quarrel with "The Prodigal Judge" is that its author has given us something like all of these combined; he has not seen that to animate such a mass of incident, it is necessary to choose and stick to some one fictional type. The story has no informing emphasis, and is hence without literary meaning. It is kept from being a closely-reasoned mystery story by several loose ends in the plot—why, for instance, after the boy has testified to Murrell's murderous assault upon Yancey, is nothing done about it? So, too, the author has not the audacity for pure adventure, being too much concerned with prosy preparation. He has no talent for sketching historical background of the sort which gives reasonableness to highly wrought action. And as for his satire or character-drawing, excepting a few good touches (which are inevitable in a work of such length), it does not rise above his chief creation, the judge, who is picturesque, solely because of a superficial resemblance to Falstaff, being an adult "sport," with a bald head and with a notable full-length profile.

Fortunata. By Marjorie Patterson. New York: Harper & Bros.

After reading this book and upon thinking it over in cold blood—a temperature not hindered by the reading—one reflects, "What a delightful novel the author might write! What a hopelessly, sordidly worldly one she has written!" Bitter, cynical, vicious, one may not call it, even though its scenes are all these, for they are given as by a note-taker and not a sympathizer. Untidy it seldom is. Amusing at points it may be found; conspicuously clever in its tool-work it is beyond a doubt. A touch, an epithet, a gesture, and a portrait is made manifest. A word, a line, and the Italian scene or the English hearth stands forth in high relief. The enjoyment of mere cleverness finds here its satisfaction. Enjoyment of any other sort turns away baffled. The story treats of an Italian, American-tinctured family and its struggle for life. Life in the case of Fortunata is interpreted to mean an advantageous marriage. With her half-sister Antonia it is a combination of religion and of an open *liaison* with her husband's brother. The American invalid mother of Fortunata asks only to take her medicines in peace. The Englishman seeks a healthy wife and a gentleman's career; the Italian men their drink, their pleasures, and their quarrels. The horrible old princess aunt, who dominates them all, finds her life

in bullying the family circle, in practising trickery, with less finesse than we should have expected, and in equipping her favorite Fortunata with every weapon that unscrupulous worldliness can devise. Fortunata, apt pupil, is helped by having only a rudimentary heart. Her early tribulations seldom reach a deeper depth than ennui and pecuniary embarrassment. She fights valiantly to reach social heights, discarding many a lover, each one for the sake of one on a higher step. At handsome, inarticulate, rich, English Lord Trevers she pauses, long enough to marry him, and still plots on, her aim now dizzy diplomatic heights for her husband. The publishers call Fortunata an Italian Becky Sharp. She does indeed belong among the professional self-seekers of fiction, and the book among the portrait galleries of all sorts and conditions of degradation. But it is calculated to make one do a tardy justice to Dobbin, and positively sigh for Amelia.

A Captain of Raleigh's. By G. E. Theodore Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Mr. Roberts's story lacks neither incident nor action, and certainly a beautiful girl taking passage, under the name and guise of her twin brother, on board a sailing vessel bound for Newfoundland in the stormy days that immediately succeeded Sir Walter Raleigh's execution, makes a situation dear and familiar to true lovers of romance. There is fighting, too, kidnapping, hair-breadth escapes, duels in which the ugly and insignificant gentleman-adventurer proves himself a marvellous swordsman and a generous victor; a hero, half pirate, half gallant soldier, and sailor; and there is also, of course, the sort of love story which is part and parcel of romance. The Devon fishermen have been less used than most colonial material, and the book is smoothly enough written, but Mr. Roberts kills his effects by describing them, and the only real people are the gentleman-adventurer and an old ship-master. In a word, the spirit of romance that can kindle into life hackneyed situations and well-worn types is lacking and nothing is given us in its place.

Angela's Quest. By Lilian Bell. New York: Duffield & Co.

The trembling fugitive from convent thralldom hastily pulled down her imperfectly adjusted wig, and the unsuspecting Pinkerton detective, who was on the outlook for her wealth of red-gold tresses, "passed from the car." Then the friendly young reporter sitting next, who had given her the tip, summed up the literary value of the situation. "I feel," said he, "that Laura Jean Libby ought to hear of this." Beyond this two-edged comment there is nothing in this piece of melodrama to suggest the seasoned observer and quiet recorder of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid."

The nature of Angela's quest and the degree of its success may be inferred from the final scene. It takes place on the "shining deck" of a private yacht off the coast of Central America, while in a small boat below, half-drowned and both ankles broken, lies the villain who has "cheated the hangman for thirty years":

> The spent and broken wreck of her husband, white-haired, unkempt, and clad in filthy rags, tottered across the deck. . . . [He had been "railroaded to a madhouse" thirteen years before to a day.] With a low cry Mrs. Cravanath held out her hands . . . and gathering him into her arms . . . spoke aloud . . . [She had been totally paralyzed for ten years.] At this, Angela, who had not been told of her father's identity, ran forward and flung herself on her knees by the side of her reunited parents, her long ropes of auburn hair sweeping the deck, as she gazed rapturously into their glorified faces.

When Half-Gods Go. By Helen Reimensnyder Martin. New York: The Century Co.

The highly improbable in fiction calls loudly for the highly plausible. This has hardly been attained by Mrs. Martin in her study of the artistic temperament. The story in its main lines is not incredible. The blameless divisibility of artists' affections, the pained compliance of clear-eyed wives, the high intent of beautiful, meddlesome souls, the deceitful wiles of chivalry are fair game for the fiction-hunter. It is the performance, not the plan, that in spite of a natural manner, has brought the story close to caricature. The bride of a music professor confides to a woman friend in a series of letters the story of her days. She and her husband begin by being ideally happy. They work together in a conservatory of music and live with his colorless mother and highly-tinted brother, a man of Rochester-like manners which conceal the usual brain and heart. To this family group enters Dorothea, of musical genius and soulful philosophies, who embraces the double task of teaching at the conservatory and of uplifting Edith and Robert to her own high plane of thinking. And here is the place where plausibility begins to flutter its wings—pauses long enough to see Dorothea, still in the missionary attitude, help herself to an undue share of Robert; hears Edith call Dorothea "magnetic, gifted, womanly, lovable, and good"; hears her declare that she should have a poor opinion of Robert if he didn't fairly worship her—but does not take actual flight till chased away by the sheer tiresomeness of Dorothea. It is not feasible to fancy any one, least of all an airy charmer like Robert, with a soul scornfully above the obvious, sitting spellbound by her platitudes. Brother Eliot presently takes a hand, arranging in his clear-sighted way to save his brother and sister-in-law by diverting to himself Dorothea's affections; the which having obtained in embarrassing degree, since he did not in the least want them, he hands back to Dorothea in the presence of the others. Dorothea makes an exit from the room "in one swift movement," calling herself correctly but inadequately "a selfish fool." Robert retires to a sanatorium and to an opportune death. Edith endures a few months of disquietude, after which occurs the arrival of the god in the person of Eliot. It now appears that she was the only woman to whom he had ever given a thought. The reader, in spite of Eliot's early manner, has suspected him from the first; ever since the moment when he had said to Edith at the piano, "Your playing so absolutely expresses the feminine that it's almost weirdly alluring to the male, my dear!"

RELIGIOUS PRAGMATISM.

The Alchemy of Thought. By L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3 net.

Professor Jacks is best known in this country as the editor of the *Hibbert Journal* and the possessor of a sprightly pen. He is also dean of Manchester College, Oxford, and, in the world of philosophy, one of the leaders in the attack upon the "conceptualistic logic." Though not himself technically a pragmatist, he shares the pragmatic spirit. The book is a collection of fifteen essays, written at different times and on different subjects, and hence is somewhat lacking in unity and even in consistency. This, however, is less unfortunate than the fact that to a considerable (and sometimes to a wearisome) extent the essays overlap and repeat in several forms what had already been made sufficiently clear. If the book had been written as a whole and from a single point of view it would probably have been only a third as long—and fully twice as readable.

What unity the various essays have they get from their common attack upon conceptualism. This attack starts with a consideration of the philosophical attitude, which, we are repeatedly reminded, is not the only one. The universe *may* be regarded as a problem to be solved; but it is absurd, in fact it is impossible, for us to regard it only thus. Yet the insistence of philosophy upon this view has made most of us forget the other possible and actual ways of regarding the universe, and has resulted in much harmful skepticism and other unnecessary evils. One of the greatest of these evils is to be found in the usurpations of language. We con-

stantly forget that language is not the only form of expression and that there are many things which by its nature it cannot express. Hence "we have confused the unsayable-by-us with the inexplicable-in-itself, and drawn the Agnostic's conclusion that things about which *we* can say nothing, can say nothing about themselves":

It is only after prolonged and often painful self-examination that any of us can realize the extent to which our minds are in bondage to words, to phrases, to formulæ. We are children of an age which spends the best energies of its life in an atmosphere of deferred fulfilment, continually postponing the act of living to the work of mentally preparing to live.

To this confidence in the power of language are also due many of the failures of philosophy. For, in the opinion of our author, the static can never express the dynamic; and the deeper problems of a dynamic and changing world and of a developing and willing mind can never be solved or even expressed by means of words and concepts, which are essentially static. Hence the real aim of philosophy is not to photograph and reproduce the universe—why should it care to do that even if it could?—but rather to enlarge and enrich it. This it can do in part by freeing us from the usurpations of language; and beyond that by enforcing the attitude of meditation:

Reflective thought ends in the discovery that we do not explain any object until, like the poet, we "fade away" with it into the silent forest, far from the strife of tongues. Thus philosophy ends in the wonder with which it began—a state of mind which prefers to attend rather than to speak.

This attack upon abstractions culminates in the somewhat grotesque essay entitled "Devil's Island"—a symbolic interpretation of the abstract method in philosophy. The essay is not always as clever as it means to be, but its description of the "Omniscients" (or conceptualistic monists who know "the ALL as such") will probably be long remembered by every reader of the book. In a conversation with one of these Omniscients, the author, who has spent some years on Devil's Island, happens to refer to a small flower, a snapdragon, whereupon the Omniscient exclaims:

"Snapdragon? What fool is talking of snapdragons? There are no snapdragons here."

"But what's that you're looking at?" I cried, pointing to the flower in the crannied wall.

"God-and-man," he groaned; "God-and-man! Will the awful thing never depart?"

He turned his eyes upon me and the utter vacancy of their look made me shudder. Then in a flash the secret of his trouble was revealed to me. "He's at the universal standpoint," I thought, "and sees nothing. It's the blindness of omniscience. The Oneness of the One has got hold of him."

"The Alchemy of Thought," from which the book takes its name, is the title of one of the essays, and it expresses what, next to the insufficiency of conceptualism, is the main thesis of the book. This thesis is stated as follows:

To interpret experience is to change it. . . . To suppose that any physical or psychical object remains passive under our effort to understand it, and is the same when understood that it was before, is as though one were to say that the bacon which a man eats for his breakfast is still bacon when it has been digested and used up in the nourishment of his brain. An interpretation is a kind of alchemy which, when applied to any object, transforms its character as a thing to be understood. . . . A fact to be understood bears the same relation to the fact not understood, both as to its sameness and difference, as the man bears to the boy.

Numerous illustrations of this peculiar form of transformation are given both in this essay and in the one entitled "Self-defeating Theories." Thus, "assuming Mill's explanation of the love of virtue to be true, my only chance of retaining that love is to remain in total ignorance of the explanation." Likewise, if prediction in human affairs is possible, the prediction must not be made, for knowledge of it might very well defeat its fulfilment. But this peculiar result of thinking is especially important in connection with the larger theories of metaphysics. For every attempt to express the nature of the universe makes the universe different, and hence no expression of it can ever be taken as final. This is no less true of pragmatism than of all its predecessors. No philosophy, not even the most fluent and "dynamic," can ever quite keep pace with the universe, which necessarily is always at least one step ahead of the philosopher.

Each new philosophy adds something to the universe, and is at the same time the product and expression of the universe which it expresses. In this sense the universe is the great philosopher, and the various philosophies are the self-revelations of the one reality. Nor should the contradictions between opposing systems be considered inconsistent with this view, for all these diverse philosophies are needed, if the richness of reality is to get expressed. In short, Professor Jacks is so thorough-going a pluralist that he has room even for monism as one of the many real aspects of his many-faced universe. *No* philosophy—not even pragmatism or pluralism—expresses all the truth.

In the narrower field of human nature, no less than in the broader metaphysical sphere, the principle of the Alchemy of Thought finds important applications. There can be no "Science of Man"—no really scientific psychology, anthropology, or ethics—both because man is essentially a living and willing being, while the terms of science must be static and fixed; and also because the very knowledge of such a scientific truth concerning him if once known by him would enable him to thwart it, and thus make the so-called "truth" no longer true. This fact, in our author's opinion, makes the modern attempts to "manipulate man"—the "moral education" of children, the management of "lower races," the attempted interference with Nature called "Eugenics"—as irrational as it is wicked:

That Man is an instrument to be employed by Man; that he is a thing to be made use of, exploited, turned to account, reformed, developed, compelled to serve a purpose, by beings who call themselves "we"; that "we" can raise him as though he were a bullock; that "we" can improve him as though he were a cart-horse; that "we" can breed him on Mendelian or other principles as though he were a Cochin-China fowl; that "we" can dictate his habits as though he were a hedge to be trimmed or a torrent to be confined—this, we repeat, is our deep-seated illusion.

Doubtless Prof. Jacks is right in saying that the manipulation of man has often been carried much too far. Yet something might still be said for the rational guidance of the race by the race. Reason is not altogether inferior to instinct and impulse, and we are to some extent our brothers' keepers. Nor is it altogether certain that even the conceptualistic logic is as black as it is sometimes painted. It may, in fact, be questioned whether Professor Jacks—or Bergson or James, for that matter—sufficiently distinguishes between a proper and an improper use of the concept. When properly employed, even by an "intellectualist," it need not oust reality nor pretend to "copy" it. One should regard it as merely an abstract, but useful shorthand expression. It simply stands for and points to reality, its only apology being its function. Why it cannot point to a "dynamic" as well as to a "static" reality has never been made sufficiently clear. To be sure, it is not the reality it points to, but it should hardly be condemned for not being what it never set out to be. Taken in a rational sense, it is a tool only, but an absolutely indispensable tool. So essential is it, in fact, that all its critics perforce have to make constant use of it. Professor Jacks is among the number. Hence one feels like asking him: If no statement in words can be strictly true of a "dynamic" universe, is *this* statement true? And it may strike the reader as somewhat anomalous that one should write a book of 350 pages on philosophy to prove that true philosophy is silent. In like manner, one feels a little uncertain how to take the author's philosophical position that no philosophical position is so true as to exclude its contradictory. Is this true of the author's position, as well as of the others?

If so—and here one becomes a trifle bewildered. At any rate, it begins to look as though Professor Jacks might have added one more notable example to his list of "Self-defeating Theories." The truth seems to be that the "conceptualistic logic" is a dangerous thing, considering how very dead it is, and that one should reckon with it before writing a book on philosophy.

A Soldier's Recollections. Leaves from the diary of a Young Confederate. By Randolph H. McKim. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

The venerable rector of the Church of the Epiphany in Washington, D. C., gives in this book an account of his service half a century ago in the Army of Northern Virginia. A serious-minded boy, in a beautiful home in Baltimore, his father a Union man, McKim went to the University of Virginia, already looking forward to the life of a clergyman. This, however, he postponed for nearer duties at the outbreak of the civil war. He took part in the action from Bull Run to Appomattox, at first in the ranks, then as a staff-officer in the Stonewall division, and ended as chaplain of Mumford's cavalry. He was not less in the stress of battle while an aide-de-camp than while in the ranks, and as chaplain was always on or near the firing line. The interest of the story culminates at Gettysburg, where he went as a participant with the force which, penetrating behind Culp's Hill, so nearly reached the Baltimore pike and the rear of Meade's army. He was a youth of high religious character, convinced of the justice of his cause, and sternly resolute. The record, though composed in age, is largely taken from the young man's diary and letters. What it may lack in grace and picturesqueness is amply made up by its straightforward honesty and force and by its spirit of warm humanity.

The book contains also an address given by Dr. McKim to Confederate veterans in 1904. Although we admire its general tone, especially its hearty acceptance of the result of the war, and its earnest loyalty to the now reconstituted Union, there are several points, maintained here and also in the body of the book, to which we demur. We shall not meddle with his argument for the right of secession; that would, indeed, be a threshing over of old straw. All now admit that the point in the Constitution was in doubt. Dr. McKim's statement, while plausible and good-tempered, is yet *ex parte*, not judicial; and we hope the English readers, whom, no doubt, he desires to reach, will remember that there is another side. Dr. McKim has no love for slavery, and argues that its extension into the territories would, by dissipating it, have contributed not to its spread, but to its extinction. We recall that Madison, in the time of the Louisiana purchase, foreseeing a vast emigration into the unfriendly trans-Mississippi country, feared detriment, if not destruction to the Anglo-Saxon masses from "the dilution of the population." The facts have not justified Madison's fear, nor do we think Dr. McKim's theory reasonable as to the probable effect of slavery extension. Again, our author, while asserting what no one will deny, that economic reasons and not conscientious scruples brought about the disappearance of slavery in the North, declares that economic reasons had little or nothing to do with the tenacity with which the South came to hold to it. The invention of the cotton-gin had small influence on the growth of cotton. The system of bondage was an inheritance impatiently suffered, rather than approved; and our author scouts the idea that the purpose of the South was to form a state, whose corner-stone should be slavery. He asserts that in 1832, Virginia was on the brink of abolishing slavery, and changed her mood solely because the Northern anti-slavery men, led by Garrison, showed such violence that in resentment Virginia became reactionary. Now, if these contentions are well-based, it is, indeed, an urgent matter that our history of that period should be rewritten. We have certainly been taught that economic causes worked powerfully in behalf of Southern slavery. In the far South, it was cotton raising; in Virginia, the tobacco crop and the breeding of slaves for far Southern markets were lucrative sources of revenue. Masses of the population were affected by these considerations, until slavery from being merely endured was cordially embraced. To be sure, a line of high-minded men can be traced, from Washington to R. E. Lee, whose repugnance led them to the length of manumission, but they in Southern society were not representative. So we have been taught, and such conceptions our author warmly disputes. Is he blindly partisan, or have our historians played us false?

Other contentions of Dr. McKim must be fully admitted. Slave-trading was long and shamefully rife in New England ports; during our first half-century, New England was repeatedly aflame with the spirit of secession, on grounds at bottom narrow-minded and discreditable. The sons in 1861, were, we think, wiser and more scrupulous than the fathers. We have reached better days. It is a thing to rejoice over that this able and stalwart Confederate now strongly asserts his patriotism, and is heartily loyal to an indissoluble Union. His insistence that the cause of the South was not lost, but that a vindication was achieved of the right and dignity of each constituent State within the Union, which was indispensable to the national well-being, is forcibly put, and all Americans will eagerly hope that our future course will prove this to be just.

Richard Henry Dana, jr.: Speeches in Stirring Times and Letters to a Son. Edited, with introductory sketch and notes, by Richard H. Dana, 3d. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

The speeches and papers here collected comprise, among others, Dana's speech in advocacy of an appointed judiciary, before the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention of 1853; his argument before the Massachusetts Legislature, in 1867, in favor of the repeal of the usury laws; addresses before the Free Soil meeting in Boston, in 1848, and the Free Soil convention at Buffalo in the same year; "The Great Gravitation Meeting," a parody on the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850; arguments in the fugitive slave cases of Shadrach and Burns; the "Grasp of War" speech on the reconstruction policy, delivered in Faneuil Hall in June, 1865; his great legal arguments in the Prize Cases and before the Halifax Fishery Commission; and the elaborate note on the Monroe Doctrine, originally contributed to Wheaton's "International Law." To this last paper the editor has added a continuation, bringing the account down to the present time. While these pieces, in no instance, are rare, they have not as a whole been readily available, and their republication in the present form is a welcome addition to the literature of American politics and constitutional law.

The course of Dana's public career has been so fully and well traced by Charles Francis Adams, in his two-volume biography, as to need no repetition; but Mr. Dana's introductory sketch adds a number of personal items, particularly significant as illustrations of Dana's intellectual habits, his interesting friendships, and his exacting ethical standards. We frankly think that the series of "Letters from a Father to a Son" jar somewhat with the remaining contents of the volume; but they are at least interesting in themselves, and are quite justifiably made public. The introductory notes to the several pieces are informing, and there is also a select bibliography of the most important of Dana's numerous writings.

"No doubt," says the editor at the close of his introductory sketch, "Mr Dana's life was, on the whole, a disappointment to him." One of the greatest of American jurists and publicists, he failed, to a singular degree, to reap the rewards of ability, industry, and high purpose. His partner and friend, Francis Edward Parker, well wrote of him as "buffeted . . . for more than twenty years, disappointed in every high ambition of his life, fail-

en on evil times and evil chances." It was his fate to champion, as a pioneer, unpopular causes which later, under other leaders, were to become respectable, and to oppose his party on grounds which, rejected at the time, have since come to appear sound and statesmanlike. After years of hard work at the bar, with an especially lucrative practice within his grasp, he sacrificed it to serve his State in the Legislature. His nomination as Minister to England, a post which he frankly coveted and richly deserved, was rejected by the Senate. Yet it was his service to add materially to the body of American jurisprudence, and to represent the United States with distinction in great causes; and if, with all his great powers, he found no place exactly worthy of them, it was because the times, rather than he, were out of joint. Happily for his memory, he kept himself from melancholy, though not, we think, as his son puts it, from sadness; he cherished no grievances, and continued with good humor and courage to the end.

A False Equation: The Problem of the Great Trust. By Melville M. Bigelow. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

The Great Trust is the fundamental duty imposed by the sovereign people upon the State of establishing and maintaining Equality (the capitals are Dean Bigelow's) before the law, in the general sense of providing, so far as possible, that all citizens shall have equal opportunity in the pursuits and enjoyment of life. The state, it is contended, has been remiss in keeping the trust; privilege or monopoly has become unduly established, and there has been a disintegration of the bonds of authority. In the first half of his book, which discusses the weakness of the state, Dean Bigelow gives us a jeremiad; in the last half he suggests a remedy, not, however, in terms that are wholly convincing.

On the whole, this book is not cheerful reading. It is true that the evils complained of exist. And it is true that if we were quite another people than we are their elimination would be a measurably easy task. But there's the rub. The American temperament, though Dean Bigelow does not employ that catch-phrase, is a big problem. To many minds nothing short of the means which he suggests as a remedy will seem adequate. If, he declares, there is to be "government of the people, by the people, for the people," the state must be greater than all the forces that oppose it. "It will not be enough to pass statutes and decide disputes; there must be power behind these to enforce the will of the state. There must be men competent both to direct and to execute that will." That we have not such men implies defective education. Apparently, what is needed is an organized education that shall take cognizance of the fact that the "gray layer of our brains is actually plastic and capable of being fashioned," and that shall so fashion it as to recover for us the breed of noble bloods in affairs of state. That is an end we must all desire, but we are not sure from anything Dean Bigelow tells us that it is in a fair way of being brought about. We are, we suspect, an obstinate people where our gray matter is concerned.

Notes

In the spring announcements of the Scribners are found: a new edition of "England and the English from an American Point of View," reissued with Price Collier's new book, "The West in the East from an American Point of View"; Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's "Jane Oglander," a novel of English country life: "The Revolutionary War and the Military Policy of the United States," by Gen. Francis Vinton Greene; "The Agonists: A Trilogy of God and Man," by Maurice Hewlett; R. L. Stevenson's "Lay Morals and Other Papers"; "Isabella of Milan," by Christopher Hare; "The High Roads of the Alps," by Charles L. Freeston; "Finland To-day," by George Renwick; "Florence, Past and Present," by the Rev. J. Wood Brown; "Java and Sumatra, and the Other Islands of the Dutch East Indies," by A. Cabaton, translated by Bernard Miall; "The Price," by Francis Lynde; "Mr. Wycherly's Wards," by L. Allen Harker, and "Esther Damon," by Cora Older.

To their series of Latin-American Republics, L. C. Page & Co. are adding "Argentina and Her People of Today," by Nevin O. Winter.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. announces: "Mark Twain," by Archibald Henderson; "Eastern Asia: A History," by Ian C. Hannah; "London Clubs," by Ralph Nevill, and "Alpine Flowers and Rock Gardens," by Walter P. Wright.

"The Kipling Index" has been compiled by Eugene F. Saxton and is issued gratuitously by Doubleday, Page & Co.; it may be procured by any one who sends to the publishers five cents in stamps to cover postage.

The series of animal biographies, published by George W. Jacobs Co., is to be augmented this year by Clarence Hawkes's "King of the Thundering Herd"—the story of the American bison. This house also announces "Quaker Ben," by Dr. Henry C. McCook.

Monroe Royce is publishing through Thomas Whittaker "The Passing of the American," which tries to show that the native American is being outstripped by the alien.

A second postbumous volume of O. Henry's stories, entitled "Sixes and Sevens," is promised by Doubleday, Page & Co. in the autumn.

Toward the end of April D. Appleton & Co. will put forth "The Training of Children in Religion," by the Rev. George Hodges; "The Social Direction of Human Evolution," by Prof. William E. Kellicott; "Educational Problems," by G. Stanley Hall, and "Which is My Husband?" a translation from the French of Jules Claretie, by Mary J Safford.

Messrs. Longman are bringing out "Some Problems in Philosophy: Being an Uncompleted Introduction to Philosophy," by the late William James, and "Napoleon I: a Biography," which is a translation into two volumes, by Annie Elizabeth Adams, of Prof. August Fournier's work, published in Vienna, 1905-7.

In the series of Philosophies, Ancient and Modern, Constable is issuing "Pragmatism" and "William James."

The same house has in preparation a series of illustrated Biographies, Ancient and Modern, selected to illustrate the spheres of modern literature, science, and politics. In the literary series are announced: Sainte-Beuve, Samuel Butler, Lafcadio Hearn, Tolstoy, and Lecky.

"Lollardy and the Reformation in England," from the death of Henry VIII through the reign of Edward VI, by James Gairdner, is a title in Macmillan's spring list, which also includes Owen Wister's new novel, "Members of the Family," a tale of Western life.

In "Religions and Philosophies of the East," issued this week by John Lane Company, J. M. Kennedy aims to give a concise history in a single volume.

Spring books of Sherman, French & Co. include: "The American Philosophy Pragmatism," wherein A. v. C. F. Huizinga attempts to show that Ritschlian theology is the temper which pragmatism voices; "The Volitional Element in Knowledge and Belief," by Prof. Delo C. Grover; "The Future Citizen," by F. W. Myers.

On April 15 Henry Holt & Co. bring out Miss R. Macaulay's Welsh novel, "The Valley Captives"; H. Stuart Jones's "Classical Rome," an historical guide, and Frederick Bliss Luquien's "Three Lays of Marie de France, Retold in English Verse."

The fourth and revised edition of Brehm's "Tierleben," in thirteen volumes is announced by Lemcke & Buechner. The same firm, as agent for the Columbia University Press, has in hand: "Power," by Prof. C. E. Lucke; "Business of Congress," by S. W. McCall; "Problem of World Organization as Affected by the Nature of the Modern State," by D. J. Hill; "Symbolism of Voltaire's Novels," by W. R. Price; "The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Fiction," by S. L. Wolff; "The Rise of the Novel of Manners," by Charlotte E. Morgan; "John Dennis, the Critic," by H. G. Paul; "The Political Prophecy in England," by Rupert Taylor, and "The Poems of King James I of England," by Allen F. Westcott.

Desmond Fitz Gerald's announcements of new fiction include: "Thurley Ruxton," by Philip Verrill Mighels, and "The Infinite Capacity," by Cosmo Hamilton.

The spring list of Forbes & Co. of Chicago includes: "Americans All," by John Merritte Driver; "Buttered Toasts," by Fred Emerson Brooks.

The University of Chicago Press has in preparation: "The Elementary Course in English," by James Fleming Hosic; "The Theology of Schleiermacher," by George Cross, and "The Hebrew Prophets, or Patriots and Leaders of Israel," a text-book for pupils of high-school age, by Georgia L. Chamberlin.

The Putnams have in train: "Down Our Street," by Mrs. J. E. Buckrose; "William the Silent," a biography by Ruth Putnam; "More Than Kin," by Patricia Wentworth; "Log of the North Shore Club," by Kirkland B. Alexander, and "Aspects of Religious Belief and Practice in Babylonia and Assyria," by Morris Jastrow.

On behalf of the Cambridge University Press, the same house announces: "Roman Stoicism," by E. Vernon Arnold; "About Edwin Drood," by H. J.; "The Theory of Toleration under the Later Stuarts," by A. A. Seaton; "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge," by Montague Rhodes James; "An Easy Selection from Cicero's Correspondence," edited by J. D. Duff; "The Hexaplar Psalter—Being the Book of Psalms in Six English Versions," edited by William Aldis Wright; "Gilbert Crispin, Abbot of Westminster," by J. Armitage Robinson, D.D.; "The Revelation of St. John the Divine," edited by G. H. S. Walpole, Bishop of Edinburgh; "The First Book of Samuel" and "The Second Book of Samuel," both edited by A. F. Kirkpatrick, D.D.; "Judges," edited by John Sutherland Black, and "Ruth," edited by A. W. Streane.

Little, Brown & Co. have in their list: "The Land Claimers," by John Fleming Wilson; "The Moving Finger," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "To Love and to Cherish," by Eliza Calvert Hall; "The Path of Glory," by Paul Leland Haworth; "The Spirit of the Island," by Joseph Horner Coates; "Buddie: The Story of a Boy," by Anna Chapin Ray; "The Captain of the S. I. G's," by Etta Anthony Baker; "Ancient, Curious, and Famous Wills," by Virgil M. Harris; "Practical Salesmanship," by Nathaniel C. Fowler, jr., and "Brain Power for Business Men," by Annie Payson Call.

"Classical Rome," by H. Stuart Jones, a new volume in Grant Allen's Historical Guides series, will be issued at once by Henry Holt & Co.

"The Peace Problem," by Frederick Lynch, is in the list of the Revell Co.

The University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge announce two new editions of the Revised Version, in which for the first time the text is divided into verses as in the 1611 Bible. Hitherto, the Revised Version has only been obtainable divided into paragraphs. One of the new editions, containing central column references, will be published on May 17, the thirtieth anniversary of the appearance of the Revised New Testament, when 1,000,000 copies were sold in the course of the day; and the other edition, text only, will be ready a few weeks later.

The University Presses have also ready for publication a cheap edition of "The Interlinear Bible," which combines the Authorized and the Revised Versions. Where the versions vary the passages are printed in smaller type, so arranged that the reader following continuously the upper line has the text of the Revised Version, or following the lower line the Authorized Version; and yet sees at a glance the difference.

The following books will appear April 15 from the press of Houghton Mifflin Company: "People of Popham," by Mary C. E. Wemyss; "France in the American Revolution," by James Breck Perkins; "The Ideal Italian Tour," by Henry James Forman; and "A Year in a Coal Mine," by Joseph Husband

The Royal Society of Literature has arranged, according to the London *Athenæum*, for a strong Academic Committee, which now consists of thirty-three persons, including Joseph Conrad, Maurice Hewlett, and Henry James, and which "is to take all possible measures to maintain a good standard of English" by recognizing even unpopular work if it is of genuine literary merit.

Messrs. Luzac have in hand Prof. Hermann Gollancz's "Hebrew Glosses and Notes by Marco Luzzatto," which discusses Menasseh ben Israel's attempt to reconcile conflicting texts of Scripture.

Holders of letters from the late Henry Charles Lea will confer a favor by sending the originals or copies to Arthur H. Lea, No. 2004 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, who is preparing a biography of the historian.

The centenary edition of Dickens (imported by Scribners) is increased by six new volumes, including "Hard Times," "The Old Curiosity Shop" (2 vols.), 'Barnaby Rudge" (2 vols.), and "Christmas Books." We have already called attention to the make-up of this publication and its unusual excellence for the price (one dollar the volume). It will be completed in thirty-six volumes.

We have to record the appearance of two more volumes in Harpers' Thin-Paper edition of Thomas Hardy: "Life's Little Ironies" and "The Well-Beloved." As both the collection of stories and the novel are comparatively short, these two volumes have the advantage at once of slenderness and comfortably substantial paper.

"Hood's Texas Brigade" (Neale Publishing Co.), by J. B. Polley, is frankly based upon personal narratives and reminiscences, and shows few traces of the use of the official records of the civil war, Confederate or Federal. Fortunately, however, the author, himself a member of the organization, tells his story in a straightforward fashion, with little bias, and with no more reference to the general operations of the Confederate armies than is necessary to make clear the movements of the brigade. A number of contemporary portraits are reproduced, and there is a muster roll of the brigade; but an index, well-nigh indispensable in a book of this character, is lacking.

No life of Nietzsche can ever take the place of that from the pen of his sister, Frau Förster-Nietzsche; although that work, it must be admitted, is inordinately long, and a little too sugared-o'er with sisterly affection. For those who desire something shorter than this, yet more detailed than the sketches hitherto printed in English, we can recommend heartily "The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche," translated from the French of Daniel Halévy by J. M. Hone, and published by the Macmillan Co. It is sympathetic, but does not blink the disagreeable aspects of Nietzsche's character and career. The account of the friendship and rupture with Wagner is particularly clear and just. As an interpretation of Nietzsche's philosophy the book needs to be supplemented by the treatise of Mr. Mencken or Mr. Kennedy, although neither of these expositions is, in the judgment of the present reviewer, entirely adequate. Hitherto the books written in English about Nietzsche—and their number is increasing with surprising rapidity—have been the work of partisans, and we have yet to read an exposition of his theories of the Superman and of conduct "beyond good and evil" which, without falling into diatribes of abuse, shall give them their true place in the history of philosophy. The Introduction of T. M. Kettle, M. P., to the present biography is well enough, but does not pretend to go deeply into philosophical questions. The translation, by J. M. Hone, is good.

The ninth volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) includes titles from Petri to Reuchlin. The work is much fuller than its German precursor in biographical articles, and contains a large amount of new and valuable material on minor topics in ecclesiastical history. The treatment of religious denominations and sects is especially full, with many facts and statistics difficult to find elsewhere in such concise and convenient form, *e. g.*, in the exhaustive article on the numerous branches of Presbyterians. Other denominational articles in the present volume are "Protestant Episcopalians," including a sympathetic sketch of the Cowley Fathers by Bishop Hall of Vermont; "Plymouth Brethren," "Reformed Episcopalians," and "Dutch Reformed Church." One of the longest articles is on "The History of Preaching," by the Rev. Dr. Edwin C. Dargan of Georgia, author of an elaborate treatise on the same subject published a few years ago. The joint article on "Puritans and Puritanism," by the Rev. John Browne of England and the Rev. Morton Dexter of Boston, is well written. Other noteworthy subjects are "Pietism," "Pope, Papacy, Papal System," including a chronological list of the Popes; "Protestantism," and "Rationalism and Supernaturalism," the latter by Prof. Charles A. Beckwith, departmental editor in systematic theology. In general this encyclopædia attempts to furnish accurate and recent information, embodying the results of the latest research, but does not undertake to supply monographs which present new theories or add to the sum of existing knowledge.

It has lately been so much the fashion to scrutinize eighteenth-century literature for signs of revolt against neo-classicism, writes Dr. Herbert E. Cory ("Spenser, Thomson, and Romanticism," Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, XIX, 1), that some critic of the future may gain novel distinction by proving that a school of Pope once actually existed. A revival of interest in Spenser has, in particular, been held an important factor in the development of nascent romanticism. But, Dr. Cory points out, the Augustans imitated Spenser as they did any accepted classic; self-consciously and somewhat mechanically, no doubt, but in a spirit neither of indifference nor of mockery. His sweetness, simplicity, and copiousness of fancy they recognized, but they had no difficulty in reconciling these with their classical models; and, indeed, one great aspect of his genius, now neglected, they were peculiarly fitted to appreciate—his didacticism. It was long before these neo-classic imitations showed any persistent spark of romanticism, anything which suggests the romantic reincarnation of the spirit of Spenser to be found at times in Keats.

Much, indeed, that is good in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" is neo-classical—its gentle satire and its moral allegory. What Thomson adds, that is neither neo-classic nor Spenserian, is a spirit of "delighted doubt." It is not often that one encounters criticism of this sort, at once so acute and so broadly founded on the facts.

Dr. Arthur Drews presents in "The Christ Myth" (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.) a study of Christian origins from the point of view of an idealistic monist. Relying mainly on W. B. Smith's "Der vorchristliche Jesus," he contends that there existed in secret pre-Christian Jewish circles a cult in which Jewish messianic speculations were blended with the widespread heathen myth of a suffering, dying, and rising god, and that the god of this cult was Jesus, a sun-god probably, like Joshua and Jason. Indeed, a papyrus, evidently of the fourth century of our era, explicitly says: "I adjure thee by Jesus, the god of the Hebrews." When Saul of Tarsus, who was at first offended at this blasphemous fusion of Jewish hope and heathen myth, began to catch the significance of the central idea of the Jesus-cult, the idea, namely, of a self-sacrificing god who becomes man, and as an expiatory representative of the people unites man with god; and when in the power of this idea his own longing for redemption was satisfied; then Christianity came into being. The Christ of Paul in so far as he is man is simply the human race considered as a person. The incarnation, death, and resurrection of Jesus represent not an actual but an eternal story in time. Hence to search after evidence in Paul, that is, Van Manen's Paul, of an historical Jesus is to betray a complete misunderstanding of the real founder of Christianity. To be sure, there are a few passages which seem to point to an actual Jesus, but such passages are either wrongly interpreted or are obvious interpolations.

In fact, not even the Synoptic Gospels or their two main sources, Mark and Q, compel the assumption of an historical Jesus. As for Mark, Wrede has shown how unreliable it is as a source for the life of Jesus; and Schweitzer has rightly insisted that the figure of Jesus depicted by German liberal critics is pure fiction. Mark's narrative gets to be intelligible only when it is recognized that it reflects the constant traits of the god-redeemer myth. As for Q, even Kähler admits that we possess no single authentic word of Jesus. In fine, "the life of Jesus, as portrayed by the Synoptics, merely brings to an expression in historical garb the metaphysical ideas, religious hopes, the outer and inner experiences of the community which had Jesus for its cult-god" (p. 264). Such, briefly, is the line of argument of the book, which is creating a stir in German theological circles. There are some who have become convinced that Jesus never lived, just as there are some who believe that Queen Elizabeth was a man. But such great faith is not yet for all. The English translation is made from the third German edition, and fairly reproduces the original. The publishers would render an even greater service if they would undertake an English translation of the less popular but more important work of the Tulane professor already alluded to, "The pre-Christian Jesus."

Much of value is to be found in a recent volume entitled "State Socialism in New Zealand" (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.). The book is the work of two collaborators, Prof. J. E. Le Rossignol of the University of Denver and Mr. W. D. Stewart, a barrister-at-law in Dunedin, New Zealand, the result of whose collaboration is very happy. In the opening chapter the fact is brought out that the notable differences in regard to governmental functions between the New Zealander on the one hand and the Anglo-Saxon of the United States or Canada on the other must be due to environment, rather than to differences in character. The beginnings of state enterprise were closely connected with governmental ownership of land and building of railways. The chapter on Roads and Railways corrects a common misconception held in America as to the nature of railway travel in New Zealand. It tells us that "on most of the branch lines the service is infrequent, seldom exceeding one train a day each way," and that the speed of the trains is much less than in the United States; express trains are said to travel from seventeen to twenty-five miles an hour. Passenger fares about equal, and freight charges considerably exceed, the corresponding rates in the United States. Nevertheless, railway service is being rapidly improved, and transportation charges are steadily being reduced, in conformity with the theory that all revenues in excess of necessary expenses should be returned to the general public. The government of New Zealand furthermore operates life, fire, and accident insurance offices as a distinct state department. Here, too, there is no intention of making profits, and the state offices are taxed and otherwise treated like an ordinary company. The volume takes up such other topics as the land and income tax, old-age pensions, the arbitration act, wages, and cost of living.

In her latest work, "The New New Guinea" (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.), Miss Beatrice Grimshaw has two ends in view. One is to show how the Territory of Papua, for this is now its official title, is being transformed since it came under the control of the Australian government a few years ago. To describe its wonderful undeveloped natural wealth in such a way as to attract the white planter is the other. The necessary information she gained in a year and a half spent in this country, during which she "travelled into every part attainable without an exploring expedition," at times with the Lieutenant-Governor on his official tours. Her account of these trips and of the tactful and peaceable way in which friendly relations are being established with hostile natives is interesting and encouraging. It seems not unlikely that before long cannibalism with them will be a custom of the past. In some places they are beginning to show an intelligent interest in agriculture, and to aid in this there are four government plant nurseries where seeds and cuttings of all plants suitable for cultivation can be obtained. Many are efficient laborers on the plantations of white settlers, who have come since the advent of the Australian government. What a promising field Papua is to the European with means, the authoress clearly shows. The soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to the raising of sugar, cotton, coffee, copra, and rubber, while in some districts four crops of maize in a year can be grown. The vast forests contain woods of great value and variety, and the country is "exceedingly rich in valuable minerals." Among her many interesting experiences the most unusual was what she terms her "diving début" at the Thursday Island pearling grounds. She says:

It is a strange sensation, this "walking alone in the depths of the sea," and one that I think no one could describe adequately. To get away from the laws of gravity as you have known them all your life is in itself a somewhat disorganizing experience. And the laws of gravity do not act at the bottom of the seas as they do on land. . . . Fish swim past you green and gray in the green water. You realize with something of a shock that they are not afraid of you. On the deck of the sloop, the mere shadow of your hand would send them flying as they glide past the ship's counter, but here in the depths of the sea they fin their slow way up to the very windows of your helmet, and look in at you with their cold, glassy eyes, unafraid.

Regarding the book as a whole most, if not all, of its readers will agree that it shows convincingly that "the pluck, determination, and strength" of the Australians have changed a useless tract of savage country into a "habitable, peaceful, and flourishing colony." There are forty-nine reproductions of photographs, a map, but no index.

The death is reported, in his seventieth year, of John Charles Freeman, since 1879 professor of English literature in the University of Wisconsin. He was United States consul at Copenhagen in 1900, and the following year United States chargé d'affaires. He edited Xenophon's "Memorabilia" and the "Dialogues" of Lucian, and wrote a "History of American Literature."

Charles Frederic Moberly Bell, who died suddenly last week, had been managing director of the London *Times* since 1908. He was born in 1847, was the *Times* correspondent in Egypt from 1865 to 1890, and wrote three thoughtful books: "Khedives and Pashas," "Egyptian Finance," and "From Pharaoh to Fellah."

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Mair, whose death is announced from Edinburgh, was the author of "Studies on the Christian Evidences."

Science

Biology, General and Medical. By Joseph McFarland, M.D. With 160 illustrations, including five plates. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $1.75 net.

The pioneer "Elementary Biology" of Huxley and Martin was mainly a guide to the examination of selected animals and plants. The recent "Biology" of Needham combines that feature with a simple and progressive presentation of the main facts and principles relating to organisms. The present work contains only incidental suggestions as to personal observation by the student; in his own words:

It has been the purpose of the author to acquaint his readers with the peculiar na-

ture and interesting reactions of "living substance"; to help him [them?] to trace it to its probable (though unknown), beginnings and follow it through its multifarious differentiations to its highest complexity. . . . All of the subjects treated are of interest and importance to students of medicine and physicians.

Following are the chapter titles:

The cosmical relations of living matter. The origin of life. The criteria of life. The manifestations of life. The cell. Cell division. The higher organisms. Reproduction. Ontogenesis. Conformity to type. Divergence. Structural relationship. Blood relationship. Parasitism. Infection and immunity. Mutilation and regeneration. Grafting. Senescence, decadence, and death.

All these topics are important, and interesting either *per se* or because of their significance. The author treats them modestly, judicially, and with varying degrees of fulness and accuracy. Especially commendable is the chapter on Infection and Immunity, a subject embraced within one of the author's other two works, "Pathogenic Bacteria," of which the Saunders Company has issued the sixth edition. But author and publisher should have realized that such a variety of difficult topics could not possibly be presented adequately in one small volume or accurately by one individual. The author acknowledges valuable suggestions and criticisms from a friend and colleague. But with so comprehensive a treatise the manuscript or proof, as a whole or in part, should have been submitted to at least ten specialists in their respective branches. Among them the author would have been warned against the declaration (p. 218) that "every embryo . . . has at every stage peculiarities which distinguish it from every other genus and species"; he would have been told that "homologues" on p. 109 should be analogues; that the process called "plant respiration" on p. 89 is really photosynthesis; and that the statement on p. 103 as to the relative numbers of chromosomes in the somatic and the germinal cells is the reverse of the fact.

There are numerous errors as to both common and technical words. The index lacks at least a score of entries. There should be a full glossary of the comparatively unfamiliar terms with which some pages almost bristle.

The plates are excellent, and many of the figures in the text are well-chosen and clear; others are on too small a scale or insufficiently explained. The following case exemplifies the lack of due provision for the needs of students and lay readers. On p. 124 is a good figure of the "nettling cells" of *Hydra*. There is no reference to fig. 41 where the entire animal is represented for the sake of orientation; neither is there reference to p. 126 for an account of the process of "exploding" the cell. Opposite p. 126 is represented a motor nerve-cell; the figure lacks clearness, has no relation to the adjacent text, and is not referred to fig. 57, the more comprehensive scheme of nervous action, which itself is nowhere adequately elucidated.

At the close of each chapter are named from two to sixteen publications on related topics; among the seven for the chapter on Infection and Immunity two by the author are presumably compilations, like the present work; yet the original researches of V. A. Moore and Theobald Smith are nowhere mentioned. With a volume intended for general readers as well as for medical students, the sixteen advertising pages might have been devoted to more appropriate titles. These pages, by the way, are of better paper than the book itself, which, as a whole, hardly supports the claim of the publishers to "set a standard for mechanical perfection and scientific superiority."

In Frederick A. Stokes Co.'s list of science books we note "The House-Fly—Disease Carrier," by Leland O. Howard.

Lemcke & Buechner, acting as agents for the Columbia University Press, will bring out Prof. H. E. Crampton's "Doctrine of Evolution."

"Psychic Phenomena, Science and Immortality," by Henry Frank, and "Man's To-morrow," a treatise on immortality by William W. Kinsley, are soon to be issued by Sherman, French & Co.

Forbes & Co.'s list includes: "Truths—Talks with a Boy Concerning Himself," and "Confidences—Talks with a Young Girl Concerning Herself," both by Dr. E. B. Lowry.

In Longman's list of announcements we note: "New Ideas on Inorganic Chemistry," by Prof. A. Werner, translated by Dr. E. P. Hedley; "The Chemistry of Synthetic Drugs," by Percy May, and Lord Avebury's book "On Marriage, Totemism, and Religion: A Reply to Critics."

The division of the population of the different countries of the world according to sex is shown in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for January and February. It seems that there are trustworthy census returns for 61 per cent. of the total population of the earth, and that women are in a minority in this thousand million by 4,600,000. Taking the continents as a whole, Europe has 5,600,000 more women than men, while Asia has 8,000,000 and America 2,400,000 less. In ten States, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, as also in the District of Columbia, women are in the majority.

The United States Department of Agriculture has recently issued a bulletin (Farmers' Bulletin No. 433) describing the cultivation of cabbages from the points of view, respectively, of the home gardener, the market gardener, and the truck farmer.

Capt. James Evelyn Pilcher, U. S. A., retired, who died in Savannah on Saturday, at the age of fifty-four, had occupied the chair of military surgery in the Ohio Medical University, Starling Medical College, and in Creighton Medical College; he was at one time professor of sociology and political economy in Dickinson College, and professor of military jurisprudence at Dickinson Law School. He was the author of "First Aid in Illness and Injury," "Life and Labors of Elijah Holmes Pilcher," "Columbus Book of the Military Surgeons," "The Arms and Seals of the State of Pennsylvania," and "The Surgeon Generals of the Army."

Drama

Sardou's "La Perle noire," edited with notes and vocabulary by Dr. Kennetb McKenzie, and Jeanne Charbonniéras's "Un Bal manqué" are soon to appear from William R. Jenkins's press.

Badger announces for immediate publication abridged translations of "The Creditor," by Strindberg, and "A Man of the World," by Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach.

Walter S. Hinchman has written "William of Normandy" (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.), in the form of a chronicle play, and an interesting story he has made of it. For stage purposes, even if presented in the Elizabethan fashion—the only possible way—it would probably prove unsuitable, because of the preponderance of dialogue over action, and the lack of progressive dramatic suspense. To cut the dialogue would result in depriving the piece of its chief significance and value. It is written in smooth and forcible blank verse, of distinctly poetic quality, though without pretence of inspiration or any indulgence in rhapsody. There is scarcely a line in it that is not pertinent to the personage or the occasion. Imagination, which it does not lack, is not allowed to interfere with the known facts. The spirit and conditions of the time (1071-1087) are reflected with scholarship and sufficient accuracy. There are, necessarily, but unfortunately, long gaps in the historical story—years are supposed to elapse between the acts, the tale opening with the event that led to the sack of Ely and jumping to the fatal close at Rouen. The merit of the work lies, not in the perfection of the chronicle, but in the portrayal of the characters concerned in it. This is consistent and vital. The masterful figure of William, if somewhat over-gilded with human virtues which do not rightfully belong to him, is vigorously and, in the main, truthfully depicted, and his relations, paternal and political, with his fiery and irresponsible heir, Robert, are vividly and effectively sketched. Robert himself is an admirable study of aspiring, reckless, passionate, but essentially gallant and generous youth. Matilda is a noble and tender woman, while the character of the crafty warrior-priest, Otho, is drawn with a skill that carries with it the conviction of veracity. Many of the minor characters of the drama—Anselm, Lanfranc, Shrewsbury, Warwick, and other barons—are drawn with notable realism and consistency. In short, this is an excellent piece of work, which will bring to any intelligent reader both pleasure and profit. But before the footlights—should it ever get there—it would probably be doomed to

failure, by the lack of competent players to act or speak it, if for no other reason.

Grace George opens William A. Brady's theatre in Forty-eighth Street, "The Playhouse," this Saturday, with two performances of "Sauce for the Goose," the new comedy, written for her by Geraldine Bonner and Hutcheson Boyd. She will then resume her tour. In the autumn she will head the stock company which is to present a series of plays, old and new, in this latest addition to New York's places of dramatic entertainment. In "Sauce for the Goose" Miss George will play the part of a young wife whose abilities have been underestimated by her literary husband, who neglects her for another woman. In the conflict of wit and intrigue which follows she proves herself much more than his match, and, in the end, he is only too glad to be permitted to return to his allegiance. The dramatic scheme is an old one, which has done good service in the past, and may be put to still better use in the future. Mr. Brady's plans for the house next season seem to be of an ambitious character. He proposes to follow the policy originally outlined by the New Theatre, and to organize a first-class company for the presentation of all that is best in the old and contemporaneous drama. Among the modern authors to be interpreted he mentions Ibsen, Shaw, Sudermann, Rostand, Broadhurst, Edward Sheldon, Thompson Buchanan, Margaret Mayo, and others, while he promises revivals of Shakespearean and other classical plays. It is a fair programme; but possibly he, too, may discover that these things are more easily said than done. Good plays are plentiful, good performances exceedingly rare. His stock company would inspire greater confidence if he did not purpose to have a star at the head of it.

The London critics are not all of one mind as to the quality of "Lady Patricia," the comedy by Rudolf Besier, which has just been produced in the Haymarket Theatre. The plot of it, evidently, is a flimsy artificial thing. A scientific husband of ripe age has a lovely romantic wife, who grows somewhat weary of his virtues and so enters upon a platonic flirtation with an agreeable youth. Presently the husband, feeling himself neglected, seeks consolation (also purely platonic) in the society of a young girl, daughter of a Dean. The youth and the girl actually are in love with each other, but are flattered by the attentions of their mature admirers. Through the maladroitness of an old servant, comic complications arise, and are disentangled in due course, and all ends well. One critic says: "Playgoers of robust appetites will say it is all *hors d'œuvre*, or more sauce than fish. That cannot be gainsaid. Mr. Besier in avoiding the heavy has not perhaps guarded against the opposite pitfall of the flimsy." Another and more enthusiastic observer writes: "'Lady Patricia' will live. Here is the 'literary drama' to a certainty. It is not merely literary drama, it is literary farce. Much better, it is a delightful play and an hilarious entertainment."

When Pinero's comedy, "Preserving Mr. Panmure," has run its course at the London Comedy Theatre, it will be succeeded by a version of Ferenc Molnár's "The Lifeguardsman," which has been written by Capt. Basil Hood, who has anglicized the piece very thoroughly. Indeed, according to report he has retained little of it except the skeleton. There are only half a dozen characters of any importance, and one of these does not figure upon the programme. Robert Loraine, Alexander Carlisle, and Mrs. Charles Calvert are among the principal performers.

Henry Ainley is to play the part of Gaybor Arany in "The Concert"—the character enacted here by Leo Ditrichstein—when the piece is produced in London.

Robert Arthur is to establish a stock company in the London Coronet Theatre, for the presentation of old and new plays, but will engage special stars, a policy which is utterly subversive of the true stock-company idea. He will begin, on the 24th instant, with a series of Shakespearean revivals, in which Alice Crawford will be seen as Rosalind, Beatrice, Viola, and Katharine. After this, he proposes to present some new dramatizations of Dickens, including versions of "Dombey and Son," "Bleak House," "David Copperfield," and "Great Expectations."

Alvah S. Lipman, an actor, who died last week in his fifty-seventh year, had been connected with the stage since early youth. He made his first success in "Editha's Burglar"; he played the title rôle in "Jim Bludso" and was a member of the companies of Eleanor Robson, Mary Mannering, and May Irwin. He wrote several plays in collaboration with Florence Gerald, one of which, "The Sunset Limited," was recently produced at the Broadway Theatre.

Music

Some Forerunners of Italian Opera. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Henry Holt & Co., $1.25 net.

Many Americans will undoubtedly visit Rome this year and there hear some of the historic operatic performances covering the time "from the madrigal compositions and comic intermezzi of the cinquecento to the intensely dramatic lyric creations of the contemporary period," as the official prospectus has it. These exposition visitors, if seriously minded, will do well, in packing their trunks, to include, besides their Baedeker, a copy of Mr. Henderson's new volume, which is a short study of the lyric drama in Italy prior to the birth of opera as shaped by the Florentine reformers toward the end of the sixteenth century. It begins with the assertion that "the modern entertainment called opera is a child of the Roman Catholic Church," and the first two chapters are devoted to tracing the liturgical ancestry in the processions and ceremonies, the costumes, and the delineation of episodes of religious history, such as the strange fête of the ass at which priests and congregation heehawed as realistically as they could. This festival dates from the eleventh century, and open-air performances of religious dramas, with music and dancing, took place in the twelfth, if not sooner.

The bulk of the volume—seven chapters of 111 pages—is devoted to a study of the character and performance of the first Italian secular drama, the "Orfeo" of Poliziano; this study, the author declares, is the result of some years of labor. He believes that what he has to offer on this topic will be found to possess historical value; and such it doubtless has. While some of the conclusions reached are conjectural, much ingenuity is displayed in disentangling the actual facts from misleading and conflicting evidence, and the bibliographic footnotes show that the writer has studied his subject exhaustively. Mantua was the birthplace of the secular drama with music; of Mantua's intellectual atmosphere, its activity and importance as a literary and musical centre, the author gives a vivid picture, after stating the reasons why there was no drama in the Middle Ages till the church began to revive it in liturgies and sacred representations. It is not without significance that the legend of Orpheus, chosen by Poliziano, subsequently also inspired the originators of real Italian opera, Peri and Caccini, and the epoch-making Monteverdi and Gluck to write operas of historic importance; Gluck's is the oldest of all operas that have remained in the modern repertory.

While Poliziano's "Orfeo" was musically as different in character from the opera as from the liturgical drama, Mr. Henderson tries to show that none the less it contained some of the germs of the modern opera. It had its solo, its chorus, and its ballet. The story itself made "an ideal opera book," and the points at which the music must have been heard are clearly indicated by the text. Unfortunately, all record of the music itself appears to be lost. By the use of what might be called circumstantial evidence, the author proceeds to guess what sort of music it was, with an ingenuity which finally makes him pause, lest reconstructive ardor should carry him too far. But the search for the probable style of the music in this play, casts instructive sidelights on many points in the musical practice of the period. The scenic and lighting problem are also discussed, and the final chapters are devoted to disquisitions on the frottola and madrigal dramas, the influence of the Netherlands on musical Italy, the growth of the comic element resulting in opera buffa, and the birth of real Italian opera, which came about through a revolt against florid singing quite as much as through a reaction against polyphonic complexity.

Madame Adelina Patti (Baroness Cederström) has generously offered to give a concert, on June 1, at the Royal Albert Hall, for the benefit of her old friend, Wilhelm Ganz, who since last December has been unfortunately kept by an accident from all

work. Patti was born sixty-eight years ago.

Massenet's "Don Quixote" has proved a great success in Paris. When he was asked the other day which was his favorite opera, he replied that he thought it was "Thérèse," which will soon be produced in Paris. It was written before "Don Quixote." His latest work, "Rome Vaincue," is to have its first hearing at Monte Carlo. Massenet is in his sixty-ninth year. When asked whether he now intended to rest, he answered: "Never! I am already at work on the opera to follow 'Rome Vaincue.'"

In a Berlin lecture on Strauss's new opera, "Der Rosenkavalier" Dr. Max Burkhardt declared that neither the composer nor the librettist had succeeded so far as the humorous element was concerned. He said Strauss had fallen short of real spontaneous humor, in spite of brilliant coloring and orchestration and in spite of some excellent musical jokes. Burkhardt further stated that even the waltzes, so brilliant during the first few numbers, soon grew dull, and proved that Strauss, after all, could not write a real waltz; that Strauss lacked the flow of melody which had made the classic comic operas immortal.

Théodore Radoux, whose death is reported at the age of seventy-five, was director of the conservatory at Liège and the author of two *opéras-comiques*, "Le Béarnais" and "La Coupe enchantée," and an oratorio, "Cain."

Art

Cathedrals of Spain. By John A. Gade. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5 net.

Unless the tourist has made a thorough study of architecture and is well acquainted with the structural media the architect employs, he can never fully appreciate the artistic value of the great cathedrals of Europe. One who is not thus instructed will be fortunate if, in visiting the cathedral cities, he can gain the companionship of some intelligent architect who will point out to him the special problems presented to the designers for solution, and the procedure by which they aimed to solve these problems. In the book before us Mr. Gade, who is an architect, travels with the reader through Spain, and in the study of its most important cathedrals attempts to supply the place of such a companion for those who are not fortunate enough to obtain one in the flesh. The task thus set for himself he has accomplished with no little success: and although the book is distinctly an architectural guide-book, the non-professional traveller will find it not only useful but readable; for it contains something more than is given in a Baedeker, and is enlivened by occasional imaginative descriptions foreign to the habit of the ordinary guide-book writer. For the general reader who has not visited Spain the book is naturally much less satisfactory. The text, indeed, is embellished with many fine photographic plates, but it is obviously impossible to show in such illustrations any large proportion of the details to which reference must be made.

The Spanish cathedrals are notable for their size, are intensely interesting historically, and are instructive to the philosophically inclined architect as indicative of the result of the ready assimilation of architectural styles borrowed from other lands. The social demands of the rival wealthy communities compelled the construction of these vast piles; but the builders were not intent upon the development of any inherited architectural style, being satisfied to adapt to their own needs architectural forms used by their rivals in other lands whom they wished to impress with their own greatness. Their cathedrals thus appear as an expression of the social genius of the people rather than of their artistic convictions; and the unconscious recognition of this fact leads the casual visitor in Spain to turn his attention less to its cathedrals than to the land, and its people, and to such non-ecclesiastical architectural remains as tell of the real interests of the powerful races that contended for mastery through so many centuries. The ordinary tourist naturally hesitates to devote to the cathedral in Granada, for instance, any large part of the time allotted to a visit to this enchanting spot, which can seldom be long enough to satisfy one's interest in the Alhambra and Generalife, with their wealth of gardens, their panorama of the distant Sierra Nevada, and their vistas of the golden plains. From such joys we must be enticed if we are to study the cathedrals of Spain, and Mr. Gade has done well to write this monograph which will lead the traveller to note much of interest that he might otherwise overlook.

Louis Hourticque, inspector of fine arts of the city of Paris, has placed his book, "The History of Art in France," with the Scribners.

"Portrait Book of the Kings and Queens of Great Britain," by Charles E. Pascoe, and "Chats on Old Pewter," by J. L. J. Masse, are announced by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"Lady Charlotte Schreiber's Journals," illustrated with above a hundred reproductions of ceramics and antiques, are published this week by John Lane Co.

Dr. George Herbert West is publishing through Bell & Sons "Gothic Architecture in England and France."

We learn that the pictures of châteaux in France, painted by Cotello by order of Louis XIV for Versailles, will be removed from the dining room at the Palace to the Trianon.

A picture representing the death of the Virgin by Holbein the elder has recently been added to the museum at Budapest.

"Schools of Painting" (Putnam) by Mary Innes is edited by Charles DeKay for American use, and the last chapter, on American painting, is by his hand. This book claims the distinction of being written in untechnical style for beginners. Such merit may be conceded, and also the excellence of the illustration. But the title is a misnomer. There is no clear discrimination and characterization of schools. The book is merely the usual history compiled along biographical lines and displaying the customary defects of lack of accuracy and proportion. The dates of Foppa and Antonello da Messina should be corrected in the light of recent research. The value of the treatment of the Florentine school may be measured by the fact that Antonio Pollaiolo is omitted. In short, about all that can be said for the book is that it does in some fashion cover in one volume the whole range of post-classical painting.

There is very wide interest in anything connected with the building and furnishing of country houses, if one may judge by the vast number of publications concerned with such matters. Prof. C. F. Osborne has taken advantage of this to offer in "The Family House" (the Penn Publishing Company) a great deal of practical advice to the man who takes his home-making seriously. Questions of site, exposure, disposition, and construction are clearly treated, and should be of real assistance to the house-renter or house-builder of moderate means—but, unless he is a man of more than moderate leisure, it may prove better economy to ask an expert's opinion than to master the somewhat technical chapters on heating and ventilating.

Mr. Oeconomou, ephor of antiquities in Corinthia, Argolis, and Arcadia, has presented a report to the Greek Archæological Society on the excavations which were made near the Theseion in Athens in the hope of finding the ancient Agora. Among the objects discovered the most important is a torso of a beautiful statue of Apollo, which Mr. Oeconomou identifies with the statue referred to by Pausanias as being executed by the sculptor Euphranor. There were also found several important inscriptions, one containing a law on the Aparchai of Eleusis; another relating to the mines of Laurion; and a third mentioning for the first time the name of an Athenian archon called Athenodorus. It should appear from the inscriptions that under the Theseion there was situated the famous Metroon of Athens, the position of which has long been a disputed point.

At a meeting of the Austrian School of Archæology at Athens, Mr. Premerstein, the director, gave an interesting account of the researches on the plain of Elis, in extensive area near the mouth of the river Peneus, known as the "Curved Elis." Remains of columns were unearthed, which perhaps came from the Temple of Athena described by Pausanias. The most important of the buildings discovered was the Octagonon. Near this edifice, which in Christian times was transformed into a church, were found a number of inscribed tombstones. In one of the tombs there was discovered a beautiful gold ornament (now placed in the Museum at Athens); in others vases of local manufacture, which will prove of special interest to archæologists.

Louis Oscar Roty, the French medallist, died a fortnight since, aged sixty-four.

Finance

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Wall Street is alternately the slave of precedent, in the sense of believing that things which happened once under given conditions must happen in just the same way when similar conditions return, and a rebel against precedent, in the sense of believing that new financial contrivances and new economic forces have made useless the teachings of the past. Just now, its mood inclines to deep respect for precedent. Perhaps the reason is that the contrary attitude of scorn at all who described the boom of 1909 as a duplicate of the ill-fated boom in the second year after 1893, has been rendered untenable by subsequent events. The premature demonstration of 1895, with its rise in commodities, its excited Stock Exchange speculation, and its record-breaking iron production, collapsed over-night as it were; a year or more of profound depression followed. To the exactly similar "boom year" 1909, coming at a similar interval after a great panic, the sequel was the same

This being so, it certainly is not strange that Wall Street should again be making its bow respectfully to precedent, and asking what our past financial history foreshadows at this present juncture. The nearest precedent is familiar. We are now in the fourth year after the panic of 1907; a corresponding interval after the panic of 1893 brought the country to the early months of 1897. The "after-panic boom year," 1895, had by that time been almost forgotten; we were living under the shadow of the prolonged reaction and liquidation of 1896. In that respect, the resemblance to the present position of affairs is manifest.

It is so in other ways. At the opening of 1897, the country's industry was marking time; the pulse of the Stock Exchange had almost ceased to beat; in April, sales had averaged only 125,000 shares a day. Commodity prices were falling; even steel rails declined in February from $28 to $25. Dividends of several railway companies were reduced. In April (such are the accidental parallels of history) stocks declined abruptly on an anxiously-awaited Supreme Court decision against the corporations—the "Trans-Missouri Railway case," under the Anti-Trust law of 1890.

But on the other hand, money went at 2 per cent. for two-months' Wall Street loans; the New York surplus bank reserve was larger even than it is to-day; loans of all the country's national banks were down $65,000,000 from the year before, and, in response to the lower prices, excess of merchandise exports, which had been only $70,500,000 for the nine months ending with March, 1896, was $323,000,000 for the same period up to the end of March, 1897—a figure quite unprecedented in that era. The result we know. In May the stock market began to rise; in June a genuine "boom" was under way; in August our famous bumper wheat crop in the face of European famine, and the rapid recovery in general trade, changed the whole face of the situation. We were fairly on the way to the great financial and industrial revival.

Thus 1897 is a highly agreeable precedent for the fourth year after a great financial panic. But it is not the only precedent. We have also the period following the September panic of 1873, and the month whose distance from the acute disturbance of that year corresponded to the present occasion was March, 1877. Let us see what was happening then.

The story differs curiously from that just narrated. There was in 1877, as there is to-day, a halt in the movement of industry and finance, but it was a halt inspired by well-grounded apprehension. In that very month, rate wars broke out among the railways; earnings were poor, dividends low, and severe retrenchment necessary. The economies took the shape of cuts in wages; what followed was the savage railway riots of July in the Pittsburgh district. Stock market prices swept violently downward, and in almost all respects it was an unhappy financial year. It was saved from a continuous story of reaction by the harvesting of wheat and corn crops larger than any previously gathered in this country, and the largest cotton crop since the civil war. There was no foreign shortage, as in 1897; but abundant home production served at least to check the business depression of the day, and in the autumn, trade activity increased and Stock Exchange prices rose. But it was a very slow recovery, and at the end of 1877, a year and a half was still ahead of the United States before it was able to taste the fruits of genuine trade revival.

Why should a situation, which so closely resembled both in chronology and in general aspects those of 1897 and of 1911, have produced results so different from what occurred in 1897 and from what every one hopes will occur this year? There are various theories. One is that the shock of the 1873 panic had been more severe than that of any which came afterward—a supposition partly confirmed by the fact that no such vigorous effort of recovery occurred in 1875 as occurred two years after the panics of 1893 and 1907. Another theory is that the depreciated currency of the seventies obstructed genuine revival—which, in fact, did not come, until after resumption of specie payments in January, 1879. A third, and rather plausible, explanation is that Europe itself had been financially damaged in 1873 as it was not in 1893; in other words, that the worst of the period's financial crisis came on the Eastern and Western hemispheres simultaneously, leaving neither in any shape to help the other out.

Yet another, often heard, is that the world's gold output was decreasing, as against its immensely rapid increase after 1893. But this last explanation will not hold. There were no such huge additions to that annual output in the seventies as occurred two decades later; but as against the $90,700,000 of 1874, a progressive yearly increase had occurred, even in that generation, to the $114,000,000 of 1877.

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The Nation

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The Week

Continuing their prompt and efficient carrying out of their legislative programme, the House Democrats have passed the bill providing for publicity of campaign expenditures. The only difference between it and the law now in force is that publication must be made before as well as after elections. This might seem an unimportant distinction if we did not remember how our greatest authority on political morals has treated the matter. In 1908, President Roosevelt severely rebuked Mr. Bryan for urging preëlection publicity of campaign contributions, showing how it would lend itself to all kinds of suspicion and malice. For example, if Harriman's large gift of money to Roosevelt in 1904 had been known in advance of the election, all kinds of wicked things would have been said, and some votes might have been affected. Consequently it would be all wrong to make public the accounts until after the election. However, by 1910 Mr. Roosevelt had discovered that publication before election was an essential part of the New Nationalism, and therefore a part of that immutable morality which existed before the world was made. If there were any doubt that it is a "progressive" doctrine, it would be removed by noting how Mr. Roosevelt has progressed with it.

The new phase of the Lorimer inquiry is rapidly getting far beyond the amusing stage in which Mr. Lorimer seemed to see it when the testimony of the general manager of the International Harvester Company brought it to the front a week or two ago. Mr. Funk's assertion that Hines had asked him to contribute $10,000 for his company toward reimbursing those who had advanced the sum of $100,000 to procure Lorimer's election is receiving corroboration at the hands of several other witnesses or affiants in the legislative investigation going on at Springfield. "I have just had a telephone call from Springfield and I have elected our next Senator" is what one witness says Hines told him on the day of Lorimer's election. Of course, Hines may have meant merely that his argumentative powers or his gifts of persuasion had brought the Democratic legislators around to voting to send the Republican politician to the Senate; but it must be remembered that this pleasing explanation, besides lacking somewhat in inherent probability, requires us also to suppose that Mr. Funk wantonly committed perjury when he swore that Hines had asked him for the $10,000. And then there are the affidavits of two other persons, both declaring that Hines had told them of having spent a large sum of money to procure the election of Lorimer. "We put Lorimer over," said Hines, according to one of these affidavits, "and it cost us a lot of money, but it is well worth all of it to us." The other expressly mentions $100,000 as the amount, the same as that named by Kohlsaat and Funk. In view of all this, it would hardly be regarded as over-sensitiveness on Lorimer's part if he were now to take serious notice of the matter.

Ambassador Hill's letter of resignation has the air of being entirely voluntary yet withal forced. That is to say, he distinctly left a "string" attached to it, which President Taft, however, saw fit to ignore, acquiescing cheerfully in Mr. Hill's desire to give up his post at Berlin. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is inevitable that there should be a suspicion that friction had developed between the Ambassador and the State Department in connection with the potash controversy with Germany, or that there had been dissatisfaction with Mr. Hill on some other ground. Berlin dispatches state that the resignation of the American Ambassador created no surprise there, though it is admitted that, despite the little flurry at the time of his appointment, he had won a distinct success, diplomatically if not socially. No one has ever questioned Mr. Hill's ability or his fitness for a diplomatic career, for which, indeed, his special studies had well equipped him. The retirement of such a man puts a double obligation upon the President to see to it that the Ambassador's successor at Berlin should be one in every way qualified for a position increasingly important.

Close upon the heels of Mr. Bryan's refusal of an offer of $2,000,000 to go and live in Memphis comes a letter from the Omaha Commercial Club, offering to let Memphis have Mayor "Jim" Dahlmann for $1,500,000. There must be many cities, towns, and villages in the United States who could be induced to part with their superfluous statesmen if Memphis really means business. San Francisco would probably take $1,000,000 for Mayor McCarthy, with 30 per cent. off for cash. Albany would probably accept $750,000 for William Barnes, jr., or might consent to a trade, taking two-thirds cash and the rest in Tennessee bosslets and wire-pullers. Washington would gladly let William E. Lorimer go to Memphis at a nominal price and on a very liberal instalment plan. We need only touch, of course, upon the possibilities connected with the persons of Mr. Charles F. Murphy and Mr. George B. Cox, whom their respective communities could afford to let Memphis have with a million-dollar premium thrown in, and still make money.

Senator Cummins's resolution that the Monetary Commission be instructed to report to Congress on December 4, and that it then be dissolved, should be considered from several different points of view. The work of two members of the Commission—its chairman, Senator Aldrich, and its vice-chairman, Representative Vreeland—has been of very great value. Their individual labors have removed the question of currency reform from the sphere of vague and uncertain controversy, with no practical drift whatever, to discussion of a series of concrete propositions on which opinion may be clearly lined up and the general merits of the problem profitably discussed. This, we are confident, will be admitted even by those who differ with Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Vreeland on specific contentions. In particular, it must be said of Senator Aldrich's draft of a plan for reorganization of the banking system, published on January 16, that it brought the discussion to a stage where definite shaping of public opinion was more possible than in the case of any previous proposal of the sort. We believe that no commission for further consideration of the question could

properly be formed without including both Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Vreeland in its membership.

But of the Monetary Commission as a whole it is impossible to say as much. The Commission has been in existence since the early months of 1908; in the three subsequent years it has done nothing whatever as a body. Not only has it made no report, but it has held no meetings except of the most perfunctory character. Leaving out the chairman and vice-chairman, nobody knows what the individual opinions of its members are; they have, in fact, taken no interest in the matter. Since the Commission was appointed for a definite purpose and with definite instructions, and since its members are paid by the Government for their work, we do not see how any one can criticise Senator Cummins's resolution as unreasonable. It would be manifestly absurd to continue indefinitely the terms of commissioners who were doing nothing. We think, however, that it would be far more satisfactory to the business community if the call for a final report and the notice of the Commission's dissolution were to be coupled with some more definite declaration of what Congress proposes to do next in the matter. It is possible that Congress might take such measure or measures as the Commission should submit to it, refer the bills to tho appropriate committee, and have them reported for the serious consideration of the winter session. But the people would like to have some definite intimation of the programme.

President Mellen's appeal to Bostonians to build up their port before New London and Montauk are utilized as transatlantic terminals ought not to fall upon deaf ears. They were not, he said, so learned in graft as New Yorkers nor so exalted in spirit as to believe that business would come to them no matter what exactions might be imposed; but otherwise, he intimated, they were in a situation to compete readily with New York, if only because a steamship could arrive in Boston and its passengers be disembarked there and taken by rail to this city before another steamship could reach a New York dock. Moreover, he assured the Bostonians that the necessary railway facilities were already supplied. What Boston ought to do is to build a great drydock, and piers long enough to accommodate the new ships toward which New York has been so offish. There is truth in all that Mr. Mellen says, and still more in the fact that, whether it be due to the paralyzing effect of the protective tariff, with its rewards to manufacturers, or to dry-rot and invincible business conservatism, Boston lags sadly. Mayor Fitzgerald recently complained that all of Boston's financial district was controlled by about six men, "silk-stockinged bankers" he called them, more interested in putting New England money into Western railways, Southern mills, and distant enterprises than in developing Boston's resources. Complaints about the apathy of its Chamber of Commerce reach us constantly; an industrial revivalist and leader is plainly what the hour calls for.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* generously points out to the Republican organization of that city how it can elect the next Mayor "without the slightest trouble, without any expensive campaign, and without any disturbance whatever of the public temper." All this it may do "if it shall simply provide the voters with a candidate whom they will support willingly," that is, "self-respectingly." The *Bulletin's* innocent idea of politics, however, is revealed by its declaration that the Mayor ought to be elected without any regard to his opinions on national political questions, and solely by virtue of his ability to administer the government of the municipality in the interest of the people. Senator Vare's words have the right sound. Being ignorant of what "the leaders" are going to do with reference to amending the charter so as to allow Mayor Reyburn to run again, he thinks the matter ought to be decided according to the state of public opinion. "It ought to be just as the people say." And as soon as he is sure of just how much the people will stand, Mayor Reyburn and the rest will have the answer to the Mayoralty puzzle.

The final report of the Chicago Municipal Efficiency Commission justifies that body's title. Hitherto the Civil Service Commission of the city has been severely hampered by the grading of the service according to compensation. The Efficiency Commission has worked out a system of grading according to the character and value of the services supposed to be performed. This arrangement makes possible a readjustment of salaries under a classification of employment that is uniform or parallel for all departments. Duties are definitely set forth, standards of efficiency are established by which employees may be rated, and the way is opened for their promotion upon a proper basis. In order to insure permanency to this standardization, it is recommended that the efficiency division of the Civil Service Bureau be maintained and authorized to continue and to broaden the work which it has been doing in coöperation with the Efficiency Commission. Further suggestions of improvement are the installation of a central accounting system, getting rid of duplication of work, and investigation into the compensation of the employees of other municipalities and of private enterprises. Chicago now has a very definite opportunity of making and keeping her public service highly effective.

In view of the sudden increase in lynchings in the South, we take pleasure in calling attention to the excellent stand of Gov. O'Neal of Alabama in connection with the killing by a mob of Aberdeen Johnson, accused and probably guilty of criminal assault. To the press Gov. O'Neal has said:

> The more I hear about the Union Springs affair the more disgusted I become. The idea of a sheriff being kidnapped in broad daylight does not appeal to me. The whole thing appears fishy. This is the first lynching of a prisoner since my inauguration as Governor of Alabama, and I will use every means at my command to make it the last. The people of Alabama may as well understand right now that such acts will not be tolerated while I am Governor. Every prisoner, no matter what his color, is entitled to the protection of the law, and I propose to see that officials under my command do their duty or suffer the consequences. Steps will be taken at once to impeach the sheriff of Bullock County.

This has exactly the right ring, and will do a world of good. Indeed, the sheriff of Bullock County is already cringing and whining.

What could be clearer proof of the national character of our game of baseball than the fact that the opening of the season is now marked by all due official ceremonial? In Washington last week the President of the United States, attended by secretaries and Cabinet

Ministers, formally proceeded to the grounds and threw the first baseball into the diamond; while in New York a hard-working Mayor left his office to perform a similar function at the local grounds. Mr. Taft, we are also told, showed how familiar he was with the spirit of the game by nodding his head in vigorous approval of the assertion that Boston's unearned runs were "highway robbery." This official encouragement and supervision of our national sport bring up interesting visions of what the future relations of our government to it will be. The Sherman Anti-Trust law gives, we take it, sufficient guarantee that no magnates will ever be allowed to conspire to restrain the baseball trade by forming a Trust. The Bureau of Corporations, too, will keep an eye on the owners. But will there not soon have to be, in addition to the proposed child's bureau, a separate baseball bureau allied to it and under the Department of Commerce? A strong argument for the proposed change in the date of our President's inauguration is furnished by the fact that if it were on the twelfth of April, the opening baseball game could be part of the inaugural ceremonies. The players could march from the Capitol to the White House at the head of the military parade and just before the Cabinet, and the afternoon could be devoted to watching the game.

While Francisco Madero may justly be regarded as the head and front of the Mexican revolution, and probably has it in his power to make terms with the Diaz government according to his own judgment, there is one revolutionary element that does not share the Maderist programme, though coöperating for the time against Diaz. This element comprises the small body of men who have been conducting operations across the border from Mexicali, and who, under the leadership of Stanley Williams, suffered a severe repulse at the hands of the Federals only a few days ago. Concerning this small band, rumors have been circulated crediting them with the intention of establishing an independent Socialist republic in Lower California. Their real aim, however, seems to be the enforcement of a more democratic scheme of reforms than Francisco Madero is likely to exact. From their point of view, Madero is a member of the same ruling caste as Diaz. He stands for the abolition of the dictatorship and a moderate liberalizing of institutions, but his advent is likely to bring little relief to the great masses of the Mexican people who, at present, live under an impossible political and agrarian régime. It is a problem, of course, which exists in every one of the Latin-American republics.

Lord Rosebery, in his position of splendid isolation, politically, continues to play the rôle of candid friend in a way to make the Conservatives pray, with all of Canning's fervor, to be saved from him. In his latest speech in the House of Lords he threw whole buckets of cold water on the proposals of Lord Lansdowne. That Conservative leader had himself politely bowed the referendum bill out of the door, yet dwelt with great earnestness upon his plan to reform the House of Lords. But this last was received by Lord Rosebery with something like contumely. He declared that he had "always been stoutly opposed to a great proposition for Constitutional reform emanating from any private member, however distinguished he may be." This "always," to be sure, looks very like sudden forgetfulness of Rosebery's own scheme last year, when he was a private member; but he went on cruelly:

> What is the use of bringing forward a measure which you know that by no possibility can you carry into law? It may have strategical advantages—of those I am no judge. But I believe it to be a great mistake to launch a scheme of this kind, however perfect it may be, which you cannot carry into effect until you are seated on the Government benches, and which, therefore, is only in the nature of an air-balloon, floating, perhaps, from this House, but which certainly will come to the usual aeronautical calamity in the other.

The rest of the noble lord's speech was devoted to a general scolding of both parties. It is generally admitted, however, that his scorn of Lansdowne's proposal has settled its business for the present session.

The world is so accustomed to thinking of Germany's universities counting their age by centuries, and so used to believing there are too many German universities anyhow, that the announcement of the opening in 1914 of a new one at Frankfort-on-the-Main will cause some surprise. The general Government will have no part in this project, the entire sum necessary, including an endowment of $2,875,000, having been raised by private subscription or contributed by the municipality. Neither Baden nor the Empire will contribute a cent, and the local founders announce as one of the attractions of the new institution that it will be "free from all crippling customs and traditions of long past ages." Thus has modernism invaded the college world, even in conservative Germany. In a sense, it is, however, not a new departure. The backbone of the university is to be the numerous art and medical schools, the clinics, the Chemical Institute, the Academy of Social and Commercial Sciences, etc. To these will be added the municipal library and the great Dr. Sneckenberg library. All the usual branches of university teaching will be represented in the faculty, except theology. Finally, there are to be special post-graduate courses for graduates already in practical life and special extension studies for non-graduates, even though they be well on in years. This last is in itself a good deal of an innovation for Germany.

Prier's extraordinary flight from London to Paris, a distance estimated at 290 miles, in four hours and eight minutes, is truly sensational. It bears out those aviators who have said that we have not yet begun to realize the possible development of the aeroplane. In Europe the 1911 flight-season is well under way and the universal interest and incessant experimenting are in marked contrast to the comparative indifference on this side. A dirigible balloon over Berlin by night or day is no longer a novelty. The new Siemens dirigible, of which so much is expected, has already made a dozen trips, and there are two new military airships in constant use. Count Zeppelin's new air-craft, the Deutschland II, is actually in service at Düsseldorf, with a capacity of sixty passengers. Moreover, its commercial flights are under the control of the progressive government of that city, which is liberally subsidizing them. Plainly, the Germans are going into this field with Teutonic thoroughness and true scientific devotion, while the United States lags—there is not a single dirigible in this country. Even in India they have inaugurated a regular aeroplane postal service.

FEDERAL CONTROL OF SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

There was some good debating in the House on Thursday of last week, when the amendment of the Constitution was passed to make the election of Senators direct. Despite the usual amount of talking at cross-purposes and for party advantage, several speeches were very much to the point—and there was, of course, only one point actually in dispute. Virtually all of the Representatives were for the popular election of Senators, but many of them scented danger in giving up the present power of Congress to "make or alter" the regulations prescribed by the State Legislatures respecting the "times and manner of holding elections for Senators." The proposed amendment reads: "The times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators shall be as prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof." On that difference the whole discussion really hinged.

Opponents of the change were forced to admit that the existing authority of Congress over Senatorial elections had never, in fact, been exercised. That, however, is not a conclusive argument for abolishing it. As Mr. McCall put the case: "No matter if it has been a sleeping power up to this time, it may some time be a power that is vital." Although he was ready to have Senators elected just as Representatives are, and thought that it would be better all round to have them so chosen rather than by the Legislatures, he felt so strongly that the "supervisory power" of the National Government ought not to be taken away that he could not vote for the amendment as it stood. Another serious and able Republican member, Mr. Foster of Vermont, took a somewhat different view. He was personally very desirous that Congress should retain its present power. But he did not believe that its omission would be fatal. Mr. Foster brought up the analogous case of Presidential electors. The Constitution leaves to the Legislatures of the States to determine how they shall be elected. "For more than a hundred years, under this provision, the electors have been chosen by the people. The results have been satisfactory. If the States can be trusted in all matters relating to the election of Presidential electors, they can surely be trusted in all matters relating to the election of United States Senators."

What seems to us the most effective speech in the debate yet printed in the *Congressional Record* was made by Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin. A lawyer, a member of the House of long standing, a Republican who is strongly against discrimination between classes of voters or disfranchisement of any, his words have much significance and weight. Mr. Cooper, too, would prefer to have the reserved power of Congress retained, but was nevertheless "unable to see such possible harm to come as has been talked about so frequently," in case it were dropped. He argued that there was a deposit of power in Congress made elsewhere in the Constitution, sufficient to cover what was really desired. The fear has been that if the "manner" of electing Senators should be left entirely to State Legislatures, discrimination would be practised. This apprehension has been peculiarly strong in connection with the Southern States. There the disfranchisement of negro voters has gone on for a long time, and the dread is that it may gain a new color of law, or at least an added immunity from legal attack, by dropping from the Constitution the right of Congress to supervise the "manner" of electing Senators, as well as Representatives.

On this point it is to be said that the Constitutional proviso in question has never been invoked nor so much as thought of as the true bulwark against negro disfranchisement. Far from regulating the "manner" of electing Senators in the Southern States, Congress has sat by and seen them one after another adopt the "manner" of a Senatorial primary, thus in effect nullifying the intent of the Constitution that Senators should be elected by a deliberating Legislature. And as for the qualifications of voters for Senators, under the method of direct election, the case is this. Under the proposed amendment, "the electors shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature." That is to say, the right to vote is not a Federal right, but a State right. Under the Constitution, each State has always had the sole power to prescribe the qualifications of the voter. Only, the Federal Constitution undertakes to provide that there shall be no unfair or discriminating application of the State rules for voting. The Fifteenth Amendment forbids any State to deny or abridge the right of a citizen to vote on account of race or color, and Representative Cooper maintained that this fundamental guarantee would remain unimpaired by the proposed amendment, and would be ample to prevent any of the political evils feared. "If any State should pass a law declaring that white citizens could vote for United States Senators but that colored citizens could not, the Supreme Court would pronounce such a law unconstitutional." For this reason, Mr. Cooper, "a Republican born and bred, coming from among a people who conducted stations of the underground railroad to help men and women to liberty," was prepared to vote for the amendment even in a form which he did not like, since under it he did "not believe that the rights of any citizen would be jeopardized."

While such expressions by such Republicans are by no means conclusive, they are reassuring. Congress has certainly at present more power over elections than it uses; the question is if it will not have enough after the new amendment has passed. On that point it is for Constitutional lawyers to speak; and the Judiciary Committee of the Senate could do the country no better service than to make a full report setting forth in detail the Constitutional bearings of the amendment as proposed, and showing also what kindred powers Congress will continue to possess even if the "sleeping power" of controlling Senatorial elections is abandoned.

ARBITRATION AND "REALITIES."

For the very cool reception which the German Chancellor gave to the project of international arbitration, he has received a good deal of praise. Here was a statesman, if not of blood and iron, at least with a firm grasp on the rough realities. Herr Bethmann-Hollweg was a man with no moonshine about him. He was able to sweep away the sentimental cobwebs from the hard fact. Some of his compatriots hailed him as a *Realpolitiker*. Germany could not go far wrong under the guidance of a Chancellor who saw things in the dry light of reason and exactly as they are.

It at once appeared, however, that the clear-visioned statesman had overlooked

something. In his contempt for dreaming, he had forgotten the millions of dreams in his own country and in other lands. They are intensely "real," whatever may be said of their visions of peace, and no man can be truly a *Realpolitiker* who leaves them out of his reckoning. This was immediately discovered by the Kaiser, if not by the Chancellor. William II became aware of the bad impression made by Bethmann-Hollweg's cavalier remarks, and hastened to give an interview explaining that it was not to be understood that Germany desired to hold herself entirely aloof from the discussion of disarmament or of the peaceful settlement of international disputes. That could only mean that the Emperor perceived a stern reality which his Chancellor had seemed to ignore—the unescapable truth, that is to say, of a growing humane sentiment and a rising demand that war shall be thought of only as a last desperate resort. This idea has recently been expressed by Sir Oliver Lodge, with the serene detachment of a scientist, in the following language: "In cold blood, and in the light of sanity and reason, the settling of disputes by means of bodily violence is manifestly uncivilized and barbarous."

Now, in such a conviction, once it is clear and pervasive, we have something as "real" as anything can be in this world. It is among what Machiavelli called the "effectual verities," which any statesman will neglect at his peril. Grant the existence of a definite and continually heightening sentiment against the atrocities of war, and you have a reality as unquestionable as guns or armor-plate. A higher emotion is as truly a fact as is a cannon-ball. There is, indeed, a psychology of the attitude toward war which has already profoundly modified the laws of war and which is certain more and more to make itself felt. War was once synonymous with pillage. But little by little the humane feeling of mankind has laid a compulsion upon combatants, until now, in land warfare at least, they respect private property. The movement is slowly extending to war at sea. The Declaration of Paris made a beginning, and now the Declaration of London, which is pressing for ratification by the naval Powers, goes much further and virtually exempts private property on the ocean from capture or destruction by belligerents. Unreal and despised "sentiment" has wrought that great transformation. Mitigation of the ferocities of war has been looked upon by some lovers of peace as undesirable, on the ground that the more savage you can make war appear, the more powerful will be the motive of civilized nations to avoid it. John Stuart Mill once expressed this view, though he lived to retract it, as John Morley recently pointed out. The difficulty with that position, too, is that it fails to take into account the actual feelings of men and the whole course of humane evolution. It has been justly said that it is impossible to think that "nations should *plan* to evolve themselves into a state of permanent peace by making war as savagely as possible." And it is obviously true that the removal of one barbarity after another from war will make men—simply because they are less barbarous—not more but less ready to go to war. Such are some of the realities of sentiment, deep-seated in the mystic frame of man, which are more powerful than regiments or fleets.

But if our intensely practical and hard-headed statesmen must have something which even they will admit to be "real," let them take up the question of money spent on armaments. Gold and silver are realities, surely; national treasure is undoubtedly actual. Well, in 1908 the eight leading nations of the world spent upon their armies and navies, in time of peace, no less than $1,320,000,000. For their citizens this meant a tax, in some cases, of more than $5 per capita. This crushing and increasing outlay on the mere preparation for war is so "real" a thing that the English Foreign Minister has lately called it the most appalling fact which confronts modern statesmanship. And Sir Edward Grey added that if this mounting expense were not somehow checked, there would soon be a prospect, not of foreign wars, but of internal revolutions. And how do our great realists among public men, who scoff at the possibility of making an end of war by treaties or universal arbitration—how do they meet this argument from the intolerable burden of taxation for war in time of peace? Why, they do it by a process of reasoning so self-contradictory, so fantastic, that it deserves to be known as one of the least "real" things ever heard of. It was satirically stated, and yet with almost literal truth, by an English member of Parliament, Mr. J. M. Robertson. This is the way in which he gives the logic of the militarist *Realpolitiker:*

(1.) Wars are inevitable.
(2.) If you repine at the cost of armaments, remember that large expenditure on these is the way to prevent war.
(3.) Ergo, by spending money enough to prepare for inevitable wars, you avert war altogether.
(4.) So we must conclude that war is inevitable.

SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

Those who are oppressed with the fear that the world is getting too sophisticated must often be encouraged when they follow a popular economic controversy. The struggle between protection and free trade is, in itself, a perfect storehouse of good cheer for any one who believes that in preserving simplicity of mind lies the safety of the race. John Stuart Mill, in that chapter of his "System of Logic" which dealt with the dialectic of the moral sciences, spoke of the remarkable way in which the crudest errors of reasoning persisted in this domain, in spite of the wonderful progress that had been made in the domain of physical science; and, though the two generations which have since gone by have far surpassed all preceding epochs in the abundance and pervasiveness of the achievements of the sciences of external nature, in all that relates to man's immediate interests what Mill said sixty or seventy years ago he would have to say to-day.

Just what the committee of the English Board of Trade has said about American wages and cost of living, and just what the English press is saying about its report, cannot be known with accuracy from the cable dispatches; but enough is contained in these to show that the reception of the report has furnished as delightful an illustration as could possibly be desired of intellectual simplicity. It appears that the report finds American wages in the pursuits reported on to be 130 per cent. higher than English, while cost of food and rent here is only 52 per cent. higher than in England and Wales; whereupon the British protectionist press breaks out into pæans of triumph, while the free-trade press tries to break the force of the figures by elaborate counter considerations. "The report means a

death blow to free trade," says the London *Express;* American conditions of life, declares the *Morning Post*, "are very much better than those actually enjoyed by the people of England or than they are likely to obtain as long as they are held in the fetters of free trade." On the other hand, the free-trade *Daily News* says that the committee's figures on American rents and prices are far below the facts, that factory legislation here is behind that in England, and that as a matter of fact "the mass of American town workers are not even superficially well off, their condition being at least as melancholy as anything the United Kingdom can show."

Now what must strike the sophisticated man—the man who has got beyond the stage of the totem and the fetich in his methods of thinking about human affairs—is that the figures in the case, whether correct or not, cannot, at the utmost, furnish anything more than a faint hint as to what England might expect from the abandonment of free trade and the substitution of protection in its stead. In the first place, the question whether the well-being of the American wage-earner has been caused in any degree—and if so, to what degree—by the policy of protection, would have to be considered; English economists who *are* economists have cheerfully admitted that Americans in general, and American workmen in particular, are more prosperous than English, but they have unhesitatingly contended that the difference in their favor would be still greater if the burden of protection were removed. But even if it were to be granted for argument's sake that it is protection that keeps American wages high, would it follow that protection would make English wages high? Even if the American protectionists' high-wages argument were not tainted with fallacy, that argument would turn to ashes in the mouth of the English protectionist. For the American high-tariff man says that protection is needed by the American workingman against the lower wages—"the pauper labor"—of other countries, and there is some sense in this, at least on the surface; but if the English protectionist were to attempt the same argument, he would have to begin by admitting that wages in the protectionist countries of Europe are lower than those in free-trade England—and then what becomes of the case he had built up on the figures of the Board of Trade?

The argument that because America with protection has higher wages than England with free trade, therefore protection would raise English wages, is on an intellectual level with that which forms the stock-in-trade of the vender of patent medical nostrums. Indeed it is on a distinctly lower level; for the "testimonials" which the patent medicine company deals out do make an attempt to describe conditions and symptoms, and count on only so much gullibility as is involved in supposing that if your symptoms seem like the other man's, the alleged efficacy of the medicine in his case would be repeated in your own. In the protection matter, on the other hand, not only is the miracle-working quality of the nostrum assumed to have been demonstrated in the American case by the mere fact that the American is well off, but no attempt is made even to pretend that the two cases are at all alike. A country twenty times as densely inhabited, an ancient country with its natural resources completely explored long ago, a country with an inheritance of feudal conditions, is placed alongside our country of boundless new opportunities, and if a difference is found to our advantage it is incontinently set down to the tariff. For sheer fatuity, we can think of nothing quite worthy to match this outside the immortal report of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Temperance Association, on the case of Thomas Burton:

> Has a wooden leg; finds a wooden leg expensive, going over the stones; used to wear second-hand wooden legs, and drink a glass of hot gin-and-water regularly every night—sometimes two (deep sighs). Found the second-hand wooden legs split and rot very quickly; is firmly persuaded that their constitution was undermined by the gin-and-water (prolonged cheering). Buys new wooden legs now, and drinks nothing but water and weak tea. The new legs last twice as long as the others used to do, and he attributes this solely to his temperate habits (triumphant cheers).

THE GOVERNMENT OF UNIVERSITIES.

Americans interested in the questions of university government will find much that is interesting and pertinent to our own situation in the admirable article on "Modern Universities and their Government" which is the leading feature of the London *Times's* educational supplement for April 4. We are very much in the habit of thinking of our universities, with ultimate power over the institution resting in their lay boards of trustees, as being in this respect quite unlike any other educational institutions of similar importance; and this is natural enough, since the half-dozen new universities that have been established in the chief provincial cities of England, and which are probably their only important analogues, are of such recent origin as to be seldom prominently in our thoughts in this connection. It is the government of these new universities, and especially the methods and the spirit of their procedure in the appointment of professors, that constitute the subject of the *Times* article; a subject justifying the extreme seriousness with which it is discussed, because the universities in question are expanding with such rapidity that they "have to a large extent the future of English learning in their hands."

Both the resemblances and the differences that suggest themselves, between the American and the English experience, are of decided interest. Into the details of the English organization we shall not attempt to enter; suffice it to say that the active governing authority of the university, corresponding to our board of trustees, is what is known as the Council; and while this Council is not nominally self-electing or self-renewing, in practice it is so. Perhaps the most interesting statement made about the Councils is that which refers to the personal attitude of the members who constituted those bodies in the first place, and to the signs of a change which seems to be more or less in danger of showing itself as matters settle down to a more mechanical routine. The large prospect of creative utility which the foundation of the provincial universities opened up attracted the services in their Councils of some of the ablest business men in England, who felt that they were privileged to take part in the building of great institutions of national importance. "And, being large-minded men," says the *Times* writer, "they have usually recognized the limits of their own competence, and know what matters to leave in the hands of the experts. They have respected and trusted the scholars by whose presence their cities were enriched." In some of the successors of these large-minded men, a tendency has been observed to depart from this fine

attitude. "The smaller man is apt to have less respect for and less trust in the scholar than the bigger man, and a more serene confidence in his own capacity as a 'business man' to deal wisely with any and every question that may come before him."

Speaking broadly, it is safe to say that while our boards of trustees have furnished illustrations of both of these types of attitude and conduct, neither their merits nor their defects have been so pronounced as the *Times* article represents the case to be in England. Many trustees of American universities, however, have done a great amount of important and unselfish service, animated by that same feeling of the honor and the usefulness of their posts that obtained with the able men who helped to build up the new English universities; while, on the other hand, the instances of pretentious or ignorant meddling by trustees have been very rare in this country, in the case of universities of high standing and importance. But this abstention from harmful interference on their part has been accompanied, in most cases, by that abnormal concentration of power in the hands of the university president which has formed so prominent a subject of recent academic controversy.

It is a notable circumstance that, varied as are the methods of selection discussed in the *Times* article, there is not a word of discussion as to the tenure of the professor after appointment. That a professorship should be a life position it does not seem to occur to any one to question. The defects that exist in regard to the matter relate entirely to the way in which the selection is made. In this respect great differences exist; some of the university Councils proceed upon exceedingly crude "business" notions of the way in which the best man is to be found, while others have established methods that are, in the opinion of the *Times* writer, the best that could possibly be devised. In these cases the most careful inquiry is instituted, in the first instance, by a committee of the particular faculty concerned, an inquiry which results in the adoption of different methods—including, when necessary, that of advertisement—according to circumstances; the Senate considers the result of this inquiry, and then makes its recommendation of a particular person to the Council, giving "a full and reasoned statement" of the grounds for its choice. Of course, this recommendation is usually adopted without question; but the process, with a Council of the right sort, is evidently a wholesome one. It is not altogether different from that obtaining in some of our own universities; but what strikes one in reading of it is the profound realization of the importance of making the best possible choice. This, as well as the permanency of tenure, is sure to have a powerful influence in the preservation of the ideas of dignity and importance which ought to attach to the post of a university professor; and it is evident that in England as well as with us much will depend on the vigor with which, now and in the near future, those ideas are insisted on by public opinion in the educational world. "Lay hands suddenly on no man," but, having chosen him, let him feel that his position is assured—this is the rule that must guide in professorial appointments if we are to get the maximum of that real university efficiency which cannot be measured by any mechanical tests, but which has its root in the personality of the professors.

GRAFT ENDEMIC.

In the cablegram to the London *Times* about the burning of the Capitol at Albany, it was stated that the building had cost $27,000,000, one-half of which sum had "gone in graft." This is doubtless a gross exaggeration; at all events, it would be impossible to prove the assertion; but there is enough truth in it to make Americans abroad defenceless when their country is held up as preeminently the land of graft. Nor do we need to have the disagreeable fact rubbed into us by foreigners. Nearly every day's news at home does it for us. From near and far, in city and in country, the too frequent reports are of grafting, petty or wholesale. Last week at Harrisburg the Pennsylvania Legislature was appealed to by a responsible citizen who measured his words to send a committee to Pittsburgh to investigate a corrupt government levying toll on vice. A like demand was made by citizens of Hudson County, New Jersey. Jobbery in the building of their court-house is already being inquired into judicially. The estate of the late Boss Davis of Jersey City, whose funeral was attended by some of the most eminent men in the State, including the Governor, is now sued for large sums of money which he "borrowed" from the county treasurer. Even over the conduct of the public schools in New Jersey the trail of the grafter has been shown to run.

Gov. Wilson in a special message to the Legislature has referred to the reforms in the New Jersey educational system urged by the recent report of the Senate investigating committee. He did not, however, dwell upon the disheartening evidence which it produced of the existence of grafting in school boards. A few scandals of great magnitude were unearthed, having to do with the purchase of land for school sites and the sale of school bonds, amounting to plain malfeasance in office or outright thievery. But even more to the point was the committee's discovery of the widespread practice of grafting so small as to be doubly contemptible. This is the sort of thing which perhaps best illustrates the peril we have to contend with—namely, the pervasive feeling that everybody in office must get something out of it illegally, even if it be only a cake of soap or a box of stationery. We quote a revealing passage from the New Jersey report:

> Not only did we find boards divided along political lines, but we found members frank enough to admit that they expended money to be elected. What can be expected from such members? One did not hesitate to say that this committee had no right to expect and should not expect very high standards of honesty.
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> One board did not hesitate to spread on the minutes that expenses for coach hire gold-mounted fountain pens for the members had been bought and paid for out of the school funds. In some districts the expenses of attending the funerals of deceased members are likewise paid for from the school treasury. In one it was recorded in the minutes that expenses for coach hire and flowers should be incurred and paid out of the children's picnic fund.

This extract is really more illuminating than the citations which might be made showing jobbery on a large scale; for it is this kind of petty graft which has become endemic in the United States, which constitutes a national reproach, and which must be fought as a national danger.

Well, but how, every one asks, are you going to prevent it? Take the case of the Bureau of Building in New York city, where the Commissioner of Accounts recently found instances of extor-

tion by inspectors. Is not the situation in that department virtually hopeless? You have officials with limited salaries but with almost unlimited opportunities for grafting, nearly secure from detection. It is all very well to say that we ought to have none but honest building inspectors, but how are you going to get them? How are you going to keep them honest in face of their constant temptations to make "easy money" by passing defective material or "helping" the contractor by not insisting upon too nice a compliance with the law? Such are the questions put by architects and others in the building business—men who are troubled by the official rottenness they encounter, who even do their best against it, but who almost despair of doing it away.

Their despondency would seem well founded if it were not possible to attack the problem from the other side. Mere efforts to tone up officials will not avail. No civil-service examination can detect the itching palm. Simply to exhort appointing officers to be careful and investigators to be unsparing and the courts to be severe will help only a little. We must go to the other end of the line. We must fix our attention upon the men who pay the graft or submit to the blackmail. Concerning them and their actions it is much more important to arouse a sound and vigilant public opinion than it is with reference even to official purity. The corrupt building inspector is corrupted by somebody, and he is the man we really ought to get after. Graft is given as well as taken, and the place to cut it off is at its fountain-head—that is, among those who pay.

They are not all consciously dishonest or unpatriotic. We know what they say. They wink at the payment of $10 to avoid a needless annoyance that would have cost them $500. They "retain" lobbyists and men with a political pull, because that is "the only way" and "everybody does it." But the growth and spread of the evil demand, first of all, a new kind of public spirit. It might be embodied in the phrase: "Millions for defence, not one cent for tribute." Men ought to exult in having spent ten times as much money in fighting and exposing and convicting a grafter as would have secretly satisfied him. It ought to be so that a stockholders' meeting would break into cheers when the president of the company reported that it had been "held up" by politicians for $25,000, but had resisted and had spent $150,000 in getting the evidence to send them to jail. There would be true patriotism in that, and it is the spirit that we must set ourselves to create in young and old or we are lost. But along with it there must also come a new attitude toward the men and the corporations who continue to let the graft flow. They should be made to feel the instant and burning indignation of honest men. The full power of social ostracism should be invoked against them. No matter how great their wealth or how high their position, despite all the fair semblance of good citizenship which they may assume, they should be made to know that they are frowned upon as corrupters of public life and traitors to their country.

THE NEW PERIODICAL VIRTUE.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan are at one in so many other things that it is not surprising to find them in a fellowship of kindred minds respecting newspapers and the magazines. Both of them have taken the position that the great mass of daily newspapers have ceased to deserve confidence. The reason is that many of them are controlled by criminal corporations, and that the rest allow themselves to be dictated to by advertisers, the net result being such a suppression or coloring of the news, and such an insincere or bought editorial utterance, that no dependence can be placed upon the honesty of the daily press. Yet the people are not without a substitute. They have found it in the weeklies and monthlies. These are free from advertising compulsion, they print the truth and nothing but the truth, they seek only to inform and lift up and save the nation. Absolutely fearless, wholly disinterested, true friends and champions of the common weal, magazine proprietors and editors are introduced by Messrs. Bryan and Roosevelt to a somewhat astonished people as the only honest men left in their calling.

Now, of course, to the charge brought against them, the newspapers are debarred, in the nature of the case, from replying. They are found out. In the mouth of two such witnesses as Roosevelt and Bryan, every word shall be established. No challenge for bias could be entertained against either of them; any one who should urge it would at once show that he was hired to do so by some wicked corporation. They know all about the untrustworthiness of newspapers because both of them have used the press for all that there was in it, but found the final result very unsatisfactory. So that daily papers may as well understand, first as last, that they stand condemned. Without insulting the public by attempting any defence, however, they might be pardoned for expressing a slight curiosity about the supernal virtues suddenly acquired by the magazines.

The sort referred to is well understood. It is the cheaper type that has risen to great circulation and vast notoriety within the past ten or fifteen years. This is the kind of periodical which, we are told, has supplanted the daily newspaper in respect and in influence. The fact we will not deny. But we cannot help asking about the men and the motives behind the fact. Are the one and the other as pure and exalted as it has been given us to understand? Have the popular magazines and weekly publications, in other words, been able to keep themselves unspotted from the world, entirely free from the difficulties and temptations which beset the newspapers?

For our part, we should be willing to leave the whole matter to the gentlemen concerned. If they could be subjected to a short cross-examination in the presence of Messrs. Roosevelt and Bryan, we believe that the whole truth would speedily come out. These proprietors and editors would privately look very sheepish under the halo that has been conferred upon them. We can easily fancy this magazine owner, with his automobiles and his luxurious mode of life, the other with his rapidly acquired fortune, this editor of a monthly and that editor of a weekly, refusing with a grin to be hailed as saints of the publishing business. Put the question directly to them, and they would say: "Yes, it is true that we rather blundered into this muckraking and uplift business. The first ventures were only experimental, copied from the daily newspapers, but when we found how the thing caught on and sent the circulation booming, we plunged for all we were worth and became worth a good deal

more in the process. Do good? Why, of course, we hope so; but we chiefly sought to do good to ourselves, and don't you forget that and think you can make plaster-saints out of us."

If one were to discuss the whole matter seriously, it would have to be admitted that the magazines of large circulation and large advertising (by which alone they live) have certain advantages. Not being so local in their clientèle as most newspapers must be, they are not so much subject to pressure from local advertisers. The extent of this pressure we believe to be greatly exaggerated. It is more of the nature of annoying impudence, easily brushed aside, than of serious demand; and, in its worst forms, is more often attempted than effected. But the fact that magazines are concededly more exempt from it than newspapers is only a trifling element in the whole problem. That, in its essence, is virtually the same for all classes of publication. There is not the difference, either in purpose or in method, that is pretended. Many men pass from the employ of newspapers to that of magazines. Do they think it necessary first to order their ascension robes? Writers often leave the magazines to work for newspapers. Is that so obvious a fall like Lucifer? And take the case, not infrequent, of a man who owns both newspapers and magazines; is he a saint in the office of the latter, but a very devil in the former? In this business, too, we should seek to clear our minds of cant. Public and effusive ascriptions of superior virtue to the popular magazines do no great harm; we always have to be putting somebody on a pedestal; but it is a pretty severe test of American humor—especially so when the statue itself which we erect is detected in a smile at the simplicity of its admirers.

THE CONGRESS OF TECHNOLOGY IN BOSTON.

Boston, April 14.

The Congress of Technology which met in Boston on April 10 and 11, in celebration of the semi-centennial of the signing of the charter of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was a pronounced success on the two main lines laid down by its projectors. They were, first, to show in the papers read at the public sessions, what applied science means to the life and prosperity of the public to-day; and, secondly, to make clear the fact that in the great changes, social and industrial, which have followed the development of applied science since the Institute of Technology was founded, the men trained at the Institute have taken a leading part in this great advance. This was made the more evident by the circumstance that all the papers, to the number of above seventy, were prepared by alumni or members of the faculty of the Institute, and were in a very real sense news reports from the advance lines of applied science, presenting the most important successes of the recent past, and some of the chief problems of the immediate future.

President Maclaurin of the Institute formally opened the proceedings of the Congress with an address on "Some Factors in the Institute's Success," given Monday afternoon in Huntington Hall. Following this came two papers of special interest, "The Spirit of Alchemy in Modern Industry," by William H. Walker, professor of industrial chemistry in the Institute faculty; and "Technology and the Public Health," by C. E. A. Winslow, Tech. '98, associate professor of biology in the College of the City of New York, and curator of public health, American Museum of Natural History, New York.

Monday evening, that of the first day, was devoted to a great "alumni smoker" in Symphony Hall, and to dinners held by most of the past classes.

The daylight hours of the second day were given over to the presentation of papers on various aspects of applied science. The papers were grouped in six divisions, and the times of reading were so arranged that the general public, a large number of whom had received personal invitations, were enabled to hear papers in several divisions. The result amply justified the plan. Every session was very largely attended, and as the papers dealt not with educational or technical abstractions, but were, on the contrary, striking and vital reports from the actual field of industrial work, the large audiences gained a better conception than would otherwise have been possible of the fashion in which applied science has re-made the life and habits of the world within the last half-century.

The Congress set clearly before the public the needs and the possibilities of what the speakers on Tuesday evening called the "New Technology." The high standard of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and its deserved fame as one of the very foremost technical schools in the world, hardly need reiteration. But the very success of the Institute has brought it to a point where insufficient endowment and cramped quarters threaten seriously to interfere with its future usefulness unless these obstacles are soon removed. The banquet in Symphony Hall on Tuesday evening, April 11, provided a significant sign of keen appreciation of this need both by the alumni of the Institute and by many others outside of its immediate ranks. The enthusiasm of the thousand alumni and guests who filled the floor of the hall was reflected in the words of the speakers, who included two such notable figures in Institute affairs as President Lowell of Harvard, long a member of the Corporation of Technology, and President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard, who was professor of chemistry in the original Institute faculty. The temper of this great meeting was significant in showing a sharp consciousness of a new era created by applied science; of the important part that has already been taken by graduates of the Massachusetts Institute; and of the pressing need, especially from the point of view of the interest of Massachusetts, that the Institute should be immediately equipped with the additional means for enabling it to continue in the future as it has been in the past, a leader in technical education.

The practical earnestness of the alumni in doing their full share toward making possible the "new technology" was shown in three announcements made by President Maclaurin after the banquet. One alumnus, who wished his name withheld, has offered to the Institute a tract of 1,000 acres of land in Maine, well suited to the uses of a summer school in civil engineering. Other alumni have definitely pledged themselves to contribute a large part of the price necessary for buying a new site for the Institute. Still another graduate, who is the head of a large cement company in Chicago, has promised as a gift all the cement needed for erecting the new buildings in reinforced concrete. Meanwhile, the question of the site itself, Dr. Maclaurin said, has been narrowed to a choice among three sites, all of which are within a short distance of the present buildings. It is expected that this question of a new site, upon which everything else in the development of the Institute depends, will soon be settled.

B. B.

PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN AUSTRIA.

Gratz, Austria, March 22.

An interesting strike came to an end February 25 in Trieste, the principal Austrian seaport. About a week and a half before this date, the government officials in the state railways, and the customs, telegraph, and post offices, of this important city struck for higher wages, demanding an increase of 20 per cent. Instead, however, of attempting to gain their end by leaving their desks and their tasks and thus tying up the public business, they adopted exactly the opposite course. During the first week, they caused a loss to the shipping and business of the city which

was estimated at a million crowns, or $200,000, and during the ten days of its duration a loss of double this amount. This method of striking, which originated in Austria, and, so far as I know, has not been tried elsewhere, is called by the English name of "Passivo Resistance."

Such a strike could take place only in a burcaucratic country. The rules and regulations which define the duties of the various government officials in Austria are extremely voluminous. An official who follows these rules unintelligently or too conscientiously would not be able to do all the work expected of him, and it has consequently become the custom among the officials to use their judgment and to carry out the spirit of the regulations by often disregarding the letter.

It will readily be seen that a body of officials could easily take advantage of such a condition of things, and by following the regulations too exactly delay or even prevent the transaction of the public business, without, however, doing anything which could be construed by an indulgent and paternal government as a failure to perform their duties. For instance, in the post-office, the clerks are required to examine all incoming matter to see that it has sufficient postage. When on a strike, they weigh each piece most carefully, whether it is necessary or not, and take as much time to it as possible. Time is consumed in the same way in every department of the post office, with the necessary consequence that all the regular mails are late, often several hours, and the business of the office very much disorganized. In Austria, the post office does the express business of the country, and in handling the express packages the refractory officials could make their power to disorganize business especially burdensome. In the telegraph department also, the same delays would occur.

The employees of the state railways are required to see to it that the trains are in a fit condition to accomplish their journeys, and the rules prescribe the examination of the various parts of the locomotives and cars. When on a strike the employees carry out these rules literally, and take so much time to perform their duty that the trains are inevitably late in starting and often hours late in arriving at their destinations. In the freight department of the state railways, during the recent strike, business came almost to a standstill. In an ordinary business day, the railway issues about three thousand bills of lading at Trieste, but while the strike was at its height such delays were caused that this number was reduced to sixty or less. In the customs offices also the greatest disturbances occurred. Trieste is the home of two great steamship companies, the Austrian Lloyd and the Austro-American, as well as of several smaller ones, and a large volume of import, export, and coastwise business is done, and a large number of passengers received and forwarded. The vessels of these companies are scheduled to arrive and leave on certain dates, and it is of the utmost importance that the business of the port shall proceed smoothly. The officials, however, hold the key to the whole situation. Every ship entering or leaving the port must receive the proper papers from the port officials; all dutiable imports must be taxed and all passengers must be examined, both by the quarantine and customs officers. The refractory officials delayed all of these operations interminably. I will mention but a single instance. Large quantities of sugar in sacks are received in Trieste for export. Before it can be loaded aboard the ship, however, it must be inspected by an official, who usually opens a sack here and there and thus quickly performs his duty. During the strike, however, he ripped open and inspected every sack, and then slowly sewed it up again. Passengers' baggage was also examined with a thoroughness which would have made Mr. Loeb's men appear like novices. Even so important a man as Dr. von Derschatta, the president of the Austrian Lloyd Company, who happened to pass through Trieste, was detained an hour or more while his eleven trunks and bags were emptied and every article examined.

The effect of the strike was exactly what the officials had expected and wished. Trieste found itself suddenly and almost without warning unable to transact business, and a great cry of protest went up to Vienna. The Government, however, did nothing effective for a week and more. The granting of the demand of the strikers was never considered for a moment, for if the movement had been successful, the Government would very soon have had many such strikes on its hands in other parts of the Empire. Most government officials are very insufficiently paid in Austria, and if passive resistance should succeed in one place, it would certainly be tried in many others. To the outsider, the remedy of the trouble seemed very simple. Officials who were so blind to the proper performance of their duties and so totally lacking in official pride that they would deliberately use the powers entrusted to them to hinder the transaction of the public business, certainly deserved instant discharge from their places, and would have received it in almost any other country. But here in Austria things are different, and the situation is besides complex. In the first place, in Trieste Italian is the language of the bulk of the population, and there are also many Croatians and Slovenians. German is, however, the official language. A public official must thus know German and Italian, and, perhaps, Croatian and Slovenian as well. If the Government had discharged the striking officials, it would have found it difficult, or perhaps impossible, to fill the places of most of them, and it is, after all, better to have the public business done poorly than not at all.

In the next place, although it had no intention of satisfying the demands of the strikers, the sympathy of the Government was, after all, more with them than with the people of Trieste. The Imperial Government of Austria is conducted by aristocrats, who have little or no feeling for business, and especially for the business interests of Trieste, which is a notoriously rebellious city, and is constantly emphasizing its Italian character and its hatred of the Austrian domination. The public officials, on the other hand, undoubtedly deserve a good deal of sympathy, as they receive too little pay to support them comfortably in a city where the prices of necessities have risen 25 per cent. in the past ten years. Besides, they are a part of the government itself, and officialdom in bureaucratic Austria is a close corporation that is apt to think more of its own interests and welfare than of the public good.

The cause of the low wages received by the public officials of Austria is not far to seek. It is not the poverty of the Government or its unwillingness to pay a fair rate for the work done, but the undue increase in the number of officials in the past few years and the unnecessarily large number of them at present in the public service. Eighty years ago there was one official in Austria to 360 inhabitants. At present there is one to 50 inhabitants, and every seventh or eighth man in the community is fed at the public crib. The well-known economist, Professor Schmoller of Berlin, stated recently that of every 100 officials in Austria, 20 are competent, 50 tolerable, and 30 incompetent. The thirty incompetents are mostly aristocrats who have sinecures and draw the highest salaries. It is a notorious fact, of which the newspapers frequently speak, that the public business would be quite as well done as it is at present with half or two-thirds of the present official force. It would probably be much better done, for if there were fewer officials they would not get in one another's way so much or have so much time for gossip. One sees sometimes fifteen or twenty officials in a single room, a considerable proportion of whom are usually discussing the political situation or eating and drinking. For the amount of work they do they seem to require a vast amount of provender.

It should seem that, inasmuch as these facts are perfectly well known, the Government would reform the public service and thus seek to avoid passive re-

sistance and similar troubles in the future. It would undoubtedly like to do so, but it is not strong enough to resist the pressure of the office-seekers. Austria, with the numerous warring races of which its population is composed, presents the aspect of a country divided against itself. But there is one respect in which all these races are absolutely harmonious, and that is the desire to hold office. Notwithstanding the low rate of wages paid, the public service is very popular, and young men are crowding into it in ever increasing numbers. And with reason, for it furnishes an easy living and a good social position to the man and his family: it gives him a pension when he is old and one to his family when he dies. Austria is not a rich country. Her agriculture, industries, and trade are not highly developed, and cannot absorb the annually maturing crop of young men. Great numbers of these thus find the struggle for existence a very severe one. The more energetic of the agricultural classes find relief from these conditions in emigration, and great numbers of them come to America. Many of the vicious and less enterprising from the villages and farms become vagabonds and tramps. Young men in the cities and towns, on the other hand, who are without definite prospects in life and have had a good school education, are apt to seek the public service, or perhaps to go into the church. I am convinced that one reason why the church is so strong in Austria is that it is a great and rich institution in a poor country, which needs young men and women, and furnishes a good opening for all such who dread the struggle for existence.

This, then, is the situation here in Austria. It has existed for a long time, and because of the spread of education among the middle classes, has been steadily growing worse, and for this the excellent free schools and the compulsory military service are responsible. In the olden time the son usually followed in the footsteps of his father and learned his trade or profession, as, in fact, he still does if his father is a man of any means or has a prosperous business. If, however, the father's position in the community is a humble one or he is not prosperous or has a superfluity of sons, the young man is apt to look about for something else to do, and if he has received a good schooling and is besides a young man of little energy or initiative, he almost inevitably slips into the public service.

The compulsory military service also exercises an important influence in these matters. A young man who can pass a certain school examination need serve but one year in the army instead of three, which is at present the length of the compulsory service. Great numbers of boys of the lower middle classes are kept in school long enough to enable them to pass this examination, instead of being taken out at an earlier age to learn a trade. They thus grow away from their class, and very many, being no longer willing to follow a trade, enter the public service.

A tremendous pressure is constantly brought to bear upon the governments of the country, the provinces, and the cities to create new offices to accommodate the seekers. The Coalition Government which ruled Hungary, where the conditions are similar to those in Austria, from 1906 to 1909, increased the number of public officials in that country by 45,028, of which number a single Ministry (that of Count Khuen-Hedervâry) created 30,251 in ten months.

One of the most interesting social phenomena in Austria is the bitter and unedifying strife for the ascendency among the Germans, Bohemians, Croatians, Italians, Slovenians, Ruthenians, Poles, and the other races which make up its polyglot population. One is apt to think, looking on the surface merely and reading the fiery editorials in the representative newspapers, that the innate racial antipathies are the cause of this strife. This is certainly not true in any large sense. The dominant race in a province or city gets all the offices for its sons and all the public contracts for its business men, and here lies the *casus belli*. I am convinced that these twelve or fifteen different races would live together almost as peaceably here as they do with us in America, if the struggle for existence were no more severe than it is with us.

The problem which public men in Austria have to solve is thus largely an industrial one, which would solve itself if the business situation could be improved sufficiently. Austria must follow the example of its neighbor, Germany, and develop its industries and agriculture in order that all of its people may find profitable employment. They would not then flock into the public service, and there would be no danger in the future of a passive resistance.

What the Government finally did in the case of the strike in Trieste was to transfer some of its leaders to Pola and other towns in Istria, and to threaten still further punitive measures. Passive resistance at once came to an end.

HENRY S. PRATT.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Mr. Hoe's collection of English Literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was one of the most important ever brought together. This portion of the library was described in the first five volumes of his catalogue, published in 1903. A representative selection of these books, including some of the most important items, is included in the first sale of the library which begins at the new rooms of the Anderson Auction Company on April 24.

Mr. Hoe's First Folio of Shakespeare was the Syston Park copy, one of the largest copies known, in a binding of red straight-grained morocco, ascribed by Mr. Hoe, but without much ground for it, to Roger Payne. It is unusually sound and clean throughout, and, except for the fact that the leaf of verses and title have been trimmed to the text and mounted (some letters of the title-page being in facsimile), it might be expected to bring the record price. The Second Folio is the most common imprint, but is an exceptionally large and fine copy. The Third Folio, also very large and fine, is (as usual) the late issue with title page dated 1664. The Fourth Folio has the rarest (and presumably the earliest) imprint: "Printed for H. Herringman, and are to be sold by Joseph Knight and Francis Saunders." The selection of Shakespeare quartos included in this first sale are "Henry the fift" (1608), King John" (1611); "Hamlet" (1611); "Henrie the fourth" (1613); "Richard the Second" (1615); "A Midsommer Nights dreame" (Roberts, 1600); "Loves Labours lost" (1631); and "Pericles" (1635). The first edition of the "Poems" (1640) is a large copy in old morocco by Lewis.

This first sale also includes most of the Ben Jonsons, beginning with the superb large paper copy of the "Works" (1616-1640) from Almon W. Griswold's collection. A few other copies of the first volume (1616) on large paper are known (Mr. Morgan has a fine copy with a presentation inscription in Ben Jonson's autograph), but no other copy of the second volume on large paper can be traced. Among several very rare Ben Jonson quartos are "Every man out of his Humor" (1600); "King James his Royall and Magnificent Entertainment" (1604), the copy which brought £116 in 1904; and "Chloridia" (1630), the copy which brought £145 at the same sale.

A long series of quartos of George Chapman appear in this sale. The "Seaven Bookes of the Iliades of Homer," with the "Achilles Shield" (both 1598), is in the original vellum binding, and is presumably the copy which brought £291 in 1904. The "Epicede or Funerall Song" on the "Death of Prince Henry" (1613) is a presentation copy from Chapman to Inigo Jones. This copy, however, does not contain the very rare plate of Henry's hearse. Another very rare Chapman is his "Euthymiæ Raptus; or the Teares of Peace" (1609). This is the Griswold-McKee copy.

The Caxton "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer will be sold in a later part, but Wynken de Worde's "Troylus and Cresyde" (1517) and collected editions of Chaucer's "Workes" of 1532, 1561, and 1602 are included in this sale.

The long series of the works of Samuel Daniel includes the rare first edition of "Delia" and "Rosamond" (1592), of which the only other known copy is Malone's in the Bodleian. Three other perfect copies of the first "Delia" are known, but they are all accompanied by a later issue of "Rosamond."

Mr. Hoe's copy of Sir William Alexander's "Recreations with the Muses" (1637), with the rare portrait, was bought at the McKee sale for $760, and has since been elaborately bound. Only one copy of the first edition of Bacon's "Essaies," issued by him to forestall an unauthorized edition which was "going to print," is known in

America. This, formerly in the Rowfant library, is now in the Church-Huntington collection. Mr. Hoe owned the second edition (1698), almost equally rare, also the first edition of the "Apophthegmes" (1625).

William Drummond's "Poems" (Edinburgh, 1616), on large paper, is one of the most wonderful books in the collection. It is probably the copy which sold in the Auchinleck sale in 1893 for £48.

George Herbert's "The Temple," the very rare undated issue of the first edition, is the Brand-Heber-Daniel-Foote copy, costing Mr. Hoe $1,050 at the Foote sale in 1895. The date of 1631 has been wrongly affixed to it by Lowndes and others, but, as Professor Palmer has conclusively shown, this undated title follows, instead of preceding, the first published edition, dated 1633.

A Kilmarnock Burns (1786), entirely uncut and with the old blue wrappers bound in, is probably the most valuable eighteenth century book in the sale. This was the Kalbfleisch copy, bound up by him, not by Mr. Hoe. The Burns Museum at Ayr paid £1,000 for a copy in the original blue covers. Mr. Van Antwerp's copy, in the same condition, for which he paid $4,500 privately, brought only £700 when his books were sold at Sotheby's. Gray's "Elegy wrote in a Country Churchyard," first edition (1751); "Robinson Crusoe," first edition (1719), and other rare works by Defoe; Samuel Johnson's "Irene" (1749) and "Vanity of Human Wishes" (1749), both uncut; and John Gay's first book, "Wine, a Poem" (1708), are other notable books of this period.

William Blake's "Songs of Innocence" (1789), "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" (1790), "Songs of Experience" (1794), and "Milton" (1804) are specimens of the engraving and coloring of this genius. The "Milton" is one of only three copies known, the two others being in the British Museum and in the New York Public Library. The Hoe copy is, presumably, the one which brought £230 in the Beckford sale in June, 1882.

There are many gaps in Mr. Hoe's collections of first editions of nineteenth century English and American authors. His collection of Dickens is unattractive, relieved only by a presentation copy of "The Village Coquettes" (1836). The three Keats volumes are in this sale, the "Endymion" being Haydon's copy and having one of the autograph letters to Fanny Brawne inserted.

The most notable among first editions of American authors is Bryant's "Embargo," the exceedingly rare first edition of 1808. This is the Hawkins copy which brought $41.50 back in 1887. No other has been sold at auction since. Mr. Hoe procured it in the N. Q. Pope collection. Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" (1828), Longfellow's "Outre Mer" (1833-34), and a presentation copy of his "Poems on Slavery" (1842) are among other notable volumes.

Autograph letters and manuscripts are not numerous in the Hoe collection, but a number of fine items are scattered through the two volumes of the catalogue. The Irving manuscripts include important autograph revisions of the "Sketch Book," "Life of Goldsmith," and "Knickerbocker's New York." Series of letters of Burns and Franklin, two fine letters of Poe, and other literary manuscripts are included in this first sale.

Correspondence

AN INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The response that has met the great speech of Sir Edward Grey from the British people, the clergy, and the press is very gratifying. It is sure to be strongly approved by the press, the clergy, and the people of our own country. It shows clearly that the people of England and America prefer some more reasonable and practical method of settling disputes than the expensive and burdensome methods heretofore prevailing.

The first great step in the present movement was taken when Canada and the United States agreed on a reciprocity treaty that might reduce somewhat the cost of living in both countries. It would be difficult for the few people that may be interested on each side to defeat a treaty which will so materially benefit a great majority of the two peoples.

The second step in bringing the two branches of the English-speaking race into accord to such an extent that they are prepared to make a treaty that shall provide a way for the reasonable settlement of any differences between them, is pretty sure to meet with universal accord; and if such a treaty can be made between two of the most powerful nations in the world, the example will be sure to extend to other countries. It is gratifying to learn that France is already in correspondence with America for a similar treaty.

Now, if at this juncture there might be taken some action by the different governments to set apart a reasonable proportion of their present armaments as a police force to protect each nation in all its rights, both territorial and political, from aggression from any source, the world might have speedy relief from heavy armaments. But we may not hope for such a result at once. We must prepare gradually for it. Heretofore each nation has adopted the principle of settling its own difficulties with all the rest of the world independently. It has been a highly expensive and burdensome operation, and has not resulted in procuring in any satisfactory way the desired end. In fact, we are going backward every day while these armaments increase. The nations seem almost beside themselves in mutual fear of attack. They are suspicious, and every Dreadnought increases that suspicion. It is a wrong principle. It is not in separate action, but in combined action, in coöperation, that we must seek relief.

I wish to offer a plan for solving this problem. My idea is to take a portion of the present armaments, say 10 per cent., and establish an international army and navy. In taking such action we should avoid any discussion concerning the proportion that each nation should contribute to this international force, for each one is only required to contribute a quota relative to its own present equipment. The advantages of such a readjustment are these: It will cost practically nothing, and by posting sections of this international force in the places where trouble is most likely to occur, adequate protection will be obtained. The establishment of this force would not interfere with the present military organization. That would go on as now, relatively as strong; so that each nation could safely enter upon the experiment which would result in the beginning of permanent disarmament. Edwin Ginn.

Boston, April 13.

DESIRABLE IMMIGRATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The address delivered by Secretary of Commerce Nagel at the recent Italian Congress in Philadelphia concerning immigration methods, contains a short paragraph which may well be taken to heart by all who are interested in our industrial and political future. Secretary Nagel said in part:

> All the family ought to come or all ought to stay. The family is the unit of American civilization and good government. If a man is fit to come, the highest evidence of his qualification for American citizenship will be his loyalty to his family.

Of course, we have long recognized the family as being the essential unit, but in the midst of other considerations we are prone to forget this first requisite. Racial differences have been over-emphasized, while the things that tend to a real assimilation of our foreign elements have been forgotten. For a long time it was customary to permit separation of friends and relatives in the task of shipping the immigrants from the seaboard westward. Fortunately, through the efforts of the Immigrant Clearing House, in coöperation with the railways, this evil has been minimized.

Now that the danger of separation *en route* has been avoided, an added incentive should be given to the man immigrating to bring his family with him. The United States may have suffered somewhat in the past through the negligence of authorities in admitting diseased persons to our shores or through the swindling action of steamship companies; yet on the whole immigration has proved profitable, and yet remains so.

Gen. Francis A. Walker once asserted that had immigration been restricted entirely our population would not have been less, because the native stock would have been more prolific. But such a statement must necessarily remain unsubstantiated, and to many it will appear extremely doubtful whether such would be the result in an actual trial.

However, we appear to be approaching more nearly a mean which will be neither absolutely prohibitive nor recklessly lax. Secretary Nagel has given a good concrete expression of the ideal that must be sought for, namely, the immigration not of the individual, but of the family.

Earl A. Saliers.

University of Pennsylvania, April 10.

IMAGINATION AND MEMORY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of April 6 there is an interesting communication from Mr. Andrew Lang. In this, he comments on a curious problem, raised by a little book "The Adventure."

In 1901, the narrators "paid a visit on an

August day, after luncheon, to *le petit Trianon*. They knew nothing about the house, except that Marie Antoinette used to amuse herself there in a rural way." Briefly, they saw persons in the garb of 1789, saw a lady who resembled the portrait of Marie Antoinette, etc. Some days passed before each told the other that the Trianon seemed haunted, and months passed before they spoke to each other freely on the subject. Mr. Lang properly suggests that the study of maps and old records by these estimable women after the visit to the Trianon had unconsciously colored their memories.

May I recall a curious experience of a similar nature? In 1887, I visited the Museum of National Antiquities at St. Germain. Dr. Mortillet, the director, accompanied me through the various halls and showed me the amazing collections of palæolithic man, made by archæologists whose names are classical in the literature of the subject. In the summer of 1889, I was in Paris again and with a friend visited the Museum. On our way out to St. Germain, I described to him the beauties of the museum, the wonderful mural paintings portraying the cave dweller, neolithic man, the models of dolmens, etc., and particularly the two colossal equestrian statues in bronze, representing an ancient Gaul and an ancient Roman, designed by Rodin, the armor, weapons, harness trappings, and other details rigidly designed from the very objects exhumed in France, which formed part of the collection. These statues stood on a colonnade which overlooked the plains and faced Paris. Dr. Reinach, the director, with his usual courtesy, accompanied us through the various halls, and, finally, I asked him to direct us to the colonnade, as I wished to show my friend the colossal equestrian figures, designed by Rodin. He looked somewhat perplexed and said he did not know to what I referred. Somewhat amazed at his bewildered look, I mentioned rather impatiently the great figures in bronze and asked if they had been removed. He said they never existed! I soberly told him they had been shown me by the former director, Mortillet, a few years ago. He said he remembered my visit quite distinctly, but he had never seen or heard of the bronze statues. I then asked him if he would kindly show me the colonnade facing Paris, thereupon, amused by my insistence, he went to the side of the room, raised a window, and I looked down at the identical colonnade I had in mind, but no statues! I turned to him in amazement, and after we had gazed at each other for a moment, he turned to a little cupboard and brought out two small plaster cast models, and said, "I wonder if you refer to these?" He said they were designed by Rodin after a suggestion by Mortillet, whose ambition it was to have them made life size and placed upon the colonnade. He had never been able to carry out the idea.

Now the winter before, I had given a course of Lowell lectures on European museums, and I was sure these wonderful statues had been described in the course, for no impression more clear and vivid had ever existed in my brain. Immediately upon returning home, I hunted up my lecture notes and my original journal notes and no reference to the statues, nor even to the diminutive models, could be found!

This again illustrates the unreliability of human testimony. EDWARD S. MORSE.

Salem, Mass., April 12.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY GHOST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The "passing" of the Astor Library, so soon to be an accomplished fact, reminds me of two or three incidents, which may be of interest to your readers. As I entered the service of the library in 1855 (six months after it was opened to the public), and resigned in 1865, I suppose I am the only person living who was officially attached to the institution during that period. Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, then superintendent of the library, and Daniel Willard Fiske (afterward a professor in Cornell University), with a janitor, comprised the working force of the library when I entered its service.

The story of the "Astor Library Ghost" was first published in the New York *Evening Post* a day or two after the occurrence, and when it had begun to be talked of in the clubs, Francis Williams, who was then on the staff of the paper, and was my personal friend, called to see me about it, and I gave him the facts, as I knew them; this was about 1862, I should think, as Dr. Cogswell resigned in 1863.

Dr. Cogswell was dining with other guests at William B. Astor's, who lived next door to the library, and, "ghosts" having been mentioned at the table, related the story. George Bancroft, who was present, was my informant on the day following the dinner.

One night toward midnight Dr. Cogswell was moving about in the upper galleries, as was his custom, verifying titles and carrying a lighted candle. While at the west end of the south main gallery he dimly saw the figure of a man standing in the southeast corner (where the books on occultism were shelved). Approaching the figure, he recognized it as appearing to be that of a well-known physician, who had resided about the middle of the block, on Lafayette Place, and had died there some weeks before. This apparition held in his hand an old French folio edition of the "Predictions" of Nostradamus, published in the sixteenth century. Dr. Cogswell stated that on three different nights he saw the figure—which disappeared on being addressed by him. When the trustees of the library thought over the story, they judged that the learned superintendent had been overworking (which he always was), and gave him a vacation, and I well remember the twinkle in the old gentleman's eyes when he told me about it, placing me in charge during his absence. Mr. Fiske had resigned from the library some time before.

The day after the promulgation of the ghost story, the Rev. Pierre Irving, the nephew of Washington Irving, called at the library and asked me about the matter. In the course of our conversation, he told me of a similar case that had come within his own experience.

It occurred at Sunnyside, the former residence of Washington Irving. Pierre Irving and the two grand-nieces of Washington Irving were seated in the front room, talking, on a summer afternoon the year following Washington Irving's death, when one of the ladies who was facing the open front door suddenly rose, and cried out excitedly, "Why, there's uncle"; all rose at once and gazed at the door, through which there passed the form of Washington Irving, dressed and appearing as in life. He crossed the room, passed through a door in the opposite corner, and disappeared in the room which had been Mr. Irving's library and writing-room. They all saw him enter that room, but when they followed him in it was empty and there was no other means of exit.

An interesting occurrence which has escaped public knowledge is connected with Washington Irving's will, which was signed in the southeast corner alcove on the ground floor of the old building of the Astor Library and witnessed by Daniel Willard Fiske and myself. Mr. Irving dropped into the library one day, and, seeing us standing together, remarked: "I have been carrying around in my pocket for some days my will, waiting to have it witnessed; will not you two gentlemen oblige me?" So we all went into the corner, where Mr. Irving acknowledged his will, signed it, and we bore testimony thereunto. Mr. Irving died November 28, 1859, and some months later Mr. Fiske and I went up to White Plains and testified to our signatures.

My personal experience as an official in the Astor Library occurred during the superintendence of Dr. Cogswell and Francis Schroeder, the father of Rear-Admiral Seaton Schroeder, whom I very well remember as a boy. FRANK H. NORTON.

New York, April 7.

THEOCRITUS IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of your notice on February 9 of Robert T. Kirlin's "Theocritus in English Literature," and the author's remarks quoted therein regarding allusions to Theocritus in our American papers and magazines, may I call attention to the fine paper, "Tennyson and Theocritus," in Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Victorian Poets," chapter vi, pages 201-233, of the edition of 1875. Whether this essay is known to Mr. Kirlin or not, or whether it ever appeared in paper or magazine previous to its publication in book form, I do not know. But the essay is evidence that Theocritus was known and appreciated in America some considerable time before "the last decade," and is not only of value as regards Theocritus and his relations to Tennyson, but, as Mr. Stedman says in his preface, "relates to a matter which seems to me of more significance than the obligations of the modern idyllist to the ancient, namely, the singular likeness of the Victorian period to the Alexandrian, manifest in both external conditions and poetic results." ALFRED G. LANGLEY.

Newport, R. I., March 30.

THE STATUS OF THE PROFESSOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having read with interest the editorial in your issue of March 9 on "The Status of the Professor," I should like to say that, from one point of view, the "submergence of the self-assertive personality of professors" is not a widespread evil, in spite of the possible existence of the so-called personal domination of the college

president. A man may enter the presidency with the highest ideal of working with his faculty in the spirit of coöperation and harmony, but unless he is associated with a body of men, each one of whom is a gentleman of honor, as well as a scholar, having breadth and wisdom to see that his own interests cannot always be forwarded at the expense of some other department, or, in other words, who will himself cooperate, a president cannot continue his work along his chosen lines. This has been tested and proved. When a college faculty can be found that is imbued with such breadth and wisdom, we shall have the ideal institution needing no personal domination—"a company of gentlemen and scholars working together, with the president simply as the efficient centre of inspiration and coöperation." I fancy that the college president himself would be the first to rejoice in the new order of things.

A President's Widow.

New York, March 29.

CAR FARES IN CLEVELAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial in the issue of April 13 you comment upon the public reputation of Tom L. Johnson, and, in speaking of his contest to procure three-cent fare on the street railways of Cleveland, say: "On some lines for some distances there is three-cent fare in that city."

Accuracy is always important to the *Nation*, and I, therefore, take the liberty of saying that on *all* lines for *all* distances in the city of Cleveland the street railway fare is three cents, unless a transfer is needed from one line to the other, in which case one cent is charged for the privilege of transferring. Newton D. Baker,

City Solicitor.

Cleveland, O., April 14.

A POET'S VISION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I came the other day upon a curious poetical anticipation of a modern achievement in the Latin epic, "Jesus Puer" of Thomas Ceva. Speaking of an imaginary aerial fleet, the poet says:

Ilia rotis se circinat aëre magnis,
Paulatim ad terras spiris ingentibus acta.

"Puer Jesus" appeared in 1690; an expanded edition was published in 1732.

C. H. Ibershoff.

Harvard University, April 12.

SHODDY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After reading your "Symphony in K Flat" (*Nation*, April 13), I regretted that you had overlooked a civil war rhyme, as follows:

Around the bar-room fires these wintry nights,
Drinking whiskey toddy,
While shiver, shiver in the camps
The men they clothed in shoddy.

C.

Philadelphia, April 15.

Literature

THE CONFEDERATE VICE-PRESIDENT.

Recollections of Alexander H. Stephens: His Diary kept when a Prisoner at Fort Warren, Boston Harbour, 1865: Giving Incidents and Reflections of his Prison Life and some Letters and Reminiscences. Edited, with a Biographical Study, by Myrta Lockett Avary. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50 net.

May 25, 1865, by order of the government of the United States, a political prisoner was brought to Fort Warren. The fort was situated on George's Island, in the harbor some seven miles out from Boston. The parapeted and bastioned ramparts were solidly constructed, and all the ways of the fort were securely guarded by Federal troops. For greater safety the prisoner was nevertheless taken to one of the lower cells, and kept there, save for an hour each day, under lock and bar, in solitary confinement. Day and night, armed sentries paced up and down before the door. Some military desperado, no doubt, to call for so much enclosing masonry, so many locks and bars, such unceasing vigilance? No; only a frail little man, weighing less than a hundred pounds, whose whole life had been "one constant physical pain"; a man who had done what he could to prevent war; who had, after the war was over, remained quietly at home, ready, at the request of the Federal government, to present himself for trial, or otherwise to submit to whatever demands might be made. In the cell where he now found himself so securely confined he struggled uncomplainingly against pain and illness, scarcely able, at times, to stand upright; wept at the thought of his family; sought consolation in his much-thumbed Bible, or in simple prayer; gave himself up to religious and philosophical reflection, trying desperately to justify the ways of God to man; and if guilty, after all, of momentary irritation and complaint one day, humbly took himself to task for it the next. The prisoner was Alexander H. Stephens, former vice-president of the Confederate States of America. We hasten to assure the reader that he did not escape, even when removed to an upper room and allowed the freedom of the fort, but remained there until October 13, when, having been released by order of the Federal government, he returned to his home in Georgia.

The Prison Journal, composed from day to day, makes the main part of the book. It is a welcome addition to the literature of American history. In it we find, as we should naturally expect to find, a statement of the author's views on political and constitutional questions. What these views were is well known. They have been most often noticed in order to contrast them with the views of men like Webster and other Northern leaders. It is nevertheless true, though not so often noticed, that while the views were different, the point of view was the same—a point of view which is important because it gives character to the political thinking of the second quarter of the nineteenth century, in Europe as well as in America. The statesmen of that generation were apt to make a fetich of constitutions, and to conceive of political liberty as a recorded definition rather than as a living fact. It was an age of doctrinaires who confided their souls to the safekeeping of the written word; and thus we may enjoy the spectacle of a Guizot with solemn confidence battening down explosive social forces under a Revised Charter, or a Macaulay with complacent optimism resting the edifice of Human Happiness upon a Reform Bill. And in the United States it was no less characteristic of "Liberalism" to think of liberty as dwelling only within the limits of the *pays légal*. Webster and Calhoun and Stephens were alike in this, that they loved the Union not less but the Constitution more. The Union of which they were enamoured was a thing created by definition—a Union *ex hypothesi*, existing, as one might say, mainly for dialectical purposes. The life of a great nation, they seemed to suppose, could be run in the rigid mould of written law. To make the Union fit the Constitution was almost the sum of their political philosophy; and if they disagreed as to what, precisely, the Constitution was, they were quite agreed that outside of it there was no salvation. "No one ever lived," we read in the Prison Journal, "with stronger feelings of devotion to the Constitution of the United States *and the Union under it* than myself. . . . For the Union barely, without the rights and guarantees secured by the Constitution, I never entertained or professed any attachment." And Webster speaks of that "chosen Constitution" under which the people "have seen their happiness, prosperity, and renown grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength." Not for these men was it to say that there was a higher law than the Constitution, or that the nation could not permanently endure half slave and half free, or yet that the "peculiar institution" had at last outgrown the organic law. When men began to see that constitutions must be made to fit changing social forces, the age of "Liberalism" was over and the age of "blood and iron," or of gold perhaps, was ushered in.

But the Prison Journal is mainly interesting, not because it contains a statement of the author's political ideas, but because it contains a simple,

unaffected account of the thoughts and feelings of an honest and very lovable man. Having read the Journal we feel that we know Alexander H. Stephens as we know Cellini, or John Stuart Mill, or Gen. Grant; our only regret is that it has been necessary to wait so long to know him in this intimate fashion.

Not a man certainly of profound or illuminating intellect: a great reader, we suspect, and one whose interests were wide; but appreciation hardly kept pace with curiosity, and apart from constitutional questions his grasp was in no way remarkable nor his judgment very sure. The Book of Job is a favorite, to be sure, but Bacon's Essays he finds "nothing but loose sayings on divers subjects," except the one on Friendship, which is good—better, on the whole, than the remarks of Cicero on the same subject. The Economics of Aristotle appeals to him, but the Politics he regards as "of little value." He enjoys Prescott immensely, but cannot think that the motive of Matthew Arnold is a worthy one. Meanwhile his practical mind hazards the conjecture that the Song of Solomon was never intended as an allegory: he believes it was only a love song.

The clear, practical intelligence of the man was deep-rooted in an emotional and profoundly religious nature: some instinct in him was always reaching out after the unseen forces of the world. It was his practice to open the Bible at hazard "with a fervent prayer to Almighty God to be directed to some chapter of His Word from which I could derive comfort."

> I took up my Bible with a desire to find in it something on which the soul could rely for comfort and hope. The book opened at Isaiah 38. Was it accident? Believing all things are under the direction of the Ruler of the Universe, by whom even the hairs of our heads are numbered, I secured consolation from this chapter. As has been my custom for the last twenty years or more, before committing myself to sleep I committed my body, soul, and spirit to His keeping, praying devoutly that His will "be done on earth as in Heaven."

And he adds:

> This fact I here record mainly because religion is a subject on which I seldom speak or write. Perhaps in this I have done wrong. It has arisen from a very deep aversion to what I consider "cant."

No dry rationalist or "philosophical radical" ordering his steps to the measured beat of a syllogism, he thinks that "all signs and omens are good to those who believe in them." He will not admit that he believes in them, and yet, "I always like to get a first view of the crescent in a clear, bright sky without intervening obstructions." A very human man, with charming inconsistencies and delightful little aversions: he could not drink coffee out of a glass, and liked water best out of a gourd.

If much affliction did not make him rebellious, neither did it sour his temper. A simple and kindly man, wholehearted and boyish in his affections, without malice or evil intention. Friendly toward all men and superior to none, he never knew a negro who did not like him, and we can well believe there never was one—certainly not his own slaves, for whose welfare he spent much more than they ever returned. His solicitude for the future of the colored race finds constant expression in the Journal, and his desire to get his own former slaves well settled was one of his reasons for desiring to be released on parole. There is genuine pathos in the constantly recurring expression of affection for his family. "Thoughts of home, my brother, and all the dear ones there, black and white, almost kills, almost crazes me." And then his beloved Georgia! There never was such a State! Once he was served with a portion of watermelon, "red meat and black seed. It is excellent." But, on second thought, "not so sweet and delicious as Georgia melons"! Certainly not! We can well understand that.

The man's humor was not all unconscious, however. The humorous side of things, he tells us, always appealed to him, and he could laugh at himself as well as at another. It is a proof of it that even in solitary confinement the trait was not wholly obscured. True, he can raise only a faint smile; the humor does not easily rise from the solid earth. Apropos of some remarks about a mouse he was trying to tame, he mentions another less desirable sort of companion, "whose nature it is to stick to you closer than a brother and to keep you awake all night. Since my row with them the other day, I have not seen or heard anything more from them. If they have made any attack, it has been a sly one in small force." And then, honest man that he was, who would have everything clear and precisely set down, he adds, "Of course, I mean bedbugs." Even in jest one would not wish to leave a wrong impression!

CURRENT FICTION.

The Patrician. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

With his usual intense, even passionate, concentration upon one aspect of modern English life, Mr. Galsworthy here produces a novel of dignity and power. If it were not for a certain slackening of nerve or wavering of aim apparent in the later chapters, we should incline to call it a great novel. The types are the immemorial types of English fiction. The main situation, baldly stated, is as old as the hills. But both type and action, throughout the greater part of the narrative, appear to have undergone the sublimation by which genius is wont to convert the commonplace into the rare and potent. If it is a chief triumph of fancy to give a local habitation to airy nothing, the complementary feat is to transmute a leaden something into the gold-dust of the upper air.

The persons arrange themselves in the familiar British pyramid. At the bottom is a broad base of servants, lodging-house keepers, villagers, and so forth; midway are the romantic protagonists; and above, dominating and stern, sits Authority—in the person of the immortal dowager. To the old Lady Casterley of this tale falls the same solemn duty that erst devolved on the Lady Lufton of Framley Parsonage. It is for her to persuade the ineligible charmer of the Hope of the House to discourage his misguided addresses. The ineligibility of that charmer is, to be sure, of a far more complicated kind than that of sweet Lucy Robarts. Audrey Noel is a married woman, for whom, though she is virtually separated from her husband, divorce is, under the English statute, impossible. There is therefore no danger of her getting a legal hold on Lord Miltoun. But he chances to be of those for whom the moral hold is everything. Politically he stands for the conservatism of his order, and his nature is deeply religious. The establishment of an illicit tie therefore means the ruin of his just-begun parliamentary career. He will not give up Audrey, nor will he maintain a secret connection. She cares nothing for his career, but much for his happiness, and (spurred on by the dowager) succeeds in procuring it for him at the expense of her own. Authority is vindicated also in the separation of Miltoun's sister, Lady Barbara, and Courtier, the man she loves. A girl of unusual spirit, breeding and circumstance subdue her, as Courtier is sufficiently wise to foresee that they must. As for him, he is Miltoun's opposite in mind and temper, a radical and idealist, whose life is built upon faith in human nature, while Miltoun's is built upon distrust of it. In action, Courtier is the nobler of the two, and yet Miltoun is noble. Mr. Galsworthy's interpretation of the two characters is equally sympathetic, and this is true also of Barbara and Audrey. But it is hardly necessary to say that the book is a plea for the new order rather than a defence of the old.

The Lame Englishman. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Cassell & Co.

This writer has made himself known hitherto as a skilful writer of historical romance of the popular school. He has built a number of tales ("The Red Saint" may be recalled as the last of them) in which love-making, historical detail, and picaresque adventure were mingled in the right proportions. The present story still has the advantages and the disadvantages of the historical

setting. The place is Italy, the time that of the Garibaldian struggle. Bloodshed and perilous adventure are not lacking in these pages. But for the first time, so far as we know, the writer has succeeded in subordinating both history and romantic incident to real characterization. Francesca Merula is the disillusioned wife of a Roman sensualist. The new patriotism, the movement toward a united Italy, become her refuge. The husband, outwardly indifferent, is secretly a servant of the reaction. She gets knowledge of a plot against the life of Mazzini, warns the leader, and tells her husband what she has done. He is a coward, and at once leaves Rome. Francesca has already become acquainted with a young Englishman, almost a cripple, but a man of spirit, fired, like her, with ardor for a free Italy. He enlists in the Garibaldini, and bears his part well. But the enterprise is doomed, and the day comes when the lame Englishman and the passionate but blameless Francesca must fly from Rome. She dons the Garibaldian uniform; and at the moment when escape is almost accomplished, that blot of color in a wood brings death to her, and the lame Englishman takes pains to follow her by the same road without delay. The restraint and dignity of this final scene, which might so easily have been mere melodrama, put a seal upon one's impression of the story as a sincere and well-wrought piece of work.

The Simple Life Limited. By Daniel Chaucer. New York: John Lane Co.

This book belongs roughly to the paradoxical school of modern British novelists. It shows the influence of Mr. Wells, of Mr. Chesterton, and of Mr. Bennett in his whimsical mood. The scene is rural England. The chief persons are Simon Bransdon, born Simeon Brandetski. After an adventurous early life, and brief success as an English novelist, physical shock reduces him to a state almost of lethargy. His talent is not eclipsed, but his ambition and common-sense are in abeyance. One Gubb gets hold of him—a professional parasite with an instinct for marketable powers in others. He makes an oracle of Bransdon, builds about him a theory of the simple life, and founds a colony of "Lifers," out of which he contrives to make a handsome profit for himself. There is obvious chance here for a variety of "character" parts, and the writer takes full advantage of it. Nearest to caricature are a young pair, a male Gubb and a female Bransdon, who begin by taking the Simple Life movement with the utmost seriousness, and end in complete skepticism. The "Lifers" in bulk are disposed of as types:

> The elder women were mostly of gray complexions; they dressed in gray tweed with boat-shaped hats and they had, as a rule, timid eyes and very slight, silvery gray, delicately suggested moustaches. Their menfolk wore, as a rule, timid and anxious expressions, cycling breeches, and thin gray beards.

The younger women "nearly all contrived to make their necks appear inordinately long, and they were all round-shouldered." One or two marked figures appear in the midst of this pale throng—a Mrs. Lee, suffragette in type though not in function, and a wild Russian Brandetski, cousin to Simeon. The most human persons in the tale are Mr. Luscombe, a country squire of substance, who permits himself to be used by the enterprising Gubb, up to a certain point, and a Mr. Everard, promoter and impresario, and conqueror of pleasure-loving London. As a story, the affair, which begins promisingly enough, trails out to great lengths of irrelevant incident. The writer seems to have little power of selection among the sufficiently copious materials which offer themselves to his whimsical pen.

Neighbors Unknown. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Of this new collection of Mr. Roberts's "nature" stories, we need only say that it is as good as its predecessors. Freshness of matter or manner cannot be claimed for it. Indeed, after twenty years' exploitation of the habits of the polar bear, the caribou, the lynx, and the rest, we have little new information to look for. But of possible new combinations of the old matter, there is no calculable end. After the lynx has slain the wolf, he may still be pitted against a dozen antagonists in succession: and there is always the deadly rifle in reserve. The most striking of the present sketches is "The Tiger of the Sea"—the adventure of a foolhardy man with a killer whale. They are all good in their kind. It is to be doubted if that kind is likely to retain its popularity much longer with so fickle a public as is made up of confirmed fiction-readers. After all, the lover of nature and inquirer into the "way of the wild" does not go for his fun or his profit to such books as this: they must stand or fall as fiction.

THE SOCIAL COMPACT.

Individualism: Four Lectures on the Significance of Consciousness for Social Relations. By Warner Fite. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.80.

Professor Fite's lucid and powerful analysis of the social compact lacks certain current fashionable features. The subconscious, we believe, is not once mentioned in the book; the psychology of the crowd receives scant courtesy. In general, the big, vague, comforting words of collectivistic and humanitarian theory are absent. And the style has merely the color and emphasis of sound thinking and conscientious analysis. It requires some audacity in a modern author to conceive a sociological and philosophical work so nearly in the spirit and style of those obsolete writers David Hume and Adam Smith.

The cardinal doctrine is that the only rational basis for moral action in the individual and for right social adjustment is enlightened self-interest. Enlightenment naturally implies that all action shall be conscious and intelligently chosen. "For the conscious individual the ideal of life is not to relegate any part of his living to the care of nervous automatisms, but to make every feature of life the object of immediate conscious control and the object of immediate conscious satisfaction." The difference between a life thus directed and a selfish life in the usual sense is a difference of intelligence and outlook. The selfish man perceives only parts of his own situation and the attitude of others imperfectly or not at all. A truly wise and moral man will in every action take his fellow's case fully and fairly into consideration. He will not waive his own end, but will contrive to attain it with regard for the other man's end. In other words, where there is mutual understanding of a situation in its entire import, a mutually agreeable and profitable adjustment is always possible. The normal state of man in society is, then, not, as mechanical criticism has asserted, one of warfare, but of adjustment, and the possibility of such adjustment rests ultimately upon the fact of individual consciousness. A man must be clear about himself, his meanings, and aims, before he can deal with others or be dealt with. Mere instincts of the clan, nation, or race lead us shortly to strife. Altruism affords no real adjustment and breeds self-deception. We must transcend these impulses and sentimentalities and learn to know ourselves in others:

> As long ago as Socrates (writes Professor Fite), it was recognized that the most difficult problem of life is to know yourself. For us it is the whole problem. Yet to have located the problem at this point is, as I conceive, a great gain, for it means that the problem is theoretically soluble and it points the direction of the solution. For our special purpose it means that there is no inherent contradiction between social welfare and individual freedom; and therefore that the duty of self-sacrifice for the common good is not merely paradoxical but unintelligent. Every self-conscious agent has, in the nature of things, a right to self-realization. And as rational beings we are bound to assume that every social problem can be solved by careful analysis and adjustment of individual aims. Such adjustment will involve proximately a detailed study of each problem presented, but ulteriorly something more comprehensive and permanently effective, namely that general state of mutual understanding which is the product of an enlightened culture.

Such is the doctrine, an eminently melioristic one, and novel in its reconcilement of personal and social aims. To establish it Professor Fite naturally has to meet and confute those views of morals which lay the roots of choice in unconscious or altruistic motives. In showing the inconsistencies of those who ascribe to the child a set of social impulses mechanically inherited he has little difficulty. On these genetic matters he personally observes a wise agnosticism, though he strikes hard at the notion of primitive man as begetter of the social virtues. Primitive man is in the pre-social state, being merely gregarious; the conquests that count are those of self-conscious civilization. A political corollary to the doctrine of intelligent self-seeking is that the intelligent man has the natural right to self-realization precisely according to the degree of his intelligence. A wholly unintelligent person could have no rights whatsoever. From the fact that individuals may understand each other's aims arises a genuine social compact, a duty and pledge of adjustment.

The moral issues raised are freely illustrated from modern industry and politics. A trenchant observation is that our highly concentrated manufacture is really conscious only on the side of production, so that the economies achieved in production are promptly squandered in random and unintelligent distribution—riotous advertising and the like. Again, it is the absence of real consciousness that makes it morally and legally absurd to invest corporations with personality. The ultimate ethical difficulty that in this doctrine morality and intelligence must be one and the same thing Professor Fite meets manfully. He is willing to stand on the Socratic ground that a truly wise man perforce is a good man. To this *credo* there could hardly be a new contribution, and in candor it should be admitted that one apparently must accept the view *a priori*, or quite give over the attempt to rationalize our morality. Consciousness must claim the entire field of morals on penalty of seeming otherwise a mere trespasser. On purely logical grounds it seems to us that Professor Fite's demolition of the altruistic hypothesis is complete. The very practical point that altruism may after all be a permanent and valuable element of a world that is and is likely to remain but partially rationalized he does not deal with; we presume he would at most admit altruism among tolerated provisional virtues which a perfected society will outgrow.

We have been unable to give more than a summary notice of this stimulating and important social discussion. The trenchant clearness and fairness of Professor Fite's dialectic will attract even those who differ most widely from his conclusions. We wish this eminently constructive work a wide reading.

Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest: Especially of Washington and Oregon. Selected by Katharine Berry Judson. With 50 illustrations from photographs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50 net.

Had there lived centuries ago on this huge continent a Sequoyah in each separate tribe we should have inherited priceless records of the enormous number of Amerindian legends, myths, stories, histories, which are now forever lost. In the smoky tepees, in the wigwams, the snowy igloos, the houses of every kind; in the camps and on the trails, winters and summers, nights and days, the original American propounded, expounded, and sang. He had his philosophy, his drollery, his religion. Indeed, he was not unlike other people of the world. Like them he believed in the supernatural, in the magic of the under-world, of the surface-world, and of the sky or "heaven"-world; and he invented through the ages innumerable fanciful tales by which he sought to explain the incomprehensible. These stories we call myths, and through them we may read much of the character and mental perception of this original American people. They were transmitted by word-of-mouth; hence the dearth of records.

Next in value to native records must come those by honest and painstaking students from the outside, of whom in recent years there has been, fortunately, a large number; consequently a great quantity of important Amerindian "literature" is now available, though it is not infrequently too literally transcribed for general reading, when it does not err in the opposite direction by assuming too completely a Caucasian polish.

In the present attractive book the author makes no claim to originality, but has drawn on absolutely authentic and accurate sources. The stories thus retold are given in simple, direct language, as far as possible in the style of the original narrator. The work is a welcome addition to the literature of the subject, adapted to children as well as adults, and it ought to be widely read. It will help to a better appreciation of the remarkable race who preceded us here, and who, until quite recently, were universally regarded by our saintly European blood as valuable only when dead.

The illustrations are from photographs and are, as a rule, well composed and well printed. The one entitled An Indian Madonna possesses excellent pictorial quality; it gives the poetic side of the Indian, which is by no means so unusual as superficial observers from railway platforms would have us believe. The picture of the Scaffold Grave is defective archæologically, for the reason that the corpse is in a box, and not wrapped as was the practice. The following extracts will show the style of these stories:

Long, long ago, in the days of the first grandfather, all men were at peace. The earth was so new that tall firs of the mountain were no larger than arrows. Many fish swam in Beautiful Waters and in Great River. Many deer were on the mountains; many ipo and camas roots in the valley. All Indians were happy.

Long ago in the Willamette Valley there lived a monster who made all the people afraid. It lived in a cave. At night it would come from its cave, seize and eat people and return to the cave in the morning. All night it would eat the people. Coyote heard of this monster and decided to help the people. Coyote was the cunningest and the shrewdest of all the animals.

Coyote is prominent in the myths of the whole West, and he does many extraordinary things. Sometimes he is very bad, sometimes good. This volume tells much about him. Those who have followed the delightful career of B'rer Rabbit may here compare the wisdom of Africa and of America.

Notes

Smith & Elder are issuing "The Last Galley; Impressions and Tales," by Conan Doyle, which deals with important crises of history, and A. C. Benson's "Ruskin: A Study in Personality."

Goddard Henry Orpen is publishing through the Oxford University Press, "Ireland Under the Normans, 1169-1216," in two volumes.

Gottfried Keller's "Seven Legends" is at last to appear in English. An authorized translation will be brought out by Gowans & Gray.

"The Woman's Book," which Messrs. Jack are bringing out immediately, is advertised as containing everything which a woman ought to know.

The Oxford University Press announces for publication in May "The 1911 Bible," which is the Authorized Version of 1611, with the text corrected and amended by American scholars.

Some of Sewell Ford's tales are to be issued in book form by Edward J. Clode, under the title "Torchy."

Henry C. Hansbrough, former Senator from North Dakota, has written a novel, "The Second Amendment," which is promised shortly by the Hudson Publishing Co. of Minneapolis.

D. C. Heath & Co. have in their list a "Two-Book Series of Arithmetics," by Bruce M. Watson, and a "Greek Grammar," by Dr. Gustave Simonson.

"City Government by Commission," a volume prepared by Clinton Rogers Woodruff, secretary of the National Municipal League, and "The Girl in the Other Seat,"

a novel by Henry Kitchell Webster, are among the forthcoming books of D. Appleton & Co.

Dr. William McDougall's new book, "Body and Mind," will be published by Luce & Co. before the close of this season.

Two volumes will be added this month by Charles Scribner's Sons to their Countries and Peoples series. "Belgium of the Belgians," by Demetrius Boulger, and "Turkey of the Ottomans."

This house also adds to the list of Baedeker's Guide Books "The Mediterranean," which deals with seaports and sea routes, including Madeira, the Canary Islands, the Coast of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia.

William Winter's volume of Scottish travel, "Over the Border," is announced for publication by Moffat, Yard & Co. early next month.

In the list of the same house are: "When the Red Gods Call," a romance of New Guinea, by Beatrice Grimshaw; "The House in the Hedge," by Ralph Henry Barbour; "The Substitute Prisoner," a mystery story by Max Marcin, and "When Mother Lets Us Play," by Angela M. Keyes.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have in hand Louis Joseph Vance's "Cynthia-of-the-Minute" and William Hamilton Osborne's "The Catspaw."

Several new volumes of fiction are announced by the Putnams, including: "The Claw," by Cynthia Stockley; "The Story of Quamin," by Mrs. William H. Drummond; "Down Our Street," by Mrs. E. Buckrose, and "The Revolt at Roskelly's," by William Caine.

Other new books which will be brought out by this firm are: "Old Indian Trails," by Mary Schäffer; "The Pioneer Irish of Onondaga," by Dr. Theresa Bannan, and "Indian Place Names of Long Island," by William Tooker, edited with an introduction by Alexander F. Chamberlain.

The value of field sports to savages is strikingly shown by Dean C. Worcester, secretary of the interior of the Philippine Islands, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for March. He takes his readers on an imaginary trip through the non-Christian provinces of Northern Luzon and describes the various dances and sports with which the natives celebrate his annual coming, and which he encourages in them as an outlet for their superabundant animal spirits. They have also caused "120,000 head-hunters to give up head-hunting and to leave their Christian neighbors in peace." The sport which excites the greatest enthusiasm is the tug-of-war. Each dance and sport described is illustrated by reproductions of excellent photographs taken by the author. Among the other contents are an account of a beautiful Mexican valley with gardens of world-wide fame laid out in 1762, and some notes on Southern Mexico by members of an expedition sent out by the Department of Agriculture to investigate the cotton culture of that region. There is also a full report of the speeches at the sixth annual banquet of the National Geographic Society of President Taft and the ambassadors of Great Britain, Germany, and Mexico. It was announced that the membership of the society had increased 21,000 during the past year and now numbered 74,000.

The creation of national parks in this country has awakened an interest in Europe which is showing practical results. A Naturschutzpark society, with headquarters at Stuttgart, has already acquired several large tracts, according to the *Annales de Géographie* for March, and is negotiating for more, for the preservation of the forests and animal life; and a Swiss valley was made a national park last year, the first in the republic. It also calls attention to the scientific exploration of the Adriatic now being made conjointly by Italy and Austria, having particular reference to the improvement of the fisheries.

Now that the New York State Library has been destroyed, and the Legislature has been asked for a million dollars for the restoration of its collections, many people who have known little or nothing of its activities are asking just what function this library has filled, or is designed to fill, in the educational work of the State. The following summary, condensed from a report published last year, may therefore be of interest: The State Library (1) Preserves and makes accessible to students the manuscript archives of the State; (2) Provides a large and highly organized reference collection for the free use of every student and institution in the State; (3) Maintains a special collection under expert management for the study of subjects of legislation, thus aiding in the enactment of wise laws; (4) Aids in the organization and work of study clubs throughout the State, by preparing for them helpful and consecutive courses of study, and by sending them special libraries on the subjects to be studied; (5) Sends travelling libraries to all communities applying for them; also to any school, club, grange, summer school, business corporation, or household not having suitable local library privileges (more than 40,000 volumes of travelling libraries were in the hands of readers at the time of the fire, and therefore saved); (6) Maintains an active propaganda through printed matter and field workers for the establishment and improvement of local libraries; (7) Supplements the resources of local libraries, thus giving to even the smallest and poorest of these a means of meeting the wants of their more serious readers; (8) Assists local libraries and their patrons in the selection of books, (a) by printing annually and distributing freely a carefully prepared and annotated list of the best books of the preceding year, (b) by sending to all registered libraries in the State a monthly select and annotated list of the best recent books, (c) by notes, lists, and suggestions as printed in its quarterly bulletin, (d) by the preparation and publication of numerous bibliographies on subjects of special interest, (e) by advice given through correspondence or on personal visits of its field workers; (9) As the agent through which State money is distributed to local libraries for buying books, it fixes standards of quality and service which all libraries must meet in order to receive the benefits of this fund; (10) Maintains a library school which has been and still is an influential factor in raising standards of library efficiency and in making the library an integral part of public education; (11) Maintains a library in raised letters for the free use of all blind persons in the State.

According to a statement in the *Irish Booklover*, Mr. Asquith has conferred a pension of £150 a year upon the poet and dramatist, W. B. Yeats.

In quick succession to the six volumes of the Centenary Edition of Dickens recorded last week, we have to announce a further issue, including "A Tale of Two Cities," "Great Expectations," "Dombey and Son" (2 vols.), and "Martin Chuzzlewit" (2 vols.). This authoritative edition is published by Chapman & Hall of London, and imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

In the wisdom of his middle years, Arnold Bennett delivers a message to the world. "The Human Machine" (Doran), like all good sermons, is designed at the outset to startle and throughout to preach, despite Mr. Bennett's disavowal of any such thing. It begins:

> There are men who are capable of loving a machine more deeply than they can love a woman. They are among the happiest men on earth. This is not a sneer meanly shot from cover at women. It is simply a statement of notorious fact. Men who worry themselves to distraction over the perfecting of a machine are indubitably blessed beyond their kind. Most of us have known such men. . . . Their evenings never drag—are always too short. You may, indeed, catch them at twelve o'clock at night on the flat of their backs; but not in bed! No; in a shed, under a machine, holding a candle (whose paths drop fatness) up to the connecting-rod that is strained, or the wheel that is out of centre. They are continually interested; nay, enthralled. They have a machine, and they are perfecting it. They get one part tight; then another goes wrong, and so on. When they are quite sure they have reached perfection, forth issues the machine out of the shed—and in five minutes is smashed up, together with a limb or so of the inventor's, just because they had been quite sure too soon. Then the whole business starts again.

He who out of his boredom (of marriage become prosaic and eternal; of recognizing that life's young dream has been realized and found wanting; or of discovering that an ideal tobacco-mixture does not exist) is regretting that he was born without a mechanical turn, because there is really something about a machine—such a one may take heart; Mr. Bennett has a word for him:

> It has never struck you that you possess a machine! Oh, blind! Oh, dull! It has never struck you that you have at hand a machine wonderful beyond all mechanisms in shed, intricate, delicately adjustable, of astounding and miraculous possibilities, interminably interesting! That machine is yourself. "This fellow is preaching. I won't have it!" Dear sir, I am not preaching, and, even if I were, I think you *would* have it. I think I can anyhow keep hold of your hutton for a while, though you pull hard. I am not preaching. I am simply bent on calling your attention to a fact which has, perhaps, wholly or partially escaped you—namely, that you are the most fascinating bit of machinery that ever was. You do yourself less than justice. It is said that men are only interested in themselves. The truth is that, as a rule, men are interested in every mortal thing except themselves. They have a habit of taking themselves for granted, and that habit is responsible for nine-tenths of the boredom and despair on the face of the planet.

That Mr. Bennett means heartily what he says is best attested by his willingness not seldom to be commonplace in expression. Indeed, one secret of his present popularity, we dare believe, is this very quality. There is in his writings a preponderance of sense and wisdom of the sort which might be imperilled by very picturesque utterance. This must be an agreeable change for those slightly laggard wits which find an instan-

taneous laugh at the lightning of Shaw and Chesterton too difficult.

A number of recent papers from the *Atlantic* by Dallas Lore Sharp, with one each from the *Outlook* and the *Youth's Companion*, have been gathered into a volume by the Houghton Mifflin Company. The first paper, "The Face of the Fields," gives its title to the volume, which has no unity other than the individuality of the writer and the fact that the papers all deal either with some phase of nature itself or with nature writing. The initial chapter takes a shot at Kipling, the character of which can best be shown by a brief quotation:

The wild animals that Hathi knew are more marvellous than the Wild Animals I Have Known, but Hathi's knowledge of Jungle law is all stuff and nonsense. There is no ogre, Fear, no command, Obey, but the wildest kind of a personal permit to live—joyously, abundantly, intensely, frugally at times, painfully at times, and always with large liberty; until suddenly the time comes to Let Live, when death is almost sure to be instant, with little pain and less fear.

As an illustration of the genuine humor of which the author is capable, the chapter on the Scarcity of Skunks easily takes the lead, while the appreciation of John Burroughs, in the sixth chapter, is of itself enough to establish a place for the volume among serious works of literary criticism. Burroughs, he holds, has established a new type, clearly distinguishable from that of the naturalist in Gilbert White, the mystic in Traherne, the philosopher in Emerson, the preacher, poet, egotist in Thoreau, the humorist in Charles Dudley Warner. With earlier nature writers the pen is always held by the naturalist, or the moralist, or the stylist, Burroughs for the first time, with a threefold and even emphasis, gives us "the essay whose matter is nature, whose moral is human, whose manner is strictly literary."

One of the most interesting as well as one of the most important collections of early Sanskrit short stories has been made accessible to the general public by the Rev. B. Hale Wortham in his "Enchanted Parrot" (London: Luzac), a translation of the "Çukasaptati," or "Seventy Tales of a Parrot." The "box arrangement," familiar to us from the "Arabian Nights" and the "Decameron," is given by the story of a parrot which keeps his mistress, whose husband is gone on a long journey, in the path of virtue by telling her each night, when she is resolved to seek consolation with a lover, a tale ending with a dilemma which the bird declines to solve until she has first promised to abandon her intention for the evening. Mr. Wortham has translated fifty-six of these stories, the remainder being scarcely *virginibus puerisque*, and he has also somewhat condensed the original of what he has selected. Unfortunately, his English fails to convey the Oriental atmosphere of his text, and his introduction is very meagre. He has not mentioned the Greek translation of the "Tales" by Demetrios Galanos (Athens, 1851), nor has he referred to the labors of Richard Schmidt, whose publications on the "Çukasaptati" began with his doctor's dissertation (Halle, 1890), and who has edited and translated both the shorter and the longer recensions of the text (eds. Leipzig, 1893, Munich, 1898; trls. Kiel, 1894, Stuttgart, 1899), besides writing an elaborate monograph on the longer version (Stuttgart, 1896). There is not even any reference to the fact that these two recensions exist, although they differ from each other in important details; and there is no allusion to the place of the "Çukasaptati" in the literature of India or to its importance in the literature of the world. Yet such importance it has. The "Tales of a Parrot" influenced, at least in part, the great fable-collection of the "Panchatantra"; it formed the basis of the Persian "Tutinamah"; and the transmission of its stories may be traced in the "Decameron," Straparola, the "Gesta Romanorum," Chaucer, and many other classics of European literature. Mr. Wortham's ability to do excellent work was evinced in 1886 by his translation of 200 quatrains of the Sanskrit poet Bhartrihari, with most helpful notes and parallels from other literatures; it is, therefore, the more disappointing to find so marked a decadence in the quality of his work on the far more important "Enchanted Parrot."

Gladstone achieved the peculiar distinction of making the budget as interesting as a novel, and Hartley Withers has acquired similar distinction in connection with the dry subject of "Stocks and Shares" (Dutton). He has not the profound originality of Walter Bagehot, but certainly no one employing the English language has since Bagehot's day written of Lombard Street and Capel Court with a surer and more diverting pen. "I am to speak of what all People are busie about, but not one in Forty understands," he says, quoting from "An Essay upon Publick Credit" published in 1710; and he does not state the case a bit too strongly. His message is a sane one: he sees the manifold tricks of the trade, and describes them with amiable cynicism, but is not betrayed by them into that captious criticism of the stock market so frequently encountered to-day. Like Bagehot, our author has preëminently the faculty of visualizing and vitalizing; it confronts one at every turn. Mr. Withers has a chapter on prospectuses, and here we read:

All prospectuses should be scanned in a spirit of jaundiced criticism, and with most pessimistic readiness to believe that they are speciously alluring traps laid by some designing financier to relieve the reader of some of his money. No allowance should be made, and benefit of the doubt should never be given to the prospectus. In fact, a large number of them are quite reasonable propositions put forward by quite honest men, but when they are of this kind they will, or ought to, stand the most sceptical scrutiny, and when they are not, it is a service to the community to put them as quickly as possible in the waste-paper basket. When they arrive by post or thrust themselves on your attention in the columns of the newspaper, your first instinctive thought should be that here is somebody wanting your money, and that he may be a descendant of Dick Turpin throwing back to his distinguished ancestor, and practising brigandage in a more modern and much less attractive form.

Behind the lightness of treatment which Mr. Withers accords his subject, there is a wealth of clear exposition, sound judgment, and a timely warning.

There is still such a dearth of good popular books in the field of American history that a cordial welcome should be extended to any work which embodies, in clear and readable style, the assured results of scholarly research. "The Siege of Boston" (Macmillan), by Allen French, the latest volume in the series of "Stories from American History," while not intended to supersede Frothingham's work on the same subject, makes use of a considerable amount of new material which has appeared in the sixty years since Frothingham wrote, and has distinctly the merit of readableness. The chief criticism to be passed upon Mr. French's work is that, being on the whole as good as it is, it ought in some respects to have been better. For example, it was undoubtedly wise to treat the siege, not as an isolated local episode, but as a part of the revolutionary movement; but an apportionment of space which brings us to the siege itself only after half of the volume has been spent, seems ill-contrived. Most readers too, we think, would be glad of a more detailed account of life in Boston during the Port Act and the siege. As a rule, the description of localities is general, rather than precise. Why, for instance, does Mr. French not tell his readers exactly the location of Gage's fortifications on Boston Neck, instead of leaving it to be set down somewhere between Back Bay and South Boston? A contemporary map of the old town and its environs, more informing than the bird's-eye view which faces page 127, would have been worth while. These are but minor blemishes, however, in a book which as a whole is well put together.

The compact volume, "Inheritance Taxes for Investors" (Boston News Bureau Company), by Hugh Bancroft, is a reprint of articles published in the Boston *News Bureau* in February and March, 1911. Its object is to show "investors how seriously they may be affected by the inheritance tax laws of every State in the country, as well as the one in which they happen to live." To indicate how the book may be used, the case may be assumed of X dying a resident of New York, leaving 10,000 shares of stock in the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company. The list of corporations (at p. 126) shows this company to be chartered in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan. The four States specified all have inheritance tax laws. Referring to these in sequence, and assuming the estate is to pass to collaterals or strangers to the blood, we find that New York will impose a tax of nearly 25 per cent. because the decedent was a resident and figured roughly on its graduated scale on a value of above one million. Illinois will impose a tax of 10 per cent., because it chartered the railway company; Wisconsin and Michigan will impose a tax of 15 per cent., and 5 per cent. for like reasons. A possible total of 55 per cent. is thus made up which these four States claim the right to appropriate of the New York resident's property. It is true that Michigan has not fully waked up to the means of making its collection on non-residents' estates effective, and that the Wisconsin law is being attacked as being ineffective or unconstitutional in the courts. But the condition exists and every estate has to reckon with it. The Pennsylvania law is first examined, and its fairness to non-residents emphasized as an "intelligent example." The chapter on Connecticut discloses the existence of a retaliatory law taxing estates of non-residents only if the States of which they were residents in turn tax the property of non-residents; certainly a reasonable system,

lending itself to an automatic adjustment in case other States will coöperate. Decisions by the courts revised to January 1, 1911, are inserted as foot-notes, and the principal stocks of companies chartered in each State are listed at the end of each paper, as well as tabulated at the end of the book. The book is well worth reading, and should produce definite results.

George Cary Eggleston, a newspaper man and an author of prominence, died last week in this city, at the age of seventy-one. He was born and educated in Indiana, and later was literary editor for six years of the New York *Evening Post*. He wrote a great many novels and books for children. Among the best-known are: "A Man of Honor," "A Rebel's Recollections," "The Warrens of Virginia," "The Juggernaut," "The American Immortals," "The Bale Marked Circle X," "Southern Soldier Stories," "Red Eagle," "The Master of Warlock," "The First of the Hoosiers," "Two Gentlemen of Virginia," "Blind Alleys," "A Daughter of the South," "The Last of the Flatboats," "Love Is the Sum of It All," "A Carolina Cavalier," and "A Primary History of the United States." He also compiled "American War Ballads."

The death is reported from Ottawa of Sir Henri Elzear Taschereau, aged seventy-four. In 1902 he was appointed chief justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, and he acted as the administrator of the government of Canada between the departure of Lord Minto and the arrival of Earl Grey. He was knighted in 1902, and summoned to the Privy Counil two years later. He was the author of numerous law treatises, and was a man of great activity up to within a few days of his death.

Science

Among the forthcoming science books of Cassell & Co. we note: "Practical Electricity," by the late Professor Ayrton and Thomas Mather; "Breeding and the Mendelian Discovery," by A. D. Darbishire," and "Astronomy for All," by Bruno H. Burgel.

The fifteenth International Congress on Hygiene and Demography will be held in Washington, September 23-28, 1912.

"Under the Roof of the Jungle" (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.), by Charles Livingston Bull, is a series of sketches of the animals in the wilds of Guiana. The author's aim is not a contribution to science, but simply to describe what he saw, and, when possible, to give the whole life-history of an animal, which almost always has a tragic end, for every creature is either attacking or being attacked. The only instance which he gives of man's part in the struggle for existence is that of a hunter of ibises, who, for the sake of their feathers, shot about thirty-five hundred on a little island off the coast the season he was there. Fanciful titles are given to some of the chapters as "the green dragon," meaning a lizard and "the sexton of the jungle," the bell-bird. We regret that there is no index nor list of scientific terms with their meanings. The numerous reproductions of the author's paintings and drawings are often very striking and interesting, and the whole book, from cover to cover, is attractive in appearance.

"The experience of twenty years since the first class of sanitary engineers was graduated in 1890 has led to the compilation of these pages ("Conservation and Sanitation," Boston: John Wiley & Sons, by the late Mrs. Ellen H. Richards) from notes prepared annually for each succeeding class. People are beginning to understand, writes Mrs. Richards, that "sanitation will *pay* as well as railroads and machine shops." The book is divided into two parts. The former deals with air as a neglected source; standards of air supply; wholesome air and the sanitary inspector; water supplies; municipalization of water works and their efficiency, economic and sanitary, which are synonymous; protection of water supplies as a conservation of natural resources; regeneration of a spoiled watershed (many cities have this to consider in making adequate provision for increase in population); interdependence of town and country · preparation of potable water; disposal of wastes likely to contaminate water supplies (the economical utilization of valuable material now going to the sea); and the community and the individual. These should be read by engineers and health officers; in fact, by every municipal official, for each is a health officer, whether he regards himself as such or not. Part ii contains discriminating laboratory exercises especially for inspectors. The author naturally gives much attention to the methods practised in and around Boston, but that is not unreasonable. The State of Massachusetts was the first to establish a State Board of Health (1869), and has been a leader in sanitary science ever since.

A striking illustration of the world's progress in recent years is to be found in Col. G. W. Goethals's illuminating address to the National Geographical Society on the Panama Canal, which was published in the society's magazine for February. He shows, with the help of many pictures, how wonderfully machinery has taken the place of hand labor. But to those who are familiar with the history of the construction of the Suez Canal the most interesting indication of progress is seen in his testimony to the "enthusiasm and loyalty" of the workers. "Each man has a personal interest in the work, and seems imbued with the idea that the success of the enterprise depends on him." Interesting, too, is his account of the way in which these 35,000 employees, 2,000 of whom came from Spain and Italy last year, are housed and fed in such a way as to maintain a desirable state of health. The other contents of the number are a vivid description, with many illustrations, of the snake dance, the greatest religious ceremony of the Hopi Indians, by Marion L. Oliver, and an account, by F. V. Coville, of his four years' experiments in cultivating the wild blueberry.

The appearance of a new edition of the "The Jukes" (Putnam) will be welcomed by all who are interested in the study of social problems by thoroughly scientific methods. This book, as some readers will recall, was the outcome of an inquiry begun by R. L. Dugdale in 1874, when, in the course of prison inspection, his attention was directed to the criminal career of a certain family which through him was to acquire a world-wide pseudonymous reputation. Concerning this family information was gathered from the records or from the personal recollections of reputable neighbors, so that the essential facts were available for the examination of the lives of 709 persons, and these were investigated and tabulated from many points of view. By a certain liberality of estimation, not altogether convincing, it was inferred that quite similar results would be obtained were collateral lines included, making in all 1,200 persons. On this assumption the conclusion was reached that the damage done by this family in seventy-five years might be estimated as about $1,300,000, with no allowance for the load of poverty and crime and disease growing out of the vice and debauchery of those directly included in this estimate. This study first appeared as a part of the thirtieth annual report of the Prison Association of New York, and at once attracted much attention. It was republished in book form and passed through several editions, that of 1891 being called the fifth. Dugdale had died in 1883 and the book has long been out of print. The new edition, by some oversight called the fourth, is evidently reprinted from the same plates as that of 1891, with the omission of the introduction by W. M. F. Round, for which a "foreword," by Dr. Elisha Harris, is substituted. In fact, the only really new matter seems to be the brief introduction by F. H. Giddings, in which he seeks to correct what he regards as a widespread error of attributing to Dugdale too much reliance upon heredity in discussing the results of his study; but Dugdale was himself in part responsible for this judgment, for his sub-title states that his book is "a study in crime, pauperism, disease, and heredity," and his text (as for example, p. 65), while laying stress on environment, is not free from the inference that environment may even lead to heredity.

Under the title of "The Fine Art of Fishing," the Outing Publishing Company sends us a little volume made up from contributions of Samuel G. Camp to *Outing, Recreation,* and *Country Life in America.* The angler will find nothing strictly new in these chapters, but "the extension of the limits of human knowledge" is not the *sine qua non* of an acceptable thesis in this field of research. The one thing positively unendurable in angling literature is the work of the mere compiler whose bungling hand at once betrays the fact that he has never "been there himself." Anything that Mr. Camp writes, however, will be read for its positive merit, and this volume is a worthy companion to his "Fishing Kits and Equipment," noticed in these columns a year or two ago.

Some weeks ago we commented not altogether favorably on the "Science of Living," by Dr. W. S. Sadler. We have now his little book on the "Cause and Cure of Colds" (McClurg), which may be heartily commended as good reading for the intelligent layman. Man is unquestionably the catarrhal animal, but the advice here given, with perhaps a little more reserve in the approval of nasal douches, will do much to ameliorate his troubles and to prevent them from becoming chronic even if they may not be altogether avoided.

Georg Helm's "Die Grundlehren der Höheren Mathematik" (Leipzig: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft) may be adequately described as an excellent textbook of differential and integral calculus with em-

phasis on applications specially to geometry. Its contents may be found in any one of scores of similar books in every scientific language.

In the "Dawn of the Fourth Era in Surgery" (W. B. Saunders Co.) are reprinted a dozen short articles by Dr. Robert T. Morris. They treat of various surgical matters, more particularly appendicitis, and one of the articles has the title of the book. The eras are: that of heroic surgery (Hippocrates), the anatomical (Vesalius), the pathological or antibacterial (Pasteur and Lister), and that of conservation or the physiological era (Metchnikoff and Wright) —quite harmless distinctions. The main contention of the author appears to be that speed in the operation is important, because it aids in the preservation of the protective powers of the patient on which his ultimate recovery must depend.

Drama

"*Der junge Medardus.*" By Arthur Schnitzler. Berlin: S. Fischer.

Of Austria's representatives in contemporary German literature Arthur Schnitzler, less robust and emphatically national than Hermann Bahr and more refined and sincere than Hoffmansthal, is an interesting and sympathetic figure. He is not unknown to American audiences, for his "Liebelei" ("Flirtation") had some success a few years ago, and his "Green Cockatoo" is remembered from a more recent season. Far more ambitious than any of his previous works, his latest play, which had its initial performance of five hours' duration at the Vienna Burgtheater, is calling forth considerable comment. The author has labelled it not an historical drama, but "eine dramatische Historie," an appropriate term, for the work is a series of dramatic episodes in two actions but loosely held together by the hero, a sort of Austrian Hamlet. The play deals with the resolve of Medardus Klähr—whose sister, having been ruined by the son of a French pretender, has with him ended her life—to take vengeance by ruining the sister of the dead man. Medardus becomes faithless to his vow by falling desperately in love with this fascinating young woman, who plays with his passion only to make of him an obedient tool in the service of her family's cause; for the pretender's party plans to do away with Bonaparte, who is expected in Vienna. Finding Medardus less obedient than she hoped, she insinuates herself into the Emperor's favor until rumor makes her one of his mistresses. When Medardus finally goes to Schönbrunn to do her bidding he hears of the rumor, and as he meets her on the steps of the castle, not knowing that she comes Judith-like with murderous intent, he is overcome with jealousy and kills her.

To present an absolutely logical development of the hero's character, Schnitzler has prolonged the play beyond this its obvious end. For when Bonaparte learns of the woman's intention he regards Medardus as his saviour and would bestow upon him his favor; but Medardus, true to his standard of honesty, admits that he, too, had come to Schönbrunn determined to kill the Emperor. He will not even promise that he will make no further attempt, since no one knows the course of human destiny. Medardus is taken into the prison-yard and shot, but the bereaved mother is told that the Emperor has ordered him to be buried in sanctified ground with all military honors, who was the war's last and strangest hero.

The panorama which the play presents is animated and full of meaning. As the scene shifts from the bookstore of the Klährs, tumultuous with the vague and impotent ravings of a people stirred rather by their emotions than by a clear conception of facts, to the villa of the royal claimant agitated with the burrowing and the plotting of political intrigue, and from there to the park of Schönbrunn crowded with people elated over the message of peace, the reader carries away not only a picture of the spirit of the period, but of the light-hearted and easy-going Austrians. Among the numerous *dramatis personæ*, Eschenbacher, the uncle of Medardus, stands out as the ideal of a sturdy, honest patriot and champion, while the French claimant, old, sightless, and weak of mind, is pitiably pathetic. Though not an historical drama, the work is large in conception, has strong dramatic moments and a distinguished style.

The translations of Strindberg's "The Creditor" and Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach's "A Man of the World," to be published by Richard G. Badger, are complete, not abridged as stated in our announcement last week.

William A. Brady, who aspires to be known as a Shakespearean producer, must provide his star, Robert Mantell, with a more capable company, or the latter will no longer be able to pose as a rival to E. A. Sothern in the legitimate drama. Mr. Mantell began an engagement in Daly's Theatre on Monday evening, appearing as King Lear, a character in which he has acquired some reputation. He was greeted by a crowded house, and his own personal performance, although marred by much artificiality and theatrical trickery, was often effective in passion and pathos, but the miserable character of his support made the general representation little better than a travesty. None of the players could speak blank verse properly, and only one or two of them exhibited the least notion of the proper rhythm or emphasis. In action, they were equally inefficient. As wretched as the exhibition was, the audience followed it with patience, and awaited the end, which did not come much before midnight. Evidently, therefore, there is in this city a demand for Shakespeare, but it will disappear if he is to be shown in such fashion as this. Edwin Booth contrived to dispense with the services of competent actors, but he was a genius. Mr. Mantell is a star of the second magnitude only, and cannot illuminate a whole entertainment.

The first of three performances of "Atalanta in Calydon" took place the other day in the Lyceum Theatre, London. Says the London *Times:*

It was in aid of the Poetry Society, but we fear that the cause of poetry will not benefit very much by it. "Atalanta," needless to say, is a poetical play, indeed, no play could well be more poetical and yet remain a play at all. Unfortunately, the general effect of this performance was to eliminate the poetry, and we were left with the problem—Take the poetry from "Atalanta" and what remains?

The "Passers-by" of Haddon Chambers, which has just been produced in Wyndham's Theatre, London, seems to be a pretty bit of sentiment, a long way removed from probability or real life. A wealthy young bachelor, about to be married, while entertaining a casual street loafer whom he had pitied, is surprised by the visit of a pretty young governess whom he had led astray some time before, and deserted. She tells him that he is a father, and produces the child, whom he receives with rapture. Afterward the loafer steals the baby, and the hero goes in search of it; entrusting the distracted mother to the care of his bride-to-be, who, of course, soon learns the truth. Instead of being outraged, this sympathetic young lady promptly resigns all her claim upon the hero in favor of her newly discovered rival, and all ends happily. The piece seemed to please the audience greatly, and is likely to prove a popular success. Gerald du Maurier and Irene Vanbrugh had the leading parts.

Augustus Thomas will soon go to London and will there attend personally to the arrangements for the presentation in that city and elsewhere in England of his admirable play, "As a Man Thinks." He wishes, if possible, to defer the performance there until John Mason is at liberty to play the character of Dr. Seelig.

Lewis Waller intends to revive "King Henry V" and "Othello"; and Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry will appear as Rosalind in "As You Like It," at a series of morning performances at the New Theatre during the London season.

Denman Thompson, who made himself famous with his "The Old Homestead," died at his country estate in West Swanzey, N. H., last Friday. He was born in Girard, Pa., seventy-eight years ago, and adopted the stage when he was little more than a boy, making his first public appearance at the Howard Athenæum in Boston, in 1850. It was not until he was forty-two years old that his "Joshua Whitcomb," as the play was first called, brought him a wide reputation. In the play was one scene which was often omitted in later representations, but which only last year Thompson revived as a separate performance—that in which Joshua is praying in a garret by the bedside of a dying woman, when the latter's worthless son enters and begins to hurl abuse. Joshua arises from his knees, grasps

the intruder by the collar and the slack o' his breeches, and throws him out of the window. Then he kneels down and finishes his prayer.

Music

The Education of a Music Lover. By Edward Dickinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

To those who fully understand music, nothing is more surprising and irritating than the way in which a large proportion of an audience often begins to applaud or talk just as soon as the solo voice or instrument stops, while the orchestra or piano is playing some exquisite interlude or postlude. One cannot but infer that those who thus rudely break in on the music must have understood and enjoyed no more than a mere fraction of the concerto or opera heard —in modern works one-fifth or one-tenth of its substance. Some of these persons, doubtless, vaguely realize this; they would be glad if they could enjoy an opera or a symphony as thoroughly as experts enjoy it, and books on how to listen to music are therefore in great demand.

The latest and best of them is this new volume by Edward Dickinson, professor of the history and criticism of music at Oberlin College. It is the result of many years of experience in initiating students into the mysteries of music. He has been surprised to discover how much of critical appreciation can be developed by an untrained music lover under judicious leadership. His experience has not been isolated. Instruction in "musical appreciation" has become a feature in conservatories, clubs, and private circles, and is now making its way into public schools, colleges, universities. As the author remarks, "colleges that are reluctant to establish technical courses in practical music, are beginning to see that the promotion of intelligent taste in music is as much within their province as the similar endeavor in respect to the kindred arts of painting and literature." His treatise will give a powerful stimulus to this movement, and it will doubtless be adopted as a text-book in many of our institutions of learning on which the truth is dawning that music is not merely an accomplishment and an entertainment, but one of the most potent means of training the mind. Careful listening to music is, as the author notes, "an exercise in mental athletics, and the ability, which grows with discipline, to hold the volatile thought in the firm clutch of the will is not the least of the serious music student's gains."

While maintaining that the primary task of the music lover who is anxious to emerge from the misty realm of sensation into the light of knowledge is to learn some of the secrets of musical construction, Professor Dickinson does not fall into the mistake, like one of his predecessors, of making his volume a mere treatise on musical forms. The essential thing is to hear good music over and over again, and for this reason he warmly welcomes the music-reproducing devices of our day, without which, in his opinion, courses in the history and criticism of music have little value. He warns students against the pedants who have "a morbid passion for analysis" and who cannot see that form is a means and not an end. In a chapter which cannot be too highly commended to musical critics as well as to students and amateurs in general, he shows how musical forms have become modified and more and more free. "Forms change but form remains." The value to the beginner of the study of forms is that it teaches him the unity as well as the variety in what he hears.

Rhythmic melody is what the untutored observe most easily in music. The difficulty is that as soon as they get away from the simplest tunes they are bewildered, finding themselves "utterly confused by the complex tone patterns which, in their displacement of accents, avoidance of cadences, their interweaving of melodic lines and harmonic masses, their cross currents and eddies of shifting tones, seem to avoid every semblance of order and system." The author explains by what means the listener can surmount this difficulty, and thus find a new world of pleasure opening within him. He then proceeds to show how the beauties of harmony can be made to reveal themselves to the serious-minded; they soon discover that music has more dimensions than they had supposed, and find that the pleasure derived from harmonies is "greater and more lasting than even the pleasure in melody and rhythm." The learner must form the habit of listening not only to the upper voice, but to the bass and the inner parts also; and for such training nothing is more useful than attending performances of chamber music by string quartets, because at these there are no dazzling displays of tone color or overwhelming masses of sound to distract the attention.

With true eloquence Professor Dickinson urges on the learner by describing the luxuries of musical sensation, which, unlike other luxuries, bring no surfeit. Having disposed of rhythm, melody, and harmony, he takes the pupil into the concert-hall to introduce him in turn to the Art of the Pianist and the Art of the Singer. In these chapters, as well as in the succeeding ones on the Problem of Expression, History and Biography, and Music and the Higher Law, there is again a great deal of matter of interest and importance not only to those who wish to become musical, but to those who already are so, or think they are. His remarks on changing traditions, on subjective and objective, on tonal beauty and phrasing, on *bel canto* and expression, on the "colorature mystery," on programme-music, on the personal element, are altogether admirable. To give an illustration: his description of what is usually called tempo rubato but what he more aptly calls flexible tempo, is more eloquent and illuminating than even Liszt's:

> A too rigid tempo gives a suggestion of friction, of resistance somewhere; a flexible tempo is motion as free, confident, and joyous as the flowing of winds or ocean tides. Those buoyant fluctuations of movement that we hear in a masterly performance, those unexpected contrasts, those languishing retards, those fiery accelerations, those delicate balancings of phrase against phrase, those affectionate lingerings over lovely modulations, those almost imperceptible delays as if to give a beautiful chord a little more time to resound along the corridors of the memory, those tender caressing familiarities, those impetuous defiances, all those bold liberties which prove the tone masses submissive to the player's will, the direct manifestation of his emotion—how eloquent, how illuminating they are!

During the first season at the Metropolitan Opera House, in 1883-1884, the price of a parquet seat was $7. Sixty-one performances were given and the loss to Henry E. Abbey was, according to his partner, John B. Schoeffel, "nearly $600,000." A year previous to this Adelina Patti had crossed the Atlantic to give a series of operatic concerts at $10 a seat; but the price was soon reduced to $5. During the seven seasons of German opera, the price of a parquet seat was only $3. There were comparatively few stars; but when, in 1891-1892, Abbey and Grau became the managers and brought over a galaxy, including Lilli Lehmann, Emma Eames, Scalchi, Albani, Van Zandt, Nordica, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, and Lassalle, orchestra seats cost $5, and that price has been maintained ever since. In regard to the announcement recently made that the price of such seats is to be $6 next season, it is to be hoped that the directors have not made a mistake. They justify the advance on the ground that the fastidious New York public now demands the best performances from every point of view, including orchestra, conductors, scenery, and stage management, which greatly enhance the cost of giving opera. This is true, but it seems to some observers that it would have been wise to leave well enough alone. Most of the performances this year have been well attended. Whether they will be next year will depend chiefly on the attitude of the management toward the stars. Will Caruso be able to sing? If not, it will be necessary to modify the repertory and make room for other favorites. If it were announced that Nordica, Eames, and Schumann-Heink were to be members of next season's company; that Gadski would be here the whole season, and that Renaud would appear a dozen times in "Rigoletto," "Don Giovanni," and "Boris Godounoff," it would doubtless act as a great encouragement to subscribers. It must be borne in mind that it is the purchasers of the most expensive seats who are the most insistent

on having all-star casts of the kind which Grau found so profitable.

The American pianist, Myrtle Elvyn, does not forget at her concerts in Germany that this country has also produced a great composer for the piano; in other words, she puts MacDowell on her programmes. The German critics are cordial in their praise of her playing.

King Alfonso of Spain is a great lover of good music. Last autumn he instituted a prize in the form of a subsidy of some $1,000 for the best orchestra, with a view of developing orchestral playing in the various cities; and a condition was affixed to the award that a composition by a Spanish musician must be played at every concert. It is his earnest wish that the orchestra of the Madrid Symphony Concerts should visit London next spring to give some concerts under Fernandez Arbos, who was concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra a few years ago. Once a year Arbos takes his orchestra on a tour of the Spanish provinces, Barcelona, Valencia, Cartagena, Alicante, Murcia, Bilbao, San Sebastian, and other cities being visited in turn—the whole series comprising forty-nine concerts.

The D'Oyly Carte Principal Répertoire Company is giving revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill.

Vienna is soon to boast of the possession of three new concert halls, equipped in the most modern fashion. They will form part of the scheme for the provision of the new buildings of the Academy of Music, the whole project involving an outlay of $1,000,000. One of the concert-rooms will afford accommodation for 2,100 persons, and will be the most spacious hall in the Austrian capital, the largest at present in existence, the Musik-Vereins Saal, seating not more than 1,675. There will be a platform large enough for a choir of from 600 to 800 singers, and "by a mechanical arrangement," it is stated, "the platform can be lowered if desired, so that the choir is cut of sight of the public."

The Tonkünstler Orchestra of Munich some weeks ago gave a series of concerts in Paris. At the first of them the audience numbered thirty-eight persons. The others were better attended.

Debussy's latest orchestral works have not aroused enthusiasm in Paris; but his "Pelléas et Mélisande" has been revived.

In a special series of sixteen historic Thursday matinées the Opéra-Comique, in Paris, is giving performances of operas that in their day were much in vogue. Among them are Pergolese's "Serva Padrone," Grétry's "Richard Cœur de Lion," Méhul's "Joseph," Adam's "Toreador," Auber's "Domino Noir," "Paër's "Maître de Chapelle," Thomas's "Caid," Massé's "Noces de Jeanette."

Madame Anne-Marie Judic, famous as a light opera singer, died last Friday at Nice, aged sixty. She made her début in Paris in 1867 at the Gymnase Dramatique, in "Les Grandes Demoiselles." In 1872 she became a star. Among her successes were "La Branche cassée," "Mamzelle Nitouche," and "La Belle au bois dormant."

Madame Neruda Halle, the great violinist, is dead in Berlin, aged seventy-two. She was born in Hungary, but achieved her fame in England as the wife of the Manchester conductor, Sir Charles Halle.

Alexandre Guilmant, the organist, whose death at the age of seventy-four was recently announced from Meudon, had given recitals with great success in various parts of Europe and in this country. He was a professor in the Conservatory at Paris, editor of a collection entitled, "Archives des maîtres de l'orgue," and a composer of distinction.

Art

Cassell & Co. promise for May 15 "Royal Academy Pictures and Sculpture, 1911."

G. K. Chesterton's "William Blake" (Dutton) is a pungent little book devoted almost exclusively to the man and his ideas, and deficient on the side of his art. Mr. Chesterton insists, rightly we think, upon the solidity of Blake's character. About him there is nothing of the soft and despicable enthusiast. The strain of morbidity, which is also admitted, is due not to weakness, but excess of strength. Blake, we are told, impaired his mind by a too curiously logical and external attitude toward his visions. The sense of reverence was short in him; he exploited his hallucinations until he impaired his judgment. A temperamental defect is well hit off as follows:

> Blake came out into the world a mystic in this very practical sense, that he came out to teach rather than to learn. Even as a boy he was bursting with occult information. And all through his life he had the deficiencies of one who is always giving out and has no time to take in. He was deaf with his own cataract of speech.

On the positive side Mr. Chesterton emphasizes Blake's essential rightness on most issues of art and morals. Here good use is made of the controversy with Stothard over the print of The Canterbury Pilgrims. Stothard had treated the theme as a masquerade, emphasizing its quaintness and denying it human value. Blake saw serious folk upon necessary business for their souls' good:

> Blake . . . was in the tradition of the best and most educated ideas about Chaucer, Stothard was the inheritor of the most fashionable ideas and the worst. The whole incident cannot be dismissed without its moral and effect for all discussions about the morality and unmorality of art. . . . In the future the fastidious artists who refuse to be anything but artists will go down in history as the embodiment of all the vulgarities and banalities of their time. People will point to a picture by Mr. Sargent or Mr. Shannon and say, "See, that man had caught all the most middle class cant of the early twentieth century."

One who already knows Blake well will read this book with enjoyment. For a novice essential information is missing. One would like to be told of the actual manufacture of those marvellous autographic books. Nor is the eminently Chestertonian dismissal of the prophetic books as containing a comprehensive scheme of the universe "only nobody could comprehend it" either satisfactory or illuminating. The Flaxmanism of Blake again is much exaggerated. Theoretically, Blake loathed loose and suggestive methods, but he practised them when they served his turn. Within a page of Mr. Chesterton's assertion that Blake is merely a topsy-turvy Flaxman is the mysterious cut of The Little Black Boy. On the whole the book is a creditable addition to that excellent series, "The Popular Library of Art."

"Eugène Carrière" (A. Colin: 280 pages, with 8 phototype plates 3.50 francs), by Gabriel Séailles, is an "essay of psychologic biography" of an artist who persisted for a lifetime in his narrow, but true conception of art, by a friend who has an equally narrow and exclusive philosophy of life. The keynote is sounded from the start: "The true life of an artist is his inner life." Those who have tarried before Carrière's pictures, impervious as they are to the populace, will be most attracted by the sixty pages on his technique. "Of color Carrière keeps only its light and shade; but his eye is marvellously sensitive to their gradations and accords." Evidently, eyes not marvellously sensitive must be resigned to not seeing the artist's subtle vision. The story of the years of apprenticeship and struggle, and the personal letters are open windows on an inner life which also seems to have eliminated all but the light and shade from the world's color, contemplating resolutely shadows for real men. Now the shadow also is a phenomenon of the real. Is it not, perhaps, Professor Séailles's philosophy which makes us long in such a life to hear one toot from Nietzsche's more human trumpet?

In the course of excavations at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, England, two prehistoric graves were discovered which contained objects of great importance. Among these were several amphoræ, some fine implements of iron, and a beautiful Greek cup in silver gilt, richly chased. The date of the graves is considered to be the first century B. C. The interest of the discovery lies in the fact that it implies an early connection between the ancient Britons and the civilized nations of the Mediterranean, such as has not been fully realized before.

William Keith, the artist, died a week ago at his home in Berkeley, Cal. He was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, in 1839, came to America when he was about twelve years old, was apprenticed to a wood engraver in New York, and worked for some time on *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Monthly*. In 1859 he removed to California and soon began to use water colors. Ten years later he went abroad for study, and since then has been back and forth a dozen times. His reputation was made by his landscape paintings. His ideas on art were as interesting as his pictures, though it is hard to tell how thoroughly he believed in them, in his notion, for instance, that the senses in art may be interchanged and that the sound of bells can be at least suggested in a picture.

Archæology has again suffered a severe loss in the death of Prof. Dr. Reinhard Kekulé von Stradonitz, who died in Berlin, March 22, at the age of seventy-two. Dr. Kekulé was both professor of archæology at the Berlin University and director of the Archæological Museum in Berlin. He was the author of many important works, of which the following are the most important: "Die Balustrade des Tempels der Athena-Nike in Athen," "Die antiken Terracotten," "Beschreibung der antiken Skulpturen in Berlin," and "Die griechische Skulptur." He has also written numerous shorter articles in the various archæological periodicals.

Finance

TWO CONTRASTING MARKETS.

It is quite possible that the next really striking chapter of events financial will be opened at London; indeed, it may be said that the story has begun already, and in a way that should cause some astonished interest on the part of people who have so long been talking of England's financial and industrial decadence. Absorbed in contemplation of their own financial apathy, our people are only beginning to awake to the fact that the boom now in progress on the London Stock Exchange and in English trade has reached sensational dimensions. Only a little time ago, the oracles of Lombard Street and the London financial critics were explaining dolefully how prosperity must inevitably halt while the Liberal ministry was pressing its social projects, and the British constitution, as the popular phraseology of the day described the situation, was in the melting-pot. But financial markets sometimes have a way of moving in response to more tangible considerations than those of politics. Within a single week, we have had a wholly unparalleled monthly record in England's foreign trade, a volume of Stock Exchange transactions which similarly passes precedent, and a day when exchange of checks reached the highest figure in the history of the London Clearing House. These are not altogether faint reminders of our own 1901.

This foreign situation calls attention sharply to one of the most curious paradoxes of the day—the mutual attitude of financial New York and financial London. Every one knows that American markets and American trade have sunk into almost complete stagnation. Wall Street calls it industrial depression, and in spite of the rise in opera seats and cotton, the country certainly feels poor. Yet it is this very country which is lending capital by the tens of millions in Lombard Street—acting, in short, as one of the bankers for a market and a trade movement, on the other side of the Atlantic, which are breaking records for activity.

How much of this money, which our bankers are putting out in London because they cannot lend it profitably here, is real American capital and how much is borrowed European money lent out on the market whence the borrowers raised it, is a somewhat puzzling question. Our "foreign balance" clearly results from two very different operations—the floating of railway loans abroad, of which the proceeds are not required immediately, and the sudden and rather sensational return of our own external trade from the lowest merchandise export surplus in a dozen years to as large an excess as in the days when our high international prosperity began. But so far as concerns ownership of these great reserves of capital, now being placed so largely at the disposal of financial London, the case is the same whatever their origin may have been.

It was in the early months of 1901, when New York was similarly lending out capital in London—when our banking houses subscribed to $200,000,000 of the British government's Boer war loans, and for some of them dealt direct with the English Exchequer—that the amateur economists of Wall Street began to talk of New York displacing London as the financial centre of the world. The world has moved since then, and Wall Street itself has learned a good deal more about international finance. It has seen the same foreign banks and banking houses taking a very different attitude toward Wall Street, and Wall Street itself acting as the central money market of the world would hardly act. Not only have we lived through 1906 and 1909, but within a year we have seen our financiers stretching their hands imploringly toward the European money market, asking for help to preserve us from destruction.

Europe, perhaps with the smile that came from longer experience in such things, cheerfully granted the request—though at a highly profitable price—and now comes this seemingly extraordinary change. Exactly what does it mean, in the broad and world-wide sweep of economic events?

Perhaps it means, for one thing, that the accumulated free capital of the world, under the guidance of the great international houses, knows no political or geographical boundaries, but passes from nation to nation as opportunity for its profitable use develops. It rushed into the United States during 1901, and it was well able to do so, because, at the very moment of our abounding financial prosperity, England's war depression and the extensive German liquidation released on a prodigious scale the capital previously tied up in those markets. In 1896, it had moved in exactly the opposite direction, when financial and industrial depression in this country was releasing the capital for which there was high demand in England's booming markets. What we are seeing to-day is a repetition of 1896; England is perfectly able to employ, in its prosperous trade and speculation, all the money which has been expelled from the channels of American industry by the depression of the season.

These are altogether normal incidents in the economic movement on the grand scale. In the wide diversity of a season's industrial conditions throughout the world, one market can almost always profitably use the loanable fund for which another has no need. It is only in years like 1905 and 1906 that the process becomes in all respects abnormal, and it is so on those occasions because all the nations of the world are clamoring simultaneously for capital to use in further exploitation of values, when there is not enough free capital in existence to satisfy all of them. It is after such periods that the world-wide credit crises come.

But the aspect of the case most interesting to the American market now is, how long we are reasonably to wait before the international movement is again diverted in our own direction. One of the incidental teachings of the history of finance is that when the world's capital reserves are for good and sufficient reasons converged upon one market, that market overdoes things; and the hour of its excesses is very apt to be the hour when capital takes its flight to somewhere else. It may be so on the present occasion with the booming English market, as it was in our own at the culmination of affairs in 1901. This is one consideration, not wholly devoid of interest in its possible application to the American situation later on.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1911.

The Week

Not only the passage of the Canadian reciprocity bill in the House of Representatives on Friday of last week, but also the nature of the vote upon it, was so entirely a foregone conclusion that comment upon the event is hardly necessary. As was the case in the preceding Congress, President Taft's measure received the almost unanimous vote of the Democrats in the House, while a majority of the votes cast by the members of his own party were recorded against it. As an augury of the future, it is not uninteresting to note that two Louisiana Democrats who voted against the reciprocity bill in the last session came over to its support last week. But the most salient fact connected with the story of the bill in the present Congress is the remarkable strength of the Democratic tactics, and the high quality shown by Mr. Underwood, the leader of the party on the floor. The "farmer's free-list" bill was a master-stroke, and Mr. Underwood utilized it in the debate with an effectiveness that left nothing to be desired. What gives real strength to the Democratic position is that the party is grappling with a big and difficult question in a spirit that is at once courageous and practical. If there is to be an era of such leadership as that represented by Mr. Underwood, the term "practical politics" may be rescued from the ignominy into which it has fallen and recover the meaning to which it is legitimately entitled.

It is because Mr. Underwood has both character and brains that his leadership is so welcome. His possession of both had been well established before he was chosen for the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee, and his reputation throughout the nation cannot fail to be greatly enhanced by the record of the present session. On Friday, in reply to the assertion made recently by Mr. Cannon that the United States Steel Corporation favored the reciprocity bill, he stated that he was in receipt of a telegram saying that that corporation had stopped work on important mills in his district, throwing 3,000 men out of employment, because of his advocacy of reductions in the steel tariff; and, what is more to the purpose as showing the temper of the man, he pointed out that he had advocated reduction of the steel tariff two years ago —before Canadian reciprocity was heard of—and that the Steel Trust interests had failed to turn him out of Congress in consequence as they had threatened. This means something, in the case of a man who represents the Birmingham district of Alabama; it reminds one of William L. Wilson and the coal tariff in West Virginia. And as for political strategics, Mr. Underwood showed that he knew something about that when, in response to the taunt that the Democrats were "playing politics" with the "farmer's free-list" bill, knowing that it could not become a law, he put his view of the case in a nutshell thus:

> The free list bill will become law, or the Republican Senate that kills it or the Republican President that vetoes it will never be heard from again.

Mr. Roosevelt now tells us that he is "not a candidate for the Presidency," and that if any of his real friends seek to make him such, they will do him "a cruel injustice." The implication, too, is that a cruel injustice was done him last autumn when he was made the issue in the campaign in this State:

> When I got back from Europe, I wanted to go home and be quiet; I didn't want to mix in politics. But I was importuned on every hand—by the insurgents of the West and by the progressives of my own State —to help along the movement for honesty in high places in the political and financial world. It seemed to me that it was my duty to try to help them in the fight for popular government without any regard to what the effect might be to me personally. I didn't see how I could keep out of the fight and retain my self-respect; so I went into it.

But the trouble was that the people on the other side couldn't keep from doing what they did, any more than Mr. Roosevelt could keep from doing what *he* did. If a mere call "to help along the movement" had the effect of compelling Mr. Roosevelt to go out West and make a series of speeches of which the refrain was "I will make the corporations come to time," "I will cinch the crooks," etc., and in which he laid out a vast programme of "new nationalism," who could say how much or how little it would take to compel him to become a candidate for the Presidency? Those who thought that things pointed that way, and didn't like the prospect, certainly had a good deal to go upon; and how could *they* keep out of the fight and retain their self-respect?

Another statesman from Illinois has brought tears to the eyes of hardened Congressmen. This time it is no less a person than "Uncle Joe" Cannon in the course of a three and a half-hour speech against reciprocity. Admiration for that fine old Spartan's remarks on protection and what it has done to people of the country west of the Alleghanies is lost in the deeper emotions stirred by his tribute to the country newspaper:

> When I could not get the truth into the metropolitan newspapers, the country newspapers came to my rescue. God bless the country newspaper! They are a part of us. When we are married and given in marriage they tell the good news. They go to our weddings and our funerals. They rejoice with us when we rejoice, and mourn with us when we mourn.

Once upon a time it was the Republican veterans in Congress who made laws for the country while young Democratic members from the South supplied the poetry and pathos. To-day positions are completely reversed. The young men from the South are busy discussing tariff schedules, and Congress, when thirsting for a bit of human emotion, must turn to the soft sentiment that fairly oozes from veterans like Lorimer and Cannon.

A long vista of trouble between this country and Canada is opened up to the prophetic eye by a little speech made by Representative La Follette, of Washington, in support of an amendment offered by him to take sheep off the free list. The free admission of these live animals, he declared, would to a large extent put wool on the free list. Canadian sheepmen, he said, would drive thousands of sheep over the line before shearing time, and after shearing them would drive them back into Canada, in the meanwhile selling their wool, duty-free, in the United States. Now it strikes us that any one who thinks that this little operation could be easily effected knows not well the subtle ways

that Uncle Sam's tariff guardians keep, and how they can pass and turn again. If they don't want to let wool in free, they may, speaking broadly, be counted on to find ways of confining the free immigration of sheep to the case of sheep who intend to stay and become good Americans. But here comes in the trouble that this affair is part of an international understanding. If the Canadians should fail to take the view adopted by our customs authorities, how will the dispute be settled? Let us hope that the arbitration agreement with Great Britain will be adopted in time to avert all danger of a recourse to arms.

The recall election in Tacoma on Wednesday of last week was the fifth in a little over a month. Two weeks ago Tacoma voted on the question of ousting its Mayor, and gave a plurality of 2,000 against him. But inasmuch as there was a Socialist candidate in the field, the leading candidate failed to obtain the prescribed majority. Hence the election of a few days ago at which A. V. Fawcett was removed from office and W. W. Seymour was installed in his place by a vote of 11,246 to 10,394. On May 2 there will be a recall election involving four city commissioners, who, like Fawcett, have been charged with incompetency and malfeasance. Tacoma newspapers have been printing facsimiles of checks distributed by the Mayor on previous election days to workers at the polls; so there seems to be no doubt that an evil state of things has been remedied. The question naturally arises whether the method is not too cumbersome and too costly. At first sight, it cannot be denied that five elections in five weeks approximates the happy state of things in ancient Athens where people worked a little between politics. But it is only fair to remember that the recall is a new instrument of government which needs complete trying out. Possibly the very frequency with which it is being applied in the beginning, by striking fear into the heart of corruptionists, will obviate the necessity of frequent elections in the future.

The organization of the Progressive Republican Club of Cook County is the initial step toward the capture of Illinois for an anti-Taft delegation at the next national Republican convention. The chairman of the club's committee of eleven is ex-Alderman Merriam, recently defeated for the mayoralty, and the treasurer of the National Progressive Republican League is Charles R. Crane, who was the chairman of the Merriam committee in both the primary and the election campaigns. Professor Merriam, who has apparently turned from one battle to another with the ease of the practised politician, recently met the leaders of the Progressives at Washington, to whom he said that their Illinois sympathizers would be satisfied with either Senator La Follette or Senator Cummins as a Presidential candidate. The trend of opinion at the conference is reported as favoring the Wisconsin leader. Senator Bourne, as usual, felt "hopeful" of their success at the nominating convention; but it is doubtful if even the Wisconsin Senator would in his heart dissent from the opinion of Secretary Nagel that Taft is "as good as renominated."

Mr. Frank M. Ryan, president of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Ironworkers, displays a great deal of indignation over the dynamite affair. But the indignation does not relate at all to the dynamiting; it is reserved exclusively for the operations of the detectives who are trying to hunt down the guilty persons. Mr. Ryan may or may not be right in his assertions as to the alleged violation of the Constitutional rights of John J. McNamara; but the heated language he uses in regard to this is in striking contrast with the cold and formal statement he makes concerning the outrages charged against the arrested men. With a long series of murderous dynamite outrages in the industry with which it is concerned, what evidence has the Ironworkers' Association given that it desires to help run down the men guilty of them? Its formal declaration of innocence may be accepted at its face value, but so long as it neither says nor does anything to show a real abhorrence of the crimes, it cannot complain if a large part of the public places upon it the odium of sympathizing at heart with the criminals.

The consecration ceremonials last week at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights were symbolic of larger things than the power and prosperity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. It has been the favorite contention of our modern pietistic æsthetes that we cannot build great cathedrals nowadays because we have not the faith that animated the builders of Amiens, Rheims, Milan, Cologne, and Seville. Henceforth this contention will have to take account of the fact that the fourth largest church in Christendom is being erected by the inhabitants of the most money-making city in the most money-making country of a Mammon-worshipping age. The phenomenon cannot be brushed away as a mere expenditure of ostentatious millions by a denomination that has them in plenty; after all, people give money only for what they greatly desire; and who shall set out to balance the motives of a New York railway president of to-day against the motives of the Cologne merchant-prince of the fifteenth century? In any case, if we are to judge of the strength of religious faith by externals, which we do in speaking of the mediæval churches, here would seem to be evidence that the church is not tottering on the brink of destruction, as we are so often assured.

The sale of the Gutenberg Bible on Monday evening for the record-breaking sum of $50,000 is likely to be the best remembered, if not the most memorable, event of the tercentenary year of the Authorized English translation. How fitting the episode seems when we reflect that the prime purpose of that translation, as well as of Gutenberg's invention, was to put books into the hands of the people. It would have been interesting to be able to watch the faces of Wiclif, Gutenberg, and Caxton as they saw this particular copy of a Latin version of the Bible gradually coming within reach of the highest bidder. Their energy in the work of translating and printing could not but have received a great impetus. At the same time, there is for us the comforting assurance that future generations will form their judgment of us partly from the circumstance that the most highly prized volume of our day was the Bible. How fortunate this is, and that we are not to go down the ages as frenzied bidders for, say, The Game and Playe of the Chesse!

It was the fighting at Agua Prieta that undoubtedly brought about the

present negotiations for peace in Mexico. The victory won by his troops put President Diaz in a position where he might offer concessions without actually appearing to have been frightened into yielding. The insurgents, on the other hand, in spite of much brave talk about storming Juarez by the clock, were compelled to take into account the excellent fighting qualities of the Federal troops as displayed at Agua Prieta. More important than all, the killing of Americans at Douglas brought the possibility of American intervention a little more abruptly to the front than either Federals or insurgents liked to have it. For, in spite of vast rumor about both sides in Mexico yearning for intervention, both sides must be fully aware what a terribly edged tool that would be to play with. Thus came the present armistice, with every prospect of a definite settlement upon terms largely favorable to the insurgent cause. There is little question that Diaz is at present chiefly concerned with saving his "face." The aged dictator has already yielded enough when he consents to the maintenance of the insurgent forces under arms until his promises have been put into practice.

British foreign trade has been so much in the habit of breaking records of late that a fresh instance of it hardly calls for notice. Still, as it happens that exports from the United Kingdom for the month of March exceeded those for any single month on record, and exceeded the March figures of recent years by an astonishing amount, it may be worth while to call attention once more to the matter. The exports of British produce last month reached the enormous total of £40,863,000, or, say, $200,000,000, an increase of $30,000,000 above the figures of March, 1910, and of $45,000,000 above March, 1909. In the single item of yarns and textiles the exports for March were $80,000,000, an increase of $18,000,000 above last year. The exports of British produce for the whole year 1910 reached the record-breaking total of £430,384,000, or $2,150,000,000; and each month thus far in 1911 has shown an increase over 1910. The imports, too, tell a similar story. Along with this steady rise in the foreign trade figures there has been a general diminution of the figures of pauperism and unemployment. With the tide thus running against them in the way of home figures, it is no wonder that the protectionists seized with such avidity upon the story of American workingmen's wages told in the recent Board of Trade report. They had been proclaiming for years that British trade was going to the dogs on account of free trade, and it has been obstinately refusing to go; if they could substitute American prosperity for British ruin as a rallying cry, there would still be a chance for them. But we hardly think that this cry will carry far or hold out long.

French intervention in Morocco is probably not so imminent as some reports from Paris would make it. And this, in spite of the fact that Morocco really does present to-day the condition of anarchy which is the classic excuse for European intervention in the affairs of the lower breeds. Mulai Hafid, who ousted his brother from the throne by posing as the champion of Moroccan orthodoxy against such blasphemous innovations as the railway and the phonograph, is now beset in turn by the unruly tribesmen. France has no reason to be grateful to Mulai Hafid, and if she were, she would only run the risk of having some new Pretender take the field against a Sultan who allied himself with the heathen dogs. From the selfish point of view, it is for the best interests of France to let the Moroccans stew in their own juice for a little while longer. And all the more because public opinion in Spain, which France must take into account, is reported as distinctly hostile to intervention. The Spanish people have presumably had enough of African adventure to last them for some time to come. Prime Minister Canalejas is not likely to overlook the fact that it was an unsuccessful African campaign that undid the Conservatives and brought him into power.

One of the most remarkable aeroplane flights, or rather voyages, yet recorded, was that undertaken by two German officers, Lieuts. Mackenthun and Erler, in an Albatross bi-plane at the end of March. By the arrangement of their machine one of the aeronauts sits behind and a little above the other, so that either can steer and control the bi-plane. Leaving Berlin on March 29th in the afternoon, they flew to Hamburg at the rate of about fifty miles an hour, landing without the slightest trouble. The next day's flight was from Hamburg to Bremen, seventy-four miles in one hour and fifteen minutes, the flyers readily overhauling and passing one of the fastest express trains in Germany. The third day's trip was to have been to Hanover, but high winds necessitated a landing at Verden, thirty-two miles being covered in one hour and five minutes. On the fourth day, Hanover was reached, and on the fifth, Brunswick, the return to Berlin being on the sixth day, severe winds on the last two days necessitating frequent landings. The aeronauts were most enthusiastic, particularly over their first day's flight. Owing to their being able to relieve one another, they were not in the least exhausted by this long trip at such high speeds, and at no time did they have the slightest difficulty with their engine.

M. Stolypin's recent victory over his opponents in the Imperial Court gives timeliness to Mr. George Kennan's discussion of what is undoubtedly the most important measure in the Russian Premier's programme—the breaking up of communal land-ownership among the peasantry. In the *Outlook*, Mr. Kennan quotes the latest official figures as showing that of approximately ten million peasant families, occupying 270,000,000 acres of land, 1,372,734 families, occupying 27,000,000 acres, have changed from the communal system to private ownership. Thus, in a little more than four years, the communes have lost 13.7 per cent. of their members and 10 per cent. of their lands. We fail to see the reason for Mr. Kennan's statement that so far "it has become apparent that the communal peasants generally are in no great haste to give up institutions and methods with which they have long been familiar." To change the entire system of land tenure of a vast empire to the extent of ten per cent. in four years is by no means a poor showing. On the principle that all beginnings are hard this would mean that within thirty years the entire Russian land system will have been completely transformed. Concerning the desirability of such a change, there are certainly two opinions possible. Mr. Kennan points out that such evils as the creation of a landless class and the increase of poverty have not been slow in asserting themselves.

THE INCOME-TAX AMENDMENT.

Last week's vote of the New York Senate, in ratifying, by 35 to 16, the proposed income-tax amendment of the Constitution, undoubtedly presages similar action in the Assembly. This State had, with apparent reason, been reckoned confidently against the amendment; and the effect of this transfer to the column of States in its favor will be more than merely numerical. The adhesion of New York, the most populous and wealthy of all the States, will naturally give a marked impetus to the movement to ratify. That has already declared itself powerfully in Massachusetts, while in Maine and Arkansas it has led to a reversal of the former vote of the Legislature against the amendment. It is highly probable, therefore, that the necessary three-fourths of the States will finally be procured, and that the Constitution will be so amended as to empower Congress to levy a Federal income tax without apportionment among the States.

This virtually accomplished fact, as we must now regard it, will be the cause of misgivings and even alarm to many. We think, however, that they may be somewhat reassured if they will look with calm at exactly what has been done and at the whole situation as it will stand after the amendment has been adopted. They should note that the amendment is not a tax; it merely confers the power to lay an income tax. This power the government of the United States was supposed to possess, until the Supreme Court decided to the contrary several years ago. Irrespective of the desirability of such a tax, it has been strongly felt by many that Congress ought to be clothed with the authority to levy it. In some national emergency, resort to it might be almost necessary to financial salvation. Nearly every other government in the world has the power to impose income taxes, and many thoughtful Americans have believed that their own ought not to be shorn of it. President Taft expressed that view in his message to Congress, and it has unquestionably had much weight in turning the scales in favor of the amendment. One may be for the amendment without being for the tax.

But the tax will surely follow, it is said. With such a source of revenue put at its mercy, Congress will be more extravagant than ever, and will look to the income tax to make good all deficits. Objectors in this frame of mind will not admit the possibility that Congress may take advantage of the income tax to remit much more burdensome taxes. But in any case, we have to take one thing at a time. If we are threatened with waste and spoliation hereafter, we must fight them as they come up. It is no doubt true that the majority of the people who have been urging the income-tax amendment hope that the power which it grants will be exercised, and that we shall before long have a Federal income tax. If that is so, the next question seriously to be considered is how that tax will be laid, and what safeguards we have against its taking on an unjustly discriminating form.

Take first the possibility that it may be made to bear upon municipal and State securities. This is the great point made by Gov. Hughes. He was for the amendment provided that the loose words "from whatever source derived" were stricken from it. He argued, and we think he argued convincingly, that Congress might proceed under the grant of power made by those words to depart from the old rule that the Federal government ought not to tax the obligations of a sovereign State, and so tax State and city securities as to interfere with the borrowing power. That this might be done, however, does not prove that it will be done. The State and the cities have their representatives in Congress. They cannot be expected, if it comes to a question of framing an income tax, to consent to a measure which would plainly impair the value of municipal obligations or instruments of the States. The feeling of their constituents would be so explicit and pronounced on that point that they could not well fail to give heed to it. While it is true that the words "from whatever source derived" would enable Congress to pass an absolutely inclusive income tax, the strong probability seems to us to be that it would, in fact, exempt the securities of States and municipalities.

There remains the possibility of a discriminatory and despoiling income tax. The small and poor States, it is said, will combine so as to devise an income tax which will strike only or mainly the inhabitants of the large and rich States. But those who argue in this way are thinking chiefly of the Senate, in which Nevada or Idaho has as much power as New York. It will not do, however, to forget the House, where the basis of representation is population, and where the populous and wealthy States ought to be able by mere numbers to prevent the adoption of an income tax cunningly designed to throw almost the whole burden upon them. Consider some of the groupings which might be made by the Representatives from the larger States—even under the present apportionment; under the new one, their proportionate power will be much increased. New York with 37 members of the House, Pennsylvania with 32, and then Illinois, 25, Ohio, 21, all of New England, 29, New Jersey, 10, would be alone well up toward a majority of the House, and ought easily to be able to exert a political power that would be sufficient to prevent the enactment of any income tax that was levelled like a weapon at their particular section of the country. If they are not, the fault will not lie in the Constitution or in the income-tax amendment, but in the want of ability or fidelity on the part of the Representatives. We can only meet each issue as it arises and see to it that all that reason and justice can do shall be done in order to induce the democracy to decide it aright.

GETTING ALONG WITH THE CONSTITUTION.

There are extremely important questions connected with our present-day conditions which, if they had been in existence when the Constitution was framed, or had been clearly foreseen by its framers, would have been provided for quite differently. And it is not to be wondered at that many ardent souls are sorely perturbed over these things, and are ready to seize upon any method of getting rid of the obstacles that the Constitution places in the way of their schemes of reform or innovation.

That this impatience should have been manifested with the greatest frankness by the sole representative of the Socialist party in Congress is natural enough. Mr. Berger does not beat about the bush, but flatly declares the Constitution to be antiquated and obsolete, a Constitution made for a people of hunters and farmers and utterly unsuited to our present estate. He wishes it brought up to date by the straightfor-

ward process of calling a new Constitutional Convention. Mr. Roosevelt's idea of the need of recasting the Constitution is not much less radical at bottom than is Mr. Berger's; but his way of accomplishing as much change as may from time to time seem necessary may be described—not accurately, indeed, and yet not altogether incorrectly—as that of ignoring such parts of it as have manifestly ceased to be suitable to existing conditions. And there are others who feel that the Constitution is an intolerable drag.

The chances are, however, that we are going to jog along with the Constitution, pretty nearly as it now is, for a long time to come; and not altogether through our inertia or stupidity either. The demonstrations of the thesis that the Constitution is a failure suffer from the same defect as those that attempt the like task in regard to the institution of marriage. It is easy enough to show that either of these institutions does not always work as we should like to have it, and that it often stands in the way of this or that desirable consummation. But when you have got so far as this, you are only at the threshold of the question; it is when you think of what you would put in its place that you find how little headway you have made in your agitation. Take, for instance, the single question of States' rights, the crux of the Constitutional issue. The anomalies of our existing system, with forty-six kinds of marriage and divorce laws or child-labor laws, with every State threshing out a score of problems in its own little Legislature according to its own taste and fancy, paying perhaps little or no regard to the experience of the others—these anomalies are evident. But what is the alternative proposed? Can we complacently think of all the people of this country, from Maine to Texas and from New York to California, looking to Washington as the source of all governmental wisdom and the arbiter of their affairs? Can we, indeed, imagine the laws enacted at the capital, and bearing upon a hundred phases of daily life, being enforced in every corner of our great American domain, without reference to local sentiment? And yet, unless something like that is in contemplation, it is difficult to find any justification for the idea of putting the Constitution into the melting pot and making a fresh start in our national history.

Take, for illustration, the question of child labor. A few years ago, a wave of agitation in favor of Federal regulation of this subject seemed to be sweeping over the country. The Beveridge child-labor bill embodied the ideas of the champions of this movement. It is possible that that bill, if enacted, would not have been pronounced by the courts a violation of the Constitution; but it certainly was in violation of the spirit of the Constitution. By some it was opposed on this ground; by others—and among them some of the most sincere as well as the wisest of the advocates of prohibition of child labor—it was opposed on the ground that the only sound and solid way of attaining the object was through the education of public opinion in the various States. You might get your law on paper without this, but it would be nullified. Well, the bill was not passed; but there has been a surprisingly rapid growth of sentiment in favor of proper laws in the very region that was considered least promising. Professor Lindsay, writing on the Seventh Annual Child Labor Conference, held at Birmingham, Ala., last month, tells of the remarkable change that has taken place in Southern sentiment on this subject in the short space of two years. Whereas at the Atlanta Conference, in 1909, Southern interest in it was almost wholly lacking, it was manifested this year in such a way as to make the Birmingham conference "the most stimulating and encouraging meeting the National Committee has ever held." Something has already been achieved in the South in the way of legislation, and more is under way; but the important thing is the change in the attitude of representative business men. Who can doubt that this way of dealing with such problems is better suited to the American genius, and brings about better results in the end, than the short-cut that centralized power might furnish?

An absolutely rigid Constitution would of course be intolerable. Some degree of elasticity ours has always had, if for no other reason than its brevity—its wise abstention from detailed prescriptions. Over and above that elasticity—manifested in the inevitable, though gradual, changes of judicial opinion—it is essential that we should look upon the adoption of specific amendments as a recourse really within our reach; and this is on the eve of being effectively accomplished with the adoption of amendments for direct election of Senators and for a Federal income tax. On the other hand, the calling of a Constitutional Convention, though provided for in the Constitution, would be a leap in the dark. And the more the possibilities of such a step are considered, the less it will appeal, we are sure, to those who try to picture to themselves what substitute it would be possible to devise for the present structure taken as a whole.

THE CANADIAN SIDE OF IT.

Attention in this country has inevitably been fixed mainly upon the interests of the United States involved in the reciprocity agreement with Canada. American newspapers and Congressmen are not ready to be called worse than infidels for neglecting to provide for their own household; and the chief debate, as well in the press as in Congress, has been about how much we shall gain and how much lose if we stand to the Canadian bargain. References to the part of Canada have been mostly confined to questions of detail: whether she is not getting the best of the trade; whether her concession of free cotton-seed oil is not more than offset by our admission of her fish free of duty, and so on. The broader aspects of the matter, from the Canadian point of view, have been little dealt with here. It remained for a French writer, M. Jacques Bardoux, to set forth the larger significance of the reciprocity proposal, as it bears upon the whole spirit of nationalism in Canada, and this he does in an instructive article in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

M. Bardoux traces with a sure pen the development of the national spirit in the Dominion. An essential part of it is the demand for an entirely free hand in making fiscal arrangements. Canada enacts her own tariffs. Latterly she has begun to insist upon making her own treaties, in so far as they affect trade. She declines longer to be bound, in matters of commerce, by the most-favored-nation treaties that Great Britain may negotiate with other countries. The very excesses of protection and bounty-giving into which Canadian legislation has run are a proof that our

Lady of Snows means to be mistress in her own house. M. Bardoux shows, however, that this heightening desire for an independent and self-contained national life was somewhat checked, and at one time threatened to become diverted, by two powerful influences emanating from England. One was Imperial Preference, the other was Imperial Defence. Chamberlain's plan for a system of favored trade within the Empire temporarily attracted and almost entangled Canadian statesmen; and later, his grandiose schemes for a union of all the land and naval forces of the colonies under an Imperial organization and command had a disturbing effect in Canada In the latter particular, the dispatch of a Canadian contingent to the Boer war led to high-soaring hopes, which have since fallen to the ground. Yet Sir Wilfrid Laurier for a long time seemed disposed to meet Chamberlain's views, at least in the sense of his own words uttered at Edinburgh in 1897: "We are free, surely, but we are only colonials, and we aspire to be something more than that. We seek to play a greater rôle in the British Empire. Far from falling back, we ask only to go forward and to bear our full share in a united Empire."

What has happened since that date to make Sir Wilfrid Laurier "fall back," as he undoubtedly has done? He has turned the cold shoulder to Imperial Preference. He has declined to permit an English soldier to take command of the Canadian army. What were the influences and the motives that induced the supple politician at the head of the Canadian Government to recoil from his Imperial tempters? M. Bardoux makes the matter clear. He shows how the growth of a distinctive National party, under the leadership of Henri Bourassa, became a fire behind Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Ontario and Quebec, while the rapid expansion of the provinces in the West, with their rising hostility to protective tariffs and their demand for free trade relations with the United States, opened his eyes to a great political danger. The Nationalists made their campaign, and showed great strength, against large military expenses on Imperial account; and in his trip to Winnipeg last autumn, Sir Wilfrid got a near view of the demands of the embattled farmers. Many of them had crossed over from the United States; and though they were quite ready to swear allegiance in their new home to the British crown, Uncle Sam still meant more to them than John Bull; and the cheaper shipment of their products by the route to the South, if only trade were made free, appealed to them strongly. This Western tour of the Canadian Premier may reasonably be thought of as the turning-point in his attitude on tariff matters. At any rate, thereafter his commissioners were much more ready to deal with the Americans than before, and the reciprocity agreement is the result.

From the way in which this is regarded in Canada and in England, one can see that it is to be thought of as meaning far more than a measure to promote trade. It is a final assertion of Canadian nationality, a definite swinging away from domination by British policies. This accounts for the cries of grief which the proposal of reciprocity between Canada and the United States has drawn from high British Imperialists. They see in it a mortal blow to their darling projects. If Canada has thus so resolutely set up for herself, the effect upon the other colonies is feared, so that it is well nigh certain that the Imperial Conference next month will do little for Imperial Preference except decently to bury its remains. Canada has, in effect, by this final step of the reciprocity pact, served notice upon the mother country that she is now a full-fledged nation.

MAGNIFYING THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

It is more than four years ago that Secretary Root, as he then was, made his speech summoning the States to a fuller exercise of their legislative powers. Behind it there lay, or was supposed to lie, a threat that the Federal Government would find a way, either through or around the Constitution, to take up the neglected duties of the States. Whether that was intended or not, we felt and said at the time that the challenge which Mr. Root addressed to the States ought to be accepted; that their right to control the corporations which they had created ought to be vigorously asserted; and that their Governors should take the lead in seeing to it that the local governments of whose historic value we had been rather idly boasting should be made really effective. Now, though there may be no relation of cause and effect, it is at least an interesting coincidence that, since Mr. Root spoke, there has been a remarkable quickening of the activities of the States. They have enacted a large body of regulative laws. Above all, many of their Governors have stepped forward into a leadership quite new. Not since the day of the "great war Governors," as they were called, have we had anything like the present number of State Executives who have made a fine reputation for strong administration and successful championing of advanced and reformatory legislation.

Gov. Wilson's name just now leads all the rest in public estimation. It is an unexampled triumph which his legislative programme for New Jersey has scored. Nearly every pledge made during the campaign has been carried out; and New Jersey, from being one of the backward States in laws relating to the control of public-utility corporations, to election and ballot laws, to corrupt practices, to employers' liability, and the like, now ranks with the most forward-looking. All this has been achieved within a legislative session of three months, with very little pyrotechnics, no fierce struggles, and amid general approval. The Governor met with machine opposition, in his own party and in the Republican, but his energy and persistence, joined to the immense prestige he won in his campaign and by the defeat of Boss Smith for the Senatorship, swept every obstacle away. We think it the literal truth to say that no man in public life ever mated performance to promise better than Gov. Wilson.

Other Democratic Governors follow Woodrow Wilson, not by too great an interval. In Massachusetts, Gov. Foss is at once delighting his friends and confounding his enemies. Even partisan Republicans are forced to concede that his great industry and complete devotion to the work of his office, together with his good appointments, his well-judged vetoes, and his sound recommendations, have made a great impression upon the State and largely obliterated the bad effect of the Governor's course in the Senatorship contest. In Ohio, Gov. Harmon has thus far not been able to obtain from the Legislature the leading reform measures which he has energetically urged in special messages.

Some of them will doubtless be enacted before the session closes; and in any case the Governor has heightened the reputation which he won during his first term as an able, hard-working, honest, and independent Executive. Conditions in Ohio are peculiar; the old Democratic machine is against Harmon, openly or secretly, and his Presidential candidacy doubtless handicaps him somewhat; but he has at least silenced the Republican sneers about Democratic incapacity. One hears little that is not good about his neighbor over the Indiana line, Gov. Marshall. He, too, must be reckoned with among the Democratic Executives who are showing that we have in this country more than one party "fit to rule."

It is only fair, of course, to say that in this general movement to magnify the office of Governor, several Republican Executives have been prominent. Gov. Hughes's work in New York brought him national renown. In New Hampshire, it is a Republican Governor who has just succeeded in dragging from a reluctant Senate compliance with nearly the whole of his reform programme. In California, too, as also in Michigan and Wisconsin, the newly-elected Governors are making a good record. The credit for this distinct looking up of the States is to be monopolized by neither party. There appears to be, in this matter, a common vivifying impulse. Yet there can be no doubt that the most conspicuous Governors are just now Democratic, and this, conjoined with the fact that their party in Congress is bearing itself with unexpected wisdom, promises to become a great political asset in the Presidential election next year.

The name of one Democratic Governor does not appear in the list of successful Executives. That is because no one yet knows whether Gov. Dix ought to be placed there. No Governor had greater opportunities; by none has so little been achieved. His final ranking, however, remains to be determined. People are ready to make allowances for the terrible difficulties which Murphy and Sheehan thrust upon him from the first. All legislation was strangled for two months. But while the light yet holds out to burn, it is not too late for Mr. Dix to return. In the brief remainder of the session, it is humanly impossible that he can accomplish all that he has set before himself, but some things he can do. He can insist upon an honest direct-primary bill, in pursuance of the party pledges. He can kill "ripper" bills with his veto, and repel assaults upon the civil-service laws. If not the dash and brilliance of Gov. Wilson, he can at least display something of the steadiness and high-mindedness of Harmon; and so save the Governorship of New York from being the one great exception to the revival and ennobling of the powers of State Executives.

THE "SUPERFLUOUS" IN EDUCATION.

It is a sign of the times that a man of such influence as Professor Hibben of Princeton has come out strongly against specialization by undergraduates. In an essay which forms one of a collection he fortifies his opinion, not by an array of statistics nor by pertinent illustrations from the leading institutions, but by calm and philosophical reasoning. The points of his argument are not new, but the precision with which they are made, together with the broad culture which lies behind them, will of itself show the need of our producing minds of this broadly educated type. He takes for a text Voltaire's paradox—*Le superflu, chose très nécessaire*—and argues that specialization defeats its own purpose; that for a student to narrow his attention to only such subjects as bear directly on his chosen profession makes of him a poor doctor or lawyer or what not, because it makes of him an inefficient man:

> It is in the reserve power which we insensibly discern back of a man's personality that our confidence in the lawyer, the doctor, the minister, or the engineer is grounded. The difference between the ordinary and the extraordinary man in professional or business life, lies in just this surplus of power which in the daily routine of life is never required.

There is an important side of this question on which Professor Hibben did not see fit to touch, though it is implicit in much that he says. It is the danger that, if present systems prevail, the college and university will cease to be the home of ideals. Some would undoubtedly say that they have already ceased to be that. There is, at any rate, a perilously close connection in this country between these higher institutions and life without. The public in large part demands it, especially in the case of the State universities. In the popular mind, education means something "practical"; it must lead to visible and immediate results even in fields seemingly speculative. A course in literature, like the five-foot shelf, must elevate in a way that can be measured. Having, as they think, grasped its significance, the people have bidden education come down from the mountain heights of spiritual aims and graces. They have penetrated the secret of the university—its real use along with its left-over nonsense—and have forced it to give an account of itself. A nation of experts, they challenge the right of even the university to teach in ways whose use does not satisfy their practical intelligence.

On their side, the universities—or many of them—have yielded. They have devised schemes of study which respond almost automatically to the social and industrial conditions of the outer world. Scarcely an occupation springs into being before courses are given in preparation for it. Like a great intellectual department store, the universities in question are ready to meet the most varied, the most minute public demands. Given workers, they will turn them out steeped in common sense, not vainly trying to set life to rights by vaporous theories. Filled with this ideal (if such it may be called), these universities fashion their students so carefully for after-life that to enter it causes no shock whatever. The difference intellectually between the college man and others is growing to be not one of quality at all. By the very nature of the educational plan, his mind is trained in a literal, matter-of-fact way; it catches up a wider range of facts than the outsider's, yet only rarely does it acquire that sturdy logic and imaginative reach which should be its distinction. Herein lies the desperate irony of those advocates of strictly up-to-date systems who, determined that the college shall serve the country, have held up American life before the students' eyes at too close range, and have given them little of that detachment which makes for perspective and true judgment.

Something of this danger has, of course, been admitted by prominent educators, President Lowell in the forefront. But the mischief has been done and can be undone only by heroic treatment. For even at our oldest universities, the atmosphere of idealism is too

seldom breathed. With the constant introduction of little, highly specialized courses, it is possible for instructors with no great talents or breadth to be apparently efficient; and the attraction which used to be felt for a community of scholars is tending to die out. One looks now with unsatisfied yearning for teachers of firm idealism—a Shaler, a Norton, a Dana—to give a proper outlet to young men's visions. The reality of the condition is evident, and he is blind who has not seen the tragedy of thoughtful youths, come from a distance to be cheated of the inspiration for which they sought.

It can only follow from a decline of idealism that the university is ceasing also to be the home of ideas—or at least of ideas that truly count in young men's lives. Nowadays boys are seldom beset by an unyielding impulse to work out high dreams in actual living, to bridge by the very force of their wills the gulf which the work-a-day world accepts between theory and practice. The point may be illustrated by the reply of an Englishman at one of our large universities to a student who had submitted to him a bit of original verse. It was: "This is pretty, but you wouldn't fight for it."

OUR DISCORDANT CRITICS.

It is just ten years since W. T. Stead startled his countrymen by his cry of "The Americanization of the World." He approved that Americanization, and asserted its comprehensiveness. It was not trade alone in which we were rapidly winning supremacy. "Not even the most cursory observer can overlook the direct influence which American religious life and thought have had." "The direct influence of American books on the non-American world" was increasing. Already, in humor, "the Americans have left their English kinsmen far behind," while "the American newspaper is distinctly ahead of its English contemporaries." "America now leads the van of astronomical science," and "will have one day the most magnificent school of painting in the world." The American girl "is always bright, vivacious, and intelligent, often beautiful"; the American millionaire gives away his money on an unparalleled scale; even in sport we excel the British; our superiority in education is evident; and "the average level of intelligence in the United States, despite the immense influx of nineteen millions of the uneducated European horde, is much higher" than in England.

But what a change a decade has wrought! The title of the newest book about us is suggestive of a very different picture, for Monroe Royce, returning to his native land after twelve years' absence, can describe what he finds only in the phrase, "The Passing of the American." Not to be outdone by a foreigner, Mr. Royce, too, is comprehensive, but not complacent. The American, in his view, "is found wanting, and is giving place to the dull-witted, heavy-handed foreigner." We are inefficient, and therefore stand at the tail of the list of nations that win the Nobel prizes. Our critic knows of "but one street fruit and peanut vender in New York who is an American." Our immigrants "can outwork us, can also beat us on the land, and in the laboratory and market." They must accordingly be "held at bay" until we can train our children to compete with them. Only in rudeness do we outdo them, and they soon learn that. The American pulpit has been in a decline for years, and now the American platform is following it. American women are unwilling to marry, unless they can "better their position." "The American schoolboy is vastly inferior to his European contemporary in scholarship," Congress is without a single man who is fit for high political leadership, and "the native wit and good sense of the American are fast passing away."

Now, if we were the politest people in the world, how could we manage to admit the truth of both of these sets of criticism and retain any self-respect? We do our best. We were not unduly exalted over Mr. Stead's canonization of us, and we are not unduly depressed by Mr. Royce's condemnation. In our stupid, blundering, but well-meaning way, we grant all we can and get a little good-humored fun out of the rest. Doubtless this is wrong. If we were deserving of all the attention we receive, we should know how to reconcile our domination of the world with our submergence in our own country. But Mr. Royce expects even more than this. He presents us with a major premise of hordes of immigrants, whose degradation in this country is "sure and rapid," and to whom idealism is impossible. His minor premise is the American, "the quickest-witted, most fearless, most inventive, and most adventurous person the world has ever known," but unfortunately, not a plodder, and with an inherent dislike for continuous hard work. And this is his conclusion: the American "is found wanting, and is giving place to the dull-witted, heavy-handed foreigner, who is willing to work and who knows how to work. . . . Not one-tenth of the untrained country-people who desert the land for the town can make their way in the face of the skilled and efficient foreigners who compete with them at every turn." The mystery of "how the greater majority of the native American people find the bare means of living" is but partly dissipated by the discovery that there is one field of labor in which they still hold undisputed sway, namely, the railway car. This phenomenon also is unexplained. We are so completely stumped by such reasoning that we are constrained to add to our loss of humor an admission of our want of logic.

It is not only alien and expatriated critics that puzzle us. There are those of our own country who pour their shot and shell at all parts of our social, political, and economic structure, often with deadly rhetorical effect. They delight in showing their ability to do what Burke confessed to be beyond his comprehension, for to them the indictment of a whole people and all its activities is easy. But it is precisely this unrelieved black that disturbs us. At first we put on the proffered sackcloth and ashes readily enough, despite the rather too business-like air of our official mourners. In time, however, we grow tired of it. We cannot bring ourselves to submit to adopting it as a national costume. And we are bewildered by the number and variety of our mortal diseases and capital crimes.

What we need, and what we dare say we should have the good sense to welcome, is diagnosis that discriminates between passing ills and chronic maladies, between a disorder and an indisposition. We have not sought out physicians, and therefore we may be allowed to request so much. Nor do we ask for a cure. Reasonably accurate definition of what is the matter with us will be sufficient to win our gratitude. Mr. Royce himself, in his chapter on "The Passing of American Humor," has a most apt il-

lustration of what we require. It is Lincoln's story in reply to a delegation of lugubrious patriots who pointed out to him how everything was going to the dogs, with its climax of the frightened farmer's prayer in the thunderstorm, "O Lord, if it is just the same to you, give me more light and less noise."

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

BOSTON, April 21.

The 123d meeting of the American Oriental Society, which was held at Harvard University on April 19 and 20, was fairly well attended. Forty-six papers were announced, but as the writers of a number of them were not present, almost one-half were read merely by title. The smaller number of papers actually read had, however, the advantage of allowing more time for discussion.

The presiding officer this year was Prof. Maurice Bloomfield of the Johns Hopkins University, who gave an admirable presidential address on "The Religion of the Sikhs"—the Hindu-Mohammedan sect which, founded in Northern India at the end of the fifteenth century A. D., has played so significant a part in the political and religious fortunes of India. Professor Bloomfield showed that in its tenets and general attitude toward life, the Sikh religion displays little if any originality. Its founder, Nanak (born in 1469 A. D.), was thoroughly saturated with characteristically Hindu thought, despite the fact that at that time one-third of the population of Northern India, through its abhorrence of idol-worship, had been attracted to Islamism. Even the lower classes of India had turned Moslem, because through Islam they could free themselves from the oppression and degradation of the caste system. Though a strong dash of monotheism had been introduced into the pantheistic ideal of higher Hinduism, the conception of the Divine as formulated by Nanak and his successors remained essentially pantheistic—not differing in any marked degree from the general level reached in the Upanishads many centuries previous. Transmigration, which runs like a thread through the entire religious history of India, is also an essential element in Sikh doctrines, and the lack of originality of the sect is further illustrated by the stress that it lays in common with other Hindu sects upon fusion with the "One True Being," of which every living thing is a part, as the only means of salvation from the round of existences. The favorite designation in Sikhism for this one Being was simply "Name," which is employed almost cabalistically and defined by Nanak himself as "the god of all gods." Karma, or "deed," as controlling men's destiny—so prominent in the purer Hindu philosophies and in Buddhism—is also a feature of Sikhism, though generally construed as sinister—as "evil deed." It must also be recognized that the ethics of Sikhism, without being specially original, are founded on high ideals. Philanthropy, justice, truth, and domestic virtue are forcibly set forth as standards to be followed.

The primal factor, however, to account for the rapid spread of the teachings of Nanak and his successors and their development into a religious system, was the emphasis laid upon the supreme authority of the "Teacher" in his relationship to his pupils. The relation of teacher and pupil had always been pious, sentimental, and sacramental in India, but in Sikhism it became the foundation-stone on which the entire structure was reared. The name Sikh means "disciple," while the term Guru, by which Nanak and his nine successors are known, signifies "teacher." Through the Guru alone the way to salvation can be attained. Obedience to him is absolute, and he takes precedence, therefore, even over one's parents. This errant child of Hinduism is returning to the bosom of its aged, but not altogether decrepit, mother. The Sikhs now again worship Hindu gods in Hindu temples.

After the presidential address, the reading of papers began and continued throughout the four sessions that were held. It is possible in a summary account to refer to only a limited number out of the many that merit mention. Prof. Paul Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University, whose indefatigable industry always insures a rich harvest at these meetings, presented four papers. One of special interest was his discussion of a number of passages in the famous Babylonian account of the Deluge, forming part of the Babylonian Epic that so long ago as thirty years Professor Haupt had made one of his special studies. He showed by an improved translation of certain lines that the Deluge, localized in the Babylonian account in the old city of Shurippak, was originally planned by the local deities of that place, who induced the "great gods" to give their adherence to the plan. The value of the new interpretation lies in the further proof furnished for the growth of the story from a merely local catastrophe to a general destruction of mankind—which is the form in which we find the tale in the strikingly parallel Biblical account. Professor Haupt also furnished a satisfactory interpretation for the rather mysterious manner in which the god Ea (the god of the waters) announces the coming destruction. He showed that the two words used, *kikkishu* and *igaru*, signifying "reed-hut" and "brick-construction," referred respectively to the simpler and more elaborate dwellings of the Babylonians, and were thus intended to point to a general destruction, involving small and large, simple and grand. Professor Lanman reported progress on an elaborate edition of Buddhagosa's "Way of Purity," on which he has been engaged for several years. He was urged to undertake this almost thirty years ago, but it was only recently that he could attack it in earnest. Buddhagosa was a learned and remarkable religious leader in the southern division of Buddhism, who was born just fifteen hundred years ago. Besides commentaries to various portions of the Pâli canon—the sacred scriptures of the southern Buddhistic "church"—he wrote an elaborate exposition of the teachings, principles, and philosophy of Buddhism, the importance of which for a knowledge and study of Buddhism has only recently come to be recoguized by students of the religious history of India.

Another work of a large character of which announcement was made at this meeting was Professor Bloomfield's investigation of repetitions in the Rig-Veda, following as an aftermath to this scholar's concordance of the Rig-Veda, published in the Harvard Oriental Series. It appears that of the 40,000 verses of this ancient collection, 2,000 are repeated, and since in many cases the same verse occurs hundreds of times, just about one-fourth of the Rig-Veda is repetition. The value of these repetitions, with changes in the phraseology and in the length of the lines, is twofold. They enable us to fix the interpretation in many instances which would otherwise be doubtful, and they furnish an index for following the growth of the collection itself.

A paper which aroused considerable and lively discussion was one by Dr. A. Ember of the Johns Hopkins University on the Semitic character of Egyptian speech. Egyptologists have for a long time recognized that there are many Semitic elements in Egyptian, but they have been chary of drawing the conclusion that Egyptian belongs to the family of Semitic languages. The question is one of great scientific importance, but it is also a very complicated and intricate problem. Dr. Ember, who has been devoting his attention to this problem for some time, believes that he has found conclusive evidence to prove that Egyptian is a form of Semitic speech. This evidence is two-fold, lexicographical agreement as illustrated by the large number of words in Egyptian that he thinks are unquestionably Semitic, and the regularity of certain phonetic laws of consonantal interchange between Egyptian and Semitic. Dr. Ember was strongly supported in his contention by Professor Haupt who declared that Professor Sethe, the eminent Egyptologist of the University of Göttingen, had also endorsed Dr. Ember's results. On the other hand, Dr. M. G. Kyle

o. Philadelphia insisted that most of the Semitic words in Egyptian were loan-words, directly borrowed by the Egyptians from some Semitic speech, while Professor Bloomfield, speaking from the general lingulstie point of view, was no less emphatic in expressing the defects in Dr. Ember's method of investigation. Lexicographical coincidences counted for little, especially when these coincidences were brought about through more or less arbitrary assumptions of consonantal changes and transpositions of letters; and, on the other hand, Professor Bloomfield was not convinced that definite phonetic laws applying to Egyptian and Semitic languages had been established. He held it possible that Egyptian might represent a border-speech between a Semitic and a non-Semitic form of speech, just as Lithuanian occupies a somewhat similar anomalous position in the Aryan group. The general impression left by the discussion was that the problem was not yet ripe for a definite solution.

The only Arabic paper presented was by Dr. B. B. Charles of the University of Pennsylvania, who has prepared an English translation of an important biography of Avicenna (Ibn Sina), which is in part autobiographical. Avicenna tells in a quaint and interesting fashion how he was first puzzled by Aristotle's metaphysics until he bought at an auction sale a copy of Al-Farabi's interpretation. There were several papers bearing on cuneiform research. One by Miss Ogden of Albany proposed a tentative explanation of a puzzling list of signs on a Babylonian tablet as being a syllabary intended to elucidate Proto-Elamitic characters prepared as an aid for the study of old Elamitic texts. Professor Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania discussed the present status of Babylonian-Assyrian chronology, and showed the uncertainty still existing in regard to all dates in Babylonian history beyond 2000 B. C., while in Assyrian history the uncertainty begins when one attempts to fix the reigns of rulers beyond 1500 B. C. The progress in the study of recent years had been chiefly in two directions: in reducing the high dates formerly assigned to early rulers of portions of Babylonia and in establishing many important synchronisms between Babylonian rulers of various districts and between Babylonian and Assyrian rulers. Miss Hoyt of Baltimore, in a paper on the name of the Red Sea, endeavored to show that Strabo's explanation of its name as derived from the red color was, after all, correct, as the water, especially near the shores, is reddened by certain microscopic algæ.

The session of Thursday afternoon was devoted to papers bearing on the History of Religions. Great interest attached to two independent investigations of Dr. W. H. Ward of New York and Prof. George F. Moore of Harvard on the recently published Hebrew texts revealing the existence of a hitherto unknown Jewish sect. Professor Shechter, the editor of the publication, is of the opinion that the sect is that of the Zadokites, or Sadducees, but both Dr. Ward and Professor Moore showed that this view was untenable. Dr. Ward believed he saw closer affiliations with the Pharisees, while Professor Moore properly pointed out that instead of trying to attach to this unknown sect one of the well-known labels, it was more likely that we have before us the documents revealing a sect that is different from those hitherto known. Palestine in the century before Jesus—to which period both Ward and Moore assign the text—was seething with religious fervor, leading naturally to all kinds of religious phenomena. It is also important to note that both Dr. Ward and Professor Moore showed conclusively the impossibility of accepting the views of an English scholar, Mr. G. Margoliouth of the British Museum, who thinks he sees allusions to John the Baptist, to Jesus, and Paul in the interesting text.

The society, before adjourning, took the important step of definitely including in its scope the Historical Study of Religions. With a view of emphasizing this more strongly in the future, it was decided to discontinue the special section for this subject that was established thirteen years ago. In future one entire session will be devoted to papers on the history of religions, including primitive and European religions, as well as the religions of the ancient and modern Orient. The society elected Prof. George F. Moore as president for the ensuing year.

M. J., JR.

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 22.

Our annual general meeting was held in the hall of the Society, Philadelphia, April 20, 21, and 22. In all there were presented more than sixty papers on scientific and literary topics.

It has been the custom for several years to devote one half-day session to a Symposium on some special topic in science. This year the subject was "Modern Views of Matter and Electricity," and the following papers bearing on this general topic were offered: "The Fundamental Principles," by Prof. D. F. Comstock of Boston; "Radioactivity," by Prof. B. B. Boltwood of New Haven; "Thermionics," by Prof. O. W. Richardson of Princeton; "The Constitution of the Atom," by Prof. H. A. Wilson of Montreal. The general conclusion seems to be that the atom of matter, groups of which compose the molecules of different substances, is built up of much smaller parts, known as electrons, identical with the smallest unit of negative electricity. Sir J. J. Thomson's theory of the atom assumes also a spherical form of positive electricity, throughout which are imbedded the electrons in different numbers according to the kind of atom. It was also explained how it is possible to estimate the actual number of electrons in an atom of any given kind. As the inertia of an electron emitted from the atom of a radioactive substance, such as radium, has been experimentally proved to be a function of its speed, the evidence is strong that all inertia or mass may be electrodynamic in its nature.

Among the important papers on physiology may be mentioned one by Professor Cannon of Harvard on "The Secretion of the Adrenal Glands during Emotional Excitement," in which he stated that these glands and the sympathetic nervous system were intimately related. The sympathetic system innervates the glands, and these in turn secrete a substance that affects bodily structures precisely as the sympathetic system affects them. The sympathetic system is aroused to activity in states of emotional excitement. Examination of the blood of excited animals reveals the presence of an adrenal secretion which was not found in the blood before the excitement. Possibly, this secretion continues the excited state. Possibly, also, the adrenal secretion caused by emotional disturbances has some of the effects produced by injection of the substance, such as glycosuria and atheroma of arteries.

Dr. A. Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute stated the results of some remarkable experiments on the tenure of life in certain tissues when removed from the body and kept in cold storage. These tissues sometimes after an interval of many days have been grafted into the bodies of other individuals and have successfully performed their proper functions.

Dr. Leo Loeb of St. Louis described some cyclic changes of a far-reaching character which take place in the mammalian ovary. They concern the follicles, corpora lutea, and ova. There exists in the ovary a mechanism (in the corpus luteum) regulating those changes. The corpus luteum prolongs the sexual cycle not by retarding the maturation of the follicles, but by preventing the rupture of the mature follicles. His recent observations make it very probable that a partial parthenogenic development of some ova accompany these cyclic changes in the follicles in a certain percentage of animals.

An important paper in engineering was presented by Prof. J. B. Whitehead of Johns Hopkins on "The High Voltage Corona in Air." The author described the limitation to the long distance electrical transmission of power imposed by the insulating properties of

the air, and a new method for determining accurately a voltage at which the air near electric wires and cables will break down; and also gave the results of a series of experiments on the influence of the size of the wire, the stranding of the wire into a cable, the frequency, the pressure, the temperature, and the moisture content of the air.

Several papers on geological subjects were read and discussed, one by Prof. J. J. Stevenson of New York being an introduction to an exhaustive monograph "On the Formation of Coal Beds." Two hypotheses, framed to explain the accumulation of coal in beds, have been in conflict for almost a century and a half. One asserts that the vegetable material was transported by running water and deposited, as were the enclosing sandstones and shales; the other assigns to transport an insignificant share and maintains that the vegetation grew where the coal bed is now found. Professor Stevenson's monograph is in four parts, the last summing up the results of many observations and attempting to show their bearing on the solution of the problem.

Mr. R. P. Field discussed the problem of the "Conservation of Fuel," dealing with the general subject of the utilization of slack coal by making it into small briquettes called "eggettes." The author showed that a binder containing no pitch or any kindred material is preferable for household use, and that by actual test such fuel is cheaper than coal, coke, wood, oil, or gas.

Friday evening, Professor Arrhenius of Stockholm gave an illustrated lecture on "The Physical Conditions of the Planet Mars." The speaker called attention to the many similarities between Mars and the earth which have caused some to think Mars is inhabited, but gave it as his opinion that later investigations are not favorable to this view.

The annual banquet at the Bellevue-Stratford was attended by about one hundred members and guests. Dr. W. W. Keen, president of the Society, acted as toastmaster. Thus ended one of the most successful meetings in the history of the Society.

ARTHUR W. GOODSPEED.

Correspondence

PEACE AND BETHMANN-HOLLWEG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The German chancellor has expressed himself on disarmament and arbitration with remarkable clarity and force. He leaves no room for doubt as to the attitude of his government: the reduction of armaments is "a task perhaps ideal, but in practice impossible to execute"; as for the treaty of arbitration, "the moment difficulties arise between two nations, the treaty will burn like tinder." These words cannot fail to have a profound and lasting effect, coming as they do from the centre of armed authority. The Paris *Figaro* comments on the chancellor's discourse before the Reichstag almost with relief, as if it had in a way cleared the air and served precise and unmistakable notice as to the policy of Germany. After this statement, continues the *Figaro*, if the other nations of Europe prefer to trust in the Utopia of a theoretical peace, so much the worse for them.

One cannot accuse Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg of irresponsible jingoism. There is no analogy between the imperial chancellor and Representative Hobson or Gen. Homer Lea. If he declares himself so sharply and emphatically as being, together with Providence, on the side of the big battalions, it must be for reasons of seriousness and weight. It is not necessary to hunt for these in the immutability of human nature, nor in a natural desire of man to slay his neighbor and possess himself of the latter's goods. They can be found on the present map of Europe and in contemporary history. The most superficial acquaintance with the Continental system is sufficient to convince one that it is in a state of unstable equilibrium. The rebirth of the German Empire in 1871 and its subsequent vigorous growth has created a new weight for which no counterpoise has yet appeared. It was made possible by three wars, and its development —perhaps even its existence—has depended on the force of arms; at any rate, no German statesman has been willing to risk the experiment of letting it stand alone, without the support of the "solid frame of a Prussian grenadier."

To admit these points does not mean that one accuses Germany of meditating a policy of further military aggression and conquest. It is not likely that Holland, Belgium, and Luxemhourg are presently to be absorbed. But the existence of the German army, even if it never leaves its garrison towns, endows the nation with an inestimable power in the conduct of its foreign affairs. It is the army which has made Prussia the strongest and the most brutal force on the Continent. The success which has of late attended German diplomacy is not due so much to the death of Edward VII and the inertia of George V—as is contended by the London correspondent of the *Evening Post*—as to the increasing confidence of the Germans in their army as an instrument of diplomatic persuasion. In this connection it might be remarked that the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, which was nothing if not a German success, took place before the accession of George V In Morocco also the Kaiser's voice would have been that of one crying in the wilderness had it not been for his army. And when the Bagdad Railway—"unser" Baghdad-Bahn—reaches the sphere of British influence at the head of the Persian Gulf, the remarks of the German diplomats will have a weight directly proportionate to the number of their regiments and battleships.

In America, where we are so happily isolated from strong and ambitious neighbors, it is easy to underrate, even to overlook, the side of the question of armaments. The *Nation*, in its many articles on international peace, has perhaps made this mistake. An army is no longer solely an instrument of death and destruction. In Germany it is an agent of Imperial expansion. In France it is a sort of national life insurance. If we do not feel the need of an army in either of these latter capacities, it is because of our geographical position. But it is another affair in Europe, where the nations sit cheek by jowl, with the blood of old quarrels dried on their frontiers.

Moreover, M. Tardieu of the *Temps* pointed out some weeks ago that no one nation can propose disarmament without first knowing what corresponding move the others would make; and no council of nations can make a proposal without first knowing what each one is willing to do. Thus the *cercle vicieux* is closed.

On top of this comes the plain statement of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg that Germany, the pacemaker in the race, cannot and will not disarm or submit to arbitration. One is apt to conclude that Mr. Carnegie's recent investment in peace securities, however great the honor it does him as an idealist, will not increase his reputation as a financier. It was made a few hundred years too early in history. Probably there are few statesmen in Europe who actually thirst for war, but there are still fewer who see the way to universal peace; it could now only be a sort of *pax Romana* —with the eagles at Berlin. J.

Paris, April 2.

SHAKESPEARE AND RALEIGH AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Hanford's letter in your issue of March 30 on the possible connection between a poem probably written by Raleigh and a familiar song in "The Merchant of Venice" is interesting but tantalizing. Certainly the thought and the expression of the two poems are remarkably close, but still not close enough for us to say with conviction that Raleigh imitated Shakespeare or Shakespeare imitated Raleigh. So much of the phraseology of Elizabethan lyric poetry is due to conventions of the age that one hesitates to attach significance to even such parallels as this one.

I am led into this statement by noting, myself, another parallel between certain lines from the poem quoted by Professor Hanford, and these from "Romeo and Juliet," act ii, scene 3:

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Friar Laurence. I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb.
. . . Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. . . .
Rom. And had'st me bury love.
Fri. L. Not in a grave.
To lay one in, another out to have.

A POESY TO PROVE THAT AFFECTION IS NOT LOVE.

Conceit, begotten by the eyes,
Is quickly born, and quickly dies;
For while it seeks our hearts to have
Meanwhile there reason makes his grave;
For many things the eyes approve,
Which yet the heart doth seldom love.

For as the seeds in spring time sown,
Die in the ground ere they be grown;
Such is conceit, whose rooting fails,
As child that in the cradle quails,
Or else within the mother's womb
Hath his beginning and his tomb.

Whether the second parallel strengthens or weakens the effect of the first, I am un-

able to say, but I believe that they should be taken into account together.

ROBERT ADGER LAW.

University of Texas, April 12.

THE PROCONSULSHIP OF GALLIO IN ACHAIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Seneca (Epist. 104) and Luke (Acts 18:12) mention the presence of Gallio in Achaia, and the latter his proconsulship. The date of Gallio's administration has long been a subject of interest, but until recently this could be determined only approximately by inference from the career and writings of Seneca and from the relative chronology of Acts and the Pauline Epistles. The relative chronology of Acts depends largely on the date at which Festus succeeded Felix as procurator of Judea (Acts 24:27). This date, however, cannot be fixed with certainty, and opinion favoring one or another of the years from 56 to 60 has its influence on other inferential dates, and thus upon the date assigned to Gallio's proconsulship. It is of unusual interest therefore to know that an inscription has been discovered and published which fixes this date within the limits of the two years from the spring or early summer of the years 51-52 or 52-53. The inscription was discovered at Delphi and published by Bourguet in "De rebus delphicis imperatoriæ ætatis," 1905. It contains in fragmentary form a letter addressed by the Emperor Claudius to Delphi, in which the number 26 occurs in the address. This is followed by the name of Gallio, and part of the title proconsul. The number 26 is referred most naturally to the acclamation as "imperator" which Claudius received in the year 52 and before the first of August. If the reconstruction of the fragments of this letter by the editor be well grounded, the inscription affords evidence that Gallio was in Achaia as proconsul some time between January and August of the year 52. He may therefore have entered upon his official duties, which doubtless lasted for one year, either in 51 or 52. The text of the inscription is reproduced from Bourguet and discussed in the current (April) issue of the *Princeton Theological Review*.

WILLIAM P. ARMSTRONG.

Princeton, April 14.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SPECTATOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have noticed nowhere in the periodical or daily press any reference to the bicentenary of the *Spectator*. Exactly 200 years ago the first of last month appeared the first of the daily folio sheets which were to exert a powerful influence not only throughout England and her colonies, but even on the Continent. It may be proper at this time to call attention to a common misunderstanding of Steele's share in planning the *Spectator*.

As Steele was alone responsible for the plan of the *Tatler* and as he wrote the account of the club in the *Spectator*, it has come to be rather generally thought that the machinery of the latter paper was his exclusive invention. Statements in many of our histories of literature, while correct, might easily give this impression. It has become almost a commonplace that Steele discovered new lands of which Addison took possession. "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature" says definitely (II, 232): "The idea of the *Spectator's* Club, which is described in the second number, was Steele's invention." A little reflection will, I think, show this to be improbable.

The first issue of the paper was devoted to the Spectator himself, and, for some reason, was by Addison. The next described the club and was by Steele, the two men alternating during the first week and often thereafter. From this beginning it seems highly probable that the Spectator and the club were planned to be the machinery of the paper, and, as the two editors naturally talked over their venture in considerable detail before beginning it, they had undoubtedly decided on the various typical characters who were to form the club. Although very little was ever done with this club, one of its members, Sir Roger de Coverley, is among the chief glories of the paper. To Steele belongs the honor of first describing Sir Roger, but this does not imply that he invented the character. As the genial country squire is the first of the members to be mentioned, and as he has the fullest description of all, it seems almost certain that his character had been talked over with Addison, who may have suggested a good deal. Tickell, Addison's intimate friend, says in speaking of him, "The plan of the *Spectator*, as far as regards the feigned person of the author, and of the several persons that compose his club, was projected in concert with Sir Richard Steele." We know, furthermore, that the first paper, after the introductory one, to deal with the club, number 34, is by Addison; that number 37, also by Addison, contains several references to Sir Roger; and that the first paper to be devoted entirely to the old knight, number 106, is from the same pen. During all this time Steele has mentioned Sir Roger only once, if I am not mistaken, and done scarcely better by the other members of the club. As soon, however, as Addison has begun the Spectator's visit to the knight, Steele writes the next paper continuing the subject. This does not look as if all the inventive ability was "honest Dick's."

RAYMOND D. HAVENS.

University of Rochester, April 14.

A PAID BOARD OF EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial columns of April 6 you called attention to the incorporation by Mayor Gaynor in his proposed charter for New York of a provision for a salaried Board of Education. The experience of the city of Washington with such an innovation is a decided warning against the scheme. The plan was faithfully tested here for six years, from 1900 to 1906, and then the system was abolished by Congress without a protest against such action. There were seven members, all men and women of high character and standing, each receiving $500 annually, but the results were unsatisfactory. The defect was not in the personnel, but in the plan. The trial of the scheme proved that there is no function for such a body. If it is the part of wisdom to learn from the experience of others, there can be no excuse for New York to tread this painful path of failure.

C. MERIWETHER.

Washington, D. C., April 18.

TWO ANNOYANCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two important trifles are daily annoyances.

For several years the *Nation* has put its readers under obligations by cordially coming into our hands with its leaves cut. I wish that the mathematician, practical philosopher, and humorist, who once calculated how many years or decades, or perhaps centuries, of time this saved, would level one of his irresistible arguments at certain of the magazines and reviews, that are, or are supposed to be, much read by students of American history. There may possibly be some excuse for not cutting the pages of publications that are sold on news-stands or in trains; but I cannot see why copies that go to subscribers should not be cut.

For myself, I would about as lief make my coffee, and would much rather fry my chicken, than cut leaves.

All men that use their pens are daily annoyed by the custom of having to write hyphens in words that really do not need to be divided. Why should we forever continue to put a hyphen in *to-day, to-morrow,* and between many words that although once compounded ought long ago to have fused as thoroughly as *barnyard, nowadays, housetop,* and similar words have?

AN OLD STUDENT.

Washington, D. C., April 20.

Literature

BOOKS ON NAPOLEON.

Napoleon in Caricature, 1795-1821. By A. M. Broadley. 2 vols. New York: John Lane Co. $12.50 net.

The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in His Own Words. Compiled and translated by R. M. Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

Napoleon in His Own Defence: Being a Reprint of Certain Letters Written by Napoleon from St. Helena to Lady Clavering, and a Reply by Theodore Hook. With which are incorporated Notes and an Essay on Napoleon as a Man of Letters, by Clement Shorter. New York: Cassell & Co. $4 net.

The Growth of Napoleon: A Study in Environment. By Norwood Young. New York: Duffield & Co. $3.75 net.

The subject of Napoleon in Caricature has for the first time received adequate treatment in the two volumes of Mr. Broadley. One can find certain chapters on the subject scattered through the works of Champfleury, Dayot, Fuchs, Grand-Carteret, Hermann, and Schulze, but Champfleury, for instance, gives the matter only a hundred small octavo pages out of his five volumes. Mr.

Broadley, while admitting that anything like absolute finality in this line is unattainable, has made wide and careful research and has given us the history and description of a large number of satiric prints concerning Napoleon which appeared in England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, Holland, and Scandinavia, between 1795 and 1821. The text is full of curious, precise, out-of-the-way information of value to the historical student and collector; it is richly illustrated with about two hundred and fifty prints, twenty-four of them in color. There is an interesting introduction of about fifty pages by Dr. J. Holland Rose, on pictorial satire as a factor in Napoleonic history. These volumes treat, of course, one of the minor aspects of the history of the time, but they are both instructive and amusing. They present a kind of panorama of European hatred of the great aggressor. The whole of the first volume is devoted to English caricature, significant particularly because of the works of Gillray, Rowlandson, and the Cruikshanks. Napoleon did not cease to be the theme of pictorial satirists even with death. In a final chapter Mr. Broadley brings his subject down to 1910. When England sent her Boer prisoners to encamp on St. Helena within sight of Longwood, a fresh series of caricatures was the immediate consequence.

Mr. Johnston in "The Corsican" has produced a book that will be of considerable interest to those who are not very familiar with Napoleon's range of activity and with his incisive, metallic mode of speech; it contains numerous, disconnected excerpts from his various writings. While the book may be of some profit to the general reader who knows no French, it will be of none to scholars. Indeed, Mr. Johnston indicates in his preface that it has been constructed in disregard of all sound historical method. Such procedure might more properly be left to the amateurs of whom there are many working, with more zeal than discretion, in this field. Apparently, however, the writer supposed that it would not interfere with the purpose of the book, which is to present a "psychological illumination of a great career and character." Mr. Johnston does not indicate his sources except to say that "the matter, with the exception of a few bracketed passages, is derived entirely from Napoleon's own words, written and spoken." The matter, which consists of letters, bulletins, orders, conversations reported by others, has been arranged chronologically so as to give it the appearance of a diary, a peculiar diary, it must be confessed, in that it begins with the hero's day of birth and ends with his last expiring words. The varied material has been pieced togethed, abbreviated, condensed, sometimes transferred from the day of origin to the calendar date which it is intended to illustrate. There are cases, too, of composite texts made up from several sources. The result is a scrappy collection of Napoleonic utterances, interesting for the most part and generally well translated. Mr. Johnston gives the reader fair warning that he must not consider the events described in the book as objectively true. "For Napoleon rarely, if ever, speaks the truth; yet subjectively how can he speak otherwise?" Most serious biographers of Napoleon have, we judge, proceeded on a different theory, and have considered that while Napoleon frequently lied, he also frequently told the truth, thus creating for them their greatest difficulty, that of extracting, by critical process, the true from the false in the abundant material which he has placed at their disposition.

Mr. Shorter's book, entitled "Napoleon in His Own Defence," consists mainly of a reprint of the "Letters from the Cape," a volume published in London in 1817 and purporting to be written by an Englishman, though it was in reality a translation from a draft dictated by Napoleon to Las Cases. The purpose of the letters was to show England the sufferings of the exiles at St. Helena and to furnish a defence of some of the episodes in Napoleon's career which had been criticised—the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, the treatment of the Spanish Bourbons, the return from Elba. They reveal the skill with which Napoleon used his enforced leisure for starting on its prosperous way the so-called "legend." The letters are out of print, and Mr. Shorter has now republished them on excellent paper and in excellent type. Why he has considered it important to do this we do not see, but at any rate he has done it well. He has added the reply to these letters, entitled, "Napoleon in St. Helena," by Theodore Hook, a scurrilous and contemptible pamphlet which might properly be allowed to remain in the oblivion where it belongs. Mr. Shorter has prefixed to the two reprints an essay of his own of about thirty pages on "Napoleon as a Man of Letters," an essay chiefly important as showing the uncritical attitude of an incorrigible idolator whose sobriety of judgment is sufficiently attested by his remark that Napoleon in his treatment of Madame de Staël "carried courtesy and self-restraint to their utmost limit," and that his permitting her to reside in Switzerland is a proof of his "genuine respect for letters." After this one reads the entire essay without shock and with fortitude tempered by hilarity.

Norwood Young's book is, he tells us, "the first original study in English of the influence of his environment upon the growth of Napoleon." The author does not appear to be acquainted with Oscar Browning's "Napoleon, The First Phase," an excellent study of the youth of that person. But although his book may not be the first on the subject to appear, no reader will deny that it is original. We do not have to go far into it in order to get its true, individual flavor. Starting with the thesis that Napoleon was unmistakably and always Corsican, not French, he says that this Corsican character must therefore have been formed in him during the first nine years of his life, as at the end of that period he went to France. Unfortunately, "very little has come down to us of the childhood of Napoleon from those persons who were witnesses of it." But this paucity of information, far from daunting our author, gives him his great chance to make a remarkable contribution to his subject, which is briefly this: "It is on his companionship with Joseph that the whole growth of Napoleon hangs. If we had no other proof we should know that Joseph was the elder and Napoleon the younger, from the adult characters of the two men. There never was a more obvious eldest son than Joseph, or a more certain second son than Napoleon." The reason is this: "Position, in age and sex, relatively to the other nursery mates, is, after the mother's or nurse's personality, the chief factor in the development of a human being." Now the eldest child having no one to imitate and being easily superior to the other children, tends "normally" to grow into an "indolent, self-satisfied, mild, and capable man." The second, however, ambitious to equal the first who is a constant challenge to him, becomes active, aggressive, and conceited. His desire to dominate becomes inordinate. There you have them—Joseph and Napoleon. It is true that time "steadily lessens the proportional age advantage of the elder brother," nevertheless, "its influence will never die; the cleavage in differentiated character it has produced is permanent and portentous."

Let no one imagine that this great scientific principle merely happens, by a kind of lucky chance, to be illustrated by Joseph and Napoleon. Mr. Young shows how in its inevitable operation it produced the rest of that astonishing family, Lucien, Elise, Louis, Pauline, Caroline, and Jerome (pp. 206-209), each just the character you would expect from the position in the series and from the sex. It reminds one of a Baconian cipher in its ability to make obscure things clear. Mr. Young is evidently pleased with his virtuosity in this new science of environment, for his main thesis is wearisomely reiterated all through the book and confidently reaffirmed on the last page. If Lamartine succeeded, as Dumas said, in almost raising history to the dignity of romance, Mr. Young has succeeded in giving it something of the cheerful pleasantry of farce, though there is no evidence that such was his intention. His book ought to be welcome to all who

like their history in the form of assertions and generalizations, unsupported by evidence. It ought also to arouse enthusiasm among all second sons, of whom there must be many in the world who are unconscious of their priceless heritage.

CURRENT FICTION.

While Caroline Was Growing. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Fully a decade ago Miss Daskam showed her adroitness in interpreting the humors of childhood. One or two of her stories in this kind—"The Madness of Philip," for example—remain in a memory upon which few short stories find lodgment. There was, perhaps, a hint of sharpness in the best of them—more enjoyment of infantile absurdity than sympathy with it. This is not at all true of the writer's later child-stories. The present series may be described as a study of little-girlhood by a lover of little girls. Some of the adventures in which Caroline is involved are rather far-fetched. It must be owned that she is incredibly the *dea ex machina* in certain events recorded. So much Mrs. Bacon has yielded to the conventions of child-fiction. It would almost seem that a new motto should be admitted for this type of story—say, "A little child shall push them." In real life children do not as a rule undertake the management of adult affairs with success. Johnny does not always save the train, Elsie sometimes fails to reform her erring father. But the general principle is one which we should hardly know how to spare. Mrs. Bacon does not push it to its extreme. If Caroline softens the heart of the prima donna, and saves the burglar from arrest, these are merely incidents in her career. The most charming of the tales, "An Idyl of the Road" and "The Ends of the Earth," are built of the simplest materials. Caroline is not represented as complacently superior to her elders. She is a normal and lovable child, with plenty of faults—a much safer person for other children to associate with than the prigs and pert misses too often presented in the current "story for girls."

Captivating Mary Carstairs. By Henry Second. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

We surmise that the writer is a literary sophomore who has spent his summer vacation reporting for a city paper. No other hypothesis will explain this combination of urbane condescension, sanguine—not to say sanguinary—idealism, and profound disdain for all that is dull and probable. With a nonchalant assumption of plausibility it is related how, to oblige an elderly friend, two New York clubmen undertook to kidnap his child from a small town up the Hudson, and how, the child proving to be a beautiful young woman, the kidnapping was happily converted into a courtship. The main business of the expedition is conducted by Laurence Varney, well-mannered, well-tailored, and chivalrous. He treats the capricious but ever lovely Mary with a respectful consideration that is beyond reproach. His ally, Peter Maginnis, is a millionaire with the physique of a Titan and the manners of a spoiled football celebrity. Maginnis is to Varney what Porthos was to D'Artagnan—a colossal reservoir of strength and illimitable devotion. While Varney is occupied by the problem of captivating Mary, Maginnis puts in his time electing a reform mayor for the little town, and buying a newspaper, until the inevitable opportunity arises to exercise his "passionate muscularity" and save Varney from the infuriated mob. On that occasion "Peter stood alone in the little lawn, dark figures of his enemies stretched here and there about him, his great arms clutching the inert body of his friend, groaning his pain to the four winds." The way to these epic heights is paved with an extraordinary amount of worldly wisdom and smart phrasing. We remember in particular the "little runt of a boy" who "made the air noxious with the *relicts* of a low-born cigar."

The Justice of the King. By Hamilton Drummond. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The King is Louis XI, and his justice is of the sort that Scott and Henry Irving have indelibly fixed on the mind of to-day. The novel belongs to the laboriously compounded type, its predicaments long drawn out, its phrasing conventional in the familiar manner of "muffled rhythm of galloping hoof-beats sounding through the roar of the blood swelling his temples and booming in his ears like the surf of a far-off sea." Philip de Commines figures prominently in the pages, and François Villon and the Dauphin. But the young hero and heroine are Stephen La Mothe and Ursula de Vesc, who are, so far as one may discover, creations of the novelist. Mr. Drummond does not call his story an historical novel, and therefore it may not be criticised as to accuracy. For the reader, however, it is perforce fictionized history, or historiated fiction, and he is led to inevitable reflections on the matter—to wonder whether the blessed word Mesopotamia, or its equivalent in history, carries the victory over distortion of truth and invention of motive. Miss Mühlbach's way was safe—to affix a star to each fact; nor were her pages thickly starred. Some such warning would render immune many modern historical novels. Let it be added that in comparison with much cheap, weakening stuff provided as light reading, even a story like this, with more sugar than pill, is to be cherished. At least it circles about realities, and has entire dignity of manner. Perhaps one in ten who read it will be moved to study at its sources the history of the period.

Glamourie: By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Harper & Bros.

A tenuous plot, an eccentric personnel, and a style of studied whimsicality mark this tale as a product of industry rather than of inspiration. The central figure has a number of authentic claims upon the interest of the romantic reader. He is not only an Irishman, but a baronet, not only a baronet, but a hunchback. Two passions consume him, a hopeless love for a beautiful young cousin, and an insatiable worship of Paris. Dithyramb, rather than incident or action in any sense, fills these pages. The author's real impulse seems to have been to celebrate the strange and conquering charm of his wonderful city. So much the worse for the story, whereof it may suffice to say that Sir Michael Burke and the beautiful cousin remain at intimate removes, until his not untimely death, and that she not unexpectedly becomes the wife of the young New Englander, to whose care Sir Michael has consigned her. If the reader is able to believe in Sir Michael as a species of twentieth century Cyrano, and to share in his verbal and emotional debauches, he will happily disagree with our opinion of the book as a piece of strained artifice. It is by no means lacking in cleverness: but is not cleverness the bad angel of our current fiction?

LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Annals of a Yorkshire House: From the Papers of a Macaroni and his Kindred. By A. M. W. Stirling. With illustrations. 2 vols. New York: John Lane Co. $10 net.

The editing of family chronicles and memoirs is becoming more and more recognized in England as a distinct field of literary industry, and works which for the most part are due to the lettered ease of amateurs appear with increasing frequency. Now it is "Annals of a Yorkshire House," whose author, having previously performed a similar service for another kinsman in his "Coke of Norfolk and His Friends," here presents a selection from the journals and correspondence of his great-grandfather, Sir Walter Spencer-Stanhope. Born in 1749, this friend of Burke and Fox, Pitt and Wilberforce, who, as a youth, figured largely in fashionable London society, and who, for forty years, held his seat in Parlia-

ment, was the son of Walter Stanhope and Ann Spencer, representatives of two old Yorkshire families whose respective heads, John Stanhope and John Spencer, or, as they were commonly known, from the names of their seats, John of Horsforth and John of Cannon Hall, were typical examples of the English squirearchy in the eighteenth century. The latter house, which is situated in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and which is the habitation indicated in the title of the work, is a mansion of venerable antiquity, and had already had a long and romantic history before it came into the possession of the Spencers in the days of Richard Cromwell and Charles II. A Saxon Thane named Ailric had a dwelling on the site as early as 1066, and for centuries a house has stood there and borne the same name which it bears to-day—a name in all probability derived from the ancient family of Cannun or Cannell, who are mentioned in a deed of the reign of Edward I, and from whom the property was purchased by one Thomas Bosvile in the fourteenth century. On inheriting Cannon Hall and a large fortune from his maternal uncle, young Walter Stanhope prefixed the name of Spencer to his own patronymic, and became the founder of a family in whose possession the mansion continued.

Here, in the account of a large family connection, the house itself serves excellently as a gathering point for the numerous and divergent threads, and we are continually brought back to its stately rustic peace from French court festivities, London clubs, and American battlefields. Still, it is in the personal career and brilliant associations of its heir that interest is principally centred. He is described on the title-page and pictured in the frontispiece as a "Macaroni," and he seems to have been one of the leaders in that set (at its zenith between 1772 and 1775) which sought to achieve foreign distinction by the elegant eccentricity of its attire—"coats cut extremely short and made to fit their persons closely, an enormous knot of hair at the back of their heads, a very small cocked hat, and a long walking-stick with very large tassels." But although Stanhope was by no means averse to the fashionable frivolities of the time, and frequented the gaming-table with as much assiduity as Fox, if with greater success, he was by no means merely a trifler. He had entered Parliament at the age of twenty-five, and took part, as a member of the Opposition, in the great debates on the American Revolution. To these he listened with an appreciative ear for the quality of the oratory displayed, and not the least valuable part of these memoranda is his record of the impression produced on him by the galaxy of speakers then in the two houses. For Burke, his close friend, he had a particular admiration, and he records a number of anecdotes of that statesman. One, the least flattering, since it represents Burke struck dumb for once, after an unusual display of violence and bad taste, is too curious not to be given here. The incident occurred at the examination by a committee of the House of the royal doctors who asserted that George III was mentally incapable, but, in their opinion, curable. Burke, who was an ardent advocate of the Regency, attacked the physicians fiercely on their introduction:

> Dr. Willis, about to commence his report, suddenly turned round, and, addressing the excited statesman personally, preluded his remarks with the sentence—"I will tell that honorable gentleman"—at the same time fixing upon the offender one of those glances with which he was accustomed to control the deranged faculties of his fellow-men. To the astonishment of those who witnessed it, Burke sank back under that glance, strangely cowed, and the eloquence which was wont to sway senates was hushed to silence beneath the all-compelling glance of a doctor of lunacy.

That Burke was not always above petty jealousy is attested by Stanhope, who recounts that once, having heard Grey speak "excellently well, he praised the effort to Burke, as they left the House together, but added that "it was in some degree borrowed from Cicero's oration against Verres." "Yes," agreed Burke grudgingly, "*panni*, indeed there are—but *not purpurei!*"

Other orators of whom Stanhope gives his impressions are Pitt and Sheridan. Side by side with these great figures in his anecdotal account of the history that was made from day to day in those times, appear others, grotesque and half-forgotten, save when, as in the case of Michael Angelo Taylor, immortalized by some satiric pen or pencil. Taylor, who was depicted by Gillray, was a pompous, self-important little man, and served as a constant butt for wags and practical jokers like Sheridan. One of his traits was a profound snobbishness:

> One Sunday in church when the clergyman who was reading the prayers came to the words, "George, Prince of Wales," Michael added in an aside designed to be audible to those about him, "By the way, he dines with me next Thursday." On another occasion when he was going to receive the Prince at the country house he then occupied, one of his friends mischievously observed to him with an air of commiseration, "Michael, it must be a great bore and expense to you to have to receive the Prince." But Michael was equal to the occasion: "Sir," he replied casually, "my establishment is such that one or two odd comers popping in make no difference!"

While Walter Stanhope-Spencer was engaged in opposing the policy of Lord North in Parliament, he and other members of his family were in constant receipt of letters from friends and relatives in the English army, in the rebellious colonies, which, no doubt, did much to confirm the judgment of the young statesman as to the error of this policy. From these letters, it is seen how clearly the struggle thus brought about and persisted in, appeared to enlightened contemporary eyes as civil warfare. There is in them a note of gloomy discouragement and listlessness that is very different from what one would expect in the letters of sanguine, headstrong, British soldiers, and that could not have arisen solely from the difficulty of their precarious position. These letters "from the front" afford intimate glimpses of the contestants on both sides at many critical points, and it is to be hoped that, if Mr. Stirling has omitted any of them in making the selection which was rendered necessary by the wealth of the archives of Cannon Hall, he will print the remainder in some form at some future date. His next work, however, he announces, will relate to the time when the Spencer-Stanhope and Coke families, with which his two works, already published, deal separately, became united by marriage, as they did in the next generation.

The Riders of the Plains: Adventures and Romance with the Northwest Mounted Police, 1873-1910. By A. L. Haydon. Illustrated with photographs, maps, and diagrams. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.75 net.

Here is a volume well fitted to interest a large number of readers simply as entertainment. It might well have a far wider reading by a class to which it would mean much more than entertainment, if ears were only open to its many lessons and suggestions. If the scores of thousands of men carried on the police rolls of our large cities could develop a fourth part of the courage, the practical efficiency, the broad-minded conception of their opportunities for service, and the self-sacrificing devotion to duty characteristic of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police throughout its history, the safety and comfort of city life would be enhanced almost beyond imagination.

This remarkable body of men was organized in 1873, under the provisions of an act introduced into the Dominion Parliament by Sir John Macdonald, who surely rendered a great public service in this particular, however open to criticism his ideas of Canadian policy may have been in certain other respects. The new force was only beginning to reach the field of its labors when the political crisis of 1873 threw Premier Macdonald and his ministry out of power, and for five years its management was in the hands of the Cabinet headed by the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. We know only too well what such a break in party continuity might have meant in the organization of a new police policy on this

side of the line, but neither then nor at any time since has the management of the North-west Mounted Police been caught in the cogs of party machinery. Herein, doubtless, lies the main secret of its exceptional efficiency.

The Indians, of course, furnished one of the first problems with which the police had to deal. Degenerating as they were under the influence of renegade whites and half-breeds whose main source of revenue was the illegal traffic in liquor, their own leaders were quick to recognize the salvation which the coming of the mounted police offered. At a subsequent treaty meeting, this feeling was well expressed by Crowfoot, chief of the Blackfeet: "If the police had not come to the country, where would we all be now? Bad men and whiskey were killing us so fast that very few, indeed, of us would have been left to-day. The police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frosts of winter." On one occasion this same Crowfoot was much incensed to have some of his braves arrested for disorder and taken off for trial before the court of the police. Curiosity led him to follow and observe the proceedings, which were carefully interpreted to him. When it was all over, his comment was: "This is good medicine. There is no forked tongue here. When my people do wrong, I will bring them here to be tried." The view of the liquor traffic taken by the wiser among the Indians is well illustrated by a few words which the author quotes from a treaty speech of Button Chief, of the Blood tribe: "The Great Mother [Queen Victoria], sent Stamixotokon [Colonel Macleod] and the police to put an end to the traffic in fire-water. I can sleep now safely. Before the arrival of the police, when I laid my head down at night, every sound frightened me; now I can sleep sound and am not afraid." One cannot read the chapter dealing with the Sioux invasion of Canada, in 1877, by Sitting Bull and his followers, without the strong impression that the whole trouble would have been avoided had the Indians on our side of the border been under any such benign influence as the police management of the Canadian tribes. Before the crossing of the border, the Sioux had sent a messenger to the Canadian Blackfeet, with a piece of tobacco to be smoked, if they were willing to come over and join in the fight against the United States troops. "We cannot smoke your tobacco on such terms," was the answer. "The whites are our friends, and we will not fight against them." The rebellion stirred up by the French half-breeds in 1885, under the lead of Louis Riel, marred the relations of the government with the Indians for a time, but the situation would certainly have been worse except for the twelve years of honest and helpful police administration preceding, and the force proved an invaluable adjunct in restoring order and peace of mind after the storm was over. The author does not hesitate to admit that the Canadian authorities had been seriously at fault in dealing with the claims of the half-breeds, thus giving a substantial basis to the agitation which afforded Riel his opportunity.

Scanty as the force has always been, its members have performed notable service of various kinds. Their aid in preventing and extinguishing forest fires alone has probably far exceeded the cost of their maintenance. They have frequently rendered service as mail-carriers. House-to-house visitations are made among sparsely distributed settlers, and sickness or trouble of any kind always receives the necessary aid. Special patrol work taking any member of the force into comparatively unknown territory is followed by detailed reports, through which a large amount of useful data has been accumulated. We might add still other lines of usefulness, but it is better simply to say that any member of the Northwest Mounted Police who is true to the well-established traditions of his force is ready at all times for any service which the call of duty or humanity requires. Mr. Haydon's volume is full of incidents of thrilling personal bravery. Police service in the Canadian Northwest is not a calling in which a coward could hold his place for a single month. It takes genuine courage for three men to go two days' travel into the wilderness, pick a desperate horse-thief out from among a band of eighty half-breeds and take him away for punishment, with chances for ambuscade almost every mile of the way, but there is nothing unusual in such a feat as that. On one occasion Constable Pedley was detailed alone to convey a raving maniac from Fort Chipewyan to Fort Saskatchewan, a five-hundred-mile journey, in the dead of winter. At one time, during a terrible gale, he was obliged to lash himself and the madman together to a tree for several hours. One is not surprised to learn that the successful accomplishment of his task was followed by a spell of insanity on his part, though he afterward recovered

One feels inclined to call this volume urgently to the attention of those responsible for the police administration of cities like Chicago and New York. To get into the New York police force, from the head down, something of the genuine efficiency of the Northwest Mounted Police, something of its freedom from collusion with the crime which it is employed to check, its inaccessibility to paralyzing political complications, and its sympathetic spirit of helpfulness to those who are under its jurisdiction—how much loftier a task this would be for the Mayor of a great city than to burn his midnight oil in the endeavor to keep the force as it is from subjecting a few comparatively innocent citizens to the annoyance of arrest for trivial offences. Give us the larger, fundamental reform, and the other would immediately follow as one of its unimportant by-products.

The Truth About Spain. By G. H. B. Ward. New York: Cassell & Co. $2 net.

Such a title does not prepare the wary reader for the *whole* truth, and it is, indeed, easy to discover that the author writes with strong prepossessions. His theme is the entire complex of modern Spain, social, religious, and political, and Mr. Ward frankly takes the standpoint of a thoroughgoing radical. This does not necessarily lead him to color his facts, but it does betray him into selecting them for the purposes of his argument, and the result is inevitably to make his book appear more like a special plea than a dispassionate report of actual conditions. One does not need to be prejudiced in favor of the Church in Spain, for example, to feel that Mr. Ward's sweeping attacks upon it fail of revealing it as it really is to-day in the life of the Spanish people. His tone is in general pessimistic as regards education, the press, and parties in the Peninsula, and he would evidently agree with those Spaniards who say there is no hope for their country except in root-and-branch reform. Yet when one makes due allowance for the *parti pris* of the author, his pages can be read with a good deal of profit. He has brought together much interesting information, and many of his views are eminently sound—such as those concerning the vicious "boss" system in Spanish politics. On the other hand, his chapter on Spanish newspapers is too severely condemnatory, partly on account of not sufficiently abating for the differences between Spanish and English journalistic practice and habits. On the question of Spain's relations with the Vatican Mr. Ward would be far more aggressive than Canalejas, whom he nevertheless highly praises. All told, his book is one to be read with interest but with caution.

The Country Church and the Rural Problem. By Kenyon L. Butterfield. The University of Chicago Press. $1 net.

The "back to the farm" movement has resulted in renewed interest in the country church, of which the Carew lectures at Hartford Theological Seminary, by President Butterfield, are an indication. Dr. Butterfield approaches the question in the interest of rural society and agricultural welfare, and not primarily in the interest of the church. His attention to religious work among country people is due to his conviction that the rural problem, which he says is "to

maintain upon our land a class of people whose status in our society fairly represents American ideals—industrial, political, social, and ethical"—can be solved only with the help of the church. In fact, he declares that "the problem of the country church is the most important aspect of the rural problem," and he looks to the church to accomplish more for the promotion of agricultural welfare, in the larger sense, than any other agency.

The task of the country church under this conception of its mission is declared to be the enlargement and enrichment of ideals in the rural community under the inspiration of the religious motive, and the work of the country minister is outlined in accordance with this principle. The attractiveness of the profession of the rural parish minister is set forth with enthusiasm, and Dr. Butterfield calls for men to devote themselves to religious work in the country as a life mission, suggesting special training for this phase of the profession, in which it is proposed that the State agricultural colleges may have a part.

If these new country preachers should become a reality, and should be found encouraging scientific agriculture, reforming school houses, and inculcating better drainage, St. Paul might have difficulty in recognizing his apostles, and some quiet souls would doubtless look with longing to the parish priest after the mind of George Herbert; but new occasions teach new duties, and the institutional church of the city has its parallel in the country church after the order of President Butterfield.

Notes

The Gutenberg, or 42-line Latin, Bible was purchased on Monday evening, at the Robert Hoe sale in this city, by Henry E. Huntington, for the extraordinary sum of $50,000, which is more than twice the amount which any previous copy of this edition has ever brought. The Bible is on vellum; there are said to be but seven copies in existence, one of which is owned by J. P. Morgan.

The Macmillans have in the press three novels, "The Legacy," by Mary S. Watts; Owen Wister's "Members of the Family," and "The Sovereign Power," by Mark Lee Luther; also "The Aspects of Islam," by Duncan B. MacDonald, and "The Ladies' Battle," by Molly Elliot Seawell.

The announcements of Little, Brown & Co. include: "The Early History of Jacob Stahl," by J. D. Beresford; "The Moving Finger," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "The Old Dance Master," by William Romaine Paterson; "To Love and to Cherish," by Eliza Calvert Hall, and "The Danger Zone," by H. Charles Woods.

The following eleven titles have been added this spring to Everyman's Library (Dutton): "Autobiography of Edward Gibbon," with introduction by Oliphant Smeaton; "Essays on Education," by Herbert Spencer, with introduction by C. W. Eliot; "Crime and Punishment," by Fedor Dostoieffsky, with introduction by Laurence Irving; "Charles Auchester," by Elizabeth Sheppard, with introduction by Jessie M. Middleton; "Virginians," by W. M. Thackeray, Vol. I, with introduction by Walter Jerrold (in 2 vols.); "Virginians," Vol. II; "Toilers of the Sea," by Victor Hugo, with introduction by Ernest Rhys; "The Ring and the Book" by Robert Browning, with introduction by Charles W. Hodell; "The Old Yellow Book," with introduction by Charles W. Hodell; "The Select Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher," with introduction by Prof. G. P. Baker, and "Anson's Voyages (Around the World in 1742)," with introduction by John Masefield.

For the occasion of the coronation Messrs. Jack of London have photographed in colors a complete series of portraits of English sovereigns from the Conquest to George V, which are to be issued in one volume; and Eyre Pascoe has written to accompany the photographs a series of historical notes.

George H. Brennan has placed with Mitchell Kennerley his new novel, "Anna Malleen."

Among the books for which Houghton Mifflin Co. invite immediate orders are "A Melody in Silver," a romance of a country doctor and a spinster, by Keene Abbott, and "Reminiscences of an Athlete," by E. H. Clark.

"The Good Old Days," by Charles W. Bell, which McClurg is publishing, is a plea for simplicity.

Badger announces "A Knight of the Golden Circle," a copperhead story by U. S. Lesh, and "Hunting Indians in a Taxicab," by Kate Sanborn.

"The Shadow of Love," by Marcelle Tinayre; "A Wilderness of Monkeys," by Frederick Niven, and "The Valley of Regret," by Adelaide Hope, are to be issued shortly by John Lane Company.

"The Trail of the Axe," by Ridgwell Cullum, which Jacobs & Co. have in hand, is a story of the lumber camps.

The list of forthcoming books of Sturgis & Walton contains "The Suffragette," by E. Silvia Pankhurst.

Forthcoming books of Cassell & Co. include: "A Kingdom of Dreams," by J. J. Bell; "The Unknown Isle," by Pierre de Coulevain; "Twin Sisters, by Richard Marsh; "The Yoke of Circumstance," by Helen Wallace; "The Bird-Folk at Home," by May Byron; "The Sun's Babies," by Edith Howes; "The Truth About Egypt," by J. Alexander, and "Mind and Its Culture," by the Rev. R. P. Downes.

At a meeting of the council of New York University it was announced that Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, had been chosen chancellor to succeed Dr. Henry Mitchell MacCracken, who resigned last September after serving in this position for twenty-five years. Dr. Brown was born in 1861, he graduated from the University of Michigan in 1889, and received his Ph.D. from the University of Halle-Wittenberg, Prussia. He was appointed Commissioner of Education in 1896, while he was a professor in the University of California.

A new and revised edition of L. H. Bailey's "Outlook to Nature" (Macmillan) brings that combination of practical and sentimental reflections once more before the public.

"The Gleam" (Holt), by Helen R. Albee, might be called the autobiography of a soul—a record of the development of the spiritual instinct from its dawn in a child of six to its fruition in a woman of forty-seven. It is told with sincerity and simplicity, with a childlike frankness, and at the same time great reticence in all matters except those of the spirit, and also with an astonishing lack of what is commonly called egotism. A quotation from Plotinus in the first paragraph embodies the central motive of the book: " . . . the flight of the alone to the Alone." There are glimpses of keeping house under difficulties, of disappointments and disasters, of warm friendship and a beautiful marriage. One chapter gives an interesting sketch of the genesis of the Abnakee rug industry, and another unveils the things in flowers and plants that escape the common eye. Those interested in psychic experiences will find matter here that piques and holds the interest, and that larger body intent upon some way of escape out of the limitations of daily living and the difficulties and disorder of daily thinking, will find "The Gleam" practically helpful and illuminating.

An East African traveller whose aim was not big-game hunting or exploration of unknown regions, or the study of the natives, but simply the enjoyment of seeing a strange part of the world, is rare. But such an one was the distinguished surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, who, in "Uganda for a Holiday" (Dutton), describes an interesting journey which included a *safari* trip in the great rift valley and a voyage around the Victoria Nyanza. The various incidents are told, the wonderful scenery is pictured in such a way as to make the reader feel that he is making the journey himself with a very agreeable and intelligent companion. The chapter on the sleeping sickness is the best and most instructive account of this terrible plague which we know. It is encouraging to learn that as a result of protective measures the deaths from the sickness "in the kingdom of Uganda have been reduced from 8,003 in 1905 to 975 in 1909." The title, it should be added, is misleading, for the writer's experience in Uganda proper is limited to a visit to the administrative and native capitals and the Ripon Falls, which is described in the last thirty pages. There is an excellent map and seventy-two reproductions of the author's photographs.

The "History of the French Academy" (Dillingham), by D. Maclaren Robertson, is an eminently respectable survey of the annals of the Forty, or, to include dead as well as living, the 515 Immortals. The volume traces the story from the days of Conrart and his intimates, and the negotiations with Richelieu by means of the "plaisant abbé de Boisrobert," down to the present time. It includes the great "sensations," such as the quarrel of the "Cid," the quarrel of the ancients and moderns, the expulsion of Furetière for cribbing from the unpublished dictionary, the epic contests of the eighteenth century in which the *philosophes* had their share, and many other incidents. A whole chapter is devoted to the dictionary. Perhaps, in so comprehensive a survey of the functions of the Academy information might have been given of the

numerous prizes awarded under its auspices. A complete biographical list of the membership adds to the value of the volume for consultation. It brings back to us, among famous names, those of numerous forgotten worthies:

Mais j'en vois plus d'un mourir;
Voici Boudu, Boissat, et Cureau de la Chambre,
Porchères, Colomby, Bourzeys, Bourdon, Arbaud—
Tous ces noms dont pas un ne mourra, que c'est beau!

"The Romance of Monaco and Its Rulers" (Lane) is Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's modest title for a comprehensive and scholarly history of Monaco from the time of its first name, Hercules Portus—derived from its fabulous discovery in the sixteenth century before Christ by the Greek or Phœnician Hercules—down to 1910, including much about other countries during whatever period Monaco was associated with them by conquest, theft, or sale. The adventures of the Grimaldis—Monaco's present rulers, who first appear with the expulsion of the Saracens by William Count of Provence in 792—form the romance of the book. These Grimaldis are soldiers, troubadours, misers, spendthrifts, bullies, cowards, faithful friends, and dauntless enemies, as petty and picturesque, as noble and as base, as Monaco's history. Their authentic rule did not begin until 1338, when Charles Grimaldi, called the Great, bought from Niccolo Spinola in the marketplace of St. Luke, at Genoa, for 1,280 golden florins, "the lands, houses, and 'immovable property'" which Charles II of Anjou had presented to the great Ghibelline family. This is only one of the sales with which the names of Grimaldi and Liguria are associated. In 1861 another Charles Grimaldi—Charles III, father of the present reigning prince—sold Mentone and Roccabruna to France for four million francs, thereby securing his undisputed title to the principality of Monaco. There is still another, and a most infamous sale, that of 1870, when François Blanc bought, from this same Charles, principalities and princes for a term of sixty years, a term which in 1898 was extended for fifty years from the August of 1898. And yet, though Monaco is known now only for its beauty, and as the spot where "every weakness and every vice of poor humanity is turned to the account of the Tables and their owners," it has been associated, and not ignobly, with momentous events in the history of nations. The horror and drama of the Holy War, the labyrinthine struggles of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the wars of the Spanish succession in France, the French Revolution, the unification of Italy, move through this chronicle of the "little, ancient, storied Hercules Portus." Out of this tortuous maze the author has evoked law and order, and presented clear of entanglements a coherent and vivid story. The volume is an example of bookmaking that pleases the eye in its illustrations and binding, economizes the attention in the clearness of its type and paper, is well indexed, and has well-arranged notes and authorities that can be easily verified.

"The Land of the White Helmet" (Fleming H. Revell) is the outcome of the experiences of Edgar A. Forbes during a year in Northern and Western Africa. They began in Tunis and Algeria and ended in Sierra Leone and Liberia. The best part of the book is that relating to the French dominions, and furnishing information as to the wise way in which the natives are being governed and the resources of the country are being developed. The writer is enthusiastic in his praise of "the splendid engineering triumphs in railroading and harbor construction; the two thousand miles of beautiful roadway that cuts even through the hills of Kabylia; the electric lights and tramways and telephones; the seven hundred post offices handling seventy million pieces of mail a year; nine thousand miles of telegraph line transmitting three million messages annually." Interesting, also, is what he has to tell of Morocco, though he was for a short time only in Tangier and Casablanca. At this latter place he found a Connecticut sea captain who had been shipwrecked thirty years before off the coast, and had never gone home, but was running a saw-mill and a flour-mill combined, "an antique on an antiquated shore." The impression made upon the reader concerning the present condition of Liberia is not favorable, as is apparent from the following incident: On the grave of a native king was "the star and stripes of Liberia flying from a thirty-foot bamboo staff, with the empty rum-jug perched on top!" There are forty-eight reproductions of photographs and eight diagrammatic maps, but an index is wanting.

"Home Rule—Speeches of John Redmond, M.P." (Stokes), edited with an introduction by R. Barry O'Brien, contains the most important speeches delivered within the past twenty-five years by Mr. Redmond in the House of Commons and elsewhere on Home Rule and allied subjects. From the very first he took the position that Ireland was entitled to Home Rule, not merely because the Dublin Castle rule had proved to be a failure, but also because a community having distinct historic traditions and distinct natural characteristics has a right to self-government. But while in his earliest speeches the greatest stress was laid on the fact that the unjust treatment received at the hands of England had resulted in absolute disloyalty, in more recent years the principal argument has been that the granting of free institutions would result in making Ireland a loyal part of the Empire. In one of the most recent utterances the present condition in South Africa is referred to with great force in bearing out this contention. The change in tactics explains to a considerable extent the revulsion in feeling among the English electorate. The evident good faith, shown in his recent utterances toward the Ulster opponents of Home Rule; his willingness to agree to every provision securing to the Protestant minority the guarantee that their rights would be respected, also powerfully contributed to the same result. If Ireland obtains Home Rule it will be due to a considerable extent to the wisdom and good statesmanship shown by Mr. Redmond as leader of the Nationalist party.

A third edition of the "Riddles of the Sphinx," by Dr. F. C. S. Schiller, the Oxford pragmatist, has been brought out by Macmillan. The first was published anonymously in 1891, and the second three years later (with the author's name attached), while he was still teaching in Cornell University. The present edition is of rather more interest than is the usual revision, owing to Dr. Schiller's discovery of "Humanism" (which is English for Pragmatism) since the second edition appeared. In fact, considerably more alteration might have been expected from Dr. Schiller than he has actually made, for in his eyes the rise of Humanism throws a new light on every problem of philosophy and is comparable only with the rise of Darwinism in biology. As a fact, however, the greatest changes which appear in the new edition of the "Riddles" are to be found in the preface and the appendix. In the former the influence of Humanism on metaphysics is dealt with in a general and interesting way, while in the appendix are printed two recent papers of the author's entitled "Choice" and "Science and Religion." In the body of the book one finds retained a rather surprising amount of old-fashioned metaphysics, in spite of the author's humanistic change of heart. The alterations made consist in a general toning down of the more ambitious and daring portions, with the substitution of the pragmatic point of view and its terminology for the older one when occasion demands it, while four substantial passages have been added on the nature of truth, the influence of personality in philosophy, and the hopelessness of absolutist metaphysics.

In "French Men, Women, and Books" (McClurg), Miss Betham-Edwards has confined herself to the nineteenth century, but her interest reaches from Edmond Demolins, the Anglophile and educational reformer, and the Université Populaire (People's University) to that great prose epic of the psychology of war, Paul and Victor Margueritte's "History of the Franco-Prussian War," and includes the famous friendship between the author Barbey d'Aurévilly and his publisher, Mary Clarke's (Madam Mohl's) parallel love affairs with Claude Fauriel and Victor Cousin; the correspondence between Balzac and Madame Hanska; and what the author considers "most vital, most living in French verse." Perhaps the most entertaining part of this book is the Postscript, "France Seen from the Outside," written in French and contributed by request to *La Revue pour les Français*, "the object of which is literary internationalization." Miss Betham-Edwards has done something worth doing, and she has done it extremely well. Her book charms and interests, adds to one's store of knowledge, and widens one's horizon. Moreover, it is handsomely illustrated and attractively bound and the type and paper are excellent; but either the proofreader or printer has been inexcusably careless. There are broken and misplaced letters, and words spelled so that they alter the meaning of the text.

Any excuse will do for a fresh dip into the social history of England or for another excursion among her villages and hedgerows, and no institution binds England so tightly, historically, and physically as the public house. Her politics, her religion, her economic development, and her temperament are here reflected. Those who read "Old Country Inns of England" (L. C. Page & Co.), by Henry P. Maskell and Edward W. Gregory, will learn why the "Bull," wherever it stands, is a relic of monasticism, why the "White Hart" is associated with the beginnings of England's middle class, and what Staple Inn meant in her commerce.

In his "John Bright" (Houghton Mifflin) R. Barry O'Brien does not appear to so good advantage as in his life of Parnell. He has neither the personal intimacy nor the copious original material to draw upon which he had in the earlier biography. This he frankly recognizes, and by calling his book a "monograph" at once notifies us that it is less a formal study of Bright that he is presenting than a series of sketches of varied aspects of that statesman's carreer. Viewed in this light, the volume may well serve the useful end of bringing freshly to the mind the character and activities of a great orator and a simple but intense personality, who played a leading rôle in his day, and made contributions to high political discussions which are still burning. Mr. Birrell's introductory pages resume the matter with sagacious humor, confronting Bright's ideals with the realities as we see them to-day, but agreeing that his heroic struggles for what he believed in availed him and his generation mightily, even if the goal still recedes with the years.

Sir Alfred Lyall, whose death at the age of seventy-six is reported from London, was the author of "Verses Written in India," "British Dominion in India," "Asiatic Studies," "Life of Warren Hastings," "Tennyson" (Men of Letters series), and "Life of the Marquis of Dufferin."

Science

Sturgis & Walton Co. promise this month "The Nervous Life," by Dr. George Partridge.

In "The House Fly—Disease Carrier," to be issued this spring by Stokes, Dr. Leland G. Howard insists that this insect should be exterminated.

"Science and the Criminal" is a book by C. A. Mitchell which Isaac Pitman is bringing out.

The Rev. E. P. Powell adds one more to his list of out-of-door books in his "How to Live in the Country" (Outing Publishing Company). Recent winters spent in Florida enable him to speak of Southern as well as Northern conditions. The volume discusses the more important aspects of the country-life problem, and though a bit repetitious, is simple and direct. There is never anything academic about Mr. Powell; he writes from his own experience, and is plain-spoken about the difficulties as well as the allurements of the farm. In telling how to choose the site, build the house, and prepare for the future of both farm and family, it makes an excellent companion to Professor Bailey's "Manual of Gardening," reviewed a year ago in these columns. The whole point of view is one of careful and economic management.

Quite different in this last respect is Mrs. Helena Rutherford Ely's "Practical Flower Garden" (Macmillan). While Mr. Powell counts the dollars, and spreads them thinly over his nine-acre farm, using as little hired help as possible, and looking for profit, Mrs. Ely in a garden of apparently similar size enjoys the luxuries of trained workmen, unlimited supplies, and the pursuit of beauty alone. Though without the excuse of previous magazine publication, her book is the more disjointed of the two, and as an example of bookmaking cannot compare with the work of the trained writer. But at bottom the two writers are one in a love of natural rather than artificial beauty, and from Mrs. Ely's pages the small householder will get the detailed directions which Mr. Powell does not always have space to give. That she also speaks from experience may be seen from the hundred pages devoted to the shrubs, vines, plants, and bulbs which she has successfully grown. The book is attractively illustrated.

Prof. H. C. Jones of the Johns Hopkins University has revised his book on the "Electrical Nature of Matter and Radioactivity," published by the D. Van Nostrand Company. A relatively large number of books on this subject have been written recently, which it is difficult to classify, since, though not really scientific in treatment, they require too much technical knowledge to be popular. This means, perhaps, that the class of semi-scientific students is on the increase. Professor Jones has been diligent in collecting material for his book, but he has not the sureness of touch of one who has worked directly on the subject. For example, the impression is given that the theory of electrons is due solely to Sir J. J. Thomson, and that it is a simple theory supported by all the facts discovered. Now it is quite certain that there has never been a more perplexing class of phenomena than this, and that many, besides Lorentz, Larmor, and Abraham, have contributed largely to the fundamental ideas of the electric theory of matter. Instead of one theory, a number of theories have been proposed which differ essentially. Nor would it be admitted even by those convinced that the electron is "pure electricity disembodied of matter" that such a statement means an acceptance of Ostwald's doctrine of energy. For even if the electron is not matter or a property of matter, it is still just as difficult to class it as energy or as a property of energy. It is, on the other hand, a pleasure to note the restraint which Professor Jones exercises when he discusses such problems as the transmutation of the elements, interatomic energy, and disintegration of matter. The book, as a whole, impresses one as a sober account of a very important development in science. It is generally more accurate as an account of the chemical side of the phenomena than of the physical properties.

Although there was surely no pressing American need of "The Amateur Astronomer" (Dodd, Mead), by Gideon Riegler, translated by George Aubourne Clarke, the book is not altogether valueless. Its author hopes it may be a guide for use at the telescope; but as such it is inferior to a number of predecessors which really do help the amateur with a small instrument to get one object after another into the field of his telescope. There are two convenient ways of doing this, and Riegler has nothing to say about either of them; he tells merely what one may expect to see after he has accomplished the often tedious task of catching the elusive telescopic hare. His explanation of the achromatic lens is erroneous and misleading. Overmuch space is given to a type of telescope not yet much known in this country, the "brachyt" of Fritsch of Vienna, which has the grand advantage of small size, but is very sensitive in use, and must need continual care and oft-repeated adjustment. The author's ideas about the excellence of observing sites are good, but the amateur, unfortunately, must use his little glass wherever and whensoever he can. There is a much easier and more accurate stellar method of establishing a meridian line than the solar one this author gives. His suggestions about learning constellations are useful, and the geography of the sky is made quite clear and easy to follow. Variables and doubles are well described with lists. There is a good chapter on the sun, and its eclipses are not forgotten. Clusters and nebulæ are well treated; and in a single line the writer disposes of the one crucial question concerning the ruddy planet: "*It snows and freezes and thaws, also, on Mars; that we know*" (p. 243). But, as if feeling that others might question this utterance, he reinforces it with valiant italics.

Even if Halley's comet had not returned, there was urgent need of a new general work on these interspatial wanderers. Guillemin's "World of Comets" of a generation ago is now quite out of date, and Watson's popular treatise had little currency. The gap is excellently filled by George F. Chambers's "The Story of the Comets, Simply Told, for General Readers" (Clarendon Press). Modelled on the comet chapters of his favorably known handbook of astronomy, this popular scientific writer has produced the best of all English treatises, meriting a place alongside Galle's "Verzeichniss" and other foreign works in this well-cultivated field. Chambers brings the subject down to the present, the frontispiece being an effective North African desert sketch of the daylight comet of 1910, as seen from Biskra. A third edition is already a desideratum; and it will no doubt contain the scientific results from last year's observations of Halley which are now in large part available. While in this country there was much public disappointment concerning this famous comet, on account of cloudy weather during the fortnight of its highest development, nevertheless astronomers were far from dissatisfied with their results; not the least, Mascart and Müller, who ascended the peak of Teneriffe, and Ellerman, who led an expedition to Hawaii, especially for the comet. Ritchey of the Carnegie Solar Observatory reports some marvellous photographs with that most powerful camera in the world, the sixty-inch mirror of his own construction at Mount Wilson, on which he finds that the clean-cut, filamentous streamers whose roots are in the nucleus exhibit relatively rapid fluctuations, with hourly changes of figure, somewhat simulating the momentary shifting of the streamers of the Aurora Borealis. And, according to Barnard's estimate, "Halley far exceeded all expectations as a spectacular display." Chambers devotes an entire chapter to Halley, and other chapters in his scholarly and critical fashion to all the varied phases of comet lore and investigation.

"The Open Air Crusaders," carrying on the cover an attractive color picture of a particularly "chipper" one of them, is primarily a report of the Elizabeth McCormick Open Air School in Chicago. It also contains much other information about such schools there and elsewhere, with various details concerning questions of

management, methods of ventilation, making of special clothing, and so on, all of them matters likely to be of interest to those who are engaged in solving open air and related problems in other cities. The book, of about one hundred pages and abundantly illustrated, is edited by Sherman C. Kingsley and may be obtained free of charge from the United Charities of Chicago, at No. 51 LaSalle Street, in that city.

Drama

The "Memories of a Manager" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), made up of the reminiscences and "random reflections" of Daniel Frohman during twenty-five years of active theatrical management, though written too largely from the business point of view to be very valuable as an essay on dramatic art—which, indeed, it does not profess to be—is, nevertheless, an interesting and instructive little volume, full of shrewd observation, practical information, and sound common sense. Mr. Frohman, a self-made man, occupies a distinguished position among the theatrical magnates of the day, by virtue of his unique experience in every detail of his profession, his intellectual ability, the cleanliness of his career, his decent standards, and his actual artistic accomplishment. His record in the two Lyceum Theatres, the Madison Square, Daly's, and elsewhere is honorable, and, on the whole, beneficial. He has produced many good plays, none either rank or vicious, has been associated with many of the ablest dramatists and players of his time, and has fostered successfully much literary and histrionic talent. His pleasant gossip concerning incidents behind the curtain, the making and remaking of plays, the accidents and inspirations of rehearsal, the ways of authors and actors, etc., will be read with eagerness by the unsophisticated layman, but need not be discussed here. His reflections are more important and significant. It could be wished, for no one could treat the subject with more knowledge or authority, that he had spoken more fully of the evils wrought by the present syndicate system. To these he only alludes. He admits, however, that the abolition of the old stock system has stopped the development of the art of acting, and expresses the hope that the old order of things may some day be at least partly restored. While maintaining that the primary object of the stage must be entertainment—which is in the broad sense true—he adds that the theatre should aim to represent life as it ought to be, rather than as it is. The essential qualities of the successful play he enumerates with expert precision. His dicta are not new, but are full of useful hints for budding dramatists. The financial failures of many prominent American actors in England he is inclined to attribute to insular prejudice. But there is another possible explanation, and that is that they landed there virtually unknown personalities. Eminent English actors, like Irving and the Kendals, have not been altogether strangers when they reached these shores. They had been advertised here by the American press, and the horde of returning American tourists. Elsewhere he intimates that Shakespeare is more popular here among the less educated than the more highly educated classes. This is only partly true, for Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern recently attracted vast audiences on Broadway, but insofar as it is a fact, it is capable of easy explanation. The crowds who flock to inferior Shakespearean representations are not students of the bard. They know him only in the theatre. The real lovers of Shakespeare, especially those who have once seen him fitly interpreted, cannot endure to see him butchered on the stage. And capable Shakespearean interpreters are becoming rarer every day. Mr. Frohman, who thoroughly appreciates the value of trained actors, doubtless will realize the truth of this observation.

Herbert Farjeon, writing in the London *World*, makes a plea for the institution of "a periodic dramatic festival in London, based substantially on the ancient competitions in the Dionysian Theatre, but differing, of necessity, in particulars. I suggest (tentatively) that the festival should occupy three weeks; that the first should be devoted to six tragedies, the second to six comedies, and the third to twelve one-act plays, and an award evening for the announcement of results and the delivery of speeches and special addresses by the winners of the contests. It should not be hard to induce the promoters of the forthcoming National Theatre to take the whole scheme under their wing; for the festival—which, I suggest, should occur triennially—is essentially national in conception, and should form a remarkable feature of every third London season."

Margaret Townsend, author of "A Modern Saint Anthony," "The Sword of Damocles," and "The Statue of Flesh," is writing a four-act drama, entitled "The Passing of the Idle Rich," founded on Frederick Townsend Martin's book of that title.

By agreement with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Martin Harvey will soon revive Maeterlinck's poetic play, "Pelléas and Mélisande." According to his present intentions, it will be his first production in his forthcoming autumn tour. Afterwards it will have a prominent place in his repertory.

It is said that Herbert Trench means to give a revival of "Hamlet" at the London Haymarket Theatre, and that Laurence Irving will then make his first appearance as the Prince.

The Jules Samhon collection, which was one of the principal features of the Theatrical Exhibition held in the Paris Louvre in 1908, is to be sold at auction on May 1. It is very rich in costly, rare, and artistic objects, and is most varied and comprehensive in its composition. The catalogue begins with Greek vases, of which there are thirty-nine. The terra-cotta lamps are numerous and some of them very remarkable; they show scenes of cock-fighting, wrestling, combats with wild beasts, tragic masks, jugglers, performing animals, and many ancient views of amusements that are still in favor. Among the terra-cotta figurines there are some of exquisite beauty, some most forcibly grotesque, and some jointed, just as the modern doll is jointed. The earthenware masks are equally various and the bronzes—one of the most valuable parts of the collection—include pieces of rare beauty. The ivories, cameos, and intaglios are full of interest. Among the portraits are a fine Le Kain as Mithridate by Mme. Labille-Guiard, and the portrait of Malibran by Pedrazzi. There are also portraits of Goldoni, Dejazet, Raucourt, and Talma, while the miniatures include Eleonora Duse, Fanny Elssler, Josephine Grassini by Quaglia, Malibran, and Talma. There is also a great and valuable assortment of engravings, photographs, autographs, programmes, play bills, etc.

Jacob Wendell, jr., a member of the stock company of the New Theatre and a brother of Prof. Barrett Wendell of Harvard, died on Sunday at his home in this city in his forty-third year. Having shown uncommon histrionic talent in the Hasty Pudding Club at Cambridge, he began his professional career at the performance of "Antony and Cleopatra" with which the New Theatre was opened. He next played the dog in "The Blue Bird," and was to have appeared in the leading rôle of "What the Doctor Ordered" at the Astor Theatre last Friday evening.

Music

The Story of the Carol. By Edmondstoune Duncan. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

English Melodies from the 13th to the 18th Century. Edited by Vincent Jackson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Old English Instruments of Music. By Francis W. Galpin. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50 net.

Carols are inseparably associated in most minds with Christmas, and the French, whose singers have been particularly prolific in this field, have a special "Dictionnaire de Noëls." Mr. Duncan, however, uses the word carol in its widest sense, in which it is almost coextensive with folksong. The lullaby and pastoral are its oldest forms. He finds an approach to it in the personal panegyric, the individual ode, of the Greeks. He cites the testimony of St. Jerome that carols were in use in the fifth century. He labels "Sumer is icumen in," of which England is so proud because it is the earliest extant instance of polyphonic music, as a "spring carol." He devotes a special chapter to the secular uses of the carol, explaining that "in the vast bulk of Carolry, it matters not of which country, . . . a large part of such pieces originated with and belong to the people. They are a sort of folk-song, a part of minstrelsy, as distinguished from the music of the church." Yet, as a rule, the two meet half-way—the priest in holiday guise, the peasant inclined toward worship; and "no one can certainly say this is of the church, that is of the people." What makes it still more difficult to separate the two mentally is the habit of the mediæval church composers of using the old carols as suitable groundwork

for Natlvlty masses, motets, and anthems.

Slr John Stalner has expressed the opinion that the slnging of carols, in the narrower sense of songs of Natlvity, grew out of the mediæval mysteries. Mr. Duncan devotes a chapter to the "Marlenlieder" from which the early carols drew their legendry, and another to the strange ceremonies and customs connected with these songs. His volume is richly illustrated with facsimiles of mediæval documents and with the words and music of dozens of carols, among which a Polish tune of the thirteenth century (p. 53) is particularly pleasing. A biographical appendix, a glossary of words, a chronological table, and a blbliography complete the volume.

Vincent Jackson's collection of English melodies includes a hundred well-chosen examples, from "Sumer is icumen in" to John Bull's "God Save the Klng." They belong partly to the type of anonymous folksongs, but most of them are by well-known composers, from Dowland and Campion to Charles Dlbdln, Samuel Wesley, and J. W. Calcott. In explaining why Byrd is represented by only one song and Tallis by none, Mr. Jackson points out the main reason why old England is so far behind the continent as a producer of art-songs of the simpler kind: Byrd's vocal music "usually needs five voices to do it justice. The craze for madrigal-writing has robbed the song-world of many a priceless treasure." On the subject of folksong and its relation to art song, Mr. Jackson makes some sensible and timely remarks. He holds that no sharp distinction can be made between the two kinds (most of the songs in his book prove this); that inasmuch as two persons cannot share the invention of a melody, every folksong must have an individual creator, although the original air may be modified afterwards; and that though folksong often has a humble origin, it has oftener received its impulse from the cleverest inventors of the time. "All that is necessary for a folksong is that the people should sing it and make it their own."

In an appendix no fewer than 133 English song composers of the thirteenth to the eighteenth century are named. Of all these, Henry Purcell is most liberally represented in this volume. His elaborate art "first proved what the human voice could do with a well-developed air." Unfortunately, after him the art of song-writing suffered many checks. Every now and then the historian notes a grand effort in the direction of progress, then the wave of energy flags and fails. At the present day, the author concludes, English song-writers still have "a vast, if not unexplored, continent before them." English song of the nineteenth century is strongly saturated with foreign influences, from Mendelssohn to Wagner; but in the present volume one breathes purely British air—usually an atmosphere of gayety mingled with ecclesiastic strains. The music is printed with good type, and each song has an initial decoration by Herbert Cole.

In the preface to his new book on old English instruments of music Mr. Galpin laments the fact that England has no general collection, like that of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, where the lover of music can trace the evolution of his favorite instrument through the long ages of the past by a graded series of typical specimens. His splendid volume, with its numerous exceptionally beautiful half-tone illustrations, in which one can almost see the grain of the wood in the case of viols, harps, lutes, and guitars, might almost be called the equivalent for such a museum. There are fifty-four of these plates, picturing instruments in use up to the end of the eighteenth century; and most of the mediæval miniatures are different from those so often reprinted in the musical histories. While mainly concerned with the diverse crots, horns, harps, citterns, dulcimers, rebecs, viols, virginals, recorders, shawms, hornpipes, cornetts. organs, and other old instruments as far as connected with English life, Mr. Galpin, who is an authority on his subject, has gone to times most remote for their origin and traced their wanderings through countries far removed from the British Isles. A volume so painstaking and authoritative will be found to have its uses not only for collectors and antiquarians, but for ethnologists, historians, and writers of fiction with mediæval local coloring.

When Boston got its own opera company the announcement that the repertory would be limited to Italian and French operas was made with a certain swagger that seemed dissonant in a town made famous by an orchestra which plays chiefly German music. After two seasons of Italian and French opera, the second of which has resulted in a deficit of $135,000, it is now announced that German operas will be included in next week's repertory. Chicago, also, is promised plenty of Wagner, some of it in English. As for New York, Wagner was in the lead, as usual, during the season just ended, and the most popular opera was by another German, Humperdinck, whose "Königskinder" was sung eleven times at the Metropolitan, the nearest approach to it being Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," which was heard nine times. Wagner altogether had 34 performances, Puccini 29, Verdi 26, Humperdinck 17. The number of German operas sung was the same as that of the Italian—fourteen. Of operas by French composers there were ten, including those contributed by Dippel, with his popular stars, headed by Mary Garden and Maurice Renaud. Next season, to give us a little more Wagner, Mr. Gatti-Casazza will revive "Rienzi," which, with its spectacular features in the manner of Meyerbeer, will appeal also to those who are not Wagnerites.

Henry W. Savage announces the engagement of Luisa Villani for the part of Minnie in his production of an English version of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" next season. She will alternate with Edna Showalter. Mme. Villani was born in San Francisco of Italian parents. In 1907 Gatti-Casazza and Toscanini engaged her for "Orfeo," "Otello," and "Meistersinger," in Milan, and since that time she has been heard in North and South America and Mexico.

Liszt festivals and concerts, in commemoration of the centenary of his birth, will be given in many cities next October. At Budapest there will be a series of concerts lasting from the 21st to the 23d of the month. The "Coronation Mass," given under the direction of Felix Weingartner, will take place on the morning of the first day in the Church of St. Matthew, and in the evening the "Legend of St. Elizabeth" will be performed in a scenic version at the Royal Opera House. The 22d and 23d are reserved for the performance of pianoforte compositions by Liszt, and among the concert-pianists who will appear will be Eugen d'Albert, Frederick Lamond, Moriz Rosenthal, Emil Sauer, Bernard Stavenhagen, and Mme. Sofie Menter.

Much new and valuablo material bearing upon the life and character of Richard Wagner has been recently rendered available for a few persons who have been permitted to consult the Wahnfried archives in Bayreuth. The favorable facilities thus afforded for special research have enabled Julius Kapp in his "Richard Wagner, eine Biographie," the first volume of which has just been published by Schuster & Löffler in Berlin, to give a fuller and more accurate account of the celebrated composer's early career than that in any previous life of Wagner, and to throw a new light on many personal events supposed to be already well known. It is an octavo book containing 240 pages of text and 112 pages of illustrations. Unfortunately, the author is not a musician, and the second part of the work which treats of Wagner's musical compositions is far inferior to the first purely biographical part; it contains a number of palpable errors and strange misconceptions.

Art

Iranische Felsreliefs: Aufnahmen und Untersuchungen von Denkmälern aus Alt- und Mittelpersischer Zeit. Von Friedrich Sarre und Ernst Herzfeld. Folio volume, photolithographs; quarto volume, text and illustrative material. Berlin: Ernst Wasmuth.

A notable contribution to the history of Persian sculpture, and also of Persian architecture in early times, has recently been made by the publication of a royal portfolio of photographs, accompanied by a handsome quarto volume of nearly three hundred pages containing an examination and discussion of the characteristics of these monuments in stone left by the early Achæ-

menian kings and the Sasanian rulers of the Middle Persian Empire.

The huge portfolio that comprises most of the material which is made use of in the quarto, consists of photographs beautifully taken by Dr. Sarre during his journey through this part of Persia some ten years ago. Especially fine is the picture of the Tomb of Cyrus and that of the Tomb of Darius; particular mention should likewise be made of the plates portraying the monuments at Tak-i Bustan, near Kermanshah, in Western Persia; while those representing the various sculptured ruins at Pasargadæ and Persepolis serve well to supplement the two volumes of Stolze and Andreas, published long ago. The photographs of the rock at Bisitun, or Bahistan, on which the great historic inscription of Darius is chiseled, are highly picturesque. Striking is the one that gives the cleft in the mountain where the edict is carved, as it shows the rock at such an angle as to present the opposite wall as well as the inscribed face. On the other hand, the photograph of the sculpture of Darius and the rebels whom he vanquished was taken not on the lofty ledge but from the foot of the crag, and will not bear comparison with the successful photograph since procured by King and Thompson for the British Museum. How difficult it was to obtain a photograph on the ledge is known only to the few who have made the hazardous ascent to the dizzy height where the sculptures are hewn above the inscriptions. As to the inscriptions themselves, there still remains the feat for some venturesome young scholar of taking detailed photographs of each of the cuneiform tablets, panel by panel, thus supplementing the great achievement of Sir Henry Rawlinson, who transcribed them by hand. Such a collection of actual photographs would serve to complete the partial collation of Rawlinson's work made in 1903 by an American scholar, and the careful revision made a year later by the two Englishmen named above.

A noteworthy plate in the total collection of fifty-one in the portfolio is the next to the last—the photograph of a modern rock-hewn sculpture at Rai (ancient Rhages), near Teheran. This sculpture belongs to the early part of the 19th century and represents Fath Ali Shah with his courtiers about the throne. It is interesting as proving that this king led the way in disregarding the Mohammedan law against graven images, which had robbed Persia of the sculptural art for more than a thousand years. One or two of his successors ventured to follow his example, and, if once freed from a fear of iconoclastic fanaticism, Persia may some day again become a contributor to art through the chisel and the stone.

The quarto volume of text which accompanies the folio is rich in smaller photographs and reproductions to illustrate the various subjects presented. In this part of the work Dr. Herzfeld, who has likewise visited Iran, has admirably shared with Dr. Sarre in the task of describing and discussing the historic monuments under consideration.

Both of these able men are to be congratulated on their accomplishment. Not only that, but Germany is to be felicitated upon possessing enterprising publishers like the firm of Wasmuth in Berlin, who are willing to bring out such works, even at the risk of pecuniary loss, with the aim of advancing still higher the renown which German scholarship enjoys in the world.

"The Ideals of Indian Art," by E. B. Havell, and "Early Norman Castles in the British Isles," by Mrs. E. Armitage, are books in Murray's list.

Two volumes of the concluding portion of "The Domestic Architecture in England During the Tudor Period" will be issued by Batsford.

Stokes's art series have several additions this season. The Painters series has as new subjects Constable, Romney, Masaccio, Vermeer, and Metsu. Masterpieces in Color series now includes Corot and Delacroix, while brochures on Fra Lippo Lippi and Montagna will be ready in June. To the Great Masters series is added "Three French Painters of the XVIII Century—Le Brun, Chardin, and Fragonard."

"Blake's Vision of the Book of Job, a Study" (Dent-Dutton), by Joseph Wicksteed, is one of those books that require a patient reader. Mr. Wicksteed is convinced that these famous designs are not merely illustrations for the Book of Job, but so many hints of Blake's individual view of salvation. In general, we are told that both God and Satan are to be regarded as phases or projections of Job's own personality. Job's sin is spiritual pride and self-sufficiency. His deliverance, like that of Faust, is to be attained through experience. Citations from the prophetic give considerable color to this interpretation. Blake often is extravagant in thought and utterance, but he is seldom vague. It would not be surprising if his writings contained a system. Mr. Wicksteed seems to be capable of penetrating to the thought through the difficulty of the form, and we should welcome further studies of the poet-mystic from his hand. The present book appeals to lovers of Blake only. Others will find it hard reading. Good reproductions of the etchings accompany the text, and the quarto volume is well made. At times Mr. Wicksteed's explanations of the plates seem strained. For example, the simplest reading of the symbols at the bottom of illustration vi would be that they are the signs of decrepitude in Ecclesiastes xii—namely, the silver cord, the grasshopper, and the pitcher broken at the fountain. Mr. Wicksteed's suggestion that the broken pitcher is Job's potsherd seems both trivial and far fetched. In general, he has kept his head, and among Blake commentators this constitutes a rare distinction.

"La Pittura del Quattrocento" (Milan: Hoepli) is the first part of the seventh volume of Adolfo Venturi's monumental "Storia dell' Arte Italiana," and marks the middle point of the work. It treats the belated Gothic painters throughout Italy and completes the story of the Florentine school for the century. For its comprehensive ingathering of scattered information and its five hundred cuts this book must be in the hands of all serious students. Its very needfulness makes the more glaring certain defects of accuracy and judgment. We find especially the failure to explain the author's relations to his predecessors. For example, a special student of Botticelli will know that Professor Venturi, against such critics as Berenson and Horne, agrees with the late Hermann Ulmann as to the early work. But a novice cannot gather that fact from a bare mention of Ulmann's book in a bibliographical footnote. The failure to cite Ulmann's argument seems to us only less unfortunate than to adopt the view itself. These curious pictures with their unassimilated combination of the moods of Lippi and Verrocchio, are none of them of a quality to fit into Botticelli's work. Professor Venturi has better authority for seeing the hand of Masolino in the Brancacci Chapel. But neither he nor any other advocate of the Vasarian tradition has fairly met Schmarsow's objection that such backward work as Masolino's frescoes in the Baptistery of Castiglione d'Olona cannot have followed such advanced work as the Adam and Eve and the Tabitha of the Carmine. Eventually, we believe, scholars will have to come around to Crowe and Cavalcaselle's view that Masaccio alone is now in evidence in the Brancacci Chapel. On the very contentious matter of Leonardo da Vinci's early work our author takes the traditional view, regarding as Leonardo's an undefined portion of Verrocchio's Baptism and the Annunciation of the Uffizi. It seems to us clear gain to get rid of the gratuitous hypothesis that the tiny Annunciation of the Louvre must be regarded as Leonardo's earliest work. Such a position is tantamount to denying him a Quattrocento phase. For the Lichtenstein portrait and the Madonna of the Pink at Munich Professor Venturi suggests the convenient and plausible attribution of Lorenzo di Credi. Interesting novelties of the book are the demonstration of transalpine influence in the painting of Lombardy and the Marches. Especially interesting is the suggestion that those enigmatic masters, the Sanseverini, drew largely for their designs upon French miniatures of the late fourteenth century. Very oddly Professor Venturi fails to account for the fine and well-known examples of Fra Angelico in the Gardner and Johnson collections. As always Professor Venturi is good reading. These hints must suffice to convey some notion of the various interest of this very uneven work.

George Augustus Holmes and Frederick Daniel Harvey, both of whom died recently, were best known as painters of domestic scenes. Both were advanced in age, but were regular exhibitors at the Royal Academy.

Harry Fenn, artist and founder of the American Water Color Society, died last week at his home in Montclair, N. J., aged seventy-two. Born in England, he came to this country at the age of nineteen, and soon won considerable reputation by illustrating Whittier's "Snow Bound" and "Ballads of New England," which were among the first

of our illustrated gift books. In 1870 he made an extended tour to gather material for his "Picturesque America." Later he put forth "Picturesque Europe," "Picturesque Palestine," and "Sinai and Egypt."

The death, by his own hand, is reported from St. Petersburg of M. Kryzheisky, the landscape painter and member of the Russian Academy.

Finance

A FITFUL TRADE RECOVERY.

That trade activity has slackened throughout the country, and that the hopes of progressive revival, based on February's abrupt expansion, have not been realized in the sequel, are sufficiently well-recognized facts. They are facts, as usual, which may be fitted to a wide diversity of theories. Conversation about trade resembles conversation about the stock market, in that every one who engages in it is entitled to his own ideas on the subject, and will be respectfully listened to by the others. When people discuss a political situation or a religious situation, or even the condition of their own health, they are apt to quarrel, to talk in an angry voice, to break off friendships, and sometimes to come to blows. Not so in discussing the business situation. The "tariff-influence theory," the "cycle-of-prosperity theory," the "too-much-government theory," the "waiting-for-the-harvest theory," the "anti-Trust-decision theory," and the theory of the general cantankerousness of things, all have their innings as the undisputed right of the man advancing them.

The result, however, is apt to be a good deal of mental confusion, and a state of mind which cannot see the forest for the trees. In particular, the perfectly familiar fact is apt to be overlooked that, in recovery from a period of depression, trade does not surge forward in a sudden tidal wave of industrial activity, but moves by what seems, even if the general drift of things is reassuring, and even if each successive movement touches a higher mark of activity than the one before, to be only fits and starts. There will be buying movements in February which make every one predict that the turn has come; weeks of stagnation in April which inspire the idea that things are worse than before; new buying movements in July or September which cause fresh revision of ideas; another lapse into inactivity; and so it goes on until, if conditions really favor trade revival, the markets get fairly under way for continuous revival.

There is no mystery about this process; we saw precisely the same thing in 1908 and 1904 and 1897, and afterward we understood it perfectly. The explanation is that men in the thick of business affairs discover indications of undoubted betterment; that they all make the discovery at once; that they all lay in new supplies at once; but that they do not buy too much, because they know that the consumer is still a doubtful factor. Having stocked up simultaneously, they stop buying simultaneously, and simultaneously stand by to watch the course of distribution. This is the real philosophy of the fits and starts. When their new supplies have been worked off, they are seen again in the market at first hands; and in due course, if everything goes well, consumer and producer are moving along together and trade expansion is the recognized order of the day. But meantime all of us have our cherished theory to explain why everything does not happen instantaneously.

While merchants and manufacturers are taking this calmly judicious view of the situation, the Stock Exchange finds that its mind is free from cobwebs. Of that fact the past week has given an interesting illustration. A stock market such as has become familiar to us during the dozen past years would inevitably have moved in response to the incidents of the week on the Mexican border. It would have done so, not because the community in general was dismayed at the situation or because people expected war—they did not expect it, even when fire-eating correspondents of New York newspapers wired particulars of the Mexican government's perfidies. But action which would have precipitated war was possible during at least twenty-four hours, and the Stock Exchange did not display as much interest in the matter as the London or Paris markets would have shown toward news that the Russian government had asked what China proposed to do in Kashgar.

Perhaps, after all, the explanation of the market's indifference to Mexico is that people did not seriously believe that there was any cause for worry. But that, again, embodies a good deal of the philosophy of the present market, which seems in an unusual degree to be a market of common sense. We may be sure that, if things had really been moving as they were in 1898—with Legislatures passing war resolutions, yellow newspapers intercepting private and confidential letters of Spanish diplomats, Congressmen's wives with the American flag around their shoulders pressing to the front of the galleries of the House, and even the luck of accident throwing its weight into the scale—then the Stock Exchange would have been heard from. The market, indeed, anticipated much of that series of incidents thirteen years ago, and had completed its own panicky liquidation before the general public even knew that war was inevitable.

This is traditionally supposed to be the function of a stock market—a function which was no doubt fulfilled as completely by the apathy of the present week as by the excitement of 1898. But in a series of intervening years, we have grown accustomed to markets which acted very differently. If high financiers were deeply committed to a speculation for the rise, during the period in question, a situation like that of Tuesday of last week would probably have been accompanied by widespread tips that acquisition of Mexico would be a "bull point" of the first importance, and that this was only another reason for buying stocks. Or, if high financiers were themselves too tightly tied up to stir, and their antagonists were riding down the market roughshod, we should as readily have heard, through the news slips and the private wires and the man with his finger at our button-hole, that the Mexicans were across the border and marching on Galveston. For those, as a matter of fact, were markets which endeavored to sum up the news of the day, not in the light of financial common sense, but of common nonsense.

Whether the present sane view of things on the Stock Exchange is destined to be permanent or not, the contrast with the markets of those other not very distant days is at least refreshing. It suggests to mind the office which such a market can perform, and which it ought to perform in any properly-regulated financial community. That there are events not far ahead of us, on which we shall be particularly glad to have the enlightened judgment of financial markets, nobody doubts.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, W. S. Investigation of the Rotation Period of the Sun by Spectroscopic Methods. Carnegie Institution, Washington.

Adventures of School-Boys. By J. R. Coryell and others. Harper. 60 cents.

Allison, W. H. Inventory of Unpublished Material for American Religious History in Protestant Church Archives and Other Repositories. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Atkinson, F. W. The Disintegrating Church. Broadway Pub. Co.

Bacon, D. Operas That Every Child Should Know. Doubleday, Page. 90 cents net.

Bates, E. L., and Charlesworth, F. Practical Mathematics and Geometry. Van Nostrand. $1.25 net.

Beecham, R. K. Gettysburg. Chicago: McClurg. $1.75 net.

Bennett, W. H. The Moabite Stone. Scribner. $1 net.

Bentley, W. Diary. Vol. III, 1803-1810. Salem, Mass.: Essex Institute.

Bingham, H. Across South America. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.

Boas, F. Handbook of American Indian Languages. Part 1. Bureau Amer. Ethnology. Smithsonian Institution.

Boggs, Mrs. J. Haphazard Quotations. Alice Harriman Co. 75 cents net.

Brown, J. W. Florence Past and Present. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Butler's Unconscious Memory. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Chatley, H. Principles and Design of Aeroplanes. Van Nostrand. 50 cents net.

Clouston, T. S. Unsoundness of Mind. Dutton. $2.50 net.

D'Ooge, B. L. Latin for Beginners. Boston: Ginn. $1.
Duncan, E. The Story of the Carol. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Fairclough, M. A. The Ideal Cookery Book. Dutton. $8 net.
Field Museum of Natural History, Report of the Directors, for 1910. Chicago.
Fogazzaro's Leila. Translated by Mary P. Agnetti. Doran. $1.35 net.
Forman, H. J. The Ideal Italian Tour. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Gayl, E. A Comedy of Circumstance. Doubleday, Page. $1.
Gould, F. J. The Divine Archer: Founded on the Indian Epic of the Ramayana. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Grinnell, G. B. Trails of the Pathfinders. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Hadden, J. C. Master Musicians. Chicago: McClurg. $1.75 net.
Hibben, J. G. A Defence of Prejudice, and Other Essays. Scribner. $1 net.
Hicks, W. W. The Sanctuary—Maha-Vira (Inner Wisdom Series, Vol. II). Boston: Sanctuary Pub. Co. $1.25.
Hodges, G. The Training of Children in Religion. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Hodgetts, E. A. B. The House of Hohenzollern: Two Centuries of Berlin Court Life. Dutton. $5 net.
Hoffmann, Prof. Later Magic. New edition, enlarged. Dutton. $2 net.
Holt, A. The Valley of Regret. Lane. $1.50.
Jardine, J. The Best Vegetarian Dishes I Know. Dutton. 50 cents net.
Kellicott, W. E. The Social Direction of Human Evolution. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Laufer, C. W. Key-notes of Optimism. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Lee, R. H. Letters. Collected and edited by J. C. Ballagh. Vol. I, 1762-1778. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Lillibridge, W. A Breath of Prairie, and Other Stories. Chicago: McClurg. $1.20 net.
Lowndes, Mrs. B. Jane Oglander. Scribner. $1.25 net.
McBryde, J. M. Brer Rabbit in the Folk-Tales of the Negro and Other Races. Sewanee, Tenn.: University Press.
Markham, C. The Incas of Peru. Dutton. $3 net.
Mark, H. T. The Unfolding of Personality as the Chief Aim in Education. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.
Mathiez, A. La Déportation des Prêtres et la Sécularization de l'État Civil (conséquences du 10 Aout 1792). Paris: E. Leroux.
Maurel, A. Little Cities of Italy. Translated by H. Gerard. Putnam. $2.50.
May, F. L. Lyrics from Lotus Lauds. Boston: Poet Lore Co. $1.50 net.
Messer, C. J. Next-Night Stories. Broadway Pub. Co.
Modern Business. Vol. VII, Investment and Speculation, by T. Conway and A. W. Atwood; Vol. VIII, Insurance and Real Estate, by E. R. Hardy and W. Lindner. Alex. Hamilton Institute.
Moore, J. T. Jack Ballington Forester. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1.20 net.
Myers, F. A. The Future Citizen. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.
Narratives of Early Carolina—1650-1708. Scribner. $3 net.
Neuman, B. P. The Lone Heights. London: Murray.
Ollone, Le Commandant d'. Les Derniers Barbares. Paris: Pierre Lafitte.
Report of Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments of the City of New York, 1910.
Robertson, C. G. England under the Hanoverians. Putnam. $3.
Rose, L. Farm Dairying. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.
Ross, R. The Prevention of Malaria. Dutton. $5 net.
Rostand, E. Les Musardises. Lemcke & Buechner.
Royce, M. The Passing of the American: Conditions in America. Thomas Whittaker. $1.20 net.
Ryno, W. Amen, the God of the Amonians. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Seaman, A. H. When a Cobbler Ruled the King. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.
Seawell, M. E. The Ladies' Battle. Macmillan. $1 net.
Shurter, E. D. American Oratory of Today. Austin, Tex.: South-west Pub. Co.
Snedeker, C. D. The Coward of Thermopylæ. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Stephens, R. N., and G. E. T. Roberts. A Soldier of Valley Forge. Boston: Page. $1.50.
Stilwell, A. E. Universal Peace—War Is Mesmerism. Second edition. Bankers Pub. Co.
Stimson's Law Dictionary. New edition, revised by H. C. Voorhees. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.
Taylor, F. W. The Principles of Scientific Management. Harper. $1.50 net.
Townley, H. English Woodlands and Their Story. Dutton. $5 net.
Townsend, J. S. The Theory of Ionization of Gases by Collision. Van Nostrand. $1.25 net.
Tinayre, M. The Shadow of Love. Lane. $1.50.
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The Week

President Taft's speech in New York before the editors and publishers had a great success with his immediate audience and will, of course, carry nation wide and across the sea. In his appeal for Canadian reciprocity, he addressed himself mainly to the situation in the Senate. While he traversed familiar ground, he re-stated the arguments with both force and feeling. One point which he made has been too much overlooked. It is that the proposed agreement with Canada is not a policy which, once adopted, cannot be reversed if we see fit. The case is not of a treaty running for a fixed term and requiring due notice before denunciation. It is simply a legislative act which is contemplated and which can be repealed if it does not work well.

As it is a foregone conclusion that the Senate will accept the reapportionment bill passed by the House, it is desirable that the necessary action be taken promptly, so that those State Legislatures which are still in session may avail themselves of the opportunity to make whatever arrangements are called for in the way of redistricting. As for the basis itself, it was adopted for reasons that cannot be admitted to be sound, but which are always potent with Congress—the desire to have no State lose in number of representatives. As the rate of growth of population is different in different States, the adoption of this as a principle would, of course, have the effect of making the House larger and larger every decade; and the present would have been as good a time as any for calling a halt upon that process. However, there is good reason to hope that the disadvantage of the increase of numbers now about to take place will be far more than counteracted by the benefits that will flow from the change in the size and arrangements of the hall of the House. With the area greatly reduced, with desks removed and members no longer busy dispatching their correspondence and other business while Congressional eloquence is wasted upon them, we may hope for more reality about the House debates. If the *Congressional Record* were at the same time to be radically reformed—some tentative moves in that direction are put forward—the two changes together would make a vast difference for the better.

The unanimous decision of the Supreme Court sustaining the most ample rights of the United States Government in the control of the public lands of the nation furnishes ground for solid satisfaction. In one of the cases decided on Monday, the Attorney-General of Colorado appeared, on behalf of the State, on the side of the private litigant opposing the claims of the United States. He argued that no provision of the Constitution empowered the Federal Government to "conserve the national resources" by providing for a continuing timber supply, regulating the flow of streams, and preserving power sites from being monopolized. The Supreme Court admitted no such limitation of the discretion permitted to the nation in dealing with its possessions; in the Constitutional declaration that "Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or property belonging to the United States" it found authority broad enough for all purposes which Congress, whether wisely or not, may deem desirable in the public interest. Thus one, at least, of the difficulties that might stand in the way of an effective national policy of conservation is forever disposed of.

Without pinning faith to all the details of the evidence that has come out about the men who financed Senator Lorimer's election, one thing must be considered as thoroughly established: the tariff was at the bottom of the corrupt use of money at Springfield. Again and again in the testimony does this fact crop out. When the representative of the Harvester Company was asked for $10,000 to help reimburse Hines, who said that the election of Lorimer had cost $100,000, the significant statement was made: "You are as much interested in having the right kind of man as we are." Of course, the "right" kind was the kind that would see that none of the tariff plunder was taken away. The same idea appears in what the chief witness before the investigating committee said the other day. He may not have been accurate or truthful in what he alleged about Hines's activities and admissions, but there is no mistaking Hines's motive. No Senator who would dare vote for free lumber could be thought of; the beneficiaries of the duty were bound to see that enough money was put up to prevent such a horrible result. It was simply the old clear case over again of making a large investment in politics in order to get a much larger amount back in the shape of protection. The tariff is a prolific mother—no race suicide there—and not content with being the mother of Trusts, is also the mother of corruption.

The latest legislative graft scandal comes from Ohio and bids fair to be of service to Gov. Harmon, who, it will be remembered, has encountered much mysterious opposition in his desire to obtain certain reform legislation. Three detectives of the Burns agency, arrested for offering a bribe to a legislator, announce that they have proof to lay before the grand jury that fourteen legislators have taken money from them for the passage of legislation. Their attempt to incriminate another Representative, Dr. George B. Nye, was what led to their arrest. Columbus has been as full of lobbyists and of rumors of undue influence this winter as Albany was last year. At the hearings on the liquor bill the city was crowded with representatives of the brewers, and when the local option bill was defeated by one or two votes, outsiders interested fairly forced their way on to the floor.

The conclusions embodied in Superintendent Hotchkiss's report, regarding the selling by life insurance companies of the stocks of other corporations still held by them, cannot easily be disputed. Mr. Hotchkiss flatly declares that, in his opinion, "there is not sufficient justification and no present need for the repeal of the mandatory sale provision, found in Section 100 of the insurance law"—the provision in the Act of 1908, requiring companies to dis-

pose of such investments. The reason for that requirement was perfectly understood when the law was passed; it was set forth in the report of the Armstrong Committee to the New York State Legislature in 1906. The practice of buying control of subsidiary corporations with charter powers denied to life insurance companies, the report explained, had "brought insurance companies into close relations with railroads, banks, trust companies, banking houses, and the flotation of new enterprises; thus involving them in the manifold transactions of the financial world, not in their normal relation as creditors through suitable investments, but as co-owners of the corporations and promoters of the undertakings to which they thus became allied."

Now, precisely this connection with other institutions was shown by the insurance inquiry to have been used as a subterfuge to evade the legal restrictions on investment of life insurance funds. To this practice the president of a great life company referred when he declared in a private letter, in 1903, that his policyholders' funds could not be placed in the attractive investment bargains of the day, although $36,000,000 of the company funds were then on deposit with institutions controlled through stock ownership. As a matter of fact this huge sum was already tied up in other engagements, such as trust companies might engage in, but life companies as such might not. This was the machinery through which most of the insurance scandals disclosed in 1905 were made possible. To have left that machinery in operation, after what had been discovered, might easily have rendered the whole programme of legislative reform a fruitless undertaking. That the three-year time limit placed by the law on the process of selling these stocks of other companies may have been too short, in the sense that the unfavorable markets of the period gave no fair chance to liquidate save at financial loss, is a more reasonable argument. It is so recognized by Superintendent Hotchkiss in his further conclusion that the real remedy for such embarrassments as confront the companies is "a substitute bill, providing for an extension of time within which the sale of existing holdings may be accomplished."

The scant space given in the daily press of this city to the death of Dr. Herman Knapp is but another proof that we have not come to place that value upon great scientists which is characteristic of older countries. Had he lived in Berlin or Paris the passing of Dr. Knapp would have been one of the great topics of the day, for his was a life of singular usefulness to the community, as well as to the science of ophthalmology, and there were few American medical men who rejoiced in wider renown on the other side of the water than did he. He studied at no less than seven European universities. He established a dispensary and hospital for eye diseases which is now a part of the University of Heidelberg, at which he taught for four years. Settling in New York in 1868, he became at once the foremost practitioner in ophthalmic and aural diseases and the founder of the Ophthalmic and Aural Institute, besides being a professor in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. More than that, the whole science of medicine is in his debt for the *Archives of Ophthalmology and Otology* which he founded, as well as for numerous treatises and text-books of permanent value and for his lasting contributions to the treatment of eye-diseases. But this is the briefest outline of an enormously busy and useful life. Never was there a doctor in New York who gave more generously of his services to the poor and the needy; to them he would go even late at night after an exhausting day's labor, if no other time was available.

If the negro wants to discover the regard in which he is really held by the Government, let him emigrate to Canada, where the arrival of two hundred colored persons has brought to the surface all the subtleties of the race problem. On the one hand, according to a dispatch from Ottawa, it is freely argued that the experience of the Southern States shows such immigration to be undesirable, and that it should, therefore, be prohibited by the Dominion. On the other, it is pointed out that the negroes are American citizens, and that the imposition of a head-tax on them, as on the Chinese, might arouse feeling at Washington. The difficulty with the two hundred was that, rigorous as the immigration officers tried to be, none could be refused admission. "All had money, all were in good health, and apparently of good moral standing." A similar party went from Oklahoma a year ago, and, displaying the same refractory disposition, have prospered and proved adaptable to the country. The matter is further complicated by the fact that Canadians pride themselves on their country's having been a haven for negro fugitives before the emancipation of the slaves. "It is seldom that negroes are excluded from hotels or subject to any other specific social or public indignity in the Dominion." But, of course, if any considerable number of them are going to invade the free lands of Western Canada, all this must be changed. Nevertheless, we venture to hope that the correspondent we cite is mistaken in his uncharitable suggestion that Canada's boasted toleration for negroes is explained by their scarcity.

Mr. Charles O. Ricker, who for three years fought in the battles of the civil war as a private in the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Regiment of New York Volunteers, died yesterday at his home in Oneida Castle, N. Y. Mr. Ricker, never a man of independent means, distinguished himself subsequent to the war by refusing to accept for his services the pension which the government tried to thrust upon him His creed was that no man able to work should accept a pension.—[Press dispatch.

Surely if ever a man deserved a medal of honor it was Mr. Ricker. If Oneida Castle knows true greatness when it sees it, there will soon be a conspicuous monument on its village green to its most distinguished citizen. The firemen and the nearest militia company will parade, the Congressman will deliver the oration, and the village dominie will not only read from the Scriptures, but will, we trust, point out that, whereas many a man has won the iron cross for facing bullets, there is scarcely an American soldier who has looked a pension full in the face and refused to surrender.

After a recent study of the depreciation of motor-cars, the London *Times* comes to the conclusion that between 15 and 20 per cent. of the value of a new automobile ought to be written off as lost after the first day's run. Intrinsically, it finds, the car may be none the worse off and even better for a good "shaking-down" of the machinery; but it is second-hand from that hour, which

the *Times* feels makes newness a very expensive item in buying a car. This depreciation remains, however, about the same for the whole of the first year; in the second, 15 per cent. more should, it thinks, be written off from a $5,000 car —slightly less than is allowed by dealers on this side of the water, who take off about $1,000 a year on cars of the best American makes. The cheaper English cars ought to be regarded as deteriorating at about the same rate, it appears; so that at the end of two and one-half years half the value of a $2,500 car should have disappeared. The *Times* even works this depreciation out per mile per passenger, which it gives at from 3 to 5 cents a mile, according to the original cost, and this it thinks "a cost which cannot be considered excessive, considering the capabilities, comfort, convenience, and rapidity of the modern motor-car." Few automobile owners keep, we fancy, a careful account of the cost per mile of their cars. The *Times* thinks that for a first-class car it ought to be about 12 cents a mile; in this country, 17 cents or 18 cents would probably be nearer the mark.

At the Guildhall meeting last Friday, one London citizen named Herbert Asquith brought forward a motion in favor of the proposed arbitration treaty with the United States, and another London citizen named Arthur Balfour seconded the motion. There is a certain significance about the ceremonial that even the formal endorsement of arbitration by the leaders in Parliament lacks. The House of Commons represents the English nation, but the Guildhall is more apt to mirror the opinion of the man in the street. This meeting, therefore, showed that the peace idea has not only seized upon statesmen and high theorists, but has impressed itself upon such matter-of-fact people as London aldermen and lord mayors. If the sturdy British merchant can still be taken as the brawn and sinew of the land, here is that important class squarely aligning itself in behalf of peace. The British merchant is not given to soft dalliance in the lap of ideals. At present he is voting not for universal peace, but for a definite treaty of arbitration between two definite Powers.

Cabled accounts of the new bill introduced in the Commons for the prevention of crime by aliens, hardly did the measure justice. It does not at all propose to restrict the right of refuge on British soil from oppression and tyranny which foreigners have so long enjoyed. Nor does it aim to disturb in the least the great bulk of the alien population in England. As it was explained to the House, the chief object is to stiffen up the provisions of the existing law relating to the punishment of aliens convicted of crime. Since 1905, the English courts have had the power to add expulsion from the country to the sentence of any such convicted alien. But in practice it has been little availed of; and the proposal is that whenever a judge does not put that part of the law into force, he must state the reasons why he does not. The bill also makes more severe the penalty for aliens who return after being expelled for crime. A further provision is that if a complaint is laid before a court that a given alien is consorting with criminals or suspected persons, he may be ordered to give sureties. This could not operate against well-conducted political refugees, for, as Mr. Churchill said, "there has never been a time in this country when *bona-fide* refugees were not able to get two citizens to vouch for their good behavior." The enlarged act also proposes to forbid aliens to own or carry firearms without a license. There can be little doubt that the recent murders in Houndsditch and elsewhere by foreigners led to the proposal of this Government bill, yet there is no sign of panic about the measure, and its provisions seem to be moderate and not out of keeping with the traditional British policy.

University life in Russia during the last half-dozen years has functioned very imperfectly. In September, 1905, on the eve of the dawn of the constitutional era, the universities received large powers of self-government, the principal concession being the election of the rectors and deans by the university councils and the faculties. Oddly enough, these rights were left uncurtailed during the ensuing years of reaction and the nullifying of the constitutional régime throughout the country. The universities remained, therefore, virtually the only forum where the aspirations of the Russian people could find something like free expression. This state of things continued until last January, when the autonomy of the universities was, substantially, suppressed by decree. The rector and pro-rectors of the University of Moscow resigned in protest and were punished by being deprived of their professional status. Up to the present time nearly a hundred members of the faculty have resigned or been dismissed, and the oldest of Russian universities has virtually ceased to exist. Within student ranks there has been a division between radicals and moderates, the latter insisting on the exclusion of politics. But the motto, "Universities are for learning," which outside of Russia would be received as an utter commonplace, is opposed to the entire tradition of life in the Czar's Empire. Russia, in the mass, cannot conceive learning that is separated from the actualities of the day, just as it will hardly tolerate a literature or art without contemporary meaning or purpose.

The prospect of a tremendous change in the economic life of India, thinks the Calcutta *Englishman*, must now engage the chief attention of her publicists, especially her Viceroy. Great schemes for the compulsory education of the masses, and for the draining of every swamp, are all very well in their way, remarks this observer, but the important fact is that India is turning from an agricultural into an industrial country. In proof of this it points to the growing employment of gold, the release of hoarded rupees, the joint-stock banking, and the coöperative credit societies. Lord Hardinge has been sparing of his words in reference to conditions in his new field, and in closing the debate on the financial statement, he said merely: "If our Indian finance is to come through in safety, our watchwords must be caution and economy." This is enough, however, to satisfy those who feared the possibility of his countenancing some of "the wild-cat schemes which have been placed before the Council as the result of the fact that the credit of the Government is good and the treasuries overflowing." There may be a tendency among Englishmen resident in India to undervalue the "uplifting efforts," which they term "the unrest," but there can hardly be two opinions as to the wisdom, there as elsewhere, of Lord Hardinge's watchwords.

THE REPUBLICAN SPLIT.

Whereas, There is a division among the Republicans of the Senate, a minority of whom are known as progressive Republicans, to wit: Senators Clapp, La Follette, Bourne, Borah, Brown, Dixon, Cummins, Bristow, Crawford, Gronna, Poindexter, and Works; such division being well recognized in the Senate and throughout the country as based upon clearly defined differences on important legislative measures on questions of great public interest. . . .

This is the language, not of Democrats or Mugwumps, but of Republicans. An enemy hath not done this; rather, a familiar friend of the Republican party has lifted up his heel against it. For the words cited above are from the formal resolutions which Senator La Follette laid before the Senate Committee on Committees, demanding chairmanships and appointments on the ground of being virtually a separate party. There could not well be a franker or more public recognition of the wedge driven into the Republican party. It is not surprising that the majority, while refusing to comply with the request of the minority, viewed it with great concern as portending party disruption; and expressed the fear that "similar demands will have to be dealt with later in party conventions." Indeed, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, writing in the May *American Magazine* on the insurgent Republican movement, declares that "it requires no very vivid imagination to see the progressives in that convention [the National Republican Convention of 1912], balked in their efforts to control the party, marching out of the hall to form a convention of their own."

For our part, we confess that it takes rather more than our portion of imagination to see such a coming event. Its shadow is too dimly cast before. We are aware of the fact that La Follette is a Presidential candidate, and that his friends are saying that he would bolt, or at least not support, the renomination of President Taft. It is added that he would not support, either, a Democratic nominee, such as Gov. Harmon. All this looks like a determination to flock by himself, which he may do; but that is a very different thing from predicting that any organized body of Republicans, much less the solid phalanx of twelve Republican Senators, would follow him out of the convention. The analogy tacitly in the minds of those who think this possible is the action of the Silver Republicans in 1896. They, it is true, under the lead of Senator Teller, "marched out" of the convention, but they were driven by an issue which was clear-cut and which they and their constituents believed to be absolutely vital. Can any man trace an equally sharp and deep-cutting line between the regular Republicans and the progressives? We think not.

Consider the insurgent Republican programme. From the beginning, the first item in it has been, as Mr. Baker puts it, "a much lower tariff." On this they made their great play in 1909 and all last year. But what has happened to them since? A practical step toward lowering the tariff has been proposed in the shape of the Canadian reciprocity agreement, and, lo! these progressive Republicans have been against it almost to a man. If one may judge by the proceedings in the House, they will almost as strongly oppose the bill for the farmer's free list. Most of them would assuredly be against the removal of the duty on wool. But this goes beyond mere inconsistency; beyond the appearance of settled hostility to whatever President Taft urges, whether it be the tariff up or the tariff down. It points to the fact that the insurgent Republicans would be wholly unable to formulate their tariff doctrines in a way either to solidify their own ranks or to make precise their dissidence from the tariff plank which the regular Republicans are likely to adopt in 1912. To break on principle, you must have a principle on which to break; and the most friendly but candid observer of the vacillations of the insurgent Republicans on tariff proposals would have great difficulty in pointing to any definite principle on that subject, unless it be that protection should be removed from articles which their States do not produce, but that any duty in which any constituent of theirs is interested can be touched only at peril of a political cataclysm.

The rest of their programme is also wanting in necessary divisive matter. They "believe in conservation," but what villain does not—in some kind? They are for postal savings banks, but they already have the beginnings of the system, thanks to President Taft. They believe in an income tax (which Taft and the regular Republicans are helping them to get), in a reform of the currency (ditto), in laws regarding pure food and public health (the same), and in "strictly regulating public utility corporations" (amen from the regular Republicans). Some of them also contend for the direct primary, the initiative, referendum and recall, but these are confessedly State affairs as yet, and not in the sphere of national politics, so that they cannot there be made the excuse for a party split.

To come close to realities, what marks off the insurgent Republicans from the others is something pretty intangible. It is an attitude, a temperament, rather than a body of political doctrine. If Senator La Follette were to blurt out his inmost feelings about President Taft and the existing leaders of the Republican party, he would say: "I do not like you. I do not trust you." That may be perfectly sincere and even justified; but it is impossible to think of a new party, or a bolting faction, being organized on any such sentiment. Political platforms have to go further than I do not love thee Dr. Fell, the reason why I cannot tell. Until we see something more than that, we shall go on doubting that 1912 will bring a definite breach in the Republican party. This is not saying that the present divisions and animosities are not ominous politically. A vague antagonism of personal dislike may be more deadly than separation on concrete issues. The fact, too, that a Republican President could not get the votes of half the Republican Representatives for the chief measure of his Administration indicates the fearful handicap under which the party is laboring only a year away from the National Convention of 1912. There can be no doubt that the vaunted Republican skill in "getting together" will be put to its supreme test next year.

A WELL-BALANCED CONSTITUTION.

Amidst all the applause that has greeted Gov. Wilson's magnificent legislative campaign, one good-sized doubt must have risen to plague thoughtful students of our political institutions. It is the same doubt that, in a much aggravated form, afflicted certain doubting philosophers all the years that Gov. Hughes was battling with the New York Legislature. It is all very well to have a reluctant or inofficient Legislature whipped into decency and efficiency by a resolute chief executive. But could a true lover of democracy really view with

satisfaction this method of legislative progress by propulsion from behind? The doubters we have in mind were under no illusions as to the character of a system whose fine flower was revealed in the Alldses, the Gradys, and the McCarrens. Yet overshadowing all the advantages to be gained or expected from an honest, fighting Governor towered the fear of what was going to happen to our governmental system of checks and balances if this sort of thing was allowed to go on. Were we not facing a species of Cæsarism? A benevolent Cæsarism, it is true, but still a Cæsarism. The existence of this doubt has been fully recognized by Gov. Wilson. Repeatedly he has been at pains to explain that his interference in legislative affairs was not coercion, but rather consisted in the removal of "outside" pressure on the Legislature, so that New Jersey's lawmakers might have the opportunity to live up to the very best that was in them.

In all frankness, this explanation of Gov. Wilson's strikes us as somewhat more soothing than it is convincing; and all the more so because any apologia of the sort is quite unnecessary. We may readily admit that it was the Governor's lash that drove the New Jersey Legislature to realize its higher, better self, and yet not admit that he thereby imparted an irreparable shock to our constitutional system. On the contrary, we discern in the situation signal proof of the resources that exist within the constitutional scheme to combat the evils that must from time to time arise within any constitutional order. No one will assert that in their struggles with the Legislature Gov. Hughes and Gov. Wilson resorted to tactics that would render them liable to impeachment. Both men got results by making use of legitimate weapons. Actually, it was one and the same weapon in the case of both men. They simply rallied to their support a great body of public opinion before which bosses and their henchmen were forced to bow. They brought into play their own great popularity against the great unpopularity of their opponents. If they coerced legislators, it was by proving to them unmistakably that the people of their respective States wanted what the Governor wanted. It is not on record that either Hughes or Wilson drove corrupt bargains or practised blackmail. They simply made the fullest use they could of their own constitutional powers. If that be treason, their opponents were welcome to make the worst of it.

The truth of the matter is that the tactics of a Wilson or a Hughes neither belie nor upset our constitutional theory of checks and balances. Undoubtedly the Fathers set out to establish government by equilibrium. But there is such a thing as stable equilibrium and unstable equilibrium. To-day we confront the latter condition. Under normal conditions, it is unquestionably desirable that the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judiciary should operate without interference each in its appointed sphere. But it is also desirable that when any one of the three departments of government grows derelict in its duty, when the perfect functioning of the machine is impeded by a breakdown in one of its constituent parts, first aid should come from one of the other partners in the constitutional scheme. We are far from contemplating with satisfaction a permanent state of things in which Governors shall bludgeon Legislatures into doing their duty. But the plain facts in the case are that the bludgeoning undeniably has to be done; and the Governor of the State, co-partner of the Legislature in the business of assuring the people a stable form of government, is by no means the worst person to undertake the delicate task of bringing the Legislature to its senses.

Is this the ideal way of repairing breakdowns in our government machine? Admittedly not. In the last resort, it is for the people who tolerate a misrepresentative Legislature to see to it that they shall not continue to be misrepresented. But we are not always a logical people and for the time being the States have fallen into the habit of looking to their Governors to save them from their Legislatures. This will go on until something like a real danger of executive usurpation arises. And then the people will set about electing efficient Legislatures to curb the powers of unduly ambitious executives. For the moment, the danger is not from executive usurpation, but from legislative inefficiency and corruption. And it is surely not detrimental to the Constitution that it should itself provide the means for setting the governmental house in order.

FRENCH IDEALISM.

The French Government has formally notified the Powers of its intention to intervene in Morocco. This fact will be immediately seized upon by the cynical observer and brought into juxtaposition with another bit of military news that has just come out of France —namely, the introduction by M. Jaurès in Parliament of his project for abolishing the present organization of the French army and putting in its place a sort of national militia intended solely for home defence. This is the way it always goes, our observer will say. The world talks universal arbitration and goes on building larger Dreadnoughts. The Czar calls the first World Peace Conference and prepares to throttle China and Japan. Great Britain preaches liberty and self-government and swallows the Boer Republics. France, in preparing the subjugation of Morocco with one hand, and with the other spinning fond ideals of an age that knows not war, is quite in the proper tradition. Nations, like individuals, are endowed with the salutary gift of hypocrisy.

The charge is more obvious than true. The hypocrite is rarely a sinister master of dissimulation. Much more often he is a man who is unable to see the incongruity of two opposite lines of action, a defect which in varying degree is common to all of us. The man who pilfers in Wall Street six days in the week is not necessarily the "real" man as opposed to the same individual in his pew on Sunday. He is most often a man unable to see himself as the Comic Spirit sees him. And so with nations. The England that builds Dreadnoughts is no more real than the England that has defended in the past and continues to defend the principles of individual liberty and individual conscience. The American people that was stirred to honest indignation in behalf of Cuba against Spain is no less real than the American people that allowed itself to be carried away into an unwise Imperialism. Subject as all people are to gusts of unjust passion and to the machinations of vicious rulers, they are not the predatory beasts ready to jump at each other's throats that newspaper cartoonists are fond of depicting. To society, as to the individual, we must allow its inconsistencies, hoping only that its good impulses outnumber the bad.

In the case of France we are at liberty to deny that the only real France is whatever complex of selfish interests may now be dictating the subjugation of Morocco. Just as real is the national character that reveals itself in a project like that of M. Jaurès. Actually this plan, visionary as it is pretty sure to seem to every practical statesman and military student, is straight in line with the traditional idealism of the French people. Every people subscribes to the safe doctrine of the brotherhood of man. But France alone, in our times, has produced men who have gone to the extreme of stamping the national flag into the dirt in behalf of the Republic of Man. Every nation piously discusses disarmament. But no nation has produced a political leader of repute to advocate the abolition of a standing army. It would be only partly true to say that the author of this revolutionary proposal is Jaurès the Socialist rather than Jaurès the Frenchman. There are Socialists in Germany, but when it comes to a discussion of Germany's war strength the German Socialist subscribes, though silently, to the militarist ideal. There are Socialists in Great Britain, but they are prudent, that is to say, British. The French temper is expressed in Jaurès's retort to Bebel's criticism of the violent tactics pursued by French Socialists: "You Germans have not died on the barricades."

M. Jaurès's bill provides that all citizens between the ages of twenty and forty-five shall contribute to the national defence, from the age of twenty to thirty-four in the active army, from thirty-four to forty in the reserve, from forty to forty-five in the territorial army. The "citizens" of the active army are to be recruited within definite geographical districts and are to be part of the army division assigned to that district. The "education" of the "active" army has three phases, preparatory instruction for children and adolescents, the training of recruits, and periodical "convocations." The preparatory education of children and adolescents, extending from the tenth to the twentieth year, shall not consist in "an apprenticeship anticipatory of military drill," but shall be, above all things, instruction in "health and suppleness," by means of "gymnastics, walking, rhythmic motions, games of agility and skill, and rifle practice." On reaching their twenty-first year, young men enter a school for recruits for a period of six months. Such schools are not permanent military units like the battalions and regiments of today, but just what the name implies, places of instruction upon graduating from which the citizen-soldier returns to become a member of his local military unit.

The new army is to be officered by men of whom only one-third shall be professional officers who have received a special training. The other two-thirds shall be chosen by a mixed system of seniority and election from among the non-commissioned officers, who, in turn, are to be selected from among the most promising recruits. One interesting provision: workmen's associations, such as labor unions and benefit and coöperative societies, are authorized to set aside funds for the education to the grade of professional officer of such workingmen's sons as have shown exceptional aptitude for the military profession. Another detail: while arms and ammunition are to be stored in local arsenals, in the Department of the East each soldier shall keep his arms in his own house. The Department of the East faces, of course, the German frontier.

But it is in the general declaration with which the Jaurès programme closes that the main interest lies. Articles 16 and 17 declare:

> The army thus constituted has for its sole object the defence of national independence and the national soil against all aggression. Every war that is not manifestly defensive is criminal; and it is unmistakably defensive only after the national government has invited the foreign government with which it is in conflict to submit the quarrel to arbitration.
>
> Any government that shall enter into armed conflict without having publicly and sincerely proposed a solution of the quarrel by arbitration, shall be regarded as a traitor to France, and to men, a public enemy of the fatherland, and of humanity. Any Parliament that shall consent to such an act shall be considered guilty of a felony, and as *ipso facto* dissolved. The constitutional and patriotic duty of citizens shall be to shatter such a government and to put into its place a government of good faith. . . .

In military circles, the world over, Homeric laughter will resound at this newest manifestation of French madness.

A "PURELY AMERICAN" ART.

In his article in the May *Scribner's* on schools and tendencies in art, Mr. Kenyon Cox refers to the "disappointment" of foreign critics at finding American painters so conservative. "Because we are a new people, the world seems to expect of us a new art, radically different in some strange way from the art of older countries." Almost as if in conscious confirmation of this, a special correspondent of the London *Times* now in this country, writing on "Painting in America," does the very thing that Mr. Cox describes. That is to say, he complains of the lack of a thoroughly "indigenous" art. He has pleasant things to say of our artists, especially in landscape, but laments their failure to seize upon distinctively American subjects. These, he says, appeal strongly to every foreign artist visiting the United States, yet the Americans unaccountably pass them by. "The negro is not utilized, neither is the Red Indian." In the recent show of contemporary American art in Washington,

> There was hardly any attempt made to make use of the intensely pictorial qualities of modern industrial America, nothing of the splendid glamour of great furnaces, no idealization of the Titanic forces of machinery; no nocturne of Pittsburgh, of the Chicago River, of commercial Philadelphia, or the New York water-front; no vision of mine or workshop or factory.

In so far as this is a demand that American art shall smack of the soil, be wholly original, inventive, daring, bizarre, it is only of a piece with the similar demands so often made by foreigners upon Americans in the province of literature. Your Bryant or Longfellow is all well enough in his way, but what we want is a poet who will typify your prairies and mountains and rivers and great sprawling democracy. There is Whitman, now; he does the queer things we are looking for, and that perhaps is the reason he is more popular in England than in his own country; but we wish to know why you don't give us others like him, or even more revolutionary than him? In architecture, too, there is the same yearning for something "purely American." But on this point there is nothing to add to what Mr. Kenyon Cox says:

> If we go on doing the classic thing in architecture until its language has become natural and easy to us, there is a possibility that we may begin to use it originally, and to produce, almost without knowing it, a national style. If we strive for origin-

ality now, there is little hope of anything better than the architectural chaos that we have had so much of.

Our British critic, however, is wide of the fact in supposing that such material for the artist's brush as he refers to has been overlooked by American painters. There has been no lack of recognition of the paintable qualities of negro and Indian, cowboy and roustabout; nor have there been wanting canvases depicting water-fronts and iron-works, slums and factories. If there are fewer of them to-day, the reasons are plain. Such subjects possess the charm of novelty to foreigners, but not to natives. Hence if their appeal is only by virtue of the unusual, it must necessarily be received coldly by the American art-patron. And artists "must live." If their purchasing public is not of the mind of the foreigner who is so eager for what is new and "characteristically American," there is no sense in producing that kind of work. Besides, even for art value and the benefit of the painter himself, there has come to be, as Mr. Cox remarks, a perception of the fact that it is not well to "strain our invention in the effort to discover some new spice for a jaded appetite." And if American artists are more and more abandoning the idea of a native "school," with marked eccentricities or mannerisms, and are more intent upon the task of making themselves continuators of the great tradition in painting, that fact is full of promise that we shall have an American art worth while.

The sound doctrine is admirably stated in Mr. Cox's article. Neither in art nor in literature must we think to get better bread than can be made of wheat. Anything that is straining or convulsive, in the aim to be original, is only an instance of the folly which Burke spoke of as depending more upon invention than experience. So we hope that American art will continue to disappoint foreign critics who expect it to be fantastic and audacious and unlike anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath. If our artists can enter reverently into the heritage of the past and live in its best spirit and add little by little their own interpretations and make their slight additions or variations, they will do more to create a veritable national art than they could by wild experimenting and sensational innovations.

SCIENTISTS AND THE MASSES.

"All Planets Inhabited, Says See—Not Mars, Says Aitken." This is a typical newspaper headline relating to the doings and sayings of scientific men There is nothing specially wrong about it; it indicates as well as could be expected the story that comes under the head. But it would be an interesting study in sociology to find out what is the net impression that the reading of the newspapers leaves upon the popular mind as to the character of scientific thought and the nature of scientific men. Many a candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy in the social sciences expends his time upon less rewarding material. And the research would have the extremely rare recommendation of furnishing results that would be sure to be at least as entertaining as they were instructive.

Our investigator could perhaps do no better, for a start, than to interview a random lot of the "plain people" on this very matter of Professor See's lecture at Philadelphia and Professor Aitken's lecture at Berkeley. "Professor See," we are told, "laid especial stress upon the proof now deduced that planetary systems similar to our own revolve about all the fixed stars and that these planets are habitable and inhabited like our planets, which revolve about the sun. He said life was a perfectly general phenomenon in the universe and that living beings exist wherever a star twinkles in the depths of space." How does Professor See know this, or how does he come to think he knows it? Is this simply a personal opinion, reflecting his general notions of the universe, or is it a result of scientific research? Is it likely that by some miraculous stroke of discovery one person has been able to find out that life actually flourishes in countless planets whose very existence is only a matter of inference, when even in the case of our very near neighbor, Mars, it has not yet been possible to settle the comparatively gross question of the "canals"? Questioned on these things, it is highly probable that the ordinary man would not prove to be in a much more enligbtened state of mind than the man who said it didn't surprise him that astronomers could find out how far off the stars are, or how they move, or how big they are, but what puzzled him was how anybody ever found out their names.

The sources of popular bemuddlement in regard to science are many. One of them, which lies on the surface, is the inevitable imperfection of the press reports of what scientists say. Professor See, we may surmise, made no such flat and positive statement as is given in the press dispatch. Another source of confusion arises from the fact that an astronomer, or a chemist, or a biologist is a man besides being a scientist, and has the common human weaknesses and failings. When he addresses a general audience, he is prone to forget the principles of scientific doubt which he respects as a worker in his own particular field. Some forty years ago, when science was thrilling with the new impulses that came with Darwinism and the doctrine of the conservation of energy, and spectrum analysis, and "the new chemistry," it was but natural that the world was inclined to look to it for light upon questions far wider even than these, and that some of the conspicuous representatives of science were ready enough to assume the robes which it was thought theology was on the eve of casting off. That sort of thing has gone decidedly out of fashion, but traces of it are still to be found; and, while there are few scientific men who imagine themselves entitled to speak with an accent of authority on the existence of God or on the immortality of the soul, there are not a few who confidently lay down the law on matters of human interest which lie almost as far beyond their province.

A better understanding of the nature and limits of scientific knowledge might exist among the people if, beside the "plebification" of science that is given by newspaper fragments, there were still going on that real popularization of science which had its period of efflorescence thirty or forty years ago. It had its faults, as we have said; but in the main it was a wholesome and educative influence. To listen to a course of lectures on light by Tyndall, to hear Huxley tell of the nature of protoplasm or explain what the Darwinian doctrine really is, to have the meaning of conservation of energy expounded by Helmholtz, was to get, not indeed mastery, but at least some kind of comprehension of what science is and a great deal of real sympathy with its aims and methods. And what the great masters of popularization did superlatively well

was done efficiently also by scores of others. In many minds, to be sure, there were awakened vague hopes that through science we were to have a new heaven and a new earth; hopes the disappointment of which was the theme afterward of such lucubrations as Brunetière's "Faillite de la Science." But science had not gone into bankruptcy; it had never made the promises which it was alleged to have broken. Its real history, in the past half-century, as in the centuries before, has been one of steady striving toward such truths as can be extorted from the physical universe by patient inquiry; and never have its discoveries been more abundant or more valuable. But the fitful glimpses of the new lands which the world gets in press dispatches are quite as likely to be mere mirages as anything more substantial.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

WASHINGTON, April 23.

The annual spring meeting of the Academy has just been held (April 18-20), in the splendid new building of the National Museum, with three business sections, and three afternoons for the reading of scientific communications. These comprised three papers on astronomy, one on mathematics, one on meteorology, six on geology, mineralogy, or palæontology, four on biological subjects, and three on anthropology and ethnology. Thirty-one titles appeared upon the programme, making it unusually long. No paper on physics or chemistry proper or botany was read.

W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory, communicated together two papers, "On the Motions of the Brighter Helium Stars" and a "Report of Progress in Spectrographic Determinations of Stellar Motions." The great problem in astronomy at present is that of the construction of the universe, and of the motions of the so-called fixed stars through space. This is being attacked in a large way by Kapteyn of Groningen, by Boss of Albany, and by Campbell; but whereas Boss confines himself to the *proper* motions of the stars, that is, those not toward or away from us, Campbell confines himself to the latter motions, that is, those in the line of sight. Such motions can be detected only by the displacement of the lines in the spectra of the stars, as measured on photographs. Stars are classified by their spectra according to their age, in the Harvard system the newest being denoted by A, the oldest by N. Among these our sun occupies an intermediate position, in class G. The present investigation is based on the spectra of some 1,200 stars, out of which 1,047 have been selected, all observed at the Lick Observatory or its southern extension at Santiago de Chile. These are all of class B, or rather new stars, characterized by the prominence of the lines of helium and having a total velocity in space of about twelve kilometers per second, whereas the old or red stars have about thirty-five kilometers per second, while the velocity in the line of sight is about one-half these. The effect of pressure in the star atmospheres on absorption of the light increases the wave-length in the newest and oldest stars, and consequently the velocities determined from them are different from those determined from the middle classes, the result being that the velocity of the solar system through space appears greater when determined by means of the old and new stars than when determined by means of stars similar to the sun. There is thus a sort of community of interest between our sun and stars of similar age and spectra, in the matter of motion. Another important result is that the dimensions of the universe must be enlarged above previous estimates.

F. R. Moulton of the University of Chicago presented a paper entitled "The Evolution of Periodic Solutions of the Problem of Three Bodies." The most celebrated problem of celestial mechanics, that of the general motion of three bodies drawn together by the law of gravitation, has never been completely solved from the time of Laplace until now. Particular solutions have to be sought by introducing simplifying assumptions. If the mass of one body is negligible in comparison with that of the two others, we know that these two will revolve around their common centre of gravity. Such motions of the third infinitesimal body are sought by Mr. Moulton, as shall make its orbit closed, or reëntrant after a revolution. Such solutions have been obtained by Hill, in which the third body moves around the smaller of the other two; Moulton finds under what conditions it can move around either; Sir George Darwin, by a laborious process of approximation, finds orbits of similar type, and Moulton, by an analytical process different from those of Hill and Darwin, finds several new types of orbit surrounding either body, and three more outside both bodies. The results of these investigations should lead to a method for exact confirmation of the law of gravitation.

W. M. Davis of Harvard gave a paper entitled "Corollaries of the Theory of Isostasy." This word, invented by the American geologist Dutton, indicates the state of the earth's crust which would obtain if, in spite of elevations and depressions of the surface, the whole mass above a certain depth were the same at one point as at another, the extra volume in mountainous regions being compensated by a defect of mass underneath, and vice versa. This condition has been shown to hold generally in the United States by J. F. Hayford, in what has been characterized as one of the greatest contributions to geodesy since Gauss. Professor Davis points out that if isostasy obtains now, it has probably been prevalent through long geologic periods, so that if a lowland rises its density must be lessened; also, if a mountain range is worn down to a pene-plain, nearly at sea-level, it is difficult to see how the mass has been gained below for compensation. Moreover, in the Himalayas, one of the newest mountain regions, the compensation is very complete, while in the Harz and in the Tonga, deep in the Pacific, it is imperfect. If the corollary is true, the geologist still has these matters to explain.

C. D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, gave an account of "A Geological Reconnaissance in the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia," which brought to light many astonishingly perfect fossils. In the neighborhood of Mt. Stephen, which forms a block 12,000 feet thick, many fossils were found representing very highly developed forms of life, nearly at the base of the oldest fossil-bearing Cambrian rocks. The simpler forms which preceded these were not found. As the trilobites have hitherto been regarded as the highest form of life in the Cambrian, these discoveries are of great interest.

In a paper on "Biological Conclusions Drawn from the Evolution of the Titanotheres," H. F. Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, attacked the fundamental question of the laws of formation of new characters, remarking upon the advantage possessed by the palæontologist in being able to examine the records of three to eight hundred thousand years of development, while the zoölogist sees only those of his own lifetime. The question is whether, as was formerly supposed, evolution is gradual, or, as is suggested by Bateson and De Vries, proceeds by sudden saltations or mutations. Most experimental evolutionists now believe in changes by jumps. Mr. Osborn considered three forms of change, namely, increase in size, loss of parts, and variation in proportion of different parts. In the matter of proportion he finds no ancestral control, but a change once started keeps on. The structure of the teeth, on the other hand, shows a progressive development of new characteristics, always in an orderly and definite manner, and under ancestral control.

In the absence of the author, an interesting paper by Dr. Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, on "Infantile Paralysis and its Mode of Transmission," was

read. This mysterious disease, in from 5 to 10 per cent. of cases, is followed by permanent paralysis, and in 75 per cent. by crippling. In the first epidemic in 1907 there were 2,500 cases in and about New York city. No State has escaped its ravages, and the number of cases is estimated at 20,000, the number of cripples at from 10,000 to 15,000. The disease has been found to be due to a specific micro-organism which attacks the spinal chord or the brain. This germ has been known for a year and a half, and experiments on its transmission to monkeys have shown the great value of animal experimentation. The germ is very minute and passes through the finest filters. It is spread by contact with an infected person, and can also be carried by healthy persons. It is generally communicated through the nasal passages. The disease must be combated by isolation of the patient and the disinfection or destruction of his nasal discharges. No cure is known, so that prevention only is possible. The summer months are those of greatest prevalence, and there is great danger of communication in schools, country fairs, or Fourth of July celebrations.

Last year Franz Boas of Columbia University gave an interesting report on "Changes in Bodily Form of Descendants of Immigrants," and this year he brought further information on the subject. In order to investigate the hereditary stability or plasticity of human types as affected by environment, it is necessary to consider that the growth of various organs goes on for different periods. For instance, measurements of the skeleton made after the nineteenth year in males and the sixteenth in females do not greatly change, but environment may affect the weight until later. This may affect the stature in males until fifteen years, and in females until thirteen. The American environment does not affect the growth of the head after the age of two years. As a matter of fact, taking the proper characteristics for measurement, it is found that the American environment produces a marked effect, even changing the shape of the face. This effect is probably in part due to better nutrition and in part to the smaller prevalence of children's diseases.

At the annual dinner, the Henry Draper medal was presented to C. G. Abbot, director of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, for his work on the exact determination of the solar constant, that is, the amount of heat reaching us from the sun. A graceful speech showing the reasons for the presentation was made by W. W. Campbell, to whom the medal was awarded last year. Whitman Cross was elected treasurer, A. A. Noyes and E. G. Conklin members of the council, and the following nine new members: Edwin Emerson Barnard, astronomer, Yerkes Observatory; Edward Burr Van Vleck, mathematician, University of Wisconsin; John Fillmore Hayford, engineer and geodesist, Northwestern University; Julius Oscar Stieglitz, chemist, University of Chicago; Bertram Borden Boltwood, radio-chemist, Yale University; James Furman Kemp, geologist, Columbia University; Arthur Louis Day, geophysicist, Carnegie Institution, Washington; and Robert Almer Harper, botanist, University of Chicago. As foreign associates were elected Prof. Ernest Rutherford, the authority on radioactivity, of the University of Manchester, England, and Vito Volterra, professor of mathematical physics at the University of Rome.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Ninety-nine years ago, on June 24, 1812, at a dinner held to celebrate the sale at auction for £2,260 of the Duke of Roxburghe's copy of the first edition of Boccaccio (Venice, Valdarfer, 1471), the Roxburghe Club was formed. If phenomenally high prices are a warrant for the formation of a book club, American Bibliophiles ought to get together at the close of the Hoe sale and form a Robert Hoe Club.

The Duke of Roxburghe's library, 9,353 lots, which cost him about £5,000, brought £23,341. And, while no accurate estimate of the cost to Mr. Hoe of any large portion of his library can be made, it is certain that remarkable advances upon costs were paid upon many lots sold during the first week of the sale, which began at the new rooms of the Anderson Auction Company on the afternoon of April 24.

Every one has now heard of the great sum, $50,000, paid for the Gutenberg Bible, the Perkins-Ashburnham copy on vellum, with two leaves in facsimile, which brought £4,000 at the Ashburnham sale in 1897, and of the $21,000 paid for the "Helyas, Knight of the swanne," printed on vellum by Wynken de Worde in 1512, which had sold for £410 at auction at Christie's in 1899. While these sums are tremendous and heretofore unheard of in the annals of book-collecting, they cannot, after due consideration, be regarded as unwarranted.

The Gutenberg Bible on vellum is the world's masterpiece of typography, the invention of which was coincident with the fall of Constantinople in 1453, a date often considered as the end of the Middle Ages. The revival of learning could have come but slowly except for the invention of printing. It is an easy matter for the wealthy American to find fifty thousand dollars, but where can he find such another monument, such a mile-stone in the world's progress?

The Hoe catalogue stated that the "Helyas" was the only book printed on vellum by Wynken de Worde, but the National Library in Paris has another specimen, also unique. Watson's translation of the "Ship of Fools," printed by Wynken de Worde in 1509. As a specimen of typography, the "Helyas" is poor and unattractive when compared with books on vellum issuing from Continental presses, but it is one of the two known books on vellum from any English press of so early date, and $21,000 could not buy another.

There is less warrant for many other high prices paid at the Hoe sale. Mr. Hoe's copy of the first edition of Gray's "Elegy" (1751) at $4,500 is certainly a dearly bought book. The book is like the first editions of other classics, such as the "Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village," always in demand, but always procurable without much difficulty. Probably twenty copies could be traced in America. The highest previous auction record in this country is $740, paid at the McKee sale in 1902, though this same copy when sold at Sotheby's in the Van Antwerp sale in 1907 brought £205.

"The Embargo" (Boston, 1808), William Cullen Bryant's first publication, a little pamphlet of twelve pages, is a rare book, but $3,350 is a high price to pay for it. Mr. Hoe's copy sold in the Hoffman sale in 1877 for $17, and again in the Hawkins sale in 1887 for $11.50. Mr. Hoe acquired the book with the N. Q. Pope library. Mr. Sturges's copy (formerly Charles Eliot Norton's) cost him $200 about 1896. Less than ten years ago the Boston Athenæum found a duplicate among some pamphlets and sold it for $550. This copy, in the original paper cover, untrimmed, the only one known in this condition, is now in the Wakeman collection. The Boston Athenæum still has a copy bound up with other pamphlets, and there is a copy in the Harvard Library. The latter, a cut copy, bound up with the second edition, has the following autograph inscription on the title-page: "At the time I wrote this poem I was attending the district school in Cummington, County of Hampshire, Cambridge, Sept. 29th, 1860. Wm. Cullen Bryant."

Boethius's "De Consolatione Philosophiæ" in Latin and Flemish (Ghent,1485) the copy which brought £52 at the Syston-Park sale in 1884 and $145 at the Ives sales in 1891, sold for $4,900, and was bought by a Paris bookseller. This is perhaps the most spectacular advance in price on any book in the sale.

Hakluyt's "Voyages" (1599-1600), with the exceedingly rare map by Edward Wright, engraved by Molyneaux, in its first state, the copy which sold for $225 in the Ives sale, but which had previously brougbt £131 in 1881, now sold for $3,400. Only three other copies with the map are known in America.

Boccaccio's "De la Ruyne des nobles hommes et femmes" (Bruges, Colard Mansion 1476), the copy which sold in the Ashburnham sale in 1897 for £695, brought $7,000.

The first edition of "The Book of St. Albans" (1486), the copy which sold for £385 in the Ashburnham sale in 1897, brought $12,000. Blake's "Milton," the Hamilton Palace copy, which sold for £230 in 1882, brought $9,000. The uncut Kilmarnock Burns, which Mr Hoe bought privately for (it is said) $500, brought $5,600. Cowley's "Poetical Blossoms" (1633), the copy which sold for $220 in the Foote sale in 1895, brought $510. Chapman's "Seven Books of the Iliades," with "Achilles Shield" (both 1598), the fine copy in the original vellum covers, which sold for £291 in 1904, brought $3,000.

Many other instances of extraordinary advances in price might be noted. Whether there has been a corresponding advance in the market value of all rare books, or

whether it is Mr. Hoe's books which collectors are particularly eager for, time must tell.

Correspondence

GERMANY AND INTERNATIONAL PEACE

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The splendid sarcasm of your leading article on "Arbitration and 'Realities'" (April 20) is as convincing as it is delightful. It is recognized by all but the jingoes in every land that the delusion of militarism must ultimately throw the credit of nations into the melting-pot, but unfortunately these jingoes are frequently intrenched in such citadels that they will continue to wield power, unless they are overthrown by internal revolutions which Sir Edward Grey has had the courage to foresee. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's effusion on the absurdity of arbitration, which furnished the text for the *Nation's* article, illustrates the difficulty to which I refer. The German Chancellor has relied largely on the Agrarian party for the maintenance of his power, and these men are notoriously reactionary to the core. *They* are the real rulers of Germany. Not only do they exercise undue influence in the Reichstag by virtue of an antiquated distribution of seats, which militates strongly against the industrial districts of the Rhineland, but they furnish the bulk of the high officials of the German government. Such men are born and reared in the traditions of militarism and diplomacy of the old school, they thrive on the habit of dictating to other nations their line of action, and they have no desire to lose their occupation.

It is not too much to say that the incalculable ambitions of Germany constitute the greatest obstacle to the future peace of the world. The Germany of the early nineteenth century was romantic, cosmopolitan, highly idealistic; since the brutal days of 1862-1870, it has been transformed utterly, and imbued with the imperious and unscrupulous spirit of Bismarck. Whether conquests by the sword in Europe itself are desired or even contemplated, may well be doubted; but no one familiar with the history of the last fifteen years can deny that the various incidents which have more than once brought Europe to the verge of war have been inspired by Berlin, and to a lesser extent by Vienna. The Kruger telegram drew the first bad blood with England. Franco's colonial adventures, which ended so ingloriously at Fashoda, were encouraged by Bismarck. Then came the fanfare over Morocco which led to the Algeciras Conference, when Germany was repressed by measures in which the United States played a notable part. Lastly, there was the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in October, 1908, which was finally consummated only when the Kaiser donned his "shining armor" and gave Russia twenty-four hours to yield. No other nation has shown a similar determination to interfere on all occasions and to wield the mailed fist so persistently.

Here is the primary cause of bloated armaments—fear of Germany. The other nations cannot forget the conduct of Bismarck, and they are determined not to be victims as were Denmark and Austria and France. Fortunately for us, we are not concerned in the immediate squabble of European Powers, but official Germany is decidedly hostile to us. The Berlin press delights to heap abuse on our institutions, our people, and our policy. Nothing would give it greater pleasure than to see us involved in complications with Mexico; the dislike undoubtedly felt for us in many parts of South America is hailed as evincing the decline of our diplomacy, and as portending future trouble; in the Far East German influence is consistently used against us. The taming of Germany is the first task to be accomplished before the reign of peace is in sight.

There are undoubtedly many other obstacles to the "great design": the historical rivalries of centuries must be composed; Europe and Asia must settle their political frontiers on principles which recognize completely nationality and race and language—an obstacle all too frequently overlooked; international law must be codified; most important of all, perhaps, nations must be brought to a better mutual comprehension and appreciation. Progress may be slow, but it will be sure; is indeed being made every day. But before a large success can attend the efforts to restrain the appeal to the sword, the world at large must proclaim that no one nation shall disturb the peace to protect supposed interests or to satisfy the whim of a privileged class, and a self-confident monarch. Far be it from me to deny to Germany a legitimate place in the councils and trade of the world—that is a *sine qua non* of international dynamics, but it is absurd that any nation should carry its self-assertion to a point where it is intolerable to its peace-loving neighbors.

Bernadotte E. Schmitt.

Western Reserve University, April 24.

THE KING JAMES BIBLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The tercentenary of the King James version of the Bible has naturally called forth many exhibitions of Biblical texts, as well as magazine and newspaper articles, upon our English versions. Without any especial effort to collect them, I have noted some twenty recent articles—many of them illustrated with reproductions—dealing more or less with the King James version, and in many cases with its bibliographical characteristics. Although the identification of the text of the first issue is still a vexed question, despite the efforts in years past of Fry, Lenox, and many others, and the comparatively recent and more detailed examinations of Plomer and Smith, the identification of the title pages has been more nearly settled. It has been interesting to note, however, the frequency with which, in reproducing title pages, the recent periodical articles have chosen that of the New Testament. While the 1611 Bible is not a great rarity, the choice of the New Testament title has probably been for one of two reasons: either the first title has been lacking or defective, or doubt has been felt whether the title in possession really was that of the first issue of the first edition, sometimes called 1611 A. On the front cover of the issue of March 30 of the *Continent*, a religious paper published in this city and Chicago, appears a reproduction of the well-known woodcut *first* title, labelled, "The First King James Bible." An article in the body of the paper leaves it to be plainly inferred that the reproduction is made from the copy in the Lenox Library. But the details of this reproduction do not agree with the characteristics of the first issue, 1611 A, as given by Mr. Lenox himself in his privately printed pamphlet, "Early Editions of the King James Bible," nor with those given by Francis Fry, nor with the full-size reproduction given in Lovett's "English Bible in the Rylands Library."

Did the Lenox Library authorities, by an oversight, allow the reproduction to be made from the second issue of the 1611 edition, or have they new facts to present proving the title page under discussion to be that of the first issue? The latter alternative seems exceedingly improbable and at present it is, of course, impossible to visit the Lenox collection for purposes of verification. I believe that Mr. Lenox had four copies of the 1611 and 1613 editions, among them one of the first issue, and it seems at least very regrettable that the right one was not reproduced. Such mistakes throw discredit on our claims to possess treasures, and in this case certainly reflect on the memory of one of our greatest book collectors and eminent benefactors

It may be worth mentioning in passing that the copper plate title executed by Boel—which rarely occurs, but when found is usually in the first issue of 1611 A—is, I believe, to be reproduced by the American Bible Society upon the programme for their tercentenary meeting. The reproduction is made from a beautiful copy of the first issue, containing a certification by Francis Fry, now in the possession of the General Theological Seminary Library of this city.

Edward Harmon Virgin.

General Theological Seminary, New York, April 28.

"TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of March 30, Mr. Hanford comments on the similarity of Shakespeare's "Tell me where is fancy bred" and Raleigh's "A Poesy to Prove that Affection is Not Love." The idea is not peculiar to the English writers, but occurs in the Greek of Achilles Tatius:

Κάλλος γὰρ ὀξύτερον τιτρώσκει βέλους, καὶ διὰ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν εἰς τὴν ψυχὴν καταῤῥεῖ. Ὀφθαλμὸς γὰρ ὁδὸς ἐρωτικῷ τραύματι. (Achilis Tatii de Leucippes et Clitophontis amoribus liber primus.)

The nearest approach to the verses quoted is found, however, in a Spanish anonymous novel, "Question de amor," which appeared in Valencia in 1513, and was translated into French in 1541. Love is defined there as follows:

Es cosa que nace de la fantasia,
y ponese enmedio dela voluntad,
su causa primera produze beldad,
la vista la engendra el corazon la cria,
sostienela viua penosa porfia,
dale salud dudosa esperanza,
si tal es qual deue no haze mudanza,
ni alli donde está nunca entra alegria.

In the same novel we find a stag shedding tears and a melancholy gentleman watching him with commiseration.

Joseph de Perott.

Worcester, Mass., April 20.

SPENSER AND ROMANTICISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Interesting as a sign that a wholesome reaction is setting in against the all too prevalent tendency nowadays to regard the literature of the eighteenth century merely as a sort of preserve for the romanticism-hunter is the paper by Dr. Herbert E. Cory on "Spenser, Thomson, and Romanticism" in the recently issued number of the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America (xix, 1). It may be questioned, however, whether Dr. Cory does not go too far in minimizing the influence of Spenser on the romantic movement.

That Spenser should have come to be a factor in the romantic reaction against neo-classicism will, I think, seem inevitable, if we keep in mind the fundamental doctrines of neo-classicism, on the one hand, and of romanticism, on the other. The basic principle of neo-classic doctrine was that the ultimate end of poetry was to teach. The immediate end, of course, was to please. It pleased, however, not because the giving of pleasure was in itself an end worthy to be striven for, but because it was only by giving pleasure that poetry could be most effective in teaching. It followed as a corollary to this, that the reason or judgment had always to keep a pretty tight rein over the fancy or imagination. Fancy "leaps and frisks," and is not always mindful of the reader's edification. Hence it had to be controlled, and hence the rules, which were simply the means of securing this control. Not only was the observance of the rules thought necessary to procure proper and effective instruction; it was thought necessary, also, to procure the depiction of the truly beautiful. "The only certain way to please," says Rapin ("Reflections on Aristotle," section xi, Rymer's translation), "is by the rules." "But let the imagination be never so strong, and fertile of ideas," says Gildon ("The Complete Art of Poetry"), "without the assistance of judgment (which can only be informed and directed by the stated rules), there can be nothing produced entirely beautiful." The observance of the rules made it certain, in the eyes of the neo-classicists, that the fictions of poetry would be kept well within the bounds of the credible; and that for them was an important matter, for whatever could not possibly be believed in must, in their opinion, necessarily be unpleasing.

Romanticism, now—whatever else it may stand for—stands primarily for the exaltation of the imagination over the reason. As for the ultimate end of art, the romanticists took for granted that it was to give pleasure; at any rate, they felt no compelling necessity to be instructive.

Romanticism is thus sharply opposed to neo-classicism on fundamentals. The early romanticists were more or less conscious of this, and as soon as they felt themselves drifting away from the orthodox position, naturally looked about them for support. That they should have turned to Spenser was inevitable. Spenser was the poet who most nearly typified the romantic ideal, and the only English epic poet besides Milton whom Englishmen could venture to place in the same category with Homer and Virgil. The neo-classicists themselves, to be sure, regarded Spenser as, in a way, a classic, but a classic who could not safely be followed in all respects. His exuberant imagination and his fondness for the marvellous offended them. Dryden had said of him that "no man was ever born with a greater genius," but that he should have had a course of reading in "the rules of Bossu" (Dedication of the "Aeneis"); and Rymer had remarked (Preface to Rapin's "Reflections") that "he suffered himself to be misled by Ariosto, with whom blindly rambling on marvellous adventures, he makes no conscience of probability." These judgments were echoed by the smaller fry of critics, and may be accepted as expressing substantially the opinion of the Augustans. Spenser was a poet of the school of Ariosto, and, as Rapin had pointed out ("Reflections on Aristotle," section xi), it was characteristic of those who were "prepossessed by the romantic poetry" of this school that they "regarded no other rules than what the heat of their own genius inspired." But the very qualities in Spenser that displeased the orthodox neo-classicists pleased those who were romantically inclined, as the attitude toward him of the early romantic critics pretty clearly shows.

Of the little group of romantic, or romantically inclined, critics which included the Wartons and Hurd, Hurd is by far the most outspoken in favor of the romantic ideal of art. In his "Dissertation on the Idea of Universal Poetry" he points out that pleasure, not instruction, is the ultimate and appropriate end of poetry, and that poetry, therefore, aims "not to represent the fairest objects only, but to represent them in the fairest lights, and to heighten all their beauties up to the possibility of their nature; nay, to outstrip nature, and to address itself to our wildest fancy, rather than to our judgment and cooler sense." It is not strange, therefore, he further observes, that "of all the forms in which poetry has appeared, that of pagan fable, and Gothic romance should, in their turns, be found the most alluring to the true poet." In the "Letters on Chivalry and Romance," he enlarges on this point, and declares Gothic manners and fictions better adapted to the ends of poetry than classic. Both Spenser and Milton, he points out, are thoroughly imbued with the romantic spirit, though Milton has preferred—after some hesitation, however—to cast his great poem in the classic mould. The fact that the "two greatest of our poets, at least the two which an English reader is most fond to compare with Homer"—Spenser and Milton—are thoroughly romantic in their sympathies and in most of their work, may very well, he observes, "incline us to think with more respect than is commonly done of the Gothic manners . . . as adapted to the uses of the greater poetry." The "Faerie Queene," in particular, he defends against the charges usually brought against it by the classicists, by declaring that it is an epic constructed on Gothic ideas, and, therefore, must be judged according to Gothic rather than classic principles. In so far as the plan of the "Faerie Queene" is bad, it is bad, he says, mainly because Spenser, apparently as an afterthought, endeavored to make it conform to the classic idea of unity by introducing the character of Prince Arthur as the supreme hero. As for the classic objections to the marvellous, he remarks that, though we may properly insist upon a pretty close following of nature in the case of poetry which professes to depict men and manners or which addresses itself directly to the heart, with "the more sublime and creative poetry" the case is different. "This species, addressing itself solely or principally to the imagination, . . . has no need to observe those cautious rules of credibility so necessary to be followed by him who would touch the affections and interest the heart." And he concludes his last letter with the significant remark that, "in spite of philosophy and fashion, Fairy Spenser still ranks highest among the poets; I mean with all those who are either come of that house, or have any kindness for it."

Here, it seems to me, we have the issue between classicism and romanticism pretty sharply defined, and defined, too, in such a way as to indicate that the influence of Spenser counted as a not inconsiderable factor on the side of romanticism.

Edward Fulton.

Urbana, Ill., April 24.

UNCUT LEAVES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *De gustibus non disputandum*—but it may be permitted to an audacious man to express them. So, after reading the complaint of "An Old Student" in this week's *Nation*, I want to proclaim with boldness and strenuousness equal to his and seeking the same wide publicity, that I like the looks of uncut edges; that I like to cut the leaves of a book; that I do not find it a tax on either my time, my muscles, or my nerves to cut my periodicals. Really, Sir, I used to like the *Nation* better when it came uncut.

And, again, I decidedly do not approve of "today," "tonight," and "tomorrow"—vagaries of a "simplified" spelling, which is anything and everything rather than simplified. Even granting the strange assumption of the simplifiers that the chief function of a spelled word is to be spoken, does not the hyphen in "to-day" and its fellows serve a useful purpose? To my ear there is a catch in these words, when pronounced, after the first syllable which approximates the Semitic alif as nearly as anything I know in English. Why not keep the hyphen to indicate it?

This from one who, to forestall the reply of all old students, cheerfully signs himself An Old Fogey.

New York, April 28.

ENGLISH EXTRAORDINARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent issue of an educational magazine there is an interesting article on high school work in English. Written by a university professor of English, it naturally contains pertinent and valuable suggestions. At the same time, it contains some remarkable English sentences. Here is one that is taken from a set of examination questions prepared by the author of the article:

> State very briefly the substance of either one of the "Idylls of the King," or one of Milton's shorter poems, or of a long poem of any other poet except Shakespeare.

The defects in this sentence are too obvious to call for comment, yet they hardly prepare us for the following astonishing exhibition of periodic structure which is to

be found on the same page of the article in question:

In the first place, I speak for my department as a whole though of course not for every individual member of the department, as far as I know, but I think I speak for many more than my own department here at the University as a whole—I think I speak for a good many people who are teaching college English, when I say, that so far as literature is concerned, if when a man or woman comes up here he has learned to read intelligently, and has some general idea of the substance of a certain very few important things, such as for example some general idea of the form of a play as it differs from that of a novel, some general idea of how the reading of poetry differentiates itself emotionally from the reading of prose, and some general idea of the substance of certain two or three or more—it makes no special difference—poems and pieces of prose which he can use as landmarks, more or less as nuclei around which his general knowledge of a period can cluster—if he has that, and if he has in addition to that as clear a knowledge, say, of the history of English literature in its relation to its own time as, let us say by way of illustration, he has of ancient history in general, if he has taken a course in that—if he has these three things, we do not care at all what he has or has not read.

What would a student say of the professor himself as a master of style? Would he readily take as a model the long sentence quoted above, which contains two hundred and fifty-six words? And if his own language should be criticised as inelegant, might he not justly say he had not strained our vernacular as badly as the professor, one of whose sentences reads, "We do not fail a student for his use of hanging participles or split infinitives?" EDMUND H. SEARS.

St. Louis, April 20.

Literature

PROFESSOR FRAZER'S TREATISE ON TOTEMISM.

Totemism and Exogamy. A Treatise on Certain Early Forms of Superstition and Society. By J. G. Frazer, professor of social anthropology in the University of Liverpool. In four volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co. $16 net.

It is a singular and a rather melancholy fact that the rise of an interest in the habits and beliefs of primitive or savage man should have coincided with the opening of a period destined to see their disappearance. Though travellers from Herodotus down to Captain Cook and Catlin and Charles Darwin and Sven Hedin have, from time to time, inquired into and recorded the customs of the aboriginal tribes whom they visited, the systematic study of those customs is a very recent affair, scarcely older than the middle of the nineteenth century, by which time it began to be evident that with the new facilities which steam transportation was providing for the spreading out of the civilized nations, the aboriginal peoples must soon either disappear or be subjugated and transformed. Within the last thirty years, the process of subjugation and transformation has gone on apace. Fifty years hence, it will probably be only in the central forests of Africa and of South America and among Polar snows that there will remain any tribes preserving ancient ways and superstitions, such as those which three thousand years ago prevailed almost everywhere, and five hundred years ago still prevailed over six-sevenths of the globe. Much has been irretrievably lost, because competent observers were not at hand to gather and record the usages of expiring tribes. Much, however, has also been rescued and preserved by travellers who, during the last half-century, have noted and recorded the phenomena on the spot, and by scientific students who have compared and sifted and classified the phenomena so recorded. Among this latter class of collectors and classifiers, no name stands higher than that of Professor Frazer. His famous work on nature superstitions, called "The Golden Bough," published more than twenty years ago, established his reputation for acuteness and penetration, as well as for diligence and accuracy; and his later writings have sustained that reputation.

The present book consists of four parts. It begins with three articles, written, the first in 1887, for the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica; the second and third long afterwards, for the English *Fortnightly Review.* These three are entitled respectively "Totemism," "The Origin of Totemism," and "Beginnings of Religion and Totemism among the Australian Aborigines." These articles fill 172 pages of Volume I. Next follows the main part of the book, called "An Ethnographical Survey of Totemism." It occupies two-thirds of Volume I and the whole of Volumes II and III. Thirdly, we have, in the fourth and concluding volume, the part called "Summary and Conclusion," and the fourth part, called "Notes and Corrections," to which, respectively, 169 and 148 pages are allotted. This singular arrangement gives us three considerable articles which represent an earlier stage of the author's researches and thoughts, followed by a vast accumulation of data, gathered at various times, and by a large number of illustrations, amplifications, and corrections, both of the three articles and of the ethnographic data. One cannot but think that it would have been more satisfactory if the three articles and the summary had been remoulded and expanded so as to include the illustrations and corrections and to represent the author's latest conclusions in a complete and systematized form. We must, however, assume that there were good reasons for this deviation from what might have seemed the obvious scheme of such a book. As indolence is the last charge any one would bring against a scholar so careful and industrious as Mr. Frazer long ago proved himself to be, there must evidently have been other grounds prescribing the scheme we find.

The most novel, and so far the most important, part of the work is the vast collection of facts regarding these institutions—totemism and exogamy—which fill about two-thirds of these four bulky volumes. Totemism, let it be said in passing, is defined by Mr. Frazer as "the intimate relation which is supposed to exist between a group of kindred people on the one side and a species of natural or artificial objects on the other side, which objects are called the totems of the human group." Exogamy, of course, is the rule which forbids a man belonging to a particular clan or other kindred group to marry a woman belonging to the same group. The facts make reading which is curious, and indeed even fascinating in the light they throw on primitive or savage man, and in the many obscure problems which they raise, some of which our author does not claim to have solved. Some, indeed, may appear to be, in the present state of our knowledge, insoluble. The data have been gathered from the observations of many travellers in many parts of the world. Till we had perused the elaborate table of contents we had not, and we suspect that few people have, realized the very wide diffusion of both institutions and their existence in very similar forms in tribes so different not only in physical and linguistic character, but also in the scale of civilization they have reached, as are the Iroquois of North America, compared with the aborigines of Central Australia, who are among the most backward of all savages. The most abundant data for the study of totemistic customs are furnished by the Australian tribes and by those Red Indians of North America who dwelt east of the Rocky Mountains, for among both of these it seems to be virtually universal. But there is also plenty of evidence of the presence of the institution in New Guinea and other islands of the Eastern Archipelago (traces have been noted in the Philippines), in the island groups of the Pacific, in South Africa, and East Africa among the Bantu races, as well as in West Africa among some of the various negro groups. It is found in India and among the Indo-Chinese of the Siamese peninsula; as also in parts of Northern Asia. One may indeed say, surveying the savage and barbarous peoples generally, that it is only in America among some of the Pacific slope tribes as well as among the Eskimos and other tribes of the farthest north, in Eastern Asia, and perhaps also in North Africa that totemism does not exist, or has not at some time existed. There are, indeed, far fewer evidences of it among the Indians of Central and South America than there are in North America,

where it is widespread; but it must be remembered that the customs of the South American races have been less fully studied. Whether it formerly existed among the Semitic peoples and among the ancestors of the Celts and the Teutons and the Italo-Hellenic races is deemed by Mr. Frazer to be very doubtful. Traces may be noted here and there of animal worship and peculiar customs connected with animals and plants which point that way. An inquirer so able and acute as Salomon Reinach discovers it among the Celts and Greeks; and the late Prof. William Robertson Smith, one of the most powerful and well-stored minds of his generation, gave strong grounds in his "Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia" for recognizing it as formerly fully developed among at least one great branch of the Semitic race. Mr. Gomme points out relics of it in Britain; N. W. Thomas detects it in Wales (see references to these writers in Vol. IV, 13). Mr. Frazer is, however, deterred from accepting these suggestions by the absence among the peoples referred to of any evidence of a classificatory system of relationship. About ancient Egypt, however, there can be no doubt. Herodotus described totemism without knowing what it was, and the Romans were disgusted by something of the kind among their Egyptian subjects as late as the days of Juvenal.

This remarkably wide diffusion of a singular institution, the singularity of which can be duly appreciated only by examining it in those details so copiously supplied in these volumes, suggests the question whether it has been spread from one race to another by way of imitation, or has been a natural growth, springing up independently in divers parts of the world. Our author holds the latter view, moved thereto by a consideration of the difficulty of supposing that races so far removed from one another and so divided by vast oceans as the Australian aborigines are from those of Africa and North America, could have formed such customs by means of any borrowing. This conclusion, which seems to be a just one, points to a significant observation and suggests an important question. The observation is that we must beware of assuming that the various linguistic or ethnical groups of mankind have each of them a special and distinctive set of superstitions, or beliefs, or institutions. Just as similar folk-lore tales are found among peoples very dissimilar and remote in place from one another, just as similar games are found played by men of races which must have become separated from any common stock at points of time immeasurably distant, so similar institutions also are found among very diverse races. Thirty years ago, there was a school of historians who, pointing to the Homeric agora, and the Roman comitia, and the Teutonic folk-mot, treated the institution of a popular assembly of the tribe meeting under its chief as being characteristic of the so-called "Aryan" peoples. But we now know that the Kaffirs of South Africa have such meetings, just as the early Teutons and the early Greeks had; and it is quite likely that similar meetings exist or have existed among other uncivilized races also. There are, indeed, traces of them among the aborigines of America. We may safely conclude that they are human, not Aryan, institutions. The time has come when it must be recognized among mankind everywhere that a tendency exists for similar conditions of life and similar mental qualities or habits to give birth to similar beliefs, usages, institutions, even where the races and the stages of civilization are unlike.

The question which naturally follows is: What have been the tendencies or causes which produced in so many different tribes the peculiar and, to a civilized modern eye, absurd and fantastic notions and customs in which totemism and exogamy are rooted? To this question, our author addresses himself in the Summary and Conclusion of the fourth volume, giving an interesting explanation and criticism of the many hypotheses advanced and finally propounding one of his own. It is too elaborate and involves too much knowledge of the facts belonging to the totem system, to be adequately summarized here, but the kernel of it is this: To the eye of savage man every object, be it an animal or a plant or perhaps even an inanimate thing, is the dwelling place of a spirit. The mother connects with her child the spirit of the object with which she happens to have been in close proximity at the moment when she first knows that she is likely to become a mother. Such an association of child with the spirit of an object has been noted in the case of some Australian tribes: Mr. Frazer thinks it may have been a very general phenomenon. His hypothesis, although far preferable to the trivial explanations suggested by H. Spencer and Sir John Lubbock, explanations which may safely be rejected, seems to rest at present on a basis of observation too narrow, too much confined to one Australian tribe group, to be convincing. Mr. Frazer justly observes that it is a mistake to speak of totemism as a religion, and to assume that it "normally and necessarily develops into a worship of anthropomorphic deities, with sacred plants and animals for their attributes." The totem, animal or plant, is not a higher power, but rather a brother or comrade of the members of the totem class. Accordingly, he observes, indulging in what may seem a somewhat fanciful vein of reflection, totemism is essentially democratic. It is with magic, not with the worship, of a higher power, that we find it associated in savage communities. When kingship grows up, reverence for superior spiritual beings is its natural companion, and that awe grows into religion.

Of exogamy and its relations to totemism, to which Mr. Frazer thinks it later in time, we have left ourselves no space to speak. In handling it, Mr. Frazer pays a deserved tribute to that most distinguished of American ethnologists, L. H. Morgan, whose discovery of the classificatory systems of relationship among the Indians of the Pacific Slope opened up a theretofore unexplored field of inquiry, and cast a flood of new light upon many parts of the life of primitive man. The other scholar to whom like praise is due is the Scotch lawyer, John F. McLennan, of whom Mr. Frazer counts himself a disciple. Though he declines to adopt several of McLennan's views, he recognizes that remarkable man as the first person who saw and pointed out the importance both of totemic customs and of exogamy. How much the investigation started by these men has accomplished in enabling us to understand what sort of creatures our remote ancestors were, may be collected from the curious illustrations of savage usages heaped together in these volumes. Yet Mr. Frazer remarks, and probably with truth, that totemism itself need not have belonged to the earliest period in which our ancestors could be described as men. It may very well have grown up in a comparatively advanced period, when society, emerging from a semi-brutish state, had begun to give itself a sort of organization.

CURRENT FICTION.

Demeter's Daughter. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Co.

We now know so well what we are to expect of this writer, that there should seem to be little room left for curious anticipation. To take up a new book by Mr. Phillpotts is not to experience the pleasant thrill with which more versatile performers are greeted. On the other hand, qualms are unnecessary. We know that nothing trivial or perfunctory is about to be offered to us, but a serious interpretation of human experience in a setting which permits the freest action of the interpreter's fancy. Why the imagination of Mr. Phillpotts is most at home among the plain folk at Dartmoor, so that they come to stand, for him, in the place of all humanity, nobody can say. But it is certain that his rare excursions from that field have resulted in inferior work.

"Demeter's Daughter" is a story most closely comparable to "The Whirlwind" and "The Thief of Virtue." It is not,

that is to say, what would be called a pretty story. So far as events can make her so, Alison Cleave is a sorry victim. In her natural fruitfulness, wholesomeness, industry, and patience she is the worthy daughter of the earth-mother. Yet there is little joy or even comfort for her in human experience. As a girl she has made a runaway match with a handsome but worthless young thatcher. He is by nature as idle and irresponsible as a faun, and in middle age takes advantage of a trifling accident to become the drone of the family. Alison has borne him several children, several of whom are now grown up. The story begins at a moment when a series of petty chances bring the family beyond the edge of poverty, to sheer pennilessness. The mother, whose courage has never failed, exerts herself to find work for them all, and to save the home. Success promises at first, but it is really the beginning of the end. The eldest son, who inherits his father's nature, turns out to be a knave. The second son, who resembles Alison, enters the army, and is shot in South Africa. Finally, the worthless husband strips her of the one cherished possession which remains to her—belief in his love and fidelity. A fitting end to the piteous tale is the virtual murder of poor Alison by her drunken husband. Nothing, you say, could be more dispiriting than this: why read of such things? It is Mr. Phillpotts's remarkable virtue to be able to make of such material not a mere sordid record of horrors, but an infinitely touching commentary on human nature and experience. The volume is fitly dedicated to Mr. Howells.

Bawbee Jock. By Amy McLaren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The sweet-pretty story of the Victorian school is becoming a rare thing in the current market. Most of our lady romancers have become enlightened, let us not say to the point of cynicism, but in the direction of naturalism, at least. The popularity of a writer like Mrs. De la Pasture, however, proves that there is still an audience for the spinsters and the knitters in the sun, whenever they are sufficiently courageous to utter their tales of silly sooth. "Love in a cottage if necessary, but thank heaven it seldom is," might be taken as the motto of this classic type of fiction. "Bawbee Jock" plays up to the requirements in every way. Bawbee Jock is the hero, a highland chieftain of reduced means; and the heroine is Angela, a lovely English lass destined to become Mrs. Jock from the beginning of the world. Angela is the pretty and sweet and feminine and coquettish and rather silly young person who figured in the Annuals of the sixties with a dove on one finger. Her hope all her life (extending to her twenty-first year) has been to meet the knight of her dreams, but though she has had many, many suitors, her heart has never, etc. Jock is the fine, big, manly fellow who is sacrificing himself for an unworthy younger brother, and is on the verge of breaking the entail (what would British fiction be without the entail?) to satisfy that rapacious person's demands. But Angela comes upon the scene, and Jock (who has never noticed a woman before) succumbs at first sight. It only remains for them to go through the necessary pleasant manœuvres of an old-fashioned courtship; for the happy day to arrive at last, attended with a highland wedding and all the rustic honors; for a son and heir to be born—almost at the cost of frail Angela's life—making the removal of the entail impossible; and, finally, for Angela to turn out to be an heiress, capable of restoring the ancestral domain to its proper glories. What more can one ask?

The Canon in Residence. By Victor L. Whitechurch. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

The plight of a prim, middle-aged clergyman travelling in Switzerland, whose clerical wardrobe is abstracted overnight from his hotel room and replaced by a sporting man's garish outfit, might have provided a light-minded fictionist with enough comic interest to furnish forth a good short story. Taken seriously, and at length, the far-reaching consequences of the practical joke amount to the dullest possible novel. Strong stress is laid on the moral benefit which Canon-elect Smith derived from wearing a "loud checked suit" during a four days' stay at St. Moritz—his wonderful gain in insight into the lay mind, his emancipation from the shackles of ecclesiastical convention, all dating from the Alpine holiday when he wore "mufti" and tobogganed hilariously with the "Cheshire cats." This growth in grace enables him, returned to England and entering upon his new duties at Frattenbury Cathedral, to combat the "deadening influence of the close, and its narrow-visioned clique"—personified in a hypocritical dean and three prying spinsters—together with Frattenbury's corrupt municipal policy—embodied in the fat person of its chief magistrate, a knighted brewer. His ensuing unpopularity with the powers of church and state is aggravated, and his reputation darkened by rumors of the attention attracted on the Riviera by a faultlessly attired, but ill-conducted "Rev. John Smith," until the charitable use of a banknote found in the pocket of the loud checked suit comfortably clears up the embroglio. The perpetrator of the trick, a shameless bank-robber who borrowed the canon's clothes in order to elude the police, is brought to justice—the canon seeing him off to prison like a man and brother—and tardy peace descends upon the scandal-racked community of the cathedral close.

Wells Brothers, the Young Cattle Kings. By Andy Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The writer of this story began his writing a few years ago with "The Log of a Cowboy," a book which, since he himself had been a cowboy for a long time, had a certain stamp of freshness and force. His later books, as his consciousness of "literary" activity has steadily increased, have declined in naturalness. The case is something like that of A. H. Bullen, whose "Cruise of the Cachalot" gave him a public which has not been increased by his subsequent books. We suppose even Othello might have turned out a bore in print after he had exhausted the record of his personal adventures. It is to be feared that Mr. Adams has abandoned the range for authorship. From the internal evidence of this book it may be supposed that he deliberately set out to write a "boy's story." His style closely resembles that of Messrs. Castlemon, Alger & Co. His cowmen and boys speak a lingo compounded of plains slang and stilted bookish speech.

> "What is the reason," inquired Joel, "that so many cattle are leaving your State for the upper country?"
>
> "The reasons are numerous and valid," replied the elder cowman. "It's the natural outgrowth or expansion of the pastoral interests of our State."
>
> "There is also an economic reason for the present exodus of cattle," added the young man. . . .

Perhaps we ought to go back to the Rollo books, and the conversation of the inspired Jonas, for our sources here. The Wells Brothers are left alone, at sixteen and fourteen, on a poor farm in good cattle country; and in three years become wealthy cattlemen.

A STUDY OF INCOMES.

The Industrial System. An Inquiry into Earned and Unearned Income. By J. A. Hobson. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. New and revised edition. $2 net.

Under this title, Mr. Hobson virtually reprints a number of chapters whose essential contents have appeared in his "Evolution of Modern Capitalism," his "Distribution of Wealth," and in his other economic writings. Thus chapters i, ii, viii, ix, xi, xii, xv, and xix may be eliminated from special consideration in this review, and attention may be concentrated on the eleven remaining chapters which have to do with earned and unearned income.

The first criticism in order is grammatical in character. Mr. Hobson apparently does not appreciate that "earn-

ed" and "unearned" are *past participles*. The hod-carrier who sings:

> Oi've worked eight hours this day,
> An' oi think oi've earned me pay,

had an appreciation of the connotation of "earned" of which the British economist is quite innocent. It may, of course, be proper to distinguish incomes whose use will be socially beneficial from those incomes whose use will be socially detrimental. But the contrast should be pointed by employing terms whose connotation and reference are future, not past.

Mr. Hobson has founded his conception of the socially desirable character of certain forms of industrial remuneration upon an admittedly biological parallel, that is to say, upon the laws of maintenance and growth of a "biological organism which provides itself with food to repair its waste of tissue and of energy, and to provide for its growth" (p. 76). This biological prepossession furnishes the key to his novel economic terminology. "Costs are that part of the product . . . necessary . . . to maintain the current output of productive energy in a factor of production." The residue of the product is surplus. But the surplus is subdivisible (on much the same principle as the Rooseveltian division of trusts into the "good" and the "bad") into "productive surplus" and "unproductive surplus." The productive surplus goes to create an "increase of industrial structure or power." Thus, savings that augment necessary plant and appliances of production, or profit that stimulates the entrepreneur to renewed putting forth of ability, or wage which releases latent labor power—all these are parts of the productive surplus. The "unproductive surplus" covers payments in the "form of rent, excessive interest, profit, or salary" in excess of what is needed to procure "an increase of industrial structure or power." The unproductive surplus is identified with unearned income, and constitutes the "direful spring" of the "woes unnumbered" of industrial society. "If there were no surplus there would be industrial peace, for necessary payments would absorb the product" (p. 79). One is entitled to ask, *en passant*, why the biological oracles should furnish so admirable an analogy for classifying laudable incomes ("costs" and "productive surpluses"), and should be wholly dumb when asked to furnish a congener to the malevolent "unproductive surplus." Possibly parasitism is the analogy; but, if so, the relative size of parasite and host seems quite different in biology and economics.

The "unproductive surplus," *alias* unearned income, is the target of Mr. Hobson's shafts. It accounts for unemployment and industrial crises (p. 294); its existence justifies the labor movement (p. 211); it is the one indispensable source from which to obtain taxrevenue, and so "of supreme significance in public finance" (p. 227). The substantiation of these awkward propositions leaves much to be desired.

The unproductive surplus, or unearned income, is indicted as responsible for cyclical unemployment and crises, because such income is either spent for goods whimsically and temporarily demanded, or because unearned income is "saved" to excess. The old argument is revamped that excessive saving leads to the creation of more productive appliances than are requisite; that when the productive appliances create consumption goods, the lack of demand for the consumption goods leaves "the machinery of industry . . . congested and clogged" (p. 52). It is not explained why the excessive appliances for production that result from the excessive saving of unearned income must create consumption goods exclusively. The excessive saving that takes the form of a machine shop will turn out machinery; and if the excessive saving issues in an augmented demand for productive appliances rather than for consumption goods, it is difficult to see why the machinery of industry must become "congested and clogged." It is doubtless perfectly possible for a community to make a mistaken distribution of its productive power; and to devote a disproportionate amount of this power for the time being either to the creation of commodities for immediate consumption or to the creation of appliances for future production. But that "unearned incomes" (in Mr. Hobson's view) are exclusively or mainly culpable in promoting one extreme or the other does not seem to follow. If the recipient of unearned income spends it now on champagne and now on motor cars, Mr. Hobson charges him with "irregular spending" (p. 307), and impairing "the regularity of employment" (p. 307). If the culprit does not spend but saves, he is charged with congesting and clogging the machinery of industry.

As regards the labor movement, Mr. Hobson finds its justification, not in collective bargaining which goes only a short way apparently, inasmuch as "the modern organization of capital . . . is able to offer successful resistance in most industrial fields to the more important demands of labor" (p. 215); but in its ability to *raid* the surplus (unearned income) concealed in profits:

> If . . . no surplus exists which labor can secure by organization, trade unionism inflicts a two-fold damage on the unorganized workers, keeping down their wages and raising the prices they must pay for goods produced under trade union conditions (p. 207).

If this be true, it is incumbent on Mr. Hobson to prove that, monopoly apart, profit conceals such surpluses. The view commonly entertained by those who obtain profits is that their remuneration is a closely-clipped competitive wage.

As regards taxation, Mr. Hobson seems to us grossly to exaggerate the magnitude of what he calls surplus or unearned income. The practical expedients he urges, such as the abandonment of "collection at the source" and the substitution of a "personal collection enforced by compulsory declaration of all incomes" (p. 241), under adequate penalties for failure to comply, quite remove him from the category of practical financiers.

The merits of the volume—and they are not few nor hard to find—are his incisive criticism of the theory of distribution, through the specific productivity of separate productive agents (p. 106 sq), and his analysis of markets, of price-movements and of industrial morphology generally; upon his main contention, the discrimination of earned from unearned incomes, and upon his financial projects based thereupon, the verdict must be emphatically adverse.

The Patient Observer. By Simeon Strunsky. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

Humor and satire seeking their prey in the American jungle are wont to stalk in the skin of a caustic Irishman, an eccentric German, or a naïve Oriental—as if we could learn to see ourselves as others see us only through alien eyes. The ruse is hardly complimentary to American insight and candor. The most salutary, civilized, and humane ridicule is the direct self-ridicule that rises spontaneously from self-knowledge—the internal dawning and tolerant acknowledgment of the fact that one has been, like the queen of faëry, "enamoured of an ass." For this reason we welcome Mr. Strunsky's Patient Observer—a plain, average man of the city with a centre of good sense, who, exploiting neither an eccentric dialect nor personality, seeks the comic "thing-in-itself," and makes his satirical inductions with the touches of nature collected between his front door and his desk. The Patient Observer is a newspaper man, which means that he is the mouthpiece of Everyman and the medium for the eternal follies in their latest and most piquant disguises. Through him the newest quackery of the physician speaks, the fanaticism of the athlete, the unspirituality of the clergyman, the sensationalism of the journalist, the logic of the suffragette, the philosophy of the interpretative dancer, the cheerful mendacity of the commuter, and the prestidigitation of the politician. But he, disillusioned purveyor of illusions and passionless vehicle of passions, looks on from his centre of common sense with quiet, satirical, slightly cynical eye,

marking for his own the mirth-provoking absurdities of the pageant.

He is perhaps at his best when in the spirit of the old-fashioned "character" writers he portrays with a touch of both irony and pathos one of the types created by the pressure of city life and the exigencies of modern civilization. Such is Wallabout Smith—a respectable but not affluent New York business man who performs with a kind of humdrum fortitude, a wearied but unflagging patience, his duties to his employer and to his large family. Smith supports in his suburban home a wife who aspires to culture; and he is the father of four sons and two daughters—for which cause a former President of the United States has declared that he has "done more for his country than all the laws enacted by the Legislatures of all the New England and Middle Atlantic States since the Spanish-American war."

The ex-Presidential limelight has made Wallabout Smith an "eminent American." "How well-known men do their work," says the ironical Observer, "has always interested the public." Here is a sample of the stuff of Smith's life:

It was his habit to spend a good part of his day in New York city. He would rise about six o'clock every week day in the year, and, snatching a hasty breakfast, would make his way to the railroad station, pausing now and then in perplexity as he tried to recall what it was his wife had asked him to bring home from town. Sometimes he would catch his train and sometimes he would not. Arrived at his office he would remove his coat, and, putting on a black alpaca jacket, to which he was greatly attached, he would proceed to glance over, check, and transcribe the contents of a large number of bills and vouchers representing the daily transactions of a very prosperous commercial enterprise in which he had no proprietary interest. The day's work would be pleasantly broken up by frequent inquiries from the general manager's office. Every now and then a fellow-worker would take a moment from his duties to ask Wallabout Smith how his lawn was getting on. Sometimes he would be summoned to the telephone, only to learn that Central had called the wrong number. Lunch was a matter of a few minutes. At 5:30 every afternoon Wallabout Smith exchanged his alpaca jacket for his street coat, with a fine sense of weariness, and the secure conviction that the next morning would find the same task waiting for him on his table. "I have no hesitation in stating," Smith would frequently say, "that some of the busiest hours of my life have been spent at my office desk."

The merit of Mr. Strunsky's sketches is somewhat unequal, occasionally the brush is roughly applied, the humor deciduous. But a considerable body of work remains which is of more than passing interest—work informed with the fresh observation of the journalist and subtilized by the finer sympathy and humor of the elder essayists. We commend to the gentle reader "On Living in Brooklyn," "The Cadence of the Crowd," "When a Man Marries," "An Eminent American," and "Behind the Times."

Notes

A restatement by the late William James of his position in philosophy, being uncompleted documents, will be issued this spring by Longmans, Green & Co.

Hougbton Mifflin will issue May 6: "Harriet Beecher Stowe: The Story of Her Life," by Charles E. and Lyman Beecher Stowe; "Orphans," by Helen Dawes Brown; "Religion and Immortality," by G. Lowes Dickinson; "Complete Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe," an entirely new text, edited by J. H. Whitty; "A Study of Versification," by Brander Matthews, and "Teaching Poetry in the Grades," by Agnes G. Smith and Margaret W. Haliburton.

Mrs. Carter Harrison is publishing through McClurg a new book of fairy tales. The same firm hopes to have ready in the autumn "Briefs for High-School Debates," by E. C. Robbins.

Paul Elder & Co. have nearly ready "Comfort Found in Good Old Books," by George Hamlin Fitch.

The Robert Clarke Co. of Cincinnati promises for early May "The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul, the Findings of Natural Science Reduced to Practical Studies in Psychology," by Dr. J. D. Buck.

Selections from the works of H. G. Wells have been made by Mrs. Marriott Watson for the purpose of a calendar, after the manner of the G. B. S. Calendar. The publisher will be Frank Palmer.

Two unfinished manuscripts by Thackeray bave been discovered by his daughter, Lady Ritchie. One, "The Knights of Borsellen," is part of a medlæval romance, having the author's own drawings; the other, "Cockney Travels," is an account of tours by coach and rail in the west of England about 1842. The new material will appear in *Harper's Magazine* and in the *Cornhill Magazine* before it is included in the Centenary Biographical edition of Thackeray's works.

Publications of the Selden Society for 1910, which are about to be issued, will bear the title, "Select Cases in the Star Chamber: Vol. II. A. D. 1509-'44," edited by J. S. Leadam, with Introduction.

The Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, a series of new books, by eminent authorities, at a moderate price (75 cents a volume), and specially written for the layman and student, will be inaugurated in May, by the publication, over the imprint of Henry Holt & Co., of the first ten volumes. The editors are Prof. Gilbert Murray of Oxford University, Herbert Fisher of Oxford University, Prof. J. Arthur Thomson of the University of Aberdeen, and Prof. William T. Brewster of Columbia University.

Among the first ten volumes are found: "The French Revolution," by Hillaire Belloc; "The Irish Nationality," by Mrs. J. R. Green; "A History of War and Peace," by G. H. Perris; "The Socialist Movement," by J. Ramsay MacDonald, chairman of the British Labor party; "The Stock Exchange," by F. W. Hirst; "Modern Geography," by Dr. Marion Newbegin; "Polar Exploration," by Dr. W. S. Bruce, and "Parliament," by Sir Courtenay P. Ilbert.

Charles Malcolm Flandrau's volume of essays entitled "Prejudices," will be brought out in May by the Appletons.

The "Jeune Roman" prize of 3,000 francs was won this year by Jean Balde, autbor of "Les Ebauches."

The Dickens Committee of England, including Lord Alverstone, Andrew Lang, and other well-known names, has sent out an appeal to lovers of Dickens in America to contribute to the support of his descendants, many of whom are in straitened circumstances. The committee adds:

It is proposed to collect this fund tbrough the sale of a centenary book-plate known as the Dickens stamp, which is to be obtained at the price of two cents, from all booksellers and stationers who are interested in this scheme. These stamps are to be affixed to every copy of Dickens. This movement has already received the support, in this country, of all classes from his Majesty the King to those in lowly walks of life.

"Nowhere do nature and tbe savage combine to make exploration work so difficult and so risky as in the remote corners of the South American continent," says Major P. H. Fawcett in an account (in the *Geographical Journal* for April), of his last year's experiences while delimiting the new frontier between Bolivia and Peru. He prophesies a boom on the rich gold belts of southern Peru and all Bolivia east of tbe Andes when the Panama Canal is opened, adding that "in southern Bolivia exists also what is probably the richest tin region in the world, the vast bulk of it unworked yet for the want of capital and difficulty of transport." Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell describes the natural features of Labrador, where he has been the superintendent of the medical mission since 1892. He dwells upon the "vegetation of our enormous wild garden," the berry crops of which he believes cannot be excelled. He also hopes that through the reindeer, 3,000,000 of which could easily be supported there, it will be a "meat-supply to the world." In a fully illustrated report of tbe "Michael Sars" north Atlantic deep-sea expedition, 1910, Dr. Johan Hjort, its leader, says that by far the greatest animal life was found at a depth of 300 metres and virtually nothing at the lowest depths.

As a check against various errors and "corrections" that had crept into the text of the King James Bible, the University of Oxford, in 1833, published an accurate line for line reprint of the *editio princeps* of 1611. This reprint has now been reproduced by a mechanical process and published in a convenient volume at the University Press. The type in this reproduction is small and has a little of that blurred look which commonly goes with the mechanical process, but for reference and comparison, not for continuous reading, the book was intended, and for this purpose its absolute accuracy is all sufficient. In a Bibliographical Introduction of some length Alfred W. Pollard gives a remarkably clear history of the various translations from the Wyclif (or more properly Wycliffite, for the work was only done under Wyclif's direction) to the authorized version of King James.

In another volume, "Records of the English Bible," Mr. Pollard prints this same introduction and then gives a literal reprint of the documents relating to the translation and publication of the various English Bibles between 1525 and 1611. When an old translation of a Latin document exists, as in the case of those preserved by Fox, he gives this together with the Latin; when no such translation exists, he adds his own version. On the whole, the perusal of these letters, promulgations, prefaces, reports, etc., in this consecutive and convenient form will add surprisingly to the vividness of a drama even for those who thought themselves already well versed in Biblical history. Some of the documents, moreover, were by no means easy of access until printed in this collection. Mr. Pollard observes that the record as a whole brings out the strong element of politics that influenced those who were trying to introduce and those who were trying to suppress the English versions. This appears to us true in a way; but it was politics of a peculiar sort. Those in high authority seem to us to have been in general much perplexed by the whole movement. The radical party were undoubtedly led on by their dislike of self-continuing institutions, and to this end were ready to do a certain violence to the language; Tyndal, for instance, dropped the word *priest* commonly and etymologically used for *presbyter*, and substituted the word *elder*, dropping *church* also and substituting *congregation*. One of the amusing documents in the present collection is a letter (Brit. Mus. Cotton MS.) from Robert Ridley, chaplain to the Bishop of London, to Henry Gold, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which the pious horror of the writer vents itself in incoherent English and Latin. He begins:

Maister gold I hartly commaunde me vnto you, as concernyng this common & vulgare translation of the new testament in to englishe, doon by M. William hichyns, other wais called M. W. tyndale & frear William roy, manifest lutheranes heretikes & apostates.

Chaplain Ridley informs Chaplain Gold that Tyndale's notes and introduction are "al to gither most posoned & abhominahle hereses that can be thowt." He continues:

By this translation shal we losse al thies christian wordes, penance, charite, confession, grace, prest, chirche, which he alway calleth a congregation, quasi turcharum et brutorum nulla esset congregatio nisi velit illorum etiam esse ecclesiam.

The drama closes with the statement of the translators of the authorized version:

Lastly, we haue on the one side auoided the scrupulositie of the Puritanes, who leaue the olde Ecclesiasticall words, and betake them to other, as when they put *washing* for *Baptisme*, and *Congregation* in stead of *Church:* as also on the other side we haue shunned the obscuritie of the Papists, in their *Azimes Tunike*. . . .

A valid objection against several of the modern parallel Bibles and compilations of the Old Testament literature, that they extend over several bulky and expensive volumes, does not obtain in the case of "The Old Testament Narrative," by Alfred Dwight Sheffield (Houghton Mifflin). By omitting all duplicate passages, as well as the propbecies, laws, and Psalms which contain no historical narratives, Mr. Sheffield has brought the Old Testament history within the compass of a single convenient volume. The material is separated into chapters and sections, with appropriate headings, and arranged in the order of events, without regard to the position of the various passages in the Bible as usually printed. Glosses are cut out, and where several narratives of the same event occur, the passage most important for the understanding of the history is chosen. The result is that one follows easily the Hebrew historical narratives from the early stories to the restoration of the temple services under the Maccabees. The King James version is employed, with necessary corrections. The notes are brief and are confined to explanations essential to the understanding of the text. In these explanations and in the arrangement of the material the results of historical criticism are assumed. The attempts to popularize knowledge of the Bible by novel ways of printing it are numerous, and Mr. Sheffield's is one of the most convenient, but none of these devices will compensate for a parent who takes down the old King James version for a chapter every morning.

"The Ideal Italian Tour" (Houghton Mifflin), by Henry James Forman, is an illustrated pocket volume bound in red leather, and is intended as a supplementary guide to persons doing their Italy with dispatch. Mr. Forman has brought together about the amount of history and criticism that a hasty, yet not careless, tourist, can absorb *en route*. The idea of a pocket manual of Italian history, legend, and art is an excellent one, and in the main the attempt is successful, though the traveller who prefers Orvieto or Perugia to Siena as halting places, is left without counsel. The proofreading of Italian names is bad, and there are many inadvertences, not to mention a disposition to credit the tales of local ciceroni. No visitor, unless the situation has recently changed, can see the Cavallinis in Sta. Cecilia in Trastevere without a ministerial permit, nor is Cavallini "Giotto's pupil." It would be hard to discover anything of Giotto in the Pisan Campo Santo. Correggio's Danae should certainly be seen even by the hurried visitor to the Casino Borgbese. In general, the book needs considerable revision in the direction of sobriety and accuracy.

The fifth volume of the collected works of Ambrose Bierce ("Black Beetles in Amber," Neale), contains three hundred and eighty pages of criticism in more or less successful verse of persons, chiefly unknown to fame, who seem to have diversified the history of the Pacific Coast. Mr. Bierce argues soundly in the preface that dead beetles may be as obscure as they will, it is the amber that insures their immortality, and rests his defence of the existence of this book on the practice of Aristophanes, Horace, Dryden, and others. While granting Mr. Bierce's law, the impartial reader will be obliged to decide that an unfortunate fundamental difference between the present case and those cited makes them irrelevant here.

The first impression made by Count Fritz Hochberg's journal, "An Eastern Voyage" (Dutton), is one of amazement that it should have been published. The daily incidents recounted and the comments on them are often excessively trivial and sometimes vulgar. Nor has it the excuse of being a description of little-known regions, for he rarely leaves the well-beaten track of the globe-trotter. But the persevering reader will find so much that is really entertaining in the outspoken record that he will simply regret that it had not been carefully edited before publication. The personality of the count is strongly brought out, and is generally agreeable and amusing. The journal begins with his departure from Southampton in October, 1907, and ends at Japan a year later, the other countries visited being Australia, New Zealand, Burmah, and India. A day was spent at Manila, during which he reached the conviction, from the "brooding, defiant, dissatisfied, yet half-melancholy atmosphere," that the people, "should the occasion present itself," will "shake themselves free of the unwanted, thoroughly-hated American government." It is evident that he is in sympathy with them, for, in another place, he gives it as his opinion that America is not "a country for civilized Christians to travel in" (Vol. I, p. 175). And, again, "No American can ever be a lady, even if she gives herself the airs of one" (Vol. II, p. 275). The most enjoyable parts of the journal are those in which he describes his wanderings amid the mountains of Kashmir and his experiences in Japan. He is most enthusiastic in his admiration of the Japanese, predicting a great future for them. The illustrations consist of reproductions in color of twenty-five of his sketches and forty-eight photographs, some of which are beautiful.

The Bostonian Society has just issued Volume VII of its publications, in which subjects of more than mere local concern are treated. An interesting episode in the history of Maine, for instance, is narrated, in the "Dutch Pirates in Boston," by the Rev. G. M. Bodge. In 1674, a Dutch frigate captured Castine and the forts and trading posts as far as the St. John's River, and the captain "proclaimed the dominion of the Prince of Orange" over this part of Acadie. On learning of this some Boston men sailed in two vessels, flying the Dutch flag, for New Holland, as it was now called, and captured four English vessels which, it was contended, were engaged in unlawful trade. Complaint was made and an expedition was sent from Boston which took the offenders prisoners, several of whom were found guilty of piracy and condemned to death. In telling the "Story of Boston Light," which is "one of the oldest of the famous lighthouses of the modern world," Fitz-Henry Smith, jr., says that an attempt to erect lightning conductors about 1785 "was opposed by several of the godly men of those days, who thought it vanity and irreligion for the arm of flesh to presume to avert the stroke of heaven." The opposition was overcome by the lightning itself, according to an article in the *Massachusetts Magazine* for February, 1789, for "necessity prevailed over the consciences of our faithful fathers, and the invention of Franklin was employed."

The recently established Mohammedanisches Seminar in Potsdam, far from being an institution exclusively devoted to the preparation of young men for mission work in Moslem countries, has higher aims and intends to apply scientific methods to the study of modern Mohammedan life and thought. Among the courses announced for the coming summer semester are some on the interpretation of the Koran; on Sufistic philosophy; on the organization and

the practices of the order of the Dervishes; on the life of Mohammed and the history of Arabic poetry, to which is added practical instruction in the Persian, the Turkish, and the Armenian languages.

The special committee appointed by the Russian Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg to investigate the advisability of introducing the Gregorian calendar in Russia has reported that the adoption of the new style would be out of the question for that country, but that a simplified calendar is a desideratum. The Russian government will propose to the other Powers an international convention for the attainment of this latter purpose.

Recent statistics report at the sixteen universities of France a total enrolment of 40,001 matriculated students. The law faculties have 16,915, the medical 9,721, the philological 6,363, and the natural science departments 6,287. During the same semester, Germany had 54,845 regular university students; but in this case philosophy, philology, and history headed the list, with 15,475 students. Germany had about the same number of medical students as France, namely, 9,462; but, as compared with the 16,915 law students in France, Germany had only 11,323, and the attendance in this department is rapidly decreasing at German universities.

The Rev. Dr. Peter Henry Streenstra, for forty years professor of Old Testament literature and interpretation at the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., died suddenly at his country home in Robbinston, Me., just a week ago. He was born in Holland in 1833, but came to this country as a boy. He was well-known for his book, "The Being of God as Unity and Trinity."

Science

Dry Farming. By John A. Widtsoe. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

It is a far cry from Jethro Tull's "Horse-Hoing Husbandry" to the latest volume in the Rural Science Series. The reviewer's copy of the former is of 1733, and yet modern dry-farmers trace the beginning of their science to Tull and his machines. So much of the Englishman's science as was taken to our West, to Australia, and to South Africa caused the development in different localities of very similar systems, which have a common basis in theory and fact. Recent practice, which is becoming more and more uniform all over the world, is now summarized at considerable length in "Dry Farming."

We are so accustomed to age-long conditions that we do not realize that man maintains himself on less than half of the earth's surface. Statistics show that 65 per cent. of the globe receives so little rain that it will not bear crops by ordinary methods of tillage, and that but 10 per cent. can be reclaimed by irrigation. Nevertheless, modern dry-farming is able to reclaim 30 per cent. of the whole, with every chance that newer methods will constantly widen the area of its effectiveness. Many of these arid areas are far from civilized influences; but when we consider that in the United States six hundred million acres, and in Australia a billion and a quarter acres, have the possibility of producing thirty bushels of wheat per acre every other year, we may realize that the race is as yet far from the end of its resources. This production would result from a rainfall of between ten and thirty inches yearly (our Eastern States average from forty to fifty inches), and would give certain success from a rainfall of above fifteen inches, provided soil and methods were right.

As to soil, arid regions present peculiar conditions. Whereas in humid districts we are used to a distinct difference between loam and subsoil, the latter coarse, infertile, and communicating at a slight depth with standing water, the soil of arid regions seldom shows a difference in texture or fertility to a depth of ten feet, and often much more. Where hard-pans appear they can usually be broken up by tillage, and the only soil to be avoided is one in which streaks or beds of gravel break the capillary system of soil particles by which water for the use of plants may be drawn from the lower depths. The customary arid soil presents the advantage that its water cannot drain away, nor can it leach out the elements of fertility in the soil; by proper tillage these can be conserved for plant use. Modern experiments, both theoretical and practical, have proved that the system of sub-soil packing, of which we heard so much a few years ago, is not necessary; a good arid soil takes care of its own water, mechanically storing it, to yield it again as the surface dries.

It is the task of the cultivator to prevent surface drying, after the water has been properly stored. A year of fallow after the land is broken—clean fallow, for no weeds must grow—is helped by fall ploughing to catch the winter snow or rain. The cultivator then keeps the surface loose. A ten-inch mulch, or covering of loose dry earth, will virtually stop evaporation; a four-inch mulch will save nearly three-quarters of the rainfall. On all exposed soil surfaces this mulch must be constantly maintained. Tull would stand amazed at the modern tools that have supplanted his first crude apparatus for this purpose. Besides the mulch, the shade of growing plants will help to stop evaporation. Strangely enough, the one inevitable cause of moisture loss, transpiration through the leaves of plants, may also be in part regulated. The possibility of this is shown by the fact that certain plants and plant varieties transpire less than others. Eventually, therefore, we may expect to see plants bred with this advantage in mind. A second means of checking transpiration is indicated in the discovery that plants transpire least from soils that are richest in plant food.

This discovery may encourage the Easterner in his use of chemical fertilizers, but it has no such effect on the dry-farmer. He points to the facts that his depth of soil gives him at least three farms in one, that arid soils are rich in nitrogen and are able to replenish their supply largely by bacterial means, and that in a series of years (above half a century), dry-farms have actually increased in fertility, as shown by surface tests. No; at most the dry-farmer ploughs under his stubble, and uses his small quantity of manure. His real dependence is on cultivation, not only to conserve water, but also to set free the fertility of the soil. His fallow year, which he has proved to be necessary at least once in four, often once in two years, is also a large factor in his attaining both these objects. Against the "year of drought" (a spectre in which Mr. Widtsoe does not believe), and against failure in fertility, fallowing and cultivation are the main reliances.

All this is set forth in Mr. Widtsoe's book with admirable clearness, and with abundant detail. The book is well made, well illustrated, well indexed; it makes no pretence to finality, but plainly looks to the future to settle many problems. Mr. Widtsoe writes of his subject with an enthusiasm which helps him greatly. Indeed, his chapter on dry-farming soil is almost enough to make the Easterner pull up stakes and move West. But there are other sides to the matter. Does not the increase of fertility in the topsoil mean a robbing of the lower layers? Mr. Widtsoe virtually admits as much, and indicates that the time will come when the question of fertilizing must be met. Again, and, perhaps, most important of all, there is the problem of life on the dry-farm. Conditions in the drier districts, where water must be hauled for miles, "preclude the existence of the house and barn on or even near the farm." No wonder, then, that it has come to be recognized that only certain men—the pioneers—are fitted to be dry-farmers. Those men who, we are told, prefer the irrigated farm—or the East—are they who must, for happiness, have near them trees, grass, a garden, which mean the happiness also of wife and children. It seems unlikely that the centre of population will move to the arid lands until the apparently small, but really vital question of comfort on the dry-farm is satisfactorily solved.

The Home University Library of Modern Knowledge (Holt) will include "The Evolution of Plants," by Dr. D. H. Scott.

Twenty years ago Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden wrote two excellent little books for the enlightenment of the public concerning the part played by microörganisms in the causation of disease. He has now prepared a second edition of both books, which G. P. Putnam's Sons publish. It may be

doubted if better books of this kind exist in English, or, indeed, in any language; they deserve to be widely known and read. The smaller one, treating of "Dust and Its Dangers," deals with a somewhat limited field, but has many generalizations concerning the larger aspects of bacteriology. This book is little changed in size, but is thoroughly modernized and illustrated without any loss of the crispness which was a charm of the first edition. Dr. Prudden's remarks on the "American Expectoratory Prerogative," or what he perhaps might equally well call the palladium of American liberty, are unfortunately scarcely less just to-day than they were in the first edition twenty years ago. The other book, which tells the "Story of the Bacteria and Their Relation to Health and Disease," has grown considerably, although it is still quite moderate in size and cheap in price. The earlier edition had but one illustration, which, however, glowed with color; the new edition has thirteen plates and fifteen figures in the text. Briefly, the book may be said to be a condensed treatise on general bacteriology, touching on many things, but it is a condensation made by a master hand, and such as only the masters make. Everywhere the reader meets evidence of thorough revision. Dr. Prudden brings out clearly and strongly the dangers of sewage and the risk in the using of ice, and urges vigorous measures against flies, for he points out that the fly may well declare that it thrives on the carelessness of man. He was formerly rather non-committal in the matter of bovine tuberculosis, but is now much more positive as to the danger of cow's milk, and also as to the latency of tuberculosis in man. The book is full of indications of Dr. Prudden's carefulness in generalization. His admirable discretion and level-headedness are perhaps nowhere more manifest than in his discussion of the part played by the leucocytes. This may be shown in a brief extract (p. 152), in which the modernization of the new edition is also apparent:

> We please our fancy sometimes, by making heroes of the leucocytes, dashing at the intruders in their hereditary bailiwicks, regardless of the risks which they so hardily incur. Let us not indulge in too much of this, lest haply we, too, be found among the nature fakers. For, in fact, they are impotent pieces of the game played by physical and chemical forces, and they have to set about the battle willy-nilly, just as much as the magnetized needle has to swing to the north, quite without concern whether the ship does or does not go upon the rocks.

The death is reported from London of Catherine Cooper Hopley, an authority on ophidians. While in this country, at the time of the civil war, collecting materials for a book on American birds, she was arrested on suspicion of being a British spy and was imprisoned for a few months.

Dr. Herman Knapp, who had an international reputation as an eye and ear surgeon, died on Sunday, in his eightieth year, at Mamaroneck, N. Y. He was born at Dauborn, Prussia, in 1832, and graduated from Giessen University in 1854; he was professor of ophthalmology at the University of Heidelberg from 1864 to 1868, and since 1888 had held the same position at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city, of which he became emeritus professor in 1902. He founded, in 1869, a special journal called the *Archives of Ophthalmology and Otology*, which is published in both English and German. He was the author of "Intra-Ocular Tumors" and of many papers on eye and ear surgery.

Drama

The Home University Library of Modern Knowledge (Holt) will include "Shakespeare," by John Masefield.

The various papers in the "Dramatic Values" of C. E. Montague (Macmillan) consist mainly of theatrical reviews—duly revised and polished—which were printed originally in the Manchester *Guardian* or elsewhere, and are well worthy of the more durable and convenient form in which they now appear. It is seldom that journalistic essays reveal so much ripe and varied scholarship, such keen perception, and such facility of vivacious and pertinent expression. Mr. Montague is an ardent champion of the newer drama, and not every reader will agree with all his opinions; but he writes with so firm a grasp of his subject and such sincerity of conviction that he holds attention and commands respect. All his chapters furnish attractive reading, and no lover of the theatre can afford to neglect them, but three or four of them are especially notable. Among these is an eloquent and discerning appreciation of the Irish plays of J. M. Synge, in which their uncommon literary charm and constructive skill are most sympathetically treated. His criticism is delicate and just, although his enthusiasm for the new Irish drama occasionally leads him to confuse the fancy of the poet with the realism of the dramatist. There are passages in Synge which never fell from uncultivated lips, Irish or other. Excellent, too, is the paper on Constant Coquelin, in which the secret of that actor's power is rightly ascribed to his zeal for his art, his minute study of detail, and his perfect control of his extraordinary facial and vocal resources. He was, in a word, the finished artist, not an inspired actor. Elsewhere Mr. Montague analyzes acutely the genius of Molière, and points out the value of cherished tradition as illustrated in the best classical performances of the French stage. If he were equally familiar with the contemporary American theatre, he might have written an instructive supplementary essay upon the destruction of all histrionic tradition by the methods of modern commercial management. Especially interesting and shrewdly observant is the account of the work of Mr. Poel in his Elizabethan revivals, in which antiquarian research was reinforced by artistic intelligence. He has high praise, also, for the work done at Stratford-upon-Avon by F. R. Benson. In dealing with the works of Ibsen, Bernard Shaw, and Oscar Wilde, his admiration is tempered by more critical acumen than is commonly displayed by the champions of the modern school. He lays about him very vigorously in assailing the supporters of the wholesome drama, but is more entertaining than ingenuous. The windmills which he demolishes are flimsy structures of his own creation. But the volume, as a whole, is an exceedingly good one of its kind.

M. Gémier, the popular French actor-manager, will soon give two novel dramatic performances in Paris. In a large transportable theatre, to be erected in front of the Hôtel des Invalides, he will give a performance of one of the plays of the Théâtre Antoine before President Fallières, members of the diplomatic corps, and the leading critics. On the next day he will give a similar performance for members of the two chambers. M. Gémier will then dismantle his theatre and move to Compiègne, to give performances there, this being the first in a chain of towns in northern France which he intends to visit for varying periods in the course of the summer. M. Gémier will employ no fewer than one hundred persons and two distinct specially constructed and spacious theatre-halls. The building is to be duplicated in order that one may be fitted up in the next town while performances are being given elsewhere. The whole company is to live in caravans and to travel by road in motor-drawn wagons. The performances will, in most respects, be faithful replicas, with most of the best-known actors, of the latest successful plays at the Théâtre Antoine.

From Canada comes the report of the brilliant success made by Edward Terry throughout his recent tour, now almost at an end. Besides winning fresh laurels as an actor, Mr. Terry has addressed large meetings in the principal towns of the Dominion, his object being to establish there branches of the Actors' Church Union. He has also lectured on Charles Dickens. Mr. Terry hopes to be back in England in good time to take part both in the command performance of "Money" at Drury Lane and in the gala performance at His Majesty's.

"The Little Dream," which has just been produced by Miss Horniman's company in Manchester, exhibits John Galsworthy in a new light. It is a symbolical, fairy-like piece in six scenes, showing the visions of Seelchen, an Alpine maiden, as she sleeps in a mountain hut, after having been kissed by the great London climber, Lamond—who has scaled the Cowhorn and the Winehorn, and is setting out for the Great Horn—and by her rustic lover, Felsman. As she dreams the three mountains take on a human aspect. The Cowhorn calls to her to stay among her mountains and valleys. The Winehorn, which reflects Lamond as the Cowhorn had Felsman, tells her of variety and new loves and riches and pleasure. It is with the Winehorn she will go. Then the Great Horn speaks, telling her she will come to him, to the unknown and mystery at last. The dream changes to an inn in Italy. The Winehorn comes down as a woman robed in red with wine leaves in her hair, and before Seelchen children, youths, and girls, rich and poor, dance. Out of the inn comes Lamond and tempts Seelchen to love him. Together they go in and the scene darkens. When light comes again Seelchen is standing upon the doorway with the cry, "My heart is old," on her lips. She hears the goatherd's pipe and the Cowhorn calling to her, and she goes. On the edge of the world the flowers dance and the goatherd plays his pipe. The goats leap and dance with joy. Felsman comes and presses her to go with him, but she finds the sun scorching and the air cold and his embraces rough. So, forsaking

both, she turns to the Great Horn, to mystery at last. The final scene is the hut The climbers go out to their adventures, and the girl wakes to the dawn. "The allegory," says a prominent critic, "is not difficult, and is with the ethical realities. Its content is to be filled by every man as he can, and the writing, with some exceptions, is singularly sustained and beautiful with a simple dignity."

The Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-upon-Avon opened with an afternoon performance of "Much Ado About Nothing." F. R. Benson was the Benedick, and Violet Vanbrugh the Beatrice. In the evening the Benson company gave a spirited performance of "The Merry Wives," but the Falstaff of H. O. Nicholson seems to have been somewhat lacking in the element of joviality.

Apparently, "A Butterfly on the Wheel," recently produced in the Globe Theatre, London, suffers from the defect of its virtues. It is written by E. G. Hemmerde, a well-known king's counsel, and Francis Neilson, and is exceedingly veracious in all its legal details, but undramatic. The story of a silly wife who compromises herself is feeble in itself, and is told diffusely, with endless reiterations. As for the great scene—the trial in the divorce court—that is described as much too tediously true to be interesting.

Mrs. George W. Stoddart, who died at her home in New York city last Sunday, aged seventy-nine, was once a member of the old Boston Theatre stock company, and appeared in support of Edwin Booth, Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, Kean, and other stars of that day.

Music

Dr. Henry Coward, the Pioneer Chorus Master. By J. A Rodgers. New York: John Lane Co. $1.

Very timely, so far as this country is concerned, is the appearance of this volume, for Dr. Coward is at present on an American tour with the Sheffield Choir, which, thanks to his training, has done more than any other organization to make English choral singing famous outside of England. His biographer briefly tells the story of his career and then explains by what methods he was enabled to "open a new chapter in the history of chorus singing" and become the leader of the choral revival which England has seen during the past fifteen years. Inasmuch as chorus singing is, on the whole, the least developed branch of music in the United States, the one in which we can learn a good deal from England, it is to be hoped that trainers everywhere will take to heart the lessons taught in this little book. It has only 101 pages, but these contain valuable hints not found elsewhere.

As a youth Dr. Coward was a cutler—one of the best in Sheffield; his work won many prizes, and for the last knives he made he received the high price of £3 per dozen. But he had higher aims than that; music had always interested him, and as the problem of surmounting the practical difficulties of piano or organ playing did not appeal to him, he decided to become a theorist, teacher, and conductor of choirs. In twenty months he won a scholastic qualification which usually occupied six or seven years. For ten years he held what was virtually a sinecure at £250 a year. Then, fortunately for the cause of choral music, he lost that post and, at the age of forty, began the real work of his life—work the value of which was characterized after a Sheffield festival by Sir Henry J. Wood in these words:

> I should like to say what a deep debt of gratitude we conductors and trainers and the whole musical world owe to Dr. Coward for the inspiration of his splendid enthusiasm, hard work, and talent displayed in the management and control of expression and diction as applied to large choral bodies.

An English specialty in choral performances is the marshaling of thousands of singers by one leader. In this branch Dr. Coward is preëminent. In 1897, on the occasion of the visit of Queen Victoria to Sheffield in her Diamond Jubilee year, the singing force under him numbered nearly 60,000 scholars and teachers. Nine bands were distributed at various points, and thus the army of musicians, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, was controlled with surprising precision. Her Majesty was "deeply impressed by the wondrously beautiful effect of so many thousands of sweet young voices."

Probably the main reason why choral music has fallen into neglect in our day is that performances of it have lagged so far behind orchestral concerts in the matter of expression. Dr. Coward also was, at first, a mere time-beater; fortunately, a candid friend informed him that while his choir sang flawlessly, so far as mere execution was concerned, the things that alone make music worth while—expression, color, interpretation, real musicianship—were wanting. He thought the matter over, and started in on his new course with such zeal that at first he perhaps overshot the mark; at any rate, at a competition the judge censured him and his choir for attempting to sing oratorio music "with expression"—"painting the lily and gilding refined gold." To the present day some critics accuse him of occasional exaggeration, of excessive restlessness; but that he had set a new standard was soon generally admitted. Only one London critic attended his first Sheffield Festival, but he wrote such a glowing account of it that at the second every important newspaper in the country was represented, as well as several foreign journals; and the fame of Sheffield choralism became world-wide.

There are not many books on expression in music, and in none of those in existence would it be possible to find a chapter containing a greater number of useful hints than are to be found in the thirty-four pages Mr. Rodgers devotes to Dr. Coward and the means by which he has achieved such distinction for himself and his singers. He might have had less success had he made his experiments in a country where there is less enthusiasm for this branch of music. The Sheffield Choir contains a number of members from other cities, including some from London. Attendance at the weekly rehearsal costs some of the members $10 in railway fare and hotel expenses; yet they are eager to come. In our own cities it is almost impossible to get amateur tenors, baritones, and basses to attend rehearsals; but probably they would be more willing to come were Dr. Coward's method followed, by which no composition, however difficult, needs more than three rehearsals. Not a second is wasted. Every bar of the music is numbered, so that, in case of repetition, all can find the place desired at once. The words have to be memorized in advance, at odd moments, and on distinct enunciation great stress is placed by this trainer. He makes the singers read (not sing) the words aloud. Something is wrong, he maintains, if the audience have to refer to their book of words.

The women are not allowed to wear their hats, for all must be able to see this conductor's every beat. Two of his specialties are peculiarities of accenting and shading. In some places he does not allow the singers to accent the whole value of a note, but only the initial attack, which greatly enhances the effect of the accent; the other specialty is a "floating tone," a pianissimo, concerning which the author says that "if a clock cannot be heard ticking through a chord of this tone, sung by three hundred voices, the conductor fines them down until the test is passed." As for the other dynamic extreme, "he never shoots his bolt too soon," but builds up his climaxes in such a way that the apex is held in reserve until the moment when it can be superimposed with overwhelming effect. From the orator Dr. Coward has learned how to enhance the effect of vocal utterance by a hundred little devices of stress, lingering, a fractional silence before a salient word, a change of timbre reflecting the emotional meaning of a word or phrase; and from the actor he has caught the secret of characterization. Not only, when the words are derisive, does he make the choir sing derisively, but, in Berlioz's "Faust," for example, he makes the choristers enter into the real spirit, successively, of the peasants, drunken soldiers, rollicking students, devout villagers, and, finally, the lost souls in Pandemonium, snarling out their un-

holy gibberish. Such are some of the secrets of Dr. Coward's success. It would be well for our own choral conductors if conscience and study of this book made Cowards of them all.

One of the most interesting of next season's concerts will occur in New York on the 18th of December by way of celebrating MacDowell's birthday. It will be given by the Volpe Orchestra, and the soloist will be Augusta Cottlow, who will also play MacDowell's Norse sonata at her recitals.

Lillian Nordica has been again engaged by the directors of the Grand Opera to impersonate Brünnhilde in "Götterdämmerung" at the first complete performance of Wagner's Nibelung trilogy in Paris.

On Good Friday, Sir Charles Santley made what was announced as his last appearance at the Crystal Palace, in London. His first appearance there was fifty-four years ago.

Maurice Ravel, whom some regard as the most promising of the younger French composers, has had the honor of being chosen to compose the first French ballet that the Russian Imperial Corps de Ballet will have ever danced. The old Greek story of Daphnis and Chloe is the subject of it.

Art

AN EXAMPLE FROM CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, April 26.

To the visitor from the East who is interested in matters of art two things are especially noticeable in the manner of dealing with such matters here. One is the multifarious functions of a single institution and the concentration of all artistic interests in one place; the other is the friendly and familiar cooperation of artist and layman, of the millionaire and the man of modest or less than modest income, in all efforts for the betterment of artistic conditions.

The Art Institute does the work that, in New York, is done by half a dozen bodies. It is a museum with permanent collections which are rapidly assuming considerable proportions; it is an art school which is the largest in the country, measured by the number of students who attend its classes, and one of the best, judged by the standard of work attained; it is a lecture bureau which provides lectures on artistic subjects for almost every day during the winter; it is a library of books on art and of photographs of works of art; and it is an exhibiting body which holds several important annual exhibitions besides a constant succession of special exhibitions of one sort or another. At the moment of this writing its galleries contain no less than five separate exhibitions, and even a single work of any general interest is likely to be seen there before it goes to its final destination. It is little wonder that plans are under immediate consideration for extending the building of the Institute out over the railway tracks to the Lake Front, at the same time that the completion of the present building by the erection of a central dome is in contemplation. No one seems to have much doubt that the money for both additions can be obtained.

The various forms of the Institute's activity may have to be separated at some future time, and the combination of a permanent museum with galleries for temporary exhibitions may have to be broken up, but at present it has great advantages. The permanent collections attract visitors to the exhibitions and the exhibitions call attention to the permanent collections. All exhibitions are in the same centrally placed and easily accessible building, and there are always exhibitions to see, so that the attendance is large and, on the three free days of each week, runs up to four or five thousand.

The hearty coöperation of all those in any way interested in art is greatly facilitated by the existence of another institution, the Cliff Dwellers. Perched upon the top of the Orchestra Building, overlooking the lake and almost opposite the Institute, is this artistic and literary club—a luncheon and dining club merely, without bedrooms—where, apparently, almost every one who is any one in Chicago may be met, on any day but Sunday, between twelve and two o'clock. There come the painters, the sculptors, and the architects, the writers and the musicians, and there come also the bankers and the officials of the Institute; there, over the coffee-cups, many a scheme is discussed, and those schemes which survive such discussion are finally launched. If such a club existed in New York it would not be such weary work trying to procure adequate exhibition facilities for the National Academy of Design and the other artistic societies centred in that city. Because such a club exists in Chicago, they have the Friends of American Art.

The idea of such a society had been in the mind of Mr. Hutchinson, the president of the Institute, for more than ten years, the model of the organization being the Société des Amis du Louvre, founded in 1897. About two years ago the idea was taken up by others, and in November, 1909, a letter from Arthur T. Aldis brought about definite action, the society being incorporated in 1910, "to promote the development of American art by the purchase of works by American artists to be presented to the Art Institute of Chicago and by any other appropriate means." The society now contains one hundred and sixty-five members each of whom is pledged to contribute two hundred dollars annually for five years to a fund for the purchase for the Institute of works by American artists, thus providing, when interest is included, an annual income of more than $32,000 for that purpose. Purchases must be recommended by the purchasing committee and authorized by the executive committee, and the works must, of course, be approved and accepted by the art committee of the Institute. Eight pictures were thus bought from the Institute's annual exhibition, and nine others have since been acquired together with one piece of sculpture which is to be put into marble, Lorado Taft's Solitude of the Soul, the whole at a cost of nearly twenty-nine thousand dollars.

The limitation of the society's purchases to American works was not at first contemplated, and was adopted partly because such a limitation was thought to be of advantage in an appeal to the public; but it seems to me to have been judicious from a larger point of view. The functions of such a museum as that of the Institute are twofold; first, to collect such works of the past and of foreign countries as are exemplary and necessary to our education in art; secondly, to collect such contemporary works of our own artists as shall give future students a fair idea of our production to-day. The two functions must be performed in a somewhat different spirit, and there is no reason why they should not be performed by different people. In the collection of the art of the past a rigid selection is desirable. In the collection of contemporary American art, a more liberal acceptance of what seems good at the time may well be admitted. If errors are made, as they are likely to be, they can be rectified at some future time by eliminations; and a few works which stand the test of time will be worth all the money spent on the whole collection, while works not of the highest rank will still have their historical importance as showing what was done and admired at the time of their acquisition. By assuming this function, the Friends of American Art provide for the carrying on of a work which the Institute found difficult, and they set free the funds and the energies of that institution for its other tasks.

An incidental result of the work of the Friends, and of their policy of selecting a part of their purchases from the annual exhibitions of the Institute, will be the increased attractiveness of these exhibitions to artists, who like to sell and like even better to know that their work is to remain in an important public collection, and the consequent raising of the standard of these exhibitions and the enhancing of their usefulness to students and of their interest for the public.

Not all the works so far purchased by the Friends of American Art are at present hung in the museum. Some of them have been generously lent to ex-

hibitions in other cities, where their authors wished them to be seen before they settled into their permanent place. But there is enough here to make a brave show, and to give a foretaste of what a few years is likely to accomplish. John W. Alexander's Sunlight, which we remember in New York as one of his best contributions to recent Academy exhibitions, is among the absentees, and so are Daniel Garber's Hills of Byram, and Louis Bett's Apple Blossoms, a delightful portrait of a child by a Chicago artist whom we, in the East, should know better than we do. Among the purchases now shown in the galleries of the Institute are Dewing's Lady in Green and Gray, a thoroughly characteristic example of his delicate and personal art; Frank W. Benson's admirable Rainy Day, an interior somewhat in the vein of Mr. Tarbell and with much of Tarbell's beautiful management of light; and Childe Hassam's Contre Jour, one of that artist's figure subjects recently seen in New York in his exhibition at the Montross Gallery. Robert Henri's Young Woman in Black will be recalled by many as perhaps the very best canvas he has painted, pleasing in tone and in sentiment and without the exaggerations of his more recent style. The most discussed picture is probably Arthur B. Davies's Maya, Mirror of Illusions, in which a procession of slender, nude maidens posture before a great mirror which reflects a landscape of lake and mountains as well as their own attenuated forms. It has undeniable charm of color and interest of line, however fantastic and even incongruous its conception may seem to the conservative. Its real artistic motive one takes to be the presentation of each figure in two points of view, with the consequent conflict of identity and difference. The other purchases are Karl Anderson's brilliant Idlers; George Elmer Browne's The Port, Douarnenez, Brittany; John C. Johansen's Piazza San Marco; William Keith's dark and effective Coming Storm; Metcalf's Ice Bound, one of his best; J. Francis Murphy's Hill Top; Gardner Symons's Winter Sun; Harry Van der Weyden's Christmas Eve; and Lawrence Mazzanovich's little blue and gold canvas called April Twentieth.

Of course this is but the beginning of a collection of contemporary American art, but it is a very good beginning. There is not a picture of the seventeen but has real merit, and some have a very high degree of merit. It is a much smaller collection than the Hearn Collection at the Metropolitan Museum, and perhaps it contains no single work of the excellence of some of those in the Hearn gift, but, on the other hand, it attains perhaps a higher average of quality throughout. The Friends of American Art are well aware how much more remains to do than they have already done, and they are ceaselessly active in the effort to do it. What they have done in one year is in the highest degree encouraging.

Perhaps we do not need such a society in New York, though even there it might find work to do. In many another city this example from Chicago might be followed—will be followed, one hopes—with advantage. And even in New York, though the work which needs doing may be different, we might profit by the spirit in which the work most needed here has been undertaken and is being carried through.

KENYON COX.

"The Painters of Japan," by Arthur Morrison, illustrated in color and collotype, will be published immediately by Messrs. Jack.

After a careful study of all documents bearing upon the subject, Freiherr von Hadeln seems certain that the disputed date of Paolo Veronese's birth is 1528.

Monsieur Loys Delteil of 2 Rue des Beaux Arts, Paris, has just issued volume VI of his useful "Le Peintre-Graveur illustré (xixe et xxe siècles)"; it is devoted to sculptors who have etched or lithographed —Rude, Baryc, Carpeaux, Rodin. (The previous volumes of this series—which was begun in 1906—dealt with Millet, Rousseau, Dupré, Jongkind; Meryon; Ingres and Delacroix; Zorn; Corot.) The work represents actual and careful research, and is a scientific tool for the use of the collector and the amateur. Each print catalogued is reproduced in halftone, sometimes in two or more states, that being a characteristic and useful feature found notably also in the Rovinski catalogue of Rembrandt's etchings, the one by E. G. Kennedy of Whistler's work (issued by the Grolier Club), and Moreau-Nelaton's monograph on Manet. Furthermore, public and private collections in which early or rare states are to be found are carefully noted, the New York Public Library appearing very often, thanks to the S. P. Avery collection. Vol. VII, devoted to Paul Huet, is to appear in April.

"British Costume During XIX Centuries" (Stokes), by Mrs. Charles H. Ashdown, presents as its distinguishing feature a special classification and dating of women's costume according to headdress. There are some four hundred and fifty illustrations from original sources and nine color plates of costumes reconstructed by the author, ranging from Harold's time to Elizabeth's. The book is popular in plan, but evidently represents considerable first-hand study of the material. The reader should have been warned not to take too literally the testimony of miniatures of Norman date and earlier, which abound in Byzantine conventions. In general, this book will take high rank among popular treatments of the subject.

"How to Visit the Great Picture Galleries" (Dodd, Mead), by Esther Singleton, covers in a single volume the chief museums of Europe, including galleries as far off the beaten track as those of Stockholm and St. Petersburg. The author makes a rigorous selection of important pictures on a fairly catholic basis. Preferring the primitive, she can admire also the eclectics. Generally, the descriptions or appreciations of pictures chosen for inspection are drawn from well-known critics, French and English. The general arrangement is so sensible and the pocket volume so handy that we regret its defective execution. It shows signs of haste in compilation. Frequently it is difficult without reading forward in the text to associate a picture with its painter. The attributions are always uncritical. Leonardo da Vinci suffers particularly, through imputation of secondary works. The remarkable series of Biblical Rembrandts at Munich is omitted. Goya, in the Prado, is barely mentioned. Surely, manuals of this character should be revised by some one knowing the subject at first hand.

The death is reported from Cornwall, in his fifty-fifth year, of Arthur G. Langdon, an architect, and the author of "Old Cornish Crosses."

Mrs. Elizabeth St. John Matthews, a sculptor, and the wife of Robert Matthews, the artist, died last week of heart disease in the Hahnemann Hospital. Mrs. Matthews had received a commission for a bust of President Taft, and a plaster cast of her design was submitted to a committee recently.

Antoine Lumière, who died recently in Paris, aged seventy-two, began as a sign-painter, but later gained no small reputation as a painter of landscapes.

Eugène Napoléon Varin, who belonged to a family of medallists going back to the reign of Louis XIII, is dead at the age of eighty.

Berthold Riehl, the author of "Die Gemälde von Dürer und Wolgemüt," "Deutsche und italienische Kunstcharaktere," and other valuable works, died not long since at Munich, at the age of fifty-two.

Finance

INFERENCES FROM A QUARTERLY REPORT.

On several occasions in the past decade's industrial history, a quarterly report by the United States Steel Corporation has been of high importance for the light it threw on the general situation. This was true of the June quarter of 1902, which reported net receipts of $37,000,000 and a $15,700,000 surplus above charges and dividends, even with the disputed quarterly 1 per cent. paid on the common stock. That showed what even companies with heavily watered stock could do in boom times, and it encouraged Wall Street to talk of a future of unalloyed prosperity. The December quarter of 1903 was an equally accurate weather-sign, when the company's $15,037,000 net receipts left only three million dollars, after the quarter's fixed charges had been met, for dividends on the $360,000,000 7 per cent. preferred stock and the $508,000,000 common. That was an object-lesson in over-confidence, premature dividends, and neglect of working capital—evils which at the time were very general.

The report for the March quarter of 1908, the first full quarter after the panic, was equally instructive. In the face of that formidable blow to credit and prosperity—a much more serious affair than 1903—the Steel Corporation's $18,200,000 net earnings for the quarter were enough to earn and pay full dividends on the preferred and a dividend at the annual 2 per cent. rate on the common stock; and the reason why the company rode that storm as it had failed to do in 1903 was that a far-seeing policy of husbanding working capital, restraining dividends, and spending freely for improvements, had been consistently pursued, even during years, like 1905 and 1906, when the Corporation's monthly earnings were breaking all records in its history. To a large extent, the pursuance of a similar policy by other companies, which had learned the lesson of 1903, explained the unexpectedly strong condition in which corporate industry in general emerged from the panic of 1907.

But having thus emerged from it, corporation directories promptly proceeded to make a new mistake. Some of the most powerful assumed two things at once—one, that if 1907 could not shake their position, then nothing could; the other, that if dividends could be earned in the face of panic, they ought to be increased immediately when panic depression was over. This, then, is why last week's Steel Corporation statement for the March quarter of 1911 is another instructive bit of testimony. It showed net earnings smaller by 27 per cent. than a year ago, and far short of earnings from the very much smaller plant of 1901 and 1902. They were larger, it is true, than in the slack quarters of 1903 and 1908 already referred to; but as against nothing at all paid out in dividends on the common stock at the close of 1903, and the $2,500,000 similarly paid for the March quarter of 1908, the company paid out $6,300,000 in the quarter past.

After omitting all of the usual special appropriation for improvements—for which $5,000,000 was allotted in the March quarter of 1910—the company had just $31,155 surplus left from the three months' operations. It would be difficult not to accept this statement as the commentary of events upon the episode of 1909, when the dividend was increased in three successive quarters to the annual rate of 3, of 4, and of 5 per cent. (although quarterly earnings still remained far below 1906 and 1905), when the common stock rose from 41 to 94⅞, and when serious financiers declared that the rise in the stock, which began in June, 1909, would not stop short of 200.

January's net receipts were the smallest in the company's history save for January of 1908, December, 1907, January and February, 1904, and November and December, 1903. Had anything like this continued, the 5 per cent. common stock dividend could not possibly have been maintained. These, however, were only the January earnings. The increase from that month's $5,869,000 to the $10,468,000 of March was reassuring. But trade has since grown dull again; furnaces were once more blowing out in April; and the question is, what next?

If the steel trade is again to be taken as an index to industrial conditions, we are naturally forced back to the study of other periods like that in which we now live. The story of 1908 and 1909 is familiar. Throughout the first after-panic year, the standpat policy in prices was pursued. The result was such poor business that, even after discontinuing all improvement appropriations (which had been $57,000,000 annually in 1907 and 1906), barely 4 per cent. was earned on the common stock. With the "open market" of February, 1909, the various grades of steel at once dropped $4 to $10 per ton, and the trade predicted prolonged inactivity before business would be on its feet again. But consumers rushed at once into the market; the Steel Corporation's earnings rose from $23,000,000 in the first quarter to $29,000,000 in the second, $38,000,000 in the third, and $41,000,000 in the fourth, and the management which had looked on a cut in prices as disastrous had within ten months put up the annual dividend rate from 2 to 5 per cent.

The case of 1904 was different. At the end of 1903, when the Steel Corporation was not earning its dividends, steel prices were cut from $27 to $23 per ton. Earnings improved from January to April, but very slowly; then they relaxed again, and in September were lower than in April. In the late summer, the price was cut again to $19.50, and this brought larger orders. By the early months of 1905 steel was selling at the price of 1903; but the corporation's quarterly earnings remained until 1906 below the figure reached just before the "rich men's panic."

Still another story is told by the course of the steel trade during that older year 1897, which, in its earlier months, showed so many resemblances to 1911. This is the narrative, as told in the American Steel and Iron Association's report for 1897:

> During the first half of 1897, the prices of iron and steel, which had been very low all through 1896, steadily declined, until, on the 1st of June, 1897, we recorded the fact that prices were then lower than had ever been known. With the increased activity in all branches of productive industry which soon afterwards set in, there was no immediate improvement in iron and steel prices. In the latter part of August and September, however, prices improved and the improvement continued through October.

After that month, recovery was slow and irregular again, and for this the not uninteresting cause assigned was the country's "possession of a capacity of production, in all lines, far in excess of the home and foreign demand." Yet recovery became really violent in 1898 and 1899; consumption expanded suddenly, producing capacity was ready for it, and prices were on an absolute bargain basis. So that precedent of other periods of reaction and hesitation has three very different stories to tell of recovery from such conditions as now exist. None of the recoveries occurred without further lowering of prices—a fact which may or may not apply to the present day.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, K. A. Melody in Silver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.

Aflalo, F. G. A Fisherman's Summer in Canada. Scribner. $2 net.

Anderson, J. H. Riddles of Prehistoric Times. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Baedeker's Eastern Alps. Twelfth edition, revised. Scribner. $3 net.

Bagley, W. C. Craftsmanship in Teaching. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1911.

The Week

President Taft faced the embattled farmers in the White House on Monday man-fashion, and told them some plain truths with refreshing directness. They had come to protest against Canadian reciprocity on the ground that it would compel them to "take less for our wheat." But they are already taking less for their wheat. The price is from 15 to 20 per cent. lower than a year ago. The good old protectionist argument would be that this is an anticipatory effect of reciprocity, just as the Wilson bill of 1894 caused the panic of 1893. The farmers did not allege this to the President, but they did tell him that, if the Canadian agreement went through, the farmers would in large numbers desert the Republican party. To this Mr. Taft made the reply that he was sorry to hear it, but that it had nothing to do with the argument for reciprocity, and that any threat affecting his "personal political fortunes" he should entirely disregard. This may not be politics, but it is magnificent. In President Taft this sort of plain speaking is not uncommon. It seems to go with his judicial habit. He turns away political threateners just as he would silence an irrelevant witness in court.

The "Farmers' Free List" bill was passed by the House of Representatives on Monday by a more than two-thirds vote, the Democrats lining up solidly behind it and twenty-four Republican insurgents standing with them, while the vote recorded against it was only 109 in a total of 345. Thus, after an interval of seventeen years, the Democratic party stands once again squarely committed to an aggressive policy of tariff reduction, and with a strong national sentiment supporting it in that policy; and once again, confronting this task, it finds itself under intelligent and resolute leadership. In nothing was the contrast between the positions of the opposing parties more sharply brought out than in the attempts to which the Republicans largely devoted themselves in the closing day of the debate to make the removal of import duties contingent upon corresponding concessions on the part of the nations from which the importations were made. This, like other incidents in the history of the bill, will be used as campaign material, of course; but unlike such transparent dodges as that relating to convict-made goods, it touches a fundamental difference of attitude and opinion. If letting down the bars is doing something for the foreigner "without return" to ourselves, the whole Democratic position is foolishness. The "return" we get comes from the freedom to buy without paying tribute; and the speeches on the Democratic side showed a firm grip on this simple and central fact.

The Third National Peace Congress has closed in Baltimore under brighter skies than any similar gathering in our history. No advocate of international peace has the slightest reason for discouragement or pessimism. The progress of this great cause in the last few years is nothing less than extraordinary. Militarism was never more clearly on the defensive, however great the burdens it is now imposing upon the great nations. Advocates of huge armaments who are opposed to peace have fallen back for their arguments upon the worst traits of human nature, such as the tendency of certain individuals to kill when carried away by passion, and upon the assertion that no arbitration treaty can be made which cannot be broken. In the United States there is especial cause for rejoicing because of three notable actions of the Government —the signing of the new Japanese treaty, the Canadian Reciprocity bill—itself a peace measure, as is anything that breaks down tariff walls—and the proposed general arbitration treaty with Great Britain. Finally, since the last congress Mr. Carnegie has donated his $10,000,000 fund to this best of causes.

Gov. Harmon seems to have pressed the right key at last. On Thursday of last week the House of Representatives at Columbus passed unanimously a bill making the penalty for bribery of a public officer or member of the Legislature one to ten years in the penitentiary, without the alternative of a fine. For the people of Ohio in general the feeling of shame over the revelations will be submerged in a sense of relief at the prospect of the punishment of those who have misrepresented them, not only by judicial process, but even more by deep and lasting disgrace. The affair may also have its lesson for those who are puzzled by the looking to Governors for legislative as well as executive leadership.

The abolition by New Jersey's new Public Utilities law of reduced railway fares for clergymen ought to prove a disguised blessing. The time when ministers of the gospel received reductions in everything they purchased has pretty well gone by, and there is no reason why it should not end completely. It has all the viciousness of the tipping system, with the additional evil of compromising the dignity of what is inherently the most dignified of the professions. That many ministers have not so regarded it is the severest condemnation of the practice, which insensibly impairs one of the finest traits of a human being. One result of the new law should be a practical reconsideration on the part of congregations, not only in New Jersey, of their financial duty toward those whom they invite to serve them in a peculiarly intimate relationship. The ministry may not be, in personnel or in power, all that we wish it might be, but it will not be helped in that direction by concessions made to it in the spirit of charity. The circumstance that the New Jersey legislators carefully exempted themselves from the operation of the provision in question only strengthens the force of these considerations.

New Jersey and New Hampshire must give a share of the honors for the enactment of progressive legislation to the State of California. Of the acts of the Legislature which recently adjourned, the most important was the Eshelman-Stetson Railroad law, granting to the Railroad Commission sweeping powers of rate-making and regulation, and virtually putting an end to the Southern Pacific domination of the commonwealth. No less than twenty-three amendments to the State Constitution

were submitted to the people, providing among other things for the initiative and referendum, the recall for all elective officers, including judges, and for woman suffrage. Important enactments provided for the direct election of United States Senators, reform of election and ballot laws, employers' liability, an eight-hour day for women workers, and State conservation of natural resources. A great part of the credit for these accomplishments must go to Gov. Hiram Johnson, who led the sturdy fight for better government. California's record, as Gov. Johnson says, is one of which the progressive element and the whole State may well be proud —a judgment in which patriotic Americans may concur, even though opposed to some of the measures adopted.

Though Congressman Berger properly resents the more sweeping attacks upon the Socialist Administration of Milwaukee, he does not wholly break the force of such a review as that made by a special correspondent of the Chicago *Evening Post*. Dissatisfaction he finds general among even the working people, who looked to the Socialists to keep campaign pledges manifestly forbidden by charter or the State Constitution, and among those who were under no delusions, but voted for Seidel and his associates in the hope of a more efficient business rule. Comparing the forty-two definite campaign promises with the dozen or so of things done, the Socialists make, indeed, no praiseworthy showing. They have been guilty as well of several blunders in abolishing, in the pursuit of economy, several offices, only to fall into impaired efficiency in different branches of the municipal government, while the city pay-rolls have been increased instead of lowered. It is to be observed, however, that a number of the reforms instituted, notably the establishment of a municipal research bureau, are destined to give benefits which cannot be felt as yet. Popular opinion has made its mistake in expecting an impossible Utopia of the Socialists in Milwaukee. The election which put the Socialists into power could not be taken as an endorsement of their more radical proposals, but rather as the protest of the citizens against unbusinesslike city rule; and the administration will be judged in the end by the ordinary tests of economy and efficiency.

Mr. Guggenheim's interview, on his return from Europe, as to the sad condition of business in this country owing to the meddling of politicians, coinciding as it did with news of the Alaskan discontent with the coal situation, has naturally enough been made an occasion for renewing the old complaints over the policy of conservation. However frequently the correction may have been made, it seems impossible to get it into the heads of the anti-conservation spokesmen that failure to amend the laws relating to Alaskan coal lands has not been due to the conservationists, but quite the contrary. One of the first acts of President Roosevelt bearing on the conservation question was his urgent recommendation that the 160-acre law should be repealed, and that the taking up of large tracts of coal lands should be permitted, under proper conditions, so as to bring about the immediate utilization of the Alaskan fields. Why have years been allowed to go by with nothing done? Certainly not because of any obstacles put in the way by conservationists, from that day to this. The difficulty with the anti-conservationists is that when objection is made to throwing away the public lands, or giving them away, or letting them be stolen, they denounce the objectors as visionaries and obstructionists, instead of helping them to bring about a practical method for placing private exploitation on a footing consistent with the public interest.

Bishop McFaul's analysis last Sunday of the American daily newspaper was almost startling in its soberness. Unlike the usual critic of the press, he did not exhibit sensationalism in the act of denouncing it, but judged newspapers by the same standards which a reasonable man would apply to individuals, to corporations, and to human institutions in general. This does not mean that he found nothing to condemn. On the contrary, he used fitting language with reference to "some of our great dailies" which "pander to the morbid desire of reading the demoralizing details of divorce, impurity, suicide, murder, and theft; exaggerate the luxury and the extravagance of the rich, as well as the privations and the misery of the poor," and "are an incentive to crime." He also struck at the giving-the-people-what-they-want fallacy by pointing out, on the one hand, that the men engaged in the publication of newspapers are presumably above the average in intelligence, with a consequent duty of elevating rather than playing upon passions, and, on the other, that most men and women are not seeking the trivial and the vulgar. The remedy for the abuses of the press he sees, not in drastic libel laws, but in the development of a code of ethics among newspaper men. Such a development will be materially hastened by criticism which, like the Bishop's, is made "after an extensive study" of the subject, and displays a temper which the most ambitious of our newspapers might well emulate.

That the Indian should now have to be rescued from the showman is an amazing episode in the sad history of this people. Educated Indians have investigated the matter and have unanimously come to the opinion that the exhibiting of Indians with circuses and Wild West shows must come to an end, because the young men thus lured away from their homes are ruined morally and physically. Many of them, it has been discovered, die in consequence, and those that return have sad stories to tell of the white man's and woman's character and morals. Indeed, their experience recalls the saying of the Kansas chieftain who, when asked by the early settlers why his people did not build more schools and churches and have more white teachers and preachers, declared that they were bad enough then, without any more ambassadors from civilization. Protests against the exhibiting of Indians there have, of course, been before. The interesting thing about the present movement to end this abuse is that it did not originate with whites, but with red men. They feel so deeply about it that they are going to hold a convention next autumn in Columbus, Ohio, to voice their protests in the manner of the paleface.

Serious as the Mexican situation seems to be, this is not the hour to intensify it by sensational predictions. Never was there a greater necessity for keeping all concerned cool. The President is again quoted as saying that he will not act against Mexico save under instructions from Congress, and in this he again shows his wisdom. It is easy

for the irresponsible newspaper reader to say that the United States will have to interfere; but to those who are in responsible positions the very word can only have a most ominous sound, for it brings up possibilities of untold expense, of most dangerous entanglements, of the hatred of an entire nation, and perhaps a fearful price in American lives. It is a situation that calls for statesmanship of a high order, even though it may, and we sincerely hope will, be resolved finally by the conclusion of peace. For the present, despite lawless excesses, the plain duty of this nation and its rulers is to be patient and to avoid anything that would even seem to suggest a desire on our part to interfere in the affairs of our sorely tried neighbor.

One hundred and eighteen was the majority by which the Parliament bill passed in committee, out of a maximum Government majority of 125 or 126. Thus the most critical stage in the history of the Veto bill in the Commons has been surmounted, and the battle henceforth must centre in "another place." That is the official phrase by which speakers in the House of Commons describe the House of Lords; but if the Lords remain obstinate, the phrase may take on another meaning. "Another place" will be the residence of the Crown. There can be no doubt that if Mr. Asquith is driven to demand "guarantees" from the King—in other words, to demand the creation of several hundred Liberal peers—he will do so with authority strengthened by last week's vote in the Commons. The Laborites made their fight on the preamble, as they were bound to do, and even voted against it. But on the bill as a whole they came readily into camp. Mr. Asquith is evidently not the slave of Nationalist and Laborite masters that the Opposition has called him.

Lord Lansdowne's bill for the reform of the House of Lords is as high a bid for conciliation as the Conservatives could possibly have been expected to make. If they had made it two years ago, their position would be very strong. As it is, their action has the air of being both insincere and too late The plan of the Conservative leader would radically make over the House of Lords, cutting down the membership to 350, of whom the peers themselves would elect 100, while 120 would be chosen by a rather complicated electoral college, and 100 would be appointed by the Crown. Princes of the blood would retain their seats, as would the two archbishops, while but five bishops would be elected to sit. There would also be, including the Chancellor, 16 law lords. The scheme is elaborate, but if it could be made to work there is no doubt that the result would be a much better House of Lords than has been known for many years. It is doubtful, however, if the project will be at present pushed, and Viscount Morley made it plain that the Government will allow no measure of this kind to interfere with a vote on the bill to regulate the relations of the two houses. The Lords will have to say yes or no to the veto bill. They appealed to Cæsar, and to Cæsar they must go.

Scotland is again disturbed at the revelations of the census. The final figures have not yet appeared, but partial results show no diminution of the rural depopulation which was so marked a feature of the last enumeration. The towns and the mining districts are expected to turn the scale, and to give the country a net increase of half a million. Ten years ago the increase was 450,000, despite a decrease in the population of seventeen counties. But this does not satisfy the loyal Scotsman, nor his British brother either. "Will Scotsmen tamely acquiesce in the depopulation of their country?" asks the *British Weekly*. "Will they be satisfied to let it gradually become a playground for millionaires?" Those most interested in the question seem to pin their faith to an improvement and extension of the small holding commissioners, some to be resident in the districts under their charge. Striking contrasts are drawn between emigration from Scotland and immigration into the United States. These immigrants, however, do not prevent us from having our own growing problem of rural desertion.

The novel feature of the new agreement between Great Britain and China for the continued reduction and final extinction of the importation of opium from India and its production in China, is the change in the basis of the reduction. Under the ten years' arrangement, which the new one supersedes, the decrease was to be 10 per cent. annually. The Chinese Government, however, found it impossible to regulate the production of opium with such exactness, and adopted the more drastic policy of abolishing it by provinces, with the result that, after only three years, seven-tenths of the Empire, according to the anti-opium societies, is free of poppy cultivation. This restriction of the domestic product encouraged the maximum importation from India allowed by the agreement, so that China suffered for her vigor in exceeding the terms of the contract. The agreement just signed takes the old date, 1917, for the extinction of the trade, but compels an earlier date if either country stops its share in it before that time. This does not please the anti-opium societies, with their demand for immediate abolition, or the Indian Government, with its demand for indemnity against loss in revenue, and its suggestions of the insincerity and the inability of the Chinese Government to perform its part of the undertaking; but, viewed impartially, it looks like a reasonable solution of a complicated question. China now has the ending of the evil in her own hands.

How autocratic a monarchy can still be is shown by the order in Germany for the removal or the destruction of advertising along railway lines and on houses. True, the order was issued only after a general outcry in the press, and resolutions passed at crowded meetings in all parts of the empire. But we have gone almost as far ourselves, without any such result as the vigorous Germans have brought about. It is true also that the order is limited by the provision that it is to be applied at the discretion of the local authorities, who may, if they will, permit the continued marring of the landscape. But nobody places much hope in this local-option arrangement. It is taken for granted that the local authorities will imitate the arbitrariness of their superiors, and boldly carry out the popular desire for sightliness. Germany's commercial rivals will doubtless take heart at this evidence of weakness in her industrial tension, and press the advantage given them by her sentimental yielding to mere beauty. The historic fact that Germany competes most keenly in articles of the highest grade can have nothing to do with her strong liking for the artistic.

SCHOLARSHIP OF IDEAS.

My case is probably by no means unique. After graduating with honors at ——— I obtained a position as teacher of English in the school where I now am. My ambition is to enter on a college career, but to do this I should have to go back to the graduate school of my university, and I cannot bring myself to undergo the gruelling process which such a course means. As an undergraduate I was not alone in feeling that the work required for the doctor's degree seems to be specially designed to eliminate all who have any imagination or any ideas.

We print this complaint because it is typical of an opinion which comes to us from many sources and in many forms, and which sooner or later must be reckoned with. It is in accord with the avowal of at least one college president to the effect that the recommendation of a certain eminent and dominating scholar would be a detriment to a candidate for a place in his faculty; and it may have some bearing upon the conditions which have led a keen observer in a large Western university to declare, whether rightly or wrongly, that the grade of men now preparing themselves for college teaching is distinctly inferior to what it was ten or fifteen years ago. No one can converse widely with the younger students over the country without having this attitude of revolt thrust forcibly upon his attention. The question is whether this discontent will be able to organize itself and effect a wise reform or waste itself blindly and suffer the graduate instruction in the English and modern language departments to go the way of the classics.

As for the classical men, they have taken account of their house, and, in alarm for their very existence, are making desperate efforts to throw off the shackles of pedantry with which they were bound and to introduce something into their curriculum besides linguistics and archæology. It would be uncritical to attribute the present low state of the classics entirely, or perhaps even chiefly, to the narrow philological method of teaching which so long prevailed, but this method was undoubtedly a contributory cause, and the great difficulty now, when the error is acknowledged and larger views are cherished, is to find instructors who can put into practice what all, or almost all, so earnestly desire. Scholars breed their kind, and a bad system has an obstinate way of perpetuating itself. We are glad to print in this issue of the *Nation* the argument of one who has always stood for true scholarship, and who, certainly as much as any other one man in the country, has labored to save the classics from the sands of pedantry on the one side and the bog of dilettanteism on the other.

This, in fact, is the dilemma—pedantry on the one side and dilettanteism on the other—which always confronts a collegiate department, and which now faces English and the modern languages with peculiar acuteness. The problem is complicated by the observed psychological fact that these two extremes of scholarship tend to work together with a kind of tolerant contempt for each other, to the exclusion of the virile scholarship of ideas which is inimical to both and is opposed by both. Emerson was right in saying that an idea is a terrible thing to let loose upon the world—certainly upon the academic world. A department under the control of a philological tradition, if called to account for not teaching "literature," will by natural instinct look out for a mild and pleasant lecturer with whose taste it can sympathize in hours of languid relaxation and whom it can probably dominate without difficulty. Meanwhile,

Povera vai e nuda, filosofia.

The remedy is not to transfer the emphasis from philology, using that word in its narrower sense, to "literature," using this word in its flabbier sense. The graduate school does not exist primarily for training the sensibilities, and the right graduate teacher is not one who can titillate the æsthetic nerve of the nice young poet. It is questionable whether the graduate school is properly used in any way for direct training in literary production. Skill in constructing a drama or writing a marketable short story is better acquired elsewhere. The graduate school is first and last a place for scholars, and the scholars who are now in charge may justly resent any move to put the æsthete and the amateur and the "literary" man in their chairs. Nor are they wrong in asserting that the most minute form of research—the relentless pursuit of some Anglo-Saxon vowel or the wild chase of some folk-tale through five mediæval languages—has its own place and honor. These things should be done, but the other things—the larger study of life, what we call the scholarship of ideas—should not be left undone; they should rather lead and give the tone to the whole. It is a matter of emphasis, and unfortunately the present state of affairs would seem almost to justify the complaint of an old English divine, that "no sort of Men think so little for the most part as they that are ingaged in the Profest Study of Learning and Knowledge."

Scholarship of ideas may seem a vague programme to set before those who are in the brunt of actual teaching. Certainly not the least of the difficulties to be overcome is that laxity of training which begins in the kindergarten, and which follows the student all the way up in his career, compelling the teacher to whom he comes in the graduate school, as Professor Shorey points out so emphatically, to waste his time in elementary discipline. Nevertheless, there are steps which lie clearly before the departments of English and modern languages, and will lead to immediate and practical reform. In the first place, they must free themselves from the ruck of mediævalism, in which may be included much of the raking among the dregs of Elizabethan drama. Mediæval studies are well in their way, but their dominance in the modern language field has done more, perhaps, than any other one cause to lay an undue emphasis on philological research of the most desiccating type and to drive away men of large, humane ideas. In place of mediæval phonetics and theme-chasing, a close alliance should be formed with the classics. One of the most significant warnings pronounced in many a year was the strong plea of Mr. Edward M. Shepard, speaking at the last meeting of the Modern Language Association, as a scholar and man of the world, for just this affiliation. From Athens and Rome, not from the Middle Ages, come the vital ideas of modern literature, the high association of letters and life, which we have so nearly lost from view. Such an alliance would at once introduce something more of actuality into the study of the classics and lend to modern languages the larger historical background, the sense of great currents of thought which have moulded and are still moulding the fate of mankind. He who, like the late Master of Balliol, has in mind the creative ideas that have passed from that ancient time to these modern days is not likely to lose himself either in pedantic intricacies or in the *O Altitudo* of a precious æstheticism.

beauty and the motives of conduct will be wedded with him for the making of the true scholarship.

Another practical step is the escape from the present tyranny of the German doctorate. It may be that for many men the preparation of a thesis is the best training, as it apparently is for the teacher the easiest method of testing a student's proficiency. But the system is subject at least to grave abuses. Even supposing that the student has advanced far enough to devote to the special research needed for a thesis a year or two years of time without heavy sacrifice in other directions, the emphasis laid on this kind of work tends to confuse the meaning of productive and creative scholarship and to establish wrong standards of excellence. It tends also to foster the peculiar sin of German scholarship which Professor Shorey brands as inaccuracy, but which we should prefer to call lack of mental integrity—the habit, that is, of erecting vast theories on a slender basis of fact, and so clogging the paths of truth. Only a huge illusion can hold that a student who by a satisfactory, even an admirable, thesis has added some small account to the sum of knowledge is in any true sense of the word a more creative mind than one who has thoroughly assimilated a wide range of ideas and prepared himself to hand on the judgments of time. At least along with the doctorate, we need to strengthen and raise the master's degree as a symbol of large assimilative study. Indeed, some of our universities have seen the value of this course, and are gradually lifting the M.A. into a sign of real distinction. One serious impediment now in the way of this reform is the belated ignorance of those presidents and trustees of colleges who insist on a Ph.D. after the name of a candidate to their faculties, and so attach to the degree a factitious commercial value. They have been educated into this error and must in turn be educated out of it.

Affiliation with the classics instead of mediævalism and the honoring of an assimilative degree beside the German doctorate are not impractical counsels of perfection; they are directly in the way of our modern language departments, they are comparatively easy to take, and they are already much talked of. In particular the choice lies before the department of English: it may suffer the tyranny of the pedant, and so go the path from which the classics are so wearily retracing their steps; or it may take warning and turn toward the scholarship of ideas. In this way it can preserve itself from the wiles of the dilettante and maintain its honorable position in the academic world; and in this way, too, it can be an indirect but incalculable aid to literature, for our literature to-day needs above everything else to add to its cleverness the discipline of ideas and the reverence for long tradition.

ENGLAND'S GREAT EXPERIMENT.

The introduction in Parliament of Mr. Lloyd George's bill for insuring workingmen against sickness and unemployment may do more to make this session historically memorable than even the bill abolishing the Lords' veto. It is a measure which has been long expected and long preparing. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been giving his strength to it for months. To him it represents the goal which he set himself in his bitterly opposed taxation and land laws of two years ago. He made no secret of his purpose. The main reason why he sought to push up succession duties and stiffen the income-tax and take a part of the increment in land values, was that he aimed to bring into the Treasury new revenues that might be released for social legislation. He is, therefore, only performing what he promised. A state system of sickness-insurance for laboring men and also insurance against being out of work he had specifically pledged himself to establish; so that his bill of last week is no surprise. It cannot be denied that it follows logically the legislation that has gone before it, and embodies principles or, at any rate, methods of governmental action which both English parties have adopted. The only difference is that the Conservatives promised such bills, whereas the Liberals are making them into law.

From the telegraphed accounts we get an intelligible outline of Lloyd George's proposals. His plan of insurance against sickness is patterned after the German model. The scheme is to be compulsory upon all who earn less than $800 a year, with certain excepted classes, and will affect, it is estimated, some 14,700,000 workers. They are required to contribute to the cost of the system. Each man will pay eight cents a week out of his wages, his employer will add three cents and the government two cents. It is figured that, on this basis, an allowance of $2.50 a week for illness during three months can be made to the insured, while, in case of permanent disabling, he may count upon $1.25 a week as long as he lives. All this bears the familiar mark, "Made in Germany." In attempting to insure against unemployment, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer is striking out on untrodden paths. He offers, indeed, to go but a little way for the present. His bill applies only to those employed in the engineering and building trades, some 2,400,000 men being involved. They, too, are to pay a certain amount weekly, their employers as much, while the government will contribute one-quarter of the total fund. Out of it an allowance, for a fixed term, of $1.75 a week will be made to every insured man who loses his job through no fault of his own, though in strikes and lockouts no insurance will be paid.

The entire measure is so intricate in its machinery, at the same time that it is so large and bold in its scope, that a close study of its details and, in all probability, a test of its practical working will be necessary before one can pronounce anything like a confident judgment upon it. There are, however, some things that can be said at once. Mixed motives enter into this proposed legislation. Grant as much humane enthusiasm as you please, on the part of Lloyd George and his followers; concede that the House of Commons is full of men whose hearts ache as they think of the hazards and miseries to which those are exposed who drudge and sweat at the nation's work; still this great social bill has its immediate spring in politics. Its origin is only partly in sympathy and pity; as we see from the way in which both parties have been bidding against each other, and as is evidenced by the fact that the Conservatives do not dare attack this bill which is tantamount to a revolution in English legislation. The public men who are promoting insurance against sickness and unemployment are looking at the sufferers, to be sure, but they are also looking at the voters. It has been made perfectly clear that they

did so in the case of old-age pensions—of that they openly boasted—and it will be so with the other. Even with Bismarck the political motive entered in: his elaborate schemes of workingmen's insurance were intended to halt the march of German Socialism—with what success we know!

Now, the moment you admit anything like a party motive into a great piece of constructive legislation, you are very apt to vitiate its framing and are almost certain to pervert its functioning. Lloyd George begins well, it is true, with demanding a contribution by the workingmen themselves. It was a vice of his old-age pension scheme that it did not. But, with the matter thrown into politics, how long will it be before the workingmen insist that their employers and the state pay the whole insurance bill? Even in the first general acclaim with which the bill was received, one Labor member remarked that the premiums exacted from the working people were too high. Exactly; and as soon as they think they are politically strong enough to demand that these shall be cut down or abolished altogether, they will do it; and what party will be strong enough to resist them? Moreover, if it be found in practice, as it has been in Germany, that the state-insurance system leads to a great deal of malingering and sham-sickness among workingmen, will the necessary sharpness of inspection and examination be submitted to by men who know that their class has the votes to turn the Government out?

We can only suggest the dangers that start up all along the track of such a gigantic innovation. Excellent impulses often lead to dire consequences. Of the statesmen who brought England low in the eighteenth century, Burke said that they dealt only in bits and scraps, and had not the power to think a great matter entirely through. We gravely doubt if the vast experiment upon which Lloyd George is entering has been thought through. Confessedly, he touches but the fringe of the problem of unemployment. He hopes to aid a handful of skilled men temporarily out of work, but the sunk masses of the unemployable are beyond any remedy of his—and *they* are the real problem. The cheerful hope is, of course, that state-insurance will free its beneficiaries from the haunting dread that now hangs over too many of them, make them brighter and more energetic; but may it not make them increasingly limp and dependent? To give a new set to human motives is always perilous; they may go the way we desire, but they may take an unexpected and alarming direction. This we do know—from history and our own experience—that it is a vicious thing in a democracy to get it into the heads of the people that, as Grover Cleveland said, they are not to support the government, but the government is to support them.

SOME ASPECTS OF SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT.

There is one fear which must be acutely present to Mr. Frederick W. Taylor and his fellow-pioneers in the development of the new Science of Management. And that is lest their new science should be popularly accepted as a new magic. As a people we are peculiarly susceptible to the attraction of cure-alls and abracadabras. The fervor with which Scientific Management is being discussed, and applied, and misapplied is largely the result of such a belief in the magical properties of the new science. The common impression seems to be that Scientific Management not only gets four times as much work out of the same plants as our present system does, but that the magnificent result is obtained by some process akin to making a few Masonic passes in the air or burning a couple of joss sticks in front of a bloomin' idol made of mud. Against this peril Mr. Taylor sounds an emphatic warning in his last article in the *American Magazine*. He cites the case of an establishment employing between three and four thousand men, the managers of which tried to accomplish in a year or two what they were warned must take from three to five years. As a result, instead of educating and leading their workingmen, the managers succeeded only in driving them. The outcome was disaster.

To the careful reader of the series of three articles in which Mr. Taylor has attempted to popularize his doctrine, the one thing that stands out clearly is the absolutely unmagical character of the processes of Scientific Management. Infinite care, infinite persistence, and a great outlay of money were necessary to the development of the principles of the new science as applied to even so elementary an occupation as the loading of pig iron or the shovelling of coal. When it came to so complicated a business as metal-cutting the amount of pioneer work was enormous. Two questions required to be answered: At what cutting speed shall the mechanic run his machine, and, What feed shall he use? To find the answer, Mr. Taylor and his associates carried out more than thirty thousand experiments extending over a period of twenty-six years. The question of proper speed called for the solution of an intricate mathematical problem involving twelve independent variables. Mr. Taylor has enumerated them from (a) to (m); and we quote at random:

> (a) The quality of the metal to be cut, *i.e.*, its hardness or other qualities which affect the cutting speed.
>
> (d) The shape or contour of the cutting edge of the tool.
>
> (h) The lip and clearance angles of the tool.
>
> (m) The pulling power and the speed and feed changes of the tool.

To one untechnical reader, at least, this is not crystal clear. What he does gather is that a vastly laborious piece of research was necessary before Scientific Management could be applied to the art of metal-cutting. Also that a similar process would be necessary for every other industry in proportion to the complicated nature of its processes.

With these facts in mind the untechnical reader finds himself driven to the belief that Scientific Management is, in essence, a new name for two well-recognized features of modern industry—the elimination of waste and the perfection of labor-saving devices. It will be noted that before Mr. Taylor found the right scientific answer to his metal-cutting problem, he had made an extremely important invention in the form of a new highspeed cutting tool. But there were kings before Agamemnon and there have been inventions and economic principles of industrial methods before Scientific Management. The one aspect of Scientific Management that is new—and an important aspect, too—is the fact that the new science is purposive where the old methods have been accidental. Under the unscientific system James Watt had to be watching his mother's tea-kettle in order to hit upon the idea of the steam-engine, and the handiworker of the present day has to hit upon some new device in shoemaking or printing or metal-casting. Under the scientific system the inventor does not wait for ideas to occur to him; he goes out in search

of them. He does not wait to be struck by the awkwardness of a coal heaver at work, but sets out with the presumption that there must be a better way of heaving coal.

But even in this matter of purposiveness, reflection shows that the new science is not altogether new. The Germans have been ahead of us in equipping their factories with special research staffs, but the system is far from unknown in this country. Those progressive establishments which have been conducting research laboratories are now apparently in the position of M. Jourdain; they have gone on being scientific without knowing it. And if we turn to a phase which is more characteristic of Scientific Management than the phase of mechanical invention, and that is the psychological factor, as descriptive of the attitude of employer and employee toward their work and toward each other, we find that here also a great deal of work has been going on under the name of Social Engineering. What Mr. Taylor has really done is to make a synthesis of principles and methods which in isolated form have already been recognized and applied. Here an industrial manager has concentrated his attention on the discovery of new mechanical methods. There a manager has given his attention to the utilization of by-products. There again a manager has set out to improve the human relations between master and men. The Scientific Manager is the one who pursues his studies along every one of these three lines. And he does it not by waiting till a happy thought comes to him here or there, but by keeping up a ceaseless search for possibilities in every field.

These are some of the possible reasons for holding that Scientific Management is neither as revolutionary a thing nor as wonder-working a thing as popular fancy has made it. And that is not to decry Scientific Management. On the contrary, the more we show it to be grounded in well-established conditions, and the more it is shown to be a science involving hard work, patience, skill, and wisdom, the more it will recommend itself to reasonable men. It is not magic, because even if it may have revolutionized the metal-cutting art in twenty-six years, greater industrial revolutions have been effected in less time. It is not magic, because five years is not a short time even for revolutionizing an establishment employing four thousand men. It is even conceivable that after the principles of Scientific Management have been laboriously established in a particular industry, some old-fashioned, unscientific inventor may hit upon an invention that will make scrap-iron of the whole scientific structure. We need only imagine Mr. Taylor at work on the printing industry and Mergenthaler hitting upon his "happy idea."

Nor need we underestimate the difficulties that stand in the way of the ready acceptance of Scientific Management. For one thing, there is the hostility of the labor unions. But if Scientific Management means the encouragement of inventions as well as the economic utilization of human muscle, what shall be said of the Trusts that are in the habit of buying up new inventions for the sole purpose of suppressing them? Mr. Taylor's doctrine presupposes a labor force eager to let itself be manipulated for the best interests of society as a whole, and a managing force eager to change methods, and to improve and to perfect. But when the management shows no desire to hunt after new tools, lest they should throw open the way to competition, its mouth is stopped against labor-union selfishness.

BANKING REFORM AND OUTSIDE BANKS.

We stated our opinion, when Senator Aldrich's revised and amended plan for banking reform was published last January, that its new proposals removed perhaps the most serious obstacle to acceptance of the Monetary Commission's programme. Abandoning the theory of a central bank on the European plan, placed independently in the field to dominate existing banks, Mr. Aldrich outlined machinery for coöperation and organization on the part of the banks themselves, which was at least financially and politically practicable. To a large extent, his proposal extended to the banking system as a whole the principle already successfully applied in clearing houses.

Organized at the start merely to provide machinery for exchanging checks between banks without collection of every such check in cash, the clearing house, under the title of the Associated Banks of a given city, eventually became a supervising institution with broad powers, whose recognized duty was to guard against unsound banking in its membership, to decide for that membership questions of technical banking policy, and to converge all the resources of its members on protection of individual institutions in a panic. Mr. Hepburn, at the trust company banquet in New York last Friday, aptly quoted the governor of the Bank of England as saying that, whatever criticism financial Europe had to pass on American banking methods generally, it had nothing but admiration for our system of clearing houses.

The national banking plan now before the public follows this example of local organizations of existing banks, but extends it to a larger geographical district than the single city which a clearing house serves. These district organizations are to hold the $300,000,000 stock of the central organization, and to have a controlling vote in choosing its officers. The district officers are to be required to pass on certain grades of paper, presented by banks in the district for re-discount by the central organization. It would necessarily follow, though Mr. Aldrich did not develop that aspect of the matter in his sketch, that the district organizations would possess, like the clearing houses, large powers of investigation and supervision over banks in their membership. If there were no other reason for this, a conclusive reason would be found in the district committee's function of endorsing or guaranteeing notes of those member banks as preliminary to re-discount.

It was obvious from the start that the serious problem in the path of this expedient was the existence of other than national banks. Such State-chartered institutions as State banks and trust companies exceed in this country, both in number and in outstanding credits, the national institutions. The question, therefore, was whether any plan of organization could be completely effective which should not include them. Mr. Aldrich in January tried to meet this difficulty by providing that national banks might be organized, under proper stipulations, with trust company and savings bank machinery. This meant two things —that existing trust companies might take out national charters, and that existing national banks might add a trust-company department to their activities.

We have set forth, from the time when

the same recourse was proposed by Mr. Fowler, what seemed to us the insuperable objections to it. They were, first, that the plan would involve invasion by the national government of the field of trustee regulation, jealously guarded by the States; secondly, that it might easily, through encroachment upon one another's domain, cause needless and irritating friction among existing institutions, and thirdly, that it would extend to the whole banking system the still unsettled problems of trust company regulation. In his speech to the trust companies last Friday, Mr. Aldrich frankly announced his personal conclusion that the adoption of the plan was impracticable.

This by no means signifies, or ought to signify, that the idea of participation by these State institutions in a national plan of banking reform and supervision must be abandoned. There are very strong reasons to the contrary; not least, the well-known tendency, when one class of banking institutions is closely supervised and the other is not, for banking adventurers to direct redoubled activity toward obtaining a foothold in the second class. The participation of institutions of the sort in a national plan of coöperation must apparently be made possible on the lines which have made possible their membership or associate membership in clearing houses. Mr. Aldrich, while admitting his inability at the moment to prescribe the plan of operation, laid down as an indispensable preliminary the conformity by such outside institutions to the rules of the national organization regarding investigation, regarding public statements, and, in a reasonable degree, regarding maintenance of reserve.

All this opens up consideration of an important and intricate question. For ourselves, we shall merely say at present that its difficulties do not arise from a general principle, but from the problem of the complete and harmonious application of that principle. There is, so far as we know, nothing in the world to prevent a State bank or trust company from voluntarily assenting to any reasonable requirement, from thereby joining the national association, and from thereafter enjoying such advantages as may accrue through the connection. Compulsory membership or associate membership would be out of the question; but in that respect the case even of the national banks is precisely similar. Even under the present plan, national banks "may" subscribe to the central organization and join the district associations; but they also may refuse to join, and indeed "may, if they choose, maintain their present note issue." There is no compulsion here, and there would certainly be none in a plan for including other institutions. If a sound and equitable plan were once proposed to invite them in, the real question would probably be, whether they could afford to stay out.

AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP.

I.

To the many general causes of educational unsettlement and confusion in this "age of transition," the United States adds one peculiar to itself. Normally, the higher educational system of a great country should send its roots deep down into the national tradition, and its organs should be nicely adjusted to one another and to the functions of the national life. But the American college is an accidental development of colonial copies of the English college, and the superposed American university, even when not a direct imitation of the German university, is manned chiefly by professors "made in Germany." For the disadvantages of these anomalies, there is some compensation in a certain breadth, flexibility, and open-mindedness that characterize the better type of American scholar. But the disadvantages are nevertheless very real, and not to be blinked. They may be summed up in the word maladjustment, manifesting itself externally in the imperfect coördination of secondary, collegiate, and university instruction, and spiritually in the divorce of our scholarship and our science from culture. There are, of course, many other causes for this—specialism, commercialism, democracy. But the chief cause, perhaps, is the fact that our professional scholarship has been in the past an importation, not an indigenous growth—an importation not from England, the home of our literature; not from France, whose qualities would best correct the excesses of professionalism and the heavy Teutonic strain in ourselves, but from Germany, whose culture, as Goethe, Heine, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche have told their compatriots, is a sporadic, feebly-rooted flower, choked by a weedy growth of over-specialized erudition.

There is no remedy for this state of affairs in doctrinaire and revolutionary reform of our educational machinery, nor in those facile denunciations of pedantry with which lively writers can always win the applause of a gallery that has been habituated by professors of the new pedagogy to apply that purely relative term to every form of exact and minute scholarship. The fault is not with the seminar, the doctoral dissertation, or the final examination. These are convenient and flexible instrumentalities which the university professor is already free to use for the realization of any idea to which he can win his students. It is the ideals and aims themselves that need to be liberalized, not revolutionized. That is necessarily a slow process, the first step in which must be a clearer self-consciousness on the part of American scholars and a fuller appreciation of the problem which the development of the American university has created for them. Our task is to re-define and so far as may be harmonize the aims of culture and scholarship without undue concessions to the gushing dilettante, and to emancipate ourselves from slavish subservience to German influence without losing the lessons or forgetting the debt of gratitude that we owe to Germany.

II.

In practice, the beginning of such a reaction shows itself in the increasing proportion of American students who now pursue their graduate studies at home instead of going to Germany. Our pupils recognize that the much exaggerated and rapidly lessening scientific superiority of the German universities is more than outweighed by the possibilities of unity and continuity of culture, uninterrupted contact with the national life and education, and the more intelligent and sympathetic personal guidance which the better American universities provide. They see that our degrees are somewhat harder to win, and infer that they may be quite as well worth the winning. They are right, and we should henceforth reserve travelling fellowships for holders of the American doctorate who will visit the German universities as intelligent observers and critics, and not abandon themselves in helpless, open-mouthed plasticity to be moulded into patterns of second-rate Germans. Men who go directly from the inadequate preparation of the ordinary minor college to the great European universities not only waste a year or two in fumbling endeavors to adjust themselves to alien conditions, but convey and receive totally false impressions about American and European scholarship. The superiority of the foreign university rests almost wholly on the severer discipline of the German gymnasium and the great English public schools. The American university professor, if competent for his task, is aware of this difference, makes allowance for it, and in the end brings a fair proportion of his men up to the European standard even in the technique of scholarship. There is no provision for this work in the European universities.

The visiting American student, if exceptionally able and ambitious, may be stimulated to remedy his deficiencies unaided. In a large proportion of cases he copies out copiously and slavishly lecture notes not adapted to his needs, fancying that he is storing up treasures of erudition undreamt of in America, and leaving on the mind of his German or Oxford professor a conviction, which courtesy vainly endeavors to disguise, that Americans lack the very notion of sincere and serious scholarship. At the end of three or four years he returns, completely out of touch with American life and American education, to teach American boys. If a Rhodes scholar, he has gained an English intonation, some polish of manner it may be, and possibly an enlarged and more discriminating English vocabulary. But he is no nearer to an earned doctor's degree and professional mastery of his subject than one year at a first-class American university would have brought him. If Germany was his choice, he may have received the degree which Germany bestows somewhat lightly for the encouragement of the alien, and he has learned a foreign language. But he has paid a heavy price for his German in three years' discontinuance of the habit of reading English, and in the Teutonization of his English style. He has steeped himself, not so much in his subject, as in the German terminology and systematic *Wissenschaft* of his subject, with the result that either he will remain for life the prisoner of the system and the terminology, or, as sometimes happens, in a mood of revolt and reaction, he stops his subscription to the *Selten Erscheinende Monatschrift* and takes in the *Bookman*, and replaces the philological hand apparatus on his revolving book-shelf by a set of the British poets and the "Library of the World's Best Literature."

It may be said that the outcome of an American course of graduate study is often equally futile and deplorable. It must be admitted that the machine-made doctor of philosophy often remains essentially a barbarian, unread outside of the technical literature of his specialty, unfurnished with those general ideas the possession of which was Taine's criterion of the educated man, and incapable of either writing or understanding English of the sound tradition. From this text our impatient critics proceed to a general onslaught on American scholarship and denunciation of the Germanized American university, its minutely specialized courses, its seminars, and the doctoral dissertations, the parody of whose titles is a gag that never fails with a popular audience. They would reform it altogether, and substitute for the idea of training investigators the endeavor to produce teachers, writers, intellectual leaders, of broad and liberal culture. With the demand for the humanization of our scholarship I heartily sympathize, though I would accompany it by a plea for the fortifying of our culture by a little more respect for exact knowledge. It is not the excess of either erudition or culture, but their assumed incompatibility and divorce, from which our higher education is suffering. But in their eagerness for the end, our literary censors investigate the disease superficially and prescribe impossible remedies. They ignore the complexity of the problem and do scant justice to the efforts of university instructors to solve it. They forget that in the graduate school, at any rate, culture really is and must be a by-product. A three years' graduate curriculum, devoted ostensibly and mainly to cultural courses, wide reading in general literature, and daily or monthly themes, is an impossible piece of educational machinery. The more serious students would revolt at its aimlessness, and the public would very properly want to know what the undergraduate course was for.

III.

And this brings us to the central difficulty with which the American university professor is struggling, not quite so unconsciously, or, if we take long views, so hopelessly as the genial onlooker assumes. The deficiency of the ordinary graduate student not only in respect of culture, but in the elementary technique of his specialty, is due to the comparative failure of collegiate education, that in turn to the lax training of the secondary schools, and that again to the low intellectual standards of a young, prosperous, commercialized nation, and the reaction of the indulgent American parent against what he deems puritanic or old-world ideas of discipline and restraint. This fatal sequence and the recriminations to which it gives rise are an old story which it is useless to repeat here. It may be freely conceded that the university, too, contributes its share of errors to our pedagogical muddle. But if these could be eliminated by the wisdom of its critics, the chief problem would still remain: the retrieval in three short years of the losses and waste of ten years of confused and misdirected effort. It cannot be done without sacrifice. So long as the American graduate student enters the university unable to write lucid English and ungrounded in the elements of the subject which he proposes to pursue, he must work a little longer and a little harder for his degree than he normally should. Even so, he will not achieve a perfect adjustment of the ideals of professional competency and breadth of culture. In the nature of things he will incline to one side with some sacrifice of the other. The scheme of the graduate curriculum is broad enough to include both. It is already so administered in many places as to do justice to the reasonable claims of both. The name seminar need frighten nobody, so long as it is recognized that a seminar may deal with the literary criticism of the Greek drama or the philosophy of Plato as well as with the text criticism of Pliny's letters or the syntax of the Greek verb. The acceptance of an occasional doctoral dissertation on a Greek particle or the manuscripts of Catullus should be no grievance to the student of broader interests, provided he himself is encouraged and helped to write, if he can, a readable monograph on some literary, historical, or philosophic theme. The graduate school can meet all the legitimate needs of more aspiring spirits without sacrificing its present ideal of exact, first-hand scholarship within a definite field for all and original research for some. It is not and should not be any considerable part of its function to provide either "inspiration" in the form of eloquent popular lectures or training courses for the journalist, the novelist, and the essayist. These things, so far as they can be taught at all, belong either in the second half of the collegiate course or in the extension department. The "mere" littérateur should not attempt to force his point of view upon the graduate school. But if he can afford the time he will greatly profit by accepting its point of view provisionally and for one or two years. From the narrowest curriculum he will acquire something which in America he could hardly get in any other way, the scholar's conscience and a clear conception of the difference between first-hand and second-hand knowledge.

These preliminary reserves and qualifications threaten to occupy more space than the main thesis. But *distinguo* is the first word of my philosophy as of Montaigne's. The undiscriminating attribution to German influence of all real and imaginary defects of the American graduate school and the systematic exaggeration of the supposed antithesis between scholarship and culture can do no possible good. Nietzsche's eloquent diatribes against the excesses of history and philology have no application to our conditions. The superior culture of Oxford or Paris is not due to the substitution of culture courses for detailed and precise work. It is due to the background of the national tradition in language and literature, and the controlling consciousness of this tradition in the minds of teachers and taught. Germany has never had such a tradition and our dependence on Germany has prevented us from renewing ours, interrupted by the conditions of colonial and pioneer life.

The mere habituation of American scholars to German prose, through their most impressionable years would keep them from attaining the certainty of linguistic instinct of a cultivated Englishman or Frenchman. *La prose alle-*

mande n'existe pas, says a distinguished French critic. Unfortunately, it does exist for American philologians as an *exemplar vitiis imitabile*. I refer not merely to the omnibus type of German sentence wittily described by De Quincy, Ruskin, and Mark Twain, to the "something splay" in the German language which Nietzsche quotes from Matthew Arnold, or to the all pervading mixed metaphor. Rhetoric is something larger than refinements of style or diction; it is psychology, tact, taste. Professor von Wilamowitz is not only one of the greatest of living scholars, but in his way a man of the broadest and finest culture. But all his genius could not save Goethe from the cabbage passage in "Werther," and all his Hellenism could not guard Wilamowitz against that sophomoric flight of rhetoric about the Athenian sewers at the close of his "Aus Kudathen," which would be as impossible to a Jebb or a Gaston Boissier as we trust it will some day seem to American scholars of equal standing.

Style is only a symptom of deeper things. A Germanized education makes our scholars strangers to their own national literature, and confuses all their literary, historical, and cultural perspectives. It may be doubted whether literary criticism can ever rise higher than its source in the critic's immediate perception of values in the language and literature to which he is born. From this must come the analogies, instincts, standards, that control and keep sane the philological criticism of other literatures. The criticism of German scholars lacks and always has lacked this balance-wheel. They do not know their own literature as Frenchmen and Englishmen know theirs, nor do they write with constant reference to it. And if they did it could supply them no equivalent of the poetry of England, the drama and the prose of France. The consequent crudity and amateurishness of their criticism of life and letters is their misfortune and not their fault. But it will surely be our fault if, dazzled by the prestige of their learning, we continue much longer to take seriously their Homeric theories, their interpretations of the Platonic philosophy, their estimates of Cicero and Virgil; if we accept as contributions to comparative literature articles on "Der Einfluss der Anakreontik auf Johann Peter Uz," or the triple sawdust of Stemplinger's "Fortleben der Horazischen Lyrik," and Billeter's "Die Anschauungen vom Wesen des Griechenthums;" if we study Mill's Platonism only at second hand in Gomperz, and treat the Homeric views of Andrew Lang respectfully only when they come back to us in Rothe; if we waste our students' attention on Robert's *tours de passe-passe* with Mycenæan and Ionian armor, or on Mülder's equations of eyes and oysters; if we assist the disciples of Blass in rearing the baby science of prose rhythm, conceived in the innocency of a scholar whose naïve surprise at the cadences of Plato and Demosthenes was untempered by any previous experience of DeQuincy or Ruskin; if we accept the estimates of reviewers blind to the crushing superiority of Jebb's Sophocles, Gaston Boissier's Cicero, or Croiset's history of Greek literature, and acquiesce in the judgment that dismisses Pater's "Plato and Platonism" as the trifling of an amateur, while treating the pseudo-science of Lutoslawski as an advancement of knowledge; if we remain to the end dependent on bibliographies that catalogue Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility" under *Sinneswahrnehmung* and list a reprint of FitzGerald's "Agamemnon" as a new text edition.

Something too much of these obvious and ungracious reflections. It is, I repeat, not the fault of the Germans that the false historical perspective and *Umwerthung aller Werthe* which accompany their gifts of learning are a hindrance and not a help to the heirs of Chaucer and Tennyson. The remedy, as we have seen, is not to substitute culture courses for scholarship, but to train our scholars at home as French and English scholars are trained in an environment and by methods that shall subject the form and relate the content of their knowledge to the high tradition of their own language, literature, and inherited culture. This cannot be done in a day or a generation. For it will take a generation to prepare the teachers. But we may make a beginning now—with ourselves, as well as with our pupils.

IV.

Thus far I have spoken of our own special problem of the adjustment of an imported professional scholarship to our national education and culture. But there is a brief final word to be said on the need of rescuing scholarship itself from the German yoke. The public will suppose me to mean from German pedantry and superfluous accuracy in insignificant research—but I mean in all seriousness from German inaccuracy. The disease of German scholarship, well indicated by Matthew Arnold in "God and the Bible," has now infected all the world. The game of investigation, as played by its most brilliant practitioners, threatens to become a systematic dissemination of error and perversion of the feeling for evidence. In a large proportion of philological and historical problems, the most that we can hope to attain is an accurate collection of the insufficient evidence and a clean-cut statement of the alternative probabilities. There still remains an enormous amount of this work to be done. Instead of doing it, the Germanized scholarship of the world insists on "sweat-boxing" the evidence and straining after "vigorous and rigorous" demonstration of things that do not admit of proof. The method is openly avowed and defended on principle. The scholar who lacks the courage to make mistakes, they say, will make no discoveries. They quote Bacon to the effect that truth emerges more readily from error than from confusion, and take this to mean that the systematic elaboration of absurdity is the true philological method. The practical results are deplorable. The chief objection to hunting for mares' nests is that you are sure to find them. But the quest itself impairs the reasoning powers. It obscures in our teaching and in the eyes of the public the true cultural aims of philological study by an excess not of precision, which can never do harm, but of that parody of scientific research which consists in the "pyramiding" of unverifiable hypotheses. It blinds us to the elementary logical truth that the resultant probability of such a process is not the summation but the fractional product of the probabilities of the separate steps. And what is more, the predetermined resolve to achieve results vitiates the separate steps. The public even of scholars has no conception of the quantity of misstatement now circulating in accredited books signed by reputable names; and it is impossible to tell them because the enumeration of errors is not only invidious in a writer, but intolerably wearisome to the reader. There are large fields of philology in which we shall be compelled to do the work all over again, in order to determine the simple facts of the tradition uncolored by the pleas of advocates with points to prove. The big ambitious books of the Nordens, the Heinzes, the Reitzensteins, the Joels, the Dümmlers, the Hirzels, the Wendlands, and even, alas! of the Wilamowitzes cannot be trusted. They cannot be safely used without laborious verification, and verification too often reveals that the texts cited are mistranslated, misinterpreted, or, at any rate, do not prove the point. American scholars have not wholly escaped this infection. But either some defect of ambition or a remnant of Yankee common sense makes the majority of them immune to the disease in its most virulent form. There are compensations in all things. It is sad that our scholarship, as our literary friends so often remind us, is hard, thin, dry, matter-of-fact, syntactical, statistical, archæological, and negative; that it never rises to the comprehensive survey and the generous *élan* of constructive hypothesis of Germany, and is lacking in the grace and charm of France, the restrained emotion and finished eloquence of England. But I console myself with the reflection that perhaps, while we are growing to our full stature, it is the temporary mission of our hardness and thinness to

correct some of the excesses associated with the admirable qualities that are beyond our reach. We are often reproached for not producing those charming, readable essays that flow so frequently from the facile pens of our French and English colleagues. Well, Professor Butcher's lecture on Greek literary criticism is pleasant reading, but I am not certain that the multiplication of such lectures would be a more desirable outcome of our scholarship than are Professor Carroll's dissertation on Aristotle's "Poetics," Dr. Baker's study of literary criticism in Greek comedy, or Professor Van Hook's dissertation on the terminology of Greek literary criticism. I open Professor Butcher's essays at random and read:

> Plato goes so far as to discover a moral danger in prose compositions which lack rhythm or harmony: to his mind they indicate some disorder within the soul.

Here is a testimony to rhythmical prose indeed. It is most interesting. Unfortunately, Plato says nothing remotely resembling what is here attributed to him. The passage of the "Laws" cited in support of the statement is completely misunderstood. I open Professor Mackail's delightful lectures on Greek poetry and find an eloquent page about an awesome lightning flash which illuminates an awful pause before the retreat of the Trojans. Nothing could be more impressive—if true. But there is no lightning flash, and the simile does not illuminate the terror-stricken pause of the Trojans, but the breathing space won by the Greeks seventeen lines after the pause. If we must choose, I prefer American thinness and dryness to this. We may pay too high a price not only for a German *geistreiche Combination*, but for French neatness of antithesis and English romantic sentiment. To adapt the phrases of Emerson, let us sit at home with might and make the best of ourselves.

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NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It is probable that the immensity of the loss to American historical scholarship entailed in the destruction of the New York State Library by the recent fire is only imperfectly understood. Among the archives stored in the State Capitol the old Dutch colonial records come first, chronologically. These consisted of two important collections. The first comprised sixteen volumes of transcripts of documents in the Royal Archives at The Hague, and in the possession of the city of Amsterdam, Holland, procured by John R. Brodhead in 1841, and reprinted in part in translation in E. B. O'Callaghan's "Documents Relating to the Colonial History of New York." They covered the years 1603-78. The second collection comprised the original transcriptions of the records of the government of the Dutch West India Company in the years 1638-64 and 1673-74. Of these there were originally forty-eight volumes. Many of these documents exist now only in translation. Of those that have been reprinted, perhaps 10 per cent. can be said to be really well done; the other 90 per cent. ought to have been done over again and probably would have been in time had they not been destroyed. Of this entire Dutch collection, it is believed that about one-third has been saved in a more or less burned condition. A preliminary survey of the remainder has led the archivists to reach the conclusion that by mere chance a considerable portion of the material that had never been reprinted in any form, even in poor translations, has been saved.

Of the English Colonial Records in the library, the most interesting single document, the original charter of New York, granted by Charles II to the Duke of York, was not in the archives room, and was saved. But in other respects the loss of manuscript records for this period is irreparable. Among these were thirty-three volumes of the manuscript records of the Colonial Council, including the correspondence of the colonial Governors, passes, writs, orders, and permits. There were also twenty-eight volumes of the Minutes of the Provincial Council, in both its executive and legislative capacity, covering the years 1668 to 1776. Part of these, in the earlier period, had been reprinted, although in an unsatisfactory form, in the volumes of New York Colonial Documents.

Also included in the English collection were thirty-two volumes of miscellaneous records, comprising orders, licenses, warrants, election certificates, certificates of incorporation, and statements of colonial territorial claims affecting New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey. These covered the period from 1665 to 1808. There were also four volumes of commissions, both civil and military, from 1684 on; the accounts of the provincial treasurers, the original reprints of Dongan's laws, and the journals of the New York Assembly from 1699 to 1767.

Under the general title of Land Papers were included a vast number of original land patents. There was the original charter of the city of New York, dated 1730, and an original copy of the Zenger reprint of the same. The Indian Papers included the original records of the Indian Agency for 1757-59, a file of Indian traders' bonds, and copies of the Indian treaties entered into from 1766 to 1811, largely with the Iroquois. Related to the general subject of the New York Indians were the Sir William Johnson Papers, comprising twenty-six volumes of manuscript reports, records, and letters covering the years 1738-1774. This collection was justly considered one of the chief treasures of the State library, and, as much of it existed nowhere else, and had never been printed, the loss is a heavy one. Of great value to the students of this period, too, were the original Diaries of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, the missionary to the Iroquois Indians between 1769 and 1793, in four manuscript volumes. It was he who was responsible to a great extent for the fact that the Oneida tribe remained faithful to the American cause during the Revolution, and did not, like most of the rest of the Iroquois, cast in their lot with the British. A portion of these diaries have been reprinted in Ketchum's "History of Buffalo" and in the Proceedings of the Buffalo Historical Society.

One of the most valuable single collections in the burned library consisted of fifty-two volumes of manuscripts and papers of or relating to George Clinton, first Governor of the State and later Vice-President of the United States. They covered a period extending from 1763 to 1844, and were of varied interest and character. Among them originally were many letters from Washington, most of which had luckily been removed before the fire. One of the interesting items in this collection was a manuscript journal kept by Gov. Clinton in the years 1803-09. Of value, too, was the diary of his father, Col. Charles Clinton, of his ocean passage from Ireland to America in 1729, and another of his campaign in the French and Indian war in 1758. One of the volumes in the Clinton collection consisted of 366 separate documents and papers relating to New York city prior to and immediately following the Revolution. Most of them related to real estate transactions, land sales, building contracts, and so on.

A collection of forty-four volumes comprising the Papers and Minutes of the Provincial Congress of the New State of New York for the years 1775 to 1778, was of great value for students of the civil administration of the revolted colonies during the Revolution. The minutes and journals were printed many years ago, and are, therefore, available. This collection included the original credentials of the delegates to the Provincial Congress of 1755, the minutes of the military committees of the Congress, and many valuable manuscript maps.

A collection of manuscript records and minutes of the Proceedings of the Committee of Safety of Albany City and County during the Revolution, ten volumes in all, were partly saved by the fact that several of the volumes were in the possession of the State historian at the time of the fire. The Proceedings of the Albany Committee of Correspondence, in two volumes, and the Minutes of the Committee for Detecting and Defeating Conspiracies, both of them Revolutionary bodies, were destroyed. The latter, however, were published last year, under the editorship of the State historian, in several carefully compiled and edited reprints, and their loss will, therefore, not be so serious as that of the manuscripts that have never been printed.

Among the other State documents lost were several volumes of early State Treasury papers; a report of the American prisoners confined in British prisons and on the prison ships; the Gen. John De Lacey papers, the muster rolls of New York regiments in the Continental service, and manuscripts relating to land patents and bounty lands.

Two sets or collections of papers of very great value to the student of the early political and legislative history of the State were known as the Assembly Papers and the Legislative Papers. The Assembly Papers covered the period from 1777 to 1831, and consisted of forty-four volumes. In them were included a large number of miscellaneous papers submitted to the Assembly in those years, including two volumes of reports concerning the confiscation of the Tory estates, the original messages of the Governors, the original incorporation records of cities and villages, and the original reports of State officers. One important volume comprised the Vermont Papers

which related to the boundary controversy with Vermont in 1777-79. There was also a volume of letters of the Loyalist Governor, William Tryon, for the years 1777-80. Among the other items was the original manuscript Journal of the State Senate from 1777 to 1792, and the original Minutes of the Council of Appointment from 1777 to 1786. The latter exists in duplicate in the office of the secretary of state.

An important series, of which it is believed about one-third were saved, was that of the Papers of Governor Tompkins. These were in fifteen volumes, and the most valuable portions of them had been published by the State several years ago in an extremely poorly edited edition. Aaron Burr's receipt books for 1812-20 were among the articles lost. There was also the Westerloo collection of manuscripts in Dutch and Latin. Another item of considerable value was the minutes, reports, and accompanying documents of the Constitutional Convention of 1846. Union College has sustained a severe loss in the destruction of a great many of its earliest records, including the original ledgers and account books.

There were deposited in the library series of papers and manuscripts bearing on the history of other States. Most of them had not been printed, and it will never be possible to use them, as had been proposed, to fill in gaps that exist in the records of these States.

The collection known as the D'Iberville papers, including a large number of copies and transcripts of papers and documents in translation and the original French, relating to the voyages and discoveries of the French colonist and soldier D'Iberville, and of considerable importance to students of the early history of Florida and Louisiana, were among the most interesting of the many collections dealing with the history of the country outside of New York State.

It is estimated that the total salvage on these manuscript archives will not be more than 10 per cent. But it will be some time before it is possible to tell with any exactness what is saved and what irretrievably lost.

Correspondence

PRACTICAL IDEALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A great man who doth bestride this world like a colossus some months ago came up out of Africa to the more sophisticated civilizations on the north of the Mediterranean, and there, on the shores of that immortal bay where still, as in the days of Shelley,

> Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
> The purple noon's transparent light,

he gathered about him on the sands the ingenuous youth of the University of Naples, who flocked to hear his words. And this, we are told, was the substance of the message:

> Young Gentlemen: Be practical—avoid impractical ideals. You will never get forward unless your ideals are capable of being attained, and we are in this world for the purpose of getting forward.

If Virgil's shade had that day chanced to wander near his tomb, must it not have joined with the young countrymen of the Gracchi and of Dante in exile, of Savonarola on his pyre, and of Garibaldi and his thousand, in shuddering at this new sermon on the mount—or shall we not better call it a sermon from the depths?

There flashed across my mind when I read it the exultant cry of that great German who stood in Naples a century and a quarter before him: "Den lieb ich der unmögliches begehrt."

Mr. Roosevelt seems obsessed with the idea that the youth of the world are in danger of aspiring too high unless he restrains them. Only ten days ago the wires tell us that he came back to the familiar theme at the very antipodes of Naples, on the shores of that other bay, which rivals Naples in beauty, though not yet in associations. There, looking out through the Golden Gate, he told the students of the University of California, that they must beware of "unrealizable" ideals. "Examine your ideals," said he, "and see if they are realizable—if so, embrace them; but if you find them unrealizable, cast them from you and look about for those that are realizable."

Whether there be any distinction between "practical" ideals and "realizable" ideals, I leave to the casuists to determine. I presume none was intended and that they are but variations "for the sake of euphony," as the rhetoricians say, upon one theme. But some of us dissent *in toto* from this whole gospel of mediocre ideals. We used to be told as young men and maidens in homely phrase to hitch our wagon to a star. That was not very "practical," not at all "realizable"; but somehow it seemed to lift us. I wonder if Emerson, in view of this later eminent advice, would perhaps consent to an emendation, possibly like this, "Hitch your wagon to a star, provided it be a falling star, whose cindered skeleton you may some day overtake in a lava bed in the desert."

Surely, it is not asking too much, in a world which is being suffocated with practicabilities and realizabilities, with economies and extravagancies, with life-savers and life-destroyers, which is full of keen calculators and cunning inventors, of those who consume and those who conserve, of balance sheets and annual statements, of machines and counter-machines—that the pure white flame of a disinterested and utterly impractical idealism should be allowed to glow faintly on our academic altars, if nowhere else. I know nothing of "practical idealism." The calculating intellect that charts and computes the chances of success and failure has no more of idealism about it than a pendulum or a cash register.

Mr. Roosevelt says that he regards as the two greatest achievements of his Administration the Roosevelt Dam and the Panama Canal. No doubt he would scorn the suggestion that the name of John Brown of Ossawattomie (think of the impracticability of his ideal!) will, in the coming years, cause more hearts to beat faster, more eyes to fill with tears, more souls to leap with blade unsheathed to noble and unselfish deeds, than even the name of the builder of the Panama Canal—though it did take 5,236,421 bags, or barrels, or car-loads, or ship-loads, or whatever it was, of cement to build it.

Why take such infinite pains, anyhow, to water the deserts and rend twin continents asunder, and conserve our forests and our fuels and our bodies, and attend to the thousand other practical and realizable trifles that men fret over? Is it worth while if we be merely those little men of little soul who rise up to buy and sell again and be otherwise "practical"?

May there not be spots here and there, free from the domination of the homiletic calculators, where men not pretending to omniscience as to the outcome demand of their ideals only that they shall be fixed and lofty; and, once satisfied of that, feel that they can leave the issue with the Almighty? Howard L. Smith.

University of Wisconsin, May 1.

KEATS'S "MISSAL."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In seeking for the source of Keats's line in "The Eve of St. Agnes,"

> Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray,

it may be well to ask whether the poet was not referring to a particular book. If a certain missal was much written and talked about in literary circles at this time, and if further it was a missal that had been used by Christians dwelling among the swart paynims (all of whom, as good Mohammedans, are pretty regular in their praying), there is a chance that this was the book that touched the poet's imagination and supplied the simile.

As it happens, a copy of a missal which meets these conditions is now in the British Museum. It appears in the catalogue as "Missale mixtum secundum regulam beati Isidori dictum Mozarabes. . . . In regali civitate Toleti, 1500." The character of this missal, and its repute among book-fanciers of Keats's time, are indicated by the following notes upon Lord Spencer's copy at Althorp, in T. F. Didbin's "Bibliotheca Spenceriana" (four vols., London, 1814-15), Volume I, p. 135:

> When the reader is informed that this work was considered "the scarcest book in the whole Harleian Collection," he will naturally expect both a particular account of the volume itself, and of the circumstances which have contributed to its excessive rarity. As the latter involve in them some interesting historical details, it may be well to notice them in a succinct point of view.
>
> It is well known that the territories of modern Spain were, in the fifth and sixth centuries, completely subdued by the Goths; who instituted, according to their notions of the Christian religion, certain rites which, consolidated into one particular form, were called the Gothic Ritual—or, according to the modern term, Missale Gothicum. In the seventh century St. Isidore, Archbishop of Seville, corrected this ritual; and, under this amended form, it was ordained, by the Council of Toledo, to be used in all churches. The overthrow of the Goths, by the Moors and Arabs, succeeded in the four following centuries: but although many of the former preferred exile to the Moorish government, yet, a great number of them, having a few churches granted them for the free exercise of their worship, continued to be mingled and domesticated with their conquerors; still using, but in a form probably somewhat corrupted, their Gothic ritual of worship.

In the same volume, p. 136, appears an extract from the Life of Cardinal Ximénes by Alvaro Gomez, of which the following sentences (and in particular the phrase *sacris suis retentis* are in point:

> Cum per Mauros Arabesque universa pene regio caede incendijsque vastata, fusis, fugatisque Hispanorum copijs, in barbarorum ditionem venit. Cum autem in publica clade, urbs quoque ipsa regia in hostium potestatem, idque ea conditione venisset, ut op-

pidanis licet Christiano ritu moribusque in ea vivere: quanvis pleraque civium multitudo spontaneum exilium Arabicae praetulit servituti, nonnulli tamen quibus patrij domesticique lares cariores libertate fuerunt, conditione accepta, sub Arabum et Maurorum imperio sacris suis retentis, in urbe manserunt. Ergo ejusmodi homines quod Arabibus permisti viverent, Mistarabes appellati sunt, et illorum ecclesiasticus ritus, officium Mistarabum.

The Catalogue of the Harleian Collection, Vol. I, p. 4, refers to the missal as follows:

Amongst a great number of Roman Missals and Breviaries remarkable for the beauty of their Cuts and Illuminations, will be found the Mosarabic Missal and Breviary that raised such commotions in the Kingdom of Spain.

That Keats actually saw either Dibdin's work or the missal itself there is, as far as I know, no proof, although it is not greatly straining probability to suppose that he saw both. Keats was in 1818-19 often at the house of Charles Wentworth Dilke, and it may be that he saw Dibdin's work in Dilke's library. I put the question some time ago in a letter to the late Sir Charles Dilke and received from him the following reply:

Alas! I can't be sure, but I *think* I remember that this book was either at Belmont Castle (my great aunt's) or at Chichester. My great-grandfather's books, etc., were divided between my great uncle and his sister. I took from both libraries the books of my great-grandfather which had his book plate, but it is *not* among them.

I publish these inconclusive notes in the hope that some one may be able to supply the connecting links.

FRED NEWTON SCOTT.

University of Michigan, May 3.

OUR JACKIES AT THE GOLDEN HORN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We thought you might be interested in the care those of us who happen to be doing various kinds of duty in foreign parts take of the men of our fleet when they come into port.

Previously, when an American gunboat rounded Seraglio Point and dropped anchor under the minarets and domes of Stambul, the usual process of disembarkation was something like this: All hands on deck, flags flying, and a general air about as if the Sultan had invited the crew for luncheon; then a speedy descent into the boats, and, with the oarsmen doing rag-time with the blades, a hard bump on the quay at Tophane; then the Turkish arsenal, and a wild scramble for the town. Bluejackets might be seen disappearing round the corners that lead into Galata, the most cosmopolitan, the dirtiest bedraggled seaport in the world; and in a very few minutes the noise and clatter and "fancy swearing" of a brawl would fill the air.

The various other jackies of the fleets of the world might be partly to blame, but, whoever started the affair, our own were always on hand to put the finishing touches just where they belonged. Then Step-street is reached; there is a swoop up the long stone steps, past the shops where the Greek priests sell ikons, past the tomb of the Turkish imam where a still light burns day and night, past the big coffee-house where the Moslems sit drawing at nargillehs, to the skating rink. The door, of course, is not big enough for the general crowd that wishes to get in at the same time, so the door comes down. "Lizzie" and "Aleena" skating past the doorway, get a knock in the face, and another brawl is well begun.

But "Bill" patches things up, collects the amount of the admissions, and the music starts again. This time a French sailor starts the trouble—he is having a dull time and thinks the first violin is too slow. He pulls the old man's beard, and gets bounced. Kind-hearted always, "our own" assist in the bouncing and hold the floor for themselves, until a reinforcement arrives from the French ship. Then a few words are exchanged, a Turkish gendarme rides impotently by, and things begin. Billy Magregor, pursuing a French sailor, shies a stone at him, misses the wretch, and draws down to the sidewalk a couple of hundred dollars' worth of plate glass.

The Turkish police can do nothing, certainly; so they let the thing go on. Considerable damage is done before daybreak, as may be imagined. A badly bruised bunch of men emerge from the narrow streets that border the Galata quay as the red sun comes flaming up over the myriad wooden houses of Scutari, on the Asia side. Quiet reigns aboard ship, quiet reigns in the city. But mischief is brewing in the newspaper offices. With the morning news, we learn that Mr. Bathian Demetrides Pizzousis and others have lost numerous plate-glass windows in the night, owing to a loud conversation between two American sailors. The usual explanations are in order, and the members of the other nationalities represented in the capital make a few remarks on our seamen.

It was with a desire to remedy this sort of thing, which as pleasing to the humorous portion of the earth ought to be allowed to go on, but as damaging to the reputation of the American seamen ought to be stopped, that the plan was proposed to give our sailors a decent habitat while they were in the city.

It occurred to some of the members of the diplomatic community to rent a house as a club, equip it with a dozen or so beds where a night's lodging might be had, and furnish a fair-sized dining-room where they might have a little impromptu feast now and then and start a series of concerts in which the sailors could give a one-act drama or a musical farce or a minstrel show.

No. 16 Rue Imam, in Pera, was selected in the European quarter of the city, and a minstrel show was given in which the consul-general acted as interlocutor, the officers of the station as minstrels, and the American colony as a delighted audience. The affair was a success, and the boys took a keen interest in it. Since then, there has been no public destruction of property. All of which seems to prove that the place to let off steam can be decent and orderly if the attempt is made to find it.

The question occurs to all of us, Why not take some such care to entertain the jackie and let him entertain himself, in the various ports to which we accredit diplomatic representatives? Certainly it does the sailor a world of good, and indirectly reacts on the opinions of the foreigners concerning American manners and customs.

GEORGE MORGAN DUFF.

Constantinople, Turkey, April 21.

THE STUDY OF NUMISMATICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just received a letter asking me to recommend a "History of Numismatics." Such an inquiry illustrates better than anything else the attitude of the public toward the science of numismatics, and a word of explanation may not be out of place.

The difficulty comes from not appreciating the fact that numismatic archæology is a very wide science with a large number of branches, all of which are so comprehensive as to be each the lifelong occupation of a specialist. (Of course, this does not refer to coins struck since the middle of the seventeenth century, which have no *scientific* value whatever). In consequence, each collector is interested only in the coins of one, or, at the most, a few fields, but in his specialty he needs every detail of information he can procure. A book to appeal to him must be voluminous. Such a thing as a "History of Numismatics" does not and could not exist, because, to be complete, it would have to consist of upwards (indefinitely) of a hundred folio volumes and contain tens of thousands of plates. Such a work would occupy all the living numismatists of the world the rest of their natural lives to compile, and, when completed, would not find a single purchaser, for no one would be interested in any other part of it save that which dealt with his own specialty and would, in consequence, be unwilling to pay for the rest of the monumental work. Attempts at such a tower of Babel structure have been made. Needless to say, they have emanated chiefly from the United States of America, which loves to do things on a "big" scale. The most conspicuous feature of these works was the information which the consulter could *not* find.

I should advise anyone who wishes to begin numismatic studies to choose some series of coins antedating the seventeenth century of our era and never to think of any others. The man who would conscientiously do this for a lifetime would probably leave the world forever indebted to his industry. If such a person will communicate with me, it will be a pleasure on my part to recommend the books necessary to guide him through the course of his studies.

A. H. COOPER-PRICHARD,
Librarian.

The American Numismatic Society, New York, May 6.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent announcement of the early publication of the letters and journals of Charles Eliot Norton recalls to mind how for some weeks I opened the *Nation* with the eager expectation of reading a letter from some appreciative guest about the genial hospitality dispensed at Shady Hill every Christmas Eve. Perhaps those who knew Professor Norton best thought this too slight an instance of his never remittent fine generosity. Perhaps those who especially enjoyed this hospitality shrank from the presumption, even by an appreciation, of associating their names with that of the great master. It is as one of those latter, many of whom were, no doubt, like me from

the Middle West, that I venture now to speak. The invitation, a very general one extended to those who found themselves away from home tarrying in Cambridge for the holidays, reached naturally very few of those who might count themselves at all by proximity or culture akin to the host at Shady Hill. These were the only occasions on which I congratulated myself that I was but a sojourner in Cambridge. It is needless to attempt any detail of those evenings. I used to wonder that others did not realize what it meant to us to mingle freely and socially with those to whom art and literature were a daily food, to look at rare engravings or beautiful pictures, to turn the leaves of precious folios, to place an almost sacrilegious hand upon the manuscript that had been the loving life-work of some old-time scholar—to do these things and to have the sense that these were not the property of some institution, public and therefore common, but of a private man who had gathered them, not to confer a public good, but because he loved them, and then had graciously invited us to share his joy in them. It was a rare experience, ever memorable, and the beginning of real culture I trust to many. I have called him the great master; for it was as inspirer and cultivator of all fine things of the spirit that we chiefly thought of Professor Norton, even when we met him in the classroom. But even those of us who had sat with him in the reading of the great Italian felt that it was on these occasions in his own house that we came nearest to appreciation of his beautiful manliness. Never, as the Christmas season returns, do I fail to recall the angel message of peace and good-will to the shepherds; for it was with this passage that he always bade us good-night. X.

Brookings, S. D., April 29.

CAPTURE OF ENEMY GOODS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While agreeing with the general argument and the conclusions of your editorial entitled "Arbitration and 'Realities'" of April 20, there is one statement in it which is incorrect. It is not true that the Declaration of London "virtually exempts private property on the ocean from capture or destruction by belligerents." Enemy goods upon enemy ships are still subject to capture.

From the time of Benjamin Franklin to the Second Hague Conference the United States has favored the exemption from capture of all private property at sea during war. The ostensible reason given by our government for refusing to accede to the Declaration of Paris was that all private property was not exempt from capture. The instructions to the American delegates at the London Conference have, I believe, not been made public. It is understood, however, that they did not follow the traditional American view. As navy men generally favor the right of capture of enemy goods, it is possible that the change in policy was effected through their influence. This surmise is strengthened by the fact that a distinguished officer of our navy, who was already on record as opposed to such exemption, was a prominent member of the American delegation at the conference. It is a fair guess that while naval officers, whose interest is primarily in strategy rather than in law, have a hand in the formulation of the rules of international law, the exemption of private property from capture will not take place.

Jesse S. Reeves.

Ann Arbor, Mich., April 28.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just read the interesting review of A. M. W. Stirling's "Annals of a Yorkshire House," which appeared in the *Nation* for April 27. Your reviewer speaks of the author's having "performed a similar service for another kinsman in *his* 'Coke of Norfolk and His Friends.'" The error is natural enough, for the name as printed has a wonderfully masculine air about it—A. M. W. Stirling. But, in fact, the author is a woman. Why do authors prepare these little pitfalls for unsuspecting readers? If Mrs. Stirling had printed her name in full, Anna Maria Wilhelmina, no one would have mistaken her for a mere man.

Carl Becker.

Lawrence, Kansas, May 5.

Text Books.

EDUCATION.

A glance at President William T. Foster's book on "The Administration of the College Curriculum" (Houghton Mifflin) shows that it is an important contribution to the educational library, and a careful reading of it deepens the impression. In content the book falls into three divisions. The first one hundred and fifty pages are historical, beginning with the early American college, contrasting the special contributory influence of William Smith in Pennsylvania, Thomas Jefferson in Virginia, and George Ticknor at Harvard, and tracing in some detail the evolution of the elective system in the university and college of to-day. The second part contains six critical studies of present-day requirements, and the results of the system as now administered. The last of these chapters, Our Democratic American College, is a vigorous arraignment of the situation in which the increasing criticism of the college to-day is accompanied by increasing registration, procured through a drop in standards and the competition for numbers. The third part, of great value to the real student of the subject, includes fifty pages of bibliography, appendices, and index. The distinct feature of the book is its effort to react against that species of criticism of the American college which "has yielded one hundred opinions to one fact," by presenting a scholarly historical survey and a most careful presentation of contemporary results, based on the observation of many thousand students in scores of institutions. Mr. Foster takes no pleasure in the mere iteration of popular philippics, but in a vigorous, though comparatively dispassionate, way he argues for the effectiveness of the elective system, provided (and this is his cardinal demand) the administration of the college be at once intelligent and honest.

A somewhat new undertaking in book-writing is represented by "Annals of Educational Progress in 1910" (Lippincott), by John P. Garber. It is apparently the first of a series of annual volumes. It aims to furnish a concise statement of the educational occurrences of the year, to give an accurate picture of conditions as they exist in the educational world to-day, to show in proper proportion the great movements and the trend of thought. The author has endeavored to act the part, not merely of the reporter, but of the interpreter. On the whole he has done his work well. Although a large part of the book is devoted to the United States, important educational movements in nineteen other countries are reviewed.

The central theme of John S. Welch's "Literature in the School" (Silver, Burdett & Co.) is the great possibilities for the training of character. The study of literature as an embodiment of the spiritual life of nations and peoples is the greatest safeguard against an over-emphasis upon mere efficiency. Along with efficiency there should go trustworthiness of purpose and stamina of character. The book recognizes the problems of the classroom in connection with this work; it considers the most effective methods of conducting the reading lesson and points out errors to be avoided. Six type stories are given with a detailed "thought analysis" of each; and through these the author both illustrates the method by which he would make literature serve a moral purpose, and suggests the teaching process by which simpler selections for younger children may be made to contribute to the general purpose.

An attempt, more than ordinarily successful, to contribute something of permanent value toward the solution of a difficult problem is John King Clark's "Systematic Moral Education" (A. S. Barnes Co.). The book consists of two parts. The first outlines the science and art of giving ethical instruction and moral training, with a description of practical work in ethical culture. The second part consists of a series of lessons on ethical topics that concern the life of the child. The lessons on each topic are written for children of different ages, are adapted to their comprehension, and are from their point of view. The author adopts two views as to moral education upon which most educational workers who have given the subject careful attention are agreed. The first is that the so-called indirect moral instruction is not sufficient; the second is that in this country, at least, moral instruction in the public schools, if given at all, must be without the sanction of a common religious basis. Lacking such basis, Mr. King would have the teacher appeal to two concepts—God and the soul.

ENGLISH.

Of books on literature, there are three worthy of mention: "A First Book in English Literature" (Holt), "An Introduction to Shakespeare" (Macmillan), and "An Introduction to the Study of Literature" (Heath). The last of these, by W. H. Hudson, is a readable survey of the principles of literature in general, of the principles of poetry, of prose fiction, of drama, and of literary criticism, and is particularly appropriate to "outline" courses in English literature or comparative literature in fourth-year secondary and freshman college classes. "An Introduction to Shakespeare" is by three Yale doctors of philosophy, MacCracken, Pierce, and Durham, who present in two hundred pages a series of inter-

esting chapters on Shakespeare's life, the earlier English drama, the Elizabethan theatre, Elizabethan London, and on Shakespeare's dramatic and non-dramatic work. The valuable results of recent Shakespearean scholarships are duly incorporated. The book is so clearly and agreeably written that it ought to supersede in many colleges the Dowden "Primer" that students find so indigestible. In particular, the chronological list of the plays, which Professor Dowden presents in a fumbling manner, is here set forth with commendable straightforwardness.

Finally, we are glad to have another lucid and orderly history of English literature, in the "First Book in English Literature" (Holt), by Pancoast and Shelly. The personalities of the great figures in English literature are in general vividly, if somewhat baldly, bodied forth. In their attitudes to tendencies and movements, the authors are as conventional as any one could wish; yet at times this very conventionality results in an obsolescent emphasis on specific men and certain causes of change in literary temper. Thus, the transition to the romantic movement is told in the old way—the old stress on Thomson's love of nature, on sympathy with man, on the Elizabethan revival, on the "graveyard school of poetry." Nothing is said of the fact that Thomson was essentially pseudo-classical; the sympathy with man is not disengaged from eighteenth century sentimentalism; the external character of the Elizabethan imitations is not even hinted at; the poets of melancholy are not connected with Milton. In these matters the authors are unfortunately conventional. In other matters they are unfortunately radical. Why so much Allan Ramsay and no mention at all of Percy's "Reliques" and Ossian? Or, again, why no Ossian where there is room for John Ball and J. H. Shorthouse? In detail, one detects also occasional looseness of phrase; Keats, for example, is treated on page 365, under "As a Master of Form," in heavy type. "Form" is then implicitly defined as "felicity of phrase" and Keats's "delight in the perfection of the phrase" dwelt on at some length. The fault here is, however, deeper than carelessness; it is an instance—and there are other instances in the book—of the romantic attitude that overrates expression and underrates form. If symmetry were properly lauded by writers of textbooks and by instructors, we should find more of it in student themes and in contemporary literature.

One of the most interesting of the new books is William Murison's "English Composition" (Cambridge University Press, Putnam). It is much too inclusive for practical use, and abounds in so many suggestions plausible only in England that it can scarcely be recommended in this country. But to the American teacher, either in secondary courses or in freshman college courses, it ought to be useful on account of its abundant and admirable brief selections and lists of essay subjects. Far more practical is the "English Composition, Book One" (American Book Company), prepared by S. D. Brooks, superintendent of schools in Boston. Intended for the pupil of the first two years at high school, it provides material for training in "how to think" at a time in the development of young people when such training is of great value. Wherever the "Composition-Rhetoric" of Brooks and Hubbard has been well received, this new book of Mr. Brooks's will surely be received as well. Pleasant in form and type is "Written English" (Century), a little book of rules, by Dr. Erskine and Miss Erskine; but inasmuch as Professor Woolley of the University of Wisconsin has done this sort of thing as ably and palatably as it can be done, we fail to see the need of a new and scantier treatment of rhetorical rules—unless the isolated and hopeless young journalist finds profit therein.

Extended comment on the new editions of standard literature is scarcely deserved. Many of them have apparently been pumped up out of love of editorial labor rather than created to supply a need. Ginn & Co. offer the following additions to their series of Standard English Classics: Lodge's "Rosalynde," edited by Professor Baldwin of the University of Illinois; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," edited by the Rev. H. N. Hudson (a misplaced essay on "English in Schools" is prefixed); "Selections from Byron," a well-made little collection by Dr. Tucker; Macaulay's "Essays on Clive and Hastings," edited by Dr. Gaston; "David Copperfield," an unsuccessful small type and thin paper edition, and Parkman's "Oregon Trail," edited with restraint by Professor Leonard of the University of Wisconsin. Ginn & Co. also present: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the New Hudson Shakespeare, with a wearisome sixty-five-page introduction, and Cooper's "Deerslayer," abridged with tolerable success.

GREEK AND LATIN.

An attractive edition of the first four books of Xenophon's "Anabasis" has just been prepared by M. W. Mather and J. W. Hewitt (American Book Co.). It differs from the leading editions now in common use rather in method of printing than in contents. Thus the commentary is arranged index fashion, according to the word discussed rather than in paragraphs, and the grammatical references are grouped at the bottom of the page to avoid the customary disfigurement of long lists of symbols. There seems to be less translation than in the other editions and certain matters of no importance are omitted. But in many cases this edition shows two distinct notes, one of which is found in one of the other editions, the other in another. The editors have evidently, therefore, endeavored to leave nothing untouched which has in the past seemed in need of treatment. In general the notes are concise and err, if at all, on the side of brevity. Occasional notes might better have been omitted as savoring of the pedantic, but these are surprisingly few. The introduction is devoted to the Ten Thousand Greeks, The Army of Cyrus, and the Life of Xenophon. There is no discussion of Persia, and but little of the art of war among the Greeks. These subjects have apparently been discarded as unnecessary. On the other hand, the numerous illustrations are admirably chosen, and this edition differs from others in supplying under the illustrations ample explanations, so that a great deal of information can thus be gained from the illustrations alone. The vocabulary covers only the first four books, and lays claim to much self-control in the matter of renderings, but these could well have been even more curtailed. The vicious practice of referring certain renderings to particular places in the text is usually avoided.

Tacitus is one of the most difficult of Latin authors to edit. If proper attention is paid to his style, the edition becomes too learned for college students. If this is not done, Tacitus's greatness as a stylist can hardly be appreciated by students. Prof. F. G. Moore has tried to steer a middle course in his edition of the "Histories of Tacitus, Books I and II" (Macmillan). A brief introduction is taken up almost entirely with a discussion of Tacitus's style. While this is well done, it lacks life, and there is no way by which the formative elements of Tacitus's style can be grouped together as distinct from individual examples. We seem to get no real picture of Tacitus. We have many poetical usages, but they are not interpreted so as to show the poetic spirit. The notes have to do in large measure with verbal peculiarities, characteristics of the Silver Age, and there are too many such statements as these: "Not before Livy"; "in no writer before Tacitus"; "regular with Sallust, frequent with Livy and Tacitus." But these are almost inevitable blemishes. We have long needed an edition of the "Histories" for college students. This edition fills the need in a very satisfactory way, and the evidences of scholarship and good taste abound throughout.

"Selection from the Latin Literature of the Early Empire," by A. C. B. Brown (Clarendon Press), is a timely contribution to the material for reading in our schools. The aim of the author is to give a picture of the life of the Romans during the period chosen, so far as it can be gathered from the literature. The first section is devoted to the inner life of politics, education, literature, and philosophy. Under politics the subjects are Domitian's Reign of Terror, from Tacitus and Juvenal; the Age of Tacitus, from Tacitus's "Histories"; the Deification of the Emperor, from Seneca's "Ludus"; The Treatment of the Christians, from Pliny's "Letters"; An Exile from Civilization, from Ovid's "Tristia." Under philosophy we have Horace's philosophy of life and his discussion of avarice and Juvenal's famous satire on "The Vanity of Human Wishes." The second part, on Outer Life, treats nine social types, six social incidents, and seven descriptions of town and country. After each selection there are short notes, which, as they contain but little translation, would have been better placed at the foot of the page. There is a short introduction to each part, but the selections are left to tell their own story, and taken together, give the most complete and interesting as well as the most instructive description of life in the Augustan and Silver Ages that has as yet appeared.

Prof. K. P. Harrington contributes to the discussion of classical aims and results four short essays in his "Live Issues in Classical Study" (Ginn). The essays are entitled, Dry Bones and Living Spirit, A Fair Chance for the Classics, The Latinity Fetish, and The Use of Translations. Professor Harrington emphasizes again the vitality of the classics and their enormous continued influence upon literature. He argues that criticisms so freely made upon the results of classical teaching may be met by improved methods, by greater attention

to the comparison of ancient and modern conditions, by broadening the scope of the literature that is handled, and by a determined effort to show the indispensable character of classical influence.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

Excerpts from Taine's "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine," with introduction, notes, and vocabulary, have been edited by J. F. L. Raschen (American Book Company). With the exception of the half-dozen pages of the chapter "Psychologie de la Révolution," and a paragraph here and there added or omitted, the selections are identical with those edited some years ago by the late Prof. Edgren. Nevertheless, as Edgren's notes are meagre and often faulty, the new edition, which is well annotated, should prove useful.

Victor Hugo's "Les Travailleurs de la mer," with introduction and notes by E. F. Langley, appears in Heath's Modern Language Series. From beneath the overgrowth of digression, under which Hugo seemed to delight in all but smothering his narrative, the editor, by skilful pruning, has succeeded in extracting the story, which is here compressed into 274 pages. The introduction is an admirable summing-up of Hugo's long career, and of his place in French literature. The notes are judicious, and occasionally enlivened by pertinent anecdote.

W. R. Jenkins & Co. have reprinted in their series of French texts Sardou's amusing three-act comedy, "La Perle noire." The addition of an excellent introduction, brief notes, and a vocabulary by Professor McKenzie of Yale has greatly improved the little volume.

Teachers who favor anthologies will be interested in Vreeland and Michaud's "Anthology of French Prose and Poetry" (Ginn), a handsome volume of 434 pages of representative extracts from fifty-three authors, extending from Malherbe to Anatole France. Notes are provided, and the selections from each author are preceded by brief biographical and critical introductions.

The following texts may be recommended for beginners in French: François's "Easy Standard French" (American Book Co.), consisting of thirty short pieces of prose, with notes, composition exercises, and vocabulary; Weill's "Historical French Reader" (American Book Co.), similar in plan to the preceding; Xavier de Maistre's "La Jeune Sibirienne," with notes, exercises, and vocabulary (Heath); episodes from Dumas's "Les Trois Mousquetaires," with notes and vocabulary by I. H. B. Spiers (Heath); "Pages choisies" from Dumas Père, edited by B. L. Templeton, with exercises and a vocabulary with the words repeated in phonetic transcription according to the Passy system and meanings given in French (Frowde); P. Perrault's "Les Lunettes de Grand'maman" (for younger children), with notes and vocabulary by M. S. Crawford (Holt).

The first eight chapters of Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi," edited with introduction, notes, and vocabulary by J. Geddes, jr., and E. H. Wilkins, have appeared in Heath's Modern Language Series. This is a notable addition to the meagre list of well-edited Italian text-books. The notes are done with evident care; and a useful feature of the vocabulary is the indication, by simple typographical devices, of the stressed syllables in doubtful cases, of the open sounds of *e* and *o*, and of the voiced *s* and *z*. A well-reproduced photograph of Lecco forms an attractive frontispiece.

The number of Spanish grammars for English-speaking students, though already considerable, is steadily increasing. Of the two recently added to the list, that by C. P. Wagner (Ann Arbor, Mich.) comes out in a second edition, the first having appeared in 1909. Its most distinctive feature is the stress laid on oral work. Of the forty-four lessons into which the elements of Spanish grammar have been compressed, but one in four contains an exercise for translation into Spanish. Care and judgment are shown in the grouping of the grammatical material, and the rules are clearly stated.

The other new Spanish grammar (Longmans), by J. Warren of the Manchester (England) Education Committee's School of Commerce, offers a practical course in the language in sixty-three lessons. In accordance with the purpose of the series to which it belongs, the vocabulary is largely commercial. The book is, in the main, well done; reference, however, would have been facilitated by numbering the paragraphs; and occasional inconsistencies in the employment of the written accent should have been avoided.

The hope that the late Professor Ramsay might add a Portuguese grammar to his monumental treatises on Spanish was never fulfilled. However, his publishers, Holt & Co., have now brought out "A Brief Grammar of the Portuguese Language," by Dr. Branner of Stanford University. One of the chief difficulties confronting the student of Portuguese lies in certain peculiarities of pronunciation, such as the occasional sounding of *e* as *i*, *o* as *u*, *s* as *sh*. Regarding the *e*, we are told in this grammar (p. 6, n. 1) that at the beginning or end of a word it has the value of *i* short; unaccented *o* at the end of a word is equivalent, we are informed, to *u* short (ib. n. 3). It is somewhat puzzling, therefore, to find, in the examples illustrating the pronunciation of *x* (p. 10), that *excmplo* is to be pronounced *ezemplo*, when from the rules just quoted it should be *izemplu*. As to the frequent sounding of *s* as *sh*, this characteristic feature of Portuguese pronunciation is here ignored. Also, in other parts of the book there is an occasional lack of explicitness, as when the peculiarly Portuguese forms of the personal infinitive are set down on p. 72, with no explanation until p. 102. Aside from such easily-corrected defects, the book is a commendable effort, and furnishes the means of studying an undeservedly neglected language, of which many, it is to be hoped, will avail themselves.

In "German Style, An Introduction to the Study of German Prose" (Holt), Ludwig Lewisohn encourages advanced students to examine an aspect of the German language which has heretofore received scant attention in American universities, though hardly so little attention in Germany as Mr. Lewisohn implies. He gives extracts from the prose of Luther, Lessing, Goethe, Heine, and Nietzsche, with a summary characterization of the style of each and an analysis of the chosen specimens with respect to structure, diction, and rhythm. He pays most attention to rhythm. As to structure, he says most about the management of transitions; as to diction, his treatment is obscured by extravagant verbiage. Thus, he needs seventeen lines to convey the information that Nietzsche prefers metaphors to similes. In general, we could wish greater precision of definition and a clearer vision for fundamental distinctions. How, for instance, can we reconcile "that intellectual beauty which is the be-all and the end-all of the art of letters" with "the conception of style as a highly complex and essentially emotional communication of the individual's sense of beauty or truth by the choice of the inevitable verbal and rhythmic symbol"? Only on the basis of the latter conception can Nietzsche's "verbal orchestration" be esteemed as ultimate. There are differences between intellectual and sensuous qualities of expression which ought to be discussed under "diction." Mr. Lewisohn has the right to include in his compendium only such authors as seem to him representative. We wonder, however, that he found no place for Schiller, and we think his treatment of Heine would have been more satisfactory if he had contrasted Heine with Kleist.

Prof. J. A. C. Hildner has made his edition of "Götz von Berlichingen" (Ginn) a manual of information drawn from all quarters whence light can be thrown upon this play as a characteristic confession of Goethe's and as the model of the Storm and Stress drama. The Introduction is systematic and the Notes are full without being fulsome. There are reprinted in Appendices Goethe's panegyric on Shakespeare and twenty pages of his occasional utterances bearing upon the subject of "Götz."

Paul Heyse's "L'Arrabiata" has been many times edited for school use, but never so carefully and well as now by Steven T. Byington (Ginn). It is refreshing to read Mr. Byington's English and to ponder his skilful suggestions of ways in which the idioms of one language may be employed to express what is expressed in the idioms of another. A brief essay "On Translating" prefixed to the notes of this edition offers intelligent guidance to the groping.

HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT.

A free and easy discussion of the problems involved in teaching history, especially to young pupils, comes to hand in J. W. Allen's "The Place of History in Education" (Appleton). Mr. Allen is convinced that history is, or at least ought to become, a science, and that in the teaching of it, accordingly, neither the dramatic, nor the picturesque, nor the pathetic has any place. Unfortunately, the criticism is mainly destructive, dealing with the various things which history is not; but there is a good exposition of the way in which local history, worked up to by way of every-day incidents in personal, family, or community life, may be made to develop the broader historical sense, together with a wise insistence upon the need of connecting English history as much as possible with the history of Europe. The best things in the volume are the three hypothetical accounts of the English Reformation, embodying in purposely exaggerated form the Protestant, Catholic, and economic views, all of them, as the author points out, both unscientific and pernicious.

Percy L. Kaye's "Readings in Civil Government" (Century) is a catholic and well-chosen selection of extracts illustrative of the various departments and activities of

American government and administration, national, State, and local, town and county government being the only significant omissions. Unlike most collections of collateral readings, this one not only draws upon better known and accepted authorities, including documents, but also includes with special fulness contemporary material in magazines as well as in books. The arrangement follows, in general, that of Forman's "Advanced Civics," and the editor has kept in mind primarily the needs of high school pupils; but brief introductions to the several chapters and sections, together with lists of additional readings, make it possible to use the book with any textbook or as a handbook to accompany lectures.

The scanty list of textbooks for the study of European history in the nineteenth century receives a useful addition in L. Cecil Jane's "From Metternich to Bismarck," the latest volume in the Oxford Textbooks of Foreign History (Frowde). The narrative, covering the years 1815-1878, is brief, but shows intelligent discrimination in selection and emphasis of data, and is especially well written. As is usually the case with English historical textbooks, there is none of the elaborate provision of "helps" and pedagogical apparatus with which American writers are wont to envelope their narratives. The maps, roughly drawn in black and white, suggest the kind of work which the average pupil might easily be asked to prepare for himself, and are the more useful on that account.

Prof. Henry L. Cannon's "Reading References for English History" (Ginn) belongs to the small class of books which every teacher of English history, in high school or college, ought to possess, and which many college classes could use to advantage. Part I, comprising about one-third of the volume, presents in classified lists a very wide range of authorities, primary as well as secondary, including many in other languages than English. Part ii is an elaborate topical analysis and outline of events, with copious lists of readings. Exigencies of printing have made it necessary to limit the citations, for the most part, to books published before 1907. In the arrangement and grouping of the material, as well as in the detailed care with which the appropriate passages are indicated, we know of nothing to compare with Professor Cannon's volume; and even teachers who can make but limited use of collateral readings will find its pages a boon.

College teachers who offer introductory courses in the general history of western Europe will be interested in a "Syllabus of Continental History," prepared by the Department of History of the University of Illinois. The outline is broad, without too much burden of data or minute prescription; the references for collateral reading are sufficiently indicated and of generous range; and there are specific assignments of work, including map drawing, to be done by the student. The syllabus is adapted for use with any modern textbook, but at the same time is flexible enough to admit, on the part of the instructor, of considerable variety in emphasis and selection.

Under the auspices of the Association of History Teachers of the Middle States and Maryland, Prof. Charles M. Andrews, J. Montgomery Gambrill, and Lida Lee Tall have prepared "A Bibliography of History for Schools and Libraries" (Longmans), with descriptive and critical annotations. The references relate not only to the four historical fields now generally dealt with in high schools, but also with methods of studying and teaching history; world history and the history of different countries; historical stories for the elementary school, and stories for children preparatory to history. Naturally, only those works suitable, in whole or in part, for school use are noticed. The annotations are brief, but at the same time critical and informing. The usefulness of the undertaking, now for the first time attempted on so considerable a scale, is obvious, and the book may be heartily commended.

In his book, "Introduction to Political Science" (Ginn), Raymond G. Gettell aims at giving a general outline. After treating of the origin, evolution, and the essential attributes of the State, he takes up the relations between States, and the different forms of government. In the second part of his work he discusses the organization of government. The third part is devoted to the ends of the State and the province and functions of government. It would have increased the usefulness of the work if the author had devoted space to a more thorough discussion of some of the more important principles, instead of attempting to give us a more or less complete picture of the actual condition, political and social, of nearly all of the important nations. We regret to see that the author, while recognizing that the State is a product of evolution, and that neither its origin nor its functions can be explained by a rigid formula, forgets these principles when he discusses the question of sovereignty, and declares *ex cathedra* that there can be and is no dual sovereignty, and that, therefore, the American so-called States are merely administrative divisions with large powers of self-government. He tries to solve the difficulty by saying that they are not States but Commonwealths. Such juggling with words is both unscientific and futile.

SCIENCE.

After the culmination of the Greek geometry in the works of Euclid and Apollonius of Perga no significant advancement in the science was made until the invention of projective geometry by Gérard Desargues (1593-1662), an engineer and architect, whose chief researches were published under the title "Brouillon projet des coniques." Doubtless this work would have led to important developments in pure geometry but for the power and attractiveness of analytical geometry, invented about the same time by Descartes. Desargues's work was lost and actually forgotten till 1845, when by chance Chasles discovered a copy of it in a Parisian library. Meanwhile, in the early years of the nineteenth century, projective geometry had been invented anew. Since then it has attained to vast proportions. But the great pioneers and masters, Poncelet, Monge, Staudt, Chasles, Steiner, Cremona, Reye, and others were creators rather than critics, and their work, the science of projective geometry, is being reconstructed in accordance with the severely critical standards of modern mathematics. Among the more important contributions to this work of reconstruction is Veblen and Young's "Projective Geometry" (Ginn & Co.). For graduate students it is without a serious rival in any language. Its chief merit, namely its logical rigor, may disappoint the hope of the authors that the book may be available for beginners and discontinue the use of such less rigorous books as those of Cremona and Reye. As the point and the plane are the reciprocal elements of space, greater simplicity might have resulted from employing these, instead of the point and the line, as undefined elements.

Professor Church's "Elements of Descriptive Geometry" (American Book Co.) has been the standard work in this subject for nearly thirty years, and is so well known that attention need only be called to the fact that it has been revised and brought up to date by George M. Bartlett of the University of Michigan. A great improvement has been made by including figures and text in a single volume.

Prof. C. R. Mann of the University of Chicago, who has devoted much time to the methods of teaching, has, with Inspector Twiss of the Ohio State University, revised their preparatory text on "Physics" (Scott, Foresman). The aim of the book is best shown by a quotation from the preface: "Educational experience and educational theory both show clearly that scientific facts may be memorized but not mastered in this way. Scientific knowledge is acquired only on the basis of concrete experience by the trying-out process known as the scientific method." In the first place, to memorize is not a sin or a weakness, and is the natural way for a beginner to learn, and, in the second place, the authors have adopted a style of printing which is calculated to promote memorizing. They begin each section with a homely example, such as: "When you stretch a rubber band, it pulls equally hard on both hands." The phenomenon exemplified is then discussed, and, lastly, epitomized as a definition or law. The example and discussion are printed in common type, the definition in italics, and the general law in bold type. Experience teaches that the ordinary pupil, engaged in preparing a lesson, will skim over the example and discussion, memorize partially the italicized definition, and pin his hopes on an absorption of the bold-faced type. But in spite of an over emphasis on pedagogics, the book is better than most preparatory texts. The style is simple and clear, and would be very good if it were not for an excessive use of parentheses, dashes, and the abbreviation *i. e.*

The "Text-Book of Physics" (Heath), by C. E. Linebarger, can be recommended for use in preparatory schools of a high standard. In fact, it is as complete and interesting a preparatory text as has appeared in recent years. Only one serious slip in accuracy is to be noted. The ideas of pressure and force are confused in the discussion of mechanics of liquids. The presswork is also most satisfactory; binding, paper, printing, and diagrams are all excellent.

Recent textbooks on physics show a tendency to discard the mathematical and mechanical treatment, and to favor a presentation of physical concepts and laws. The "Text-Book of Physics" (Van Nostrand), by H. E. Hurst and R. T. Lattey of Oxford University, is an example of this tendency. After a brief introduction, giving only those parts of mechanics and hydrostatics which are essential to the understanding of the other branches of physics, the subjects of heat, sound, light, electricity,

and magnetism are discussed as branches of dynamics. Mathematical analysis is reduced to its simplest form, and virtually no trigonometry is required. There is no doubt that students find mechanics the most difficult part of the science, and it may be that we shall have to adopt the plan of these authors and defer the subject of mechanics to a later course. Even with this arrangement space has not been found to touch upon electric waves, electric discharge in gases, or radioactivity; this is unfortunate, as these are as interesting and as useful as most other parts of physics. Some rather serious omissions could have been avoided by a less diffuse treatment.

The "Testing of Electro-Magnetic Machinery," Vol. II (Macmillan), by B. V. Swenson and Budd Frankenfield, is devoted to the measurement of alternating currents. During the six years which have elapsed since the first volume on direct currents appeared, the notes for the present work have been used in the laboratories of the Universities of Wisconsin and Illinois, and have been subjected to rigid criticism. The very large number of experiments given and the care taken in their exposition should make this a valuable book in engineering laboratories.

In many colleges the department of physics has a double function: to present in a general way the laws of nature as a part of a liberal education, and to prepare future engineers for their technical work. This latter task has, in many cases, been the more urgent, and has exerted a bad influence on the college course, as often the teaching of physics has been changed from its proper function of a broad and cultural study to a drill for technical engineering. The engineer needs both science and drill, and the better plan would be to give him a year of physics of the broadest character, and afterwards a mathematical course in general dynamics. Of the three branches of dynamics most useful to him, ponderodynamics is generally studied separately, but there should also be added a course in thermodynamics and electrodynamics treated from the standpoint of the physicist. The "Introduction to Thermodynamics" (Ginn), by Prof. John Mills, is designed for this purpose. Careful selection of the more important problems, rather than originality, has been the author's aim. In five chapters the principal properties of general thermodynamic laws, gases, steam, superheated steam, and the flow of gases are treated in a satisfactory way.

In W. W. Scott's "Qualitative Chemical Analysis" (Van Nostrand) and Charles Baskerville and Louis J. Curtman's "Course in Qualitative Chemical Analysis" (Macmillan) we have two guides to qualitative analysis, equal in size and weight, and covering much the same ground in much the same way. The chief observable difference in treatment is that Mr. Scott bases his work upon the ionic theory of solutions and introduces the law of mass action at the start. This we believe to be a very great advantage, even with elementary students, in making analytical processes clear and rational, but many teachers think otherwise, and they will prefer Professor Baskerville's book, which says nothing of cations and anions and puts the law of mass action in a foot-note. Mr. Scott's book has the further advantage of illustrations; a color-plate of spectra and cuts of apparatus. Professor Baskerville makes a good point in calling attention to the importance of estimating the quantities of the ingredients in the course of the qualitative analysis.

Good teachers keep up a constant drill on the arithmetical relations of chemical processes, and the work must be individualized to get the best results. The problems given in the textbooks are rarely sufficient to give the students all the practice they should have, and it is a bother to have to invent new ones. Now Prof. Charles Baskerville comes to the rescue with a little volume of 3,000 problems of all kinds and degrees of difficulty, compiled from various sources ("Progressive Problems in General Chemistry"; Heath).

The "New Geographies" (Macmillan) of R. S. Tarr and F. M. McMurry, in their revised form, present complete and beautifully illustrated textbooks, and emphasize the great advance which has been made in the teaching of the subject in recent years. In the modern view the countries of the earth are, first and foremost, places where people live, who, though different from ourselves, are yet, to a greater or less degree, moved by like interests and aspirations. The first book, therefore, starts with the familiar occupations and needs of an American child's parents and neighbors. From this centre the circle widens, so as to embrace the people of more and more distant countries and more and more contrasted lives. Next the land, the water, and the atmosphere are described; the subdivisions of the first two are established and their connections with industry and commerce are made clear. World geography may now be developed, first in its general physical features, and second in the details of individual countries, among which, as is natural, special emphasis is laid on the United States. In the second and more advanced book, a knowledge of the elementary subject is assumed, and the plan of treatment is different. Physiography is much more in evidence and the descriptions are more detailed.

"Around the World" (Silver, Burdett & Co.), being No. 5 in Stella W. C. Tolman's New Century Geographical Series, is intended to furnish parallel reading for a school course in geography and to follow four similar introductory volumes which an American child is assumed to have previously read. The fourth having conducted the schoolboy or schoolgirl over his or her own country, the pupil finds in the fifth an entertaining account of an imaginary trip first through Ireland, Scotland, and England as illustrating Great Britain; and then across the water to the British colonies in Africa, Asia, Australia, the Pacific Isles, North and South America, and the West Indies. As this "round-the-world" trip is insufficient for an entire volume, a similar excursion through Italy and its African possessions is added. Taken altogether the book makes entertaining and instructive reading, although it hardly fulfils the somewhat sweeping claims of its preface.

It may now be confessed that the results of earlier efforts at agricultural education were not at all commensurate with the large amount of money expended on them by the Federal and State governments. The process chiefly consisted in giving clever country boys an easy road to the city, advancing individuals more than the industry. Now, however, we are entering upon a new era of agricultural education, when the school is being carried to the farm. This requires the development of a new pedagogical technique, such as Prof. Garland Armor Bricker of Ohio State University outlines in "The Teaching of Agriculture in the High School" (Macmillan). The author protests vigorously against making agriculture a sort of appanage to the various sciences now in the high-school course. Besides the theory and history of agricultural education in the high school, the volume gives methods of organization, instruction, and work in laboratory and field. Prof. W. C. Bagley of the School of Education in the University of Illinois provides an introduction.

Literature

BIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS.

John Viriamu Jones and Other Oxford Memories. By Edward Bagnall Poulton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

Few on this side of the Atlantic will have heard of Viriamu Jones, who died in 1901 at the age of forty-five, shortly after he had been appointed principal of the University College of South Wales at Cardiff. But to the general reader of this book he will at least typify the best mental traditions of his time and serve as a convenient nucleus for some rich memories recounted by one who was a life-long friend of Jones's and whose outlook on the world has been directed and colored by many years at Oxford. Like Professor Beers's well-known picture of the Yale of forty years ago, Professor Poulton's reminiscences of an almost contemporary Oxford recall the days of full, well-rounded training, and enforce a lesson which cannot be too frequently repeated at this later time. Then science and literature and philosophy and history dwelt peaceably together, and each was looked to for its message. Because Jones was planning to be a scientist, he did not unduly confine his interests. We find him showing what for a budding physicist would to-day seem an almost criminal regard for literature. He writes to his sister:

> Have I told you that Ruskin is lecturing here three times a week? He has a very large audience—till special arrangements were made for members of the university it was impossible to get a seat without going a quarter or perhaps half an hour before the time. He reads most beautifully—his voice is wonderfully musical, full of tenderness, capable at times of the minor cadence of the Welsh, or something very like it. On Saturday he read to us the story of St. Ursula—the good princess, full of all wisdom and the fear of the Lord, who with 11,000 virgins went on a long pilgrimage. . . . You will find the story as he read it—a version by James Reddie Anderson of Balliol—in "Fors Clavigera."

He has been reading Swinburne's comparison of George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë, and again must write his sister about it. He is fond of poetry; follows keenly Bret Harte's parodies; and "just for the fun of the thing" writes a long essay on "Ulalume."

An incident toward the close of his residence at Oxford furnishes an amusing sidelight on Jowett, then the head of Balliol. Jones went to him for advice concerning his future career. "Jowett, without a moment's hesitation, said, 'Be a physician.' . . . 'I was hoping to get some work in physics.' . . . 'Yes, physics,' replied Jowett, who must have been thinking of something else." A long chapter is devoted to the scientist George Rolleston, in which the vigor of the man, his breadth and humanity, together with the eccentricities of look and utterance which help to crystallize personality, are inspiringly described. There are recollections of days at the Oxford Union, which housed, under the constant fire of debate, a miniature world—the politics, literature, and social and religious tendencies of England and elsewhere.

Professor Poulton includes in his memories an account of a delightful birthday treat on January 27, 1894, when he was staying in Boston to deliver a course of Lowell Lectures. On that day he dined with the Saturday Club, which met in the Parker House, School Street. Holmes sat at the head of the table, and, following his usual custom, "ordered a bottle of champagne, which he insisted on sharing with those around him." Of Holmes's sayings on that occasion Professor Poulton remembers in particular these:

> Life over eighty is the *bain de pied*—that good measure which, running over, bathes the foot of the wine-glass.
>
> After eighty a man has seen everything twice over.
>
> The mind in old age is like a palimpsest on which the uppermost records are faintly written, while those beneath are quite distinct. An old person does not remember the events of the day or year, but he recalls with perfect clearness those which are long past.

Holmes also spoke of Emerson stamping his foot with rage when he could not remember a name. He mentioned the Corbett-Mitchell prize-fight, which had just taken place, and said, "I own to a lurking sympathy with prize-fighting, perhaps because I am so unfitted for the ring myself." He told the author "he would never repeat to any one what Tennyson said to him when he entered his house." William James pressed him to do so, with the assurance, "There are no reporters here." But Dr. Holmes replied with emphasis:

> I have said that I will never tell any one. It was not a thing that I should have supposed any man would say to a guest he had invited to his house.

Professor Poulton reminded Holmes of the voice from the gallery in the Sheldonian Theatre when the doctor received his degree. It was addressed to Jowett, then Vice-Chancellor, and said, "The Autocrat's laughing at you." But Holmes had not heard it.

William Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends. By S. M. Ellis, in two volumes, illustrated. New York: John Lane Co. $10 net.

At sixteen William Harrison Ainsworth got extracts from his drama, "Venice, or the Fall of the Foscaris," into the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and the editor declared that Lord Byron, who had a drama forthcoming on the same theme, must look to his laurels. At seventeen, young Ainsworth dedicated a volume of narrative poems to his friend Charles Lamb. By his nineteenth year, Ainsworth was editing a short-lived magazine of his own, the *Bœotian*. At twenty, he contracted a not very durable marriage and set up in London as a sublimated bookseller and publisher. Men took him on the street for that prince of dandies, D'Orsay. People liked him. The aged Scott needed only a little begging to give to Ainsworth for the *Keepsake*, the immortal ballad "Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee." At the launching of *Fraser's Magazine* in 1830, having now reached the mature age of twenty-five, Ainsworth was enlisted. In Maclise's admirable sketch of the Fraserians at the round table, we see Ainsworth's Apollonian profile rising straight behind the doddering head of Coleridge. At twenty-nine, Ainsworth had written his first famous historical romance, "Rookwood," and henceforth success was his almost on his own terms. In connection with that romance was accomplished the feat which should insure the author at least anecdotal immortality. The famous passage, Turpin's ride to York—a full hundred pages of print—was scribbled off in a night and a day.

The rest of his long career merely rang the changes upon these beginnings. He published forty-eight romances, of which a handful still are read, he edited or owned magazines, *Bentley's*, the *New Monthly*, *Ainsworth's*. He quarrelled bitterly with his illustrator, Cruikshank, who preposterously contended that his drawings had virtually created the best of the romances, "The Tower of London." At his country lodge at Kensal Rise, Ainsworth long kept open house for such guests as Maginn, Thackeray, Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, and Charles Dickens. All in all, he was a vivid well-loved man, with the nerves of a superman and many of the foibles of a bad boy. His biographer has had an embarrassment of materials. These two thick volumes are largely made up of Ainsworth's own letters. He is a spontaneous correspondent, never dull and never distinguished, so that one has in the present work an enormous surplus of him. The explicit confession of certain unsavory youthful escapades seems hardly worth preserving. Any knowing reader will without demonstration credit Ainsworth with the predacious habits of an early Victorian buck. Yet these letters with all their redundancies are evocatory. One hears Hunt, Shelley, and Keats roundly called "the filthy set," and there is a fragrance of fairness of yester-year in the following line to Ollier, bespeaking a notice for Lady Caroline Norton's poems. "By so doing," urges Ainsworth, "you will infinitely oblige one of the most beautiful women in the world." Robert Browning, whose hirsute charms are described as remarkable, even for that ambrosial day, won Ainsworth's admiration. He interested himself in the publication of "Sordello" and bravely predicted dramatic successes for the poet.

There were months in 1840, when Ainsworth was writing three serials abreast, "The Tower of London," "Guy Fawkes," and "Old St. Paul's." To parallel this one must look to the elder Dumas, but Ainsworth, contemporary slander to the contrary, had no "ghosts" in his employ. Of course, such feats are possible only on condition of not doing them too well. Ainsworth's eminently sagacious attitude in this matter is shown in a letter on "Nicholas Nickleby," the literary excellence and comparative lack of popularity of which he deplores:

> The fact is, to write for the mob we must not write too well. The newspaper level is the true line to take. In proportion as Dickens departs from this, he will decline in popular favour—of this I am certain. I think, however, he has so much tact that he will yet retrieve himself and become bad enough to suit all sorts.

Ainsworth himself never wrote too well. To a vivid, melodramatic incident, he easily rose, and his invention was profuse. Probably few writers of his note have written so badly. His diction is ready-made and its texture often the cheapest, but his pages present unfailingly excursions and alarums, shudders, tears, and guffaws. The dwarf Xit, in "The Tower of London," successively falls into pies, pastries, and all manner of giant dishes, but the trick never misses fire. In short, Ainsworth is about the most perfect example of the stalwart, unabashed, subliterary romancer that England has yet produced. The nearest parallel to him, perhaps, is Eugène Sue. And it may also seem significant that Ainsworth's chief literary discovery as an editor was Ouida. He fully deserved to have discovered Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, but the former began after Ainsworth's editorial period was over and the latter emerged in the deceptive guise of a man of letters.

As an example of the inordinate vitality of the early Victorians, Ainsworth is most interesting. What tall fellows they were after all! The mere conviviality and editorial diversions of an Ainsworth would promptly remove a popular modern novelist to the land where there are no best-sellers. It is the same with Bulwer-Lytton and Disraeli; their incidental vanities would consume utterly most of their successors either in fiction or in statecraft. Astounding boy-like figures they were, good eaters and drinkers, fine haters, nonchalant improvisers, undepressed by any appalling vision of perfection, sustained by a magnificent self-confidence. Ainsworth died in 1882, aged seventy-seven years, and with him disappeared a very fine, old man. He was among the last of the profuse giants of his day, and the record of his genial and random course still makes good, if by no means exemplary, reading. He fairly earned his paragraph in the literary histories for blending the manner of Smollett and of Scott, thereby creating the romance of roguery. And boys who want their adventure without literary drawbacks will surely continue to prefer "Jack Sheppard" to "Treasure Island."

Letters of Edward John Trelawny. Edited with a brief Introduction and Notes by H. Buxton Forman. New York: Henry Frowde. $3.40.

The greater part of these letters were addressed to Claire Clairmont from the time of the separation of the party at Shelley's friends until the death of the writer. A few other letters are added, notably a group to William Rossetti, which the recipient kindly placed at the disposal of the editor. The first letter in the collection is a brief note to Captain Roberts, dated from Pisa, February 5, 1822, giving instructions in regard to building and rigging the Don Juan for Shelley, and this is followed by long documents describing respectively the cremation of Williams and Shelley, after the capsize of the ill-fated boat. Trelawny was always an incoherent writer—his grammar and spelling are extraordinarily flexible—and these two letters are not the least incoherent in the book; but they are in part also almost painfully vivid, more vivid than his later formal account, and spare the reader no detail of about the most grewsome scene in the annals of English literature. "An old rag retains its form longer than a dead body—what a nauseous and degrading sight!" exclaimed Byron, as Trelawny reports him; but Trelawny himself appears to have gone through the whole ceremony with almost a callous curiosity. It seems to have been one of his grievances against Mrs. Shelley that, when he offered her Shelley's heart, "after a fitful glance on the black and charred piece of flesh, she was too shocked to touch it."

But if Trelawny had stanch nerves, he had also abundant emotions. In fact, his early letters to Claire are as good an example as one could hope to find of the effect upon a strong nature of the creed, very prevalent at that day, which valued feeling just in proportion to its intensity and its unregulated spontaneity. The third letter to her begins:

> You! you! *torture* me Clare,—your cold cruel heartless letter has driven me mad—it is ungenerous under the mask of Love—to enact the part of a demon—I who in the sincerity and honesty of my affection wrote *unhesitatingly, unreflectingly*—my *vaguest wildest* thoughts, all that my *heart* felt or head *surmised* . . .

That is the voice of the age speaking. Nor is it strange that the same writer, after many years, in his communication with the same woman, now like him grown old and lonely, should have looked back on his life with a kind of bewildered cynicism. "We are all fools! and there an end of it," he exclaims in one of his last letters. "Nothing amazes me so much as the labyrinth of follies I have wandered in all my life—so fare thee well—all the Poets of our day are thrown aside and almost forgotten."

In his devotion to Shelley he was constant to the end, showing in this a curious contrast with his feeling toward Byron. It is amusing to run down the list of references to Byron in the Index. In one place the death of the poet wrings from Trelawny the expression: "The world has lost its greatest man, I my best friend." A little later he is declaring that Byron saw no one and did nothing at Missolonghi, and that his death is a benefit to Greece. In sum, however, the account lies heavily against Byron, although Trelawny emphatically discredits the "Byron scandal."

The letters are not very interesting as a whole, but they do bring the reader close to the heart of one of the onhangers of the romantic movement. The editing is excellent, and the type and paper all that could be desired.

CURRENT FICTION.

Brazenhead the Great. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Brazenhead, as admirers of Mr. Hewlett will recall, has been a figure in the writer's imagination for some time. He sums up, in his way, the glamour and extravagance of that fifteenth-century period which has so fascinated Mr. Hewlett from the first. Capt. Brazenhead appeared as one of the story-tellers in "The New Canterbury Tales." "Fond Adventures" gives an account of how he came to be among the pilgrims who set out for Canterbury with the Prioress of Ambresbury, and of ensuing adventures which placed him in a position of honor under noble patronage. This "Saga," as Mr. Hewlett terms it, is incorporated here as book iii, under the title, "The Captain of Kent." "The Countess of Picpus," book ii in this volume, was printed in *Putnam's Magazine* some years ago. Brazenhead's creator was then promising "a great Brazenhead cyclus": and here, presumably, we have it.

It must depend very much upon the taste of the reader, and his natural liking for Mr. Hewlett's sort of thing, whether he will judge this a work of rich humor, or a mere elaborate "stunt." If we are to credit a recent commentator upon Mr. Hewlett, in constructing Brazenhead he took something from Falstaff, Bombastes Furioso, Tartarin, Cyrano, and the swashbucklers of Dumas! Why not add Don Quixote and Gil Blas? The commentator in question evidently admired this composite derivation. We think it does the creator of Capt. Brazenhead some little injustice. He has an evident fondness for that adventurous gentleman as an offspring of his own fancy. "Brazenhead is a standby," he wrote in a private letter some time ago: "I keep him till I want him, and have a look at him now and then." It is clear that he has not consciously built his hero out of classic fragments of the picaresque order. But it must be owned that the Brazenhead tale is little better than fantastic invention. Mr. Hewlett has, we suppose, intended to present a satirical apotheosis of the swashbuckling hero—a figure related to D'Artagnan as Quixote is related to Amadis of Gaul. But he does not, like Quixote, so grow upon the author's imagination as to transcend caricature. He is merely an extravagant burlesque of the picaresque adventurer—a trivial fellow painted on the heroic scale. He is touched up here and there with humane and even generous colors, but they are not in the grain. One passage there is which may tempt one to reconsider this opinion—the final scene in which old Brazenhead, now past his time and almost forgotten by the world, confronts his own youth in the flesh, and from that more perfect self receives his quietus.

The Legacy. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

It is hard to say how far a recognizably discipular quality in such a book as this really adds to or detracts from its charm. "The Legacy" is even more Thackerayan in manner than "Nathan Burke." Mrs. Watts has caught (or shall we say inherited?) not only many of Thackeray's minor tricks of speech, but his very air and carriage. The effect of a novel written by a contemporary American, a woman, on an American theme, in the style of a middle Victorian Englishman, is odd and not unpleasing. Only the other day Mr. De Morgan reminded us in a similar way

of Dickens. But, then, Mr. De Morgan is a man. It is a trifle disconcerting to find that famous easy "gentleman's style" of the author of "The Newcomes" so completely mastered by one of the ungentlemanly sex. Even that "cynical" tone of which the ladies used to complain is not absent. The sub-title of this novel is "The Story of a Woman," and it might be regarded as a feminine complement of "Pendennis."

Letty Breen, to be sure, is not at all a heroine of the old school. Thackeray could not have imagined her. But Mrs. Watts's study of her represents much the sort of good-humored yet unflattering analysis that Thackeray bestowed upon his heroes. Letty is not a remarkable person, but a young woman far from perfect and not particularly lovable. Her family has always claimed superiority, but its claims do not well bear examination. Letty grows up to the discovery that the Breens of fact are rather a sad lot. Her father is a thief (embezzlement, to be sure) and a weakling. Her grandfather is an idle parasite, for all his grand manner. Her father's brother is a dishonest promoter. Her great-aunt has spent a long life being no better than she should be. A great-uncle, a bishop, stands out as a thoroughly good man; and his reward is to be preyed upon by the rest of the family till his death. There is one virtuous uncle besides, who has married an impossible wife. A convent education is procured for Letty by the good bishop, and she enters womanhood a "lady" by instinct and training. Her mother has always been a drudge, and remains one. Letty is of a singularly cold temperament, but can get on with any one, and presently is ready enough to marry a young clerk of good blood and amiable presence, as the best fate that offers. But she has a century-old legacy of impulse from an ancestress who has technically gone to the bad, and when the inevitable hour of temptation comes it is only chance which keeps her from spending the legacy. Her life thereafter, till the death of her husband, atones, in so far as conduct may, for her virtual infidelity. But Mrs. Watts does not represent her Letty as totally overwhelmed and snuffed out by self-scorn. After all, it is natural and wholesome for us to make the best of ourselves as well as of others. Letty lives to be content, and, we suspect, happy. The story is as good in its way as "Nathan Burke." It is surprising to find so conscious a student of style repeatedly writing "laid down" for "lay down."

Quicksands. By Fannie Heaslip Lea. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

The very title gives the gentle reader a premonitory thrill of dark tragedy coming. The opening chapters hold out still more agitating promise. The hero is "absolutely primitive," he reveals the spirit of the cave-men in the guise of a wealthy iron-master. He ardently loves his beautiful and cultured wife, and has unfaltering faith in his best friend, a brilliant writer, who is credited with an artistic temperament and a way with women. And actually the friend and the wife of the Cave-Man fall in love with each other and decide to run away together. Fortunately our author has a fine regard for the proprieties and frustrates the elopement. The lady changes her mind at the last moment. And to make doubly sure that there will be no elopement, the author sends the brilliant literary man blundering fatally into a shooting affray that did not concern him. Fortunately, too, for the lady, the primitive Cave-Man who does nothing more primitive throughout the book than to use an occasional "ain't" and to drop the *g's* from the ends of his participles, learns nothing of his wife's love for his friend, and maintains his peaceful character to the end of the story. Finally, to make things end pleasantly the almost errant wife recovers her one-time love for her husband—when the other man dies.

Miss Livingston's Companion. By Mary Dillon. New York: The Century Co.

The stuff of pure romance is here in plenty. Its presence was predestined the moment the author chose for hero such a headstrong young gallant as Sir Lionel Marchmont, who is evidently modelled on Pendennis. Like Pen's affair with the Fotheringay, Marchmont's devotion to the well-preserved Peggy Wolverton, actress, leaves the reader at the outset in no doubt that here is a lover with a heart. It was, of course, in the interest of romantic adventure in the large that love's young dream should be shattered and that the youth should be sent to America to forget, and to exercise his valor. How he is entertained by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Burr, Mr. Washington Irving, who also has for a guest Mr. Tom Moore, an Irish poet; how he fights yellow fever in Manhattan and contracts it himself in this humane service; is falsely accused by a rival of embezzling city funds, is imprisoned and then cleared by his lawyer, Mr. Hamilton; how he goes up-State with Fenimore Cooper on a dash among the Indians to capture the real culprit; how he has meanwhile been pressing his suit with Miss Livingston's companion—all this makes enjoyable reading, if the reader does not insist upon having the historical background absolutely accurate or particularly vivid.

Later Pratt Portraits. By Anna Fuller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Old Lady Pratt, as all remember, had character enough to endow with individuality a vast number of descendants. And when to the strong Pratt traits of common sense, keenness, and independence are added the varying dispositions and tendencies of sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, there opens a vista of family portraiture of which it is to be hoped the vanishing point lies in a far distant future. Miss Fuller keeps a vigilant eye upon heredity. Thus the Pratt sterling worth wedded to airy irresponsibility overloads one child with self-righteousness, another with heedless charm. A crabbed Pratt mother and an insignificant Bennett father are the parents of a mute hero—and so on. For our greater content, the fine strain, on whichever side, wins in the end, each story being a record of the victory of the real thing in humanity over passing phases of the inferior. The incidents are dexterously fitted to their end, full of humorous touches in the author's characteristic manner. The stories flow easily and frankly in the trained style that deceitfully seems to do itself. If humor furnishes the sunshine, a decently veiled pathos supplies a gracious shade. May the Pratt family continue to multiply. Especially may Old Lady Pratt, as here at times, descend from her estate of blessed memory into pungent presence.

The illustrations, by Maud Fangel, are of a rare attractiveness and of the still rarer quality of an illuminating fitness.

THE MAKING OF HISTORY.

The Interpretation of History. By Max Nordau. Translated from the German by M. A. Hamilton. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.

History, as defined by the author of this pungent book, is in its broadest sense, "the sum of the episodes of the human struggle for existence." It thus embraces in its scope both nature and man; but it is natural processes, rather than political or philosophical ideas, that have had the greater influence in determining human destiny. Since history, however, "can never compass the actual event," it can claim no scientific value whatever; nor is it of any assistance in the present to know how man acted in the past. What history does is to supply a psychological, and above all a sociological, need by offering a plausible explanation of much which to-day seems illogical; thus to "oppress and deceive the present with the assistance of the past." Hence the encouragement given to the study of it by conquerors, rulers, and lawgivers, whose dark designs and selfish ambitions it serves; and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that great leaders, in proportion as they are great, show the possession of no historical sense.

The natural affinities of history, accordingly, being with the novel, any notion of a purpose in history is very prop-

erly denounced as "senseless twaddle," "empty nonsense," an impudent anthropomorphism which, by necessarily positing a God, turns history into theology. The key to all history is not purpose, but human need. Buckle perceived this truth, though he erred in making climate the determining factor; Comte was nearer right, as was Karl Marx, though the latter too narrowly excludes intellectual and spiritual desires from his specification of wants. In other words, the coming science is sociology, "history without proper names"; and under its beneficent sway the so-called philosophy of history will be relegated to the limbo of theology, dreams, and black art, while history itself will become only sociology "made concrete and individual."

There are further limitations, however, even after this rigorous demarcation of the field. While history cannot be omitted from a complete science of anthropology, there is no such thing as a "psychology of nations." The comparison of the state to a living organism is quite misleading; it is highly probable that humanity is destitute of primary "social feelings," and that men act in masses essentially as they would act as individuals under similar circumstances. According to Mr. Nordau, the only feeling "strong enough to call man out of his selfish isolation and command his relations to others," is the instinct of sex; and sex creates the family, not the state. The state is "organized parasitism, the exploitation of the weak many by a ruler and the mediate and immediate servants of his power." In its formation morality plays no part: the state begins in war, not in sympathy, and war, real or imagined, is still its principal object. Religion, too, arising psychologically from the desire for knowledge and the instinct for survival, developed the idea of God along the lines of the development of monarchy, and with much the same aim; it gave a sanction for morality without at the same time making men moral; and it has continued through all time an obstacle to intellectual advancement. The only reality, in short, is the individual; as for the civil institutions which form the burden of written history, they represent, one and all, merely a parasitic exploitation of the common herd. The only progress, too, for humanity is through a developing command of natural forces, but not along moral lines. We shall grow wiser and ever wiser, but we cannot hope to grow better. We are what we are, we shall be what we shall be; what we have been is little matter, since we cannot possibly know the whole truth about it, and what history tells us is a lie.

Admitting, as any one must who reads the four hundred pages in which the contentions just outlined are elaborated, that Mr. Nordau makes some keen and effective thrusts at what has often passed for history, one may nevertheless question whether the book is not, after all, only an ingeniously subtle and dangerous mixture of truth and shallowness. A good deal of nonsense, doubtless, has been written about unity and purpose in history, the progress of the race, and the development of a "social mind," just as a good deal has been ascribed to the influence of religion which can only remotely be credited to that agency. Toward religion and the church, indeed, Mr. Nordau displays positive malice; and he makes a strong point of the fact that theological speculation about the nature of God and the duty of man took, in a monarchical age, a predominantly monarchical form; but he seems oblivious to the tendency, in an age in which, like our own, monarchy has been markedly circumscribed by democracy, to the development of a social conception of religion. Moreover, it will certainly be no news to historians that the evolution of forms of government, or of civil and ecclesiastical institutions, is not the whole of history, however large a part of it such things may have seemed to be.

What he is acclaiming, in short, is a sort of mingled economics, sociology, and anthropology, in which the evolution of physical characteristics and bread and butter needs shall hold chief place. That anything of the kind, chastened and restrained by sanity and clear thinking, has entered the minds of scholars who humbly call themselves historians, seems to have escaped his notice. The authors whom he belabors are historians of the school of Bancroft, or philosophers like Hegel and Schlegel. So far as his pages show, he seems largely unaware of the extent to which, save in the hands of Marx, the economic or social treatment of history has lately gone; or of the breadth of view which marks the historical writing of such men as Janssen and Lea. The history which he so zealously combats is the kind which once monopolized the field, but which monopolizes it no longer. Nor does he take much account of change in the intellectual content of successive stages of civilization, though it is always intellectual content which, at bottom, determines both the form and the ideal of historical writing; nor is he disposed to concede much to the limitations of the finite mind when it undertakes to grapple the universe. No doubt an immense amount of work remains to be done, no doubt a vast deal of ignorance and prejudice remains to be got rid of, before even an approximately correct view of the course of human development can be had; but since no one intellect can possibly compass all the multifarious elements of that development which Mr. Nordau, brilliantly but without essential novelty, dangles before our eyes, historians will perforce confine themselves to such related and consistent parts of the vast material as they can intelligently manage. Clearly, the result will not spell perfection, but that does not mean that it will not be true as far as it goes. "Behind all appearances and all illusions," says Mr. Nordau, "we find the real meaning of history to be the manifestation of the life force in mankind." If, as John Fiske once humorously said of hypnotism, such an expression serves any other purpose than to conceal our ignorance of what we mean by it, it is only a generalized statement of the principle which, in our own age at least, has governed increasingly those who, with knowledge as well as seriousness, have sought to narrate the social experience of man. For the rest, we must still think that anthropology, ethnology, and sociology are not history, however useful a knowledge of them may be to the historian.

Alarms and Discursions. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

"Dickens as an essayist always had his eye on an object," says Mr. Chesterton, "before he had the faintest notion of a subject." Mr. Chesterton's own method is precisely the opposite of this. He is now, as ever, full of his subject, but he seems to be running a little short of objects. Some years ago, he burst upon us in a state of high excitement to announce that he had discovered monogamous marriage, Christianity, and democracy, and that they were very good. That was his subject. Impressed by his air of conviction, his wit, and his flashes of poetical insight, the public lent a patient ear to his defence of this novel view. Through repetition, it has now become somewhat less startling, the agitation of speaker and auditors has abated, Mr. Chesterton has presumably grown rather stouter and more prosperous, his allusions to his house in the country are frequent, and as a journalist he is settling back a little, if we are not mistaken, in his easy chair.

This settling betrays itself in his indifference to objects. Stalking through the country, full of his subject—full of his enthusiasm for democracy—his eye falls upon a newly ploughed field. Straightway his subject overflows his object after this fashion: "Equality free and flying, equality rushing over hill and dale, equality charging the world—that was the meaning of these military furrows, military in their identity, military in their energy. They sculptured hill and dale with strong curves merely because they did not mean to curve

at all." In this effusion on "the furrows," Mr. Chesterton is not an essayist, but a preacher. Start with an "object" and you may produce an essay. Start with a "subject" which has become an hallucination, stumble over an object, and you are likely to produce a sermon, which may become a bore.

We do not like to suggest that Mr. Chesterton is talking himself out; for even in "Alarms and Discursions" he rises to the occasion when the occasion really demands rising. For example, the speech delivered last summer by "a distinguished American visitor at the Guildhall" evokes an admirable characterization of the political sentimentalist:

> The sentimentalist, roughly speaking, is the man who wants to eat his cake and have it. He has no sense of honor about ideas; he will not see that one must pay for an idea as for anything else. He will not see that any worthy idea, like any honest woman, can only be won on its own terms, and with its logical chain of loyalty. One idea attracts him; another idea really inspires him; a third idea flatters him; a fourth idea pays him. *He will have them all at once in one wild intellectual harem, no matter how much they quarrel and contradict each other.*

Such passages as this relieve but do not entirely redeem the pages in which Mr. Chesterton presents the appearance of one continuing to talk without continuing to think—a habit into which men with a closed system of ideas are specially likely to fall. He has often assured us that a full mind can develop an essay from a ten-penny nail—can strike even a pebble and make the water gush forth. There is a limit even to the thirst for water, and now that our faith in his thaumaturgic powers is established, we prefer to have him strike something different and more important.

We are glad, therefore, to see his prefaces to the Everyman edition of Dickens collected and put forth together. Whenever Mr. Chesterton has said a good word for Dickens—which he has done pretty frequently—he has indirectly said a good word for himself; the praise of the master magnifies the apostle. Whenever his criticism approaches the author of "Pickwick," it rises to its highest level of suggestiveness and wit, of robustness, geniality, and penetration. His life of that great middle class genius, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, made at one stroke a reputation for himself and a new reputation for Dickens, recalling him from that limbo to which he had been condemned by a priggish and scientific generation. His introductions to the novels form an admirable sequel to the biography. He uses Dickens, to be sure, like everything else for doctrinal ends, but—to return to our text—he can wreak his subject upon this object with infinitely more effect than upon a pebble or a ten-penny nail.

A Cyclopedia of Education. Edited by Paul Monroe. Vol. I. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

There are 150 educational periodicals issued in the United States, and one out of twenty-five of the published volumes of each year in America is a work on education. In Great Britain one new book out of fifteen is an educational treatise. Despite this large output of educational literature, there has been hitherto no encyclopædia of education in English. The present publication, therefore, meets a real need and will be heartily welcomed, especially since its merit entitles it to approval as a worthy companion of the German and French educational encyclopædias.

Professor Monroe has the assistance of fifteen departmental editors. The first volume, A—Chu, contains about 1,000 articles by above one hundred contributors. One class of articles treats of the various subjects pursued in the schools, presenting, in each case, a discussion of the general nature of the subject, of its present status in the school curriculum, and of special methods of teaching it. The educational systems of different nations and of our several States receive thorough attention. There are full-page reproductions of the buildings and grounds of a number of American universities, a feature which can scarcely be said to add to the scientific value of the encyclopædia, and which increases needlessly its bulk. The biographies of educators are brief.

Among the noteworthy articles should be mentioned "Calvinists and Education," by Prof. Herbert D. Foster of Dartmouth; the enlightening and timely discussion of agricultural education, by Director Whitman H. Jordan of the Agricultural Station at Geneva, N. Y., Dean Eugene Davenport of the University of Illinois, and Prof. Liberty H. Bailey of Cornell; a sketch of school architecture, by Prof. Fletcher B. Dresslar of the University of Alabama, in which the plans of the Tilton School of Chicago are displayed as a model. The story of the early American academies is well told, but it may be noted that the seminary of Mrs. Emma Willard was founded, not at Troy, N. Y., but at Middlebury, Vt., from which village she issued her appeal to the New York Legislature for the higher education of women, which had so great an influence in that important movement. The article on the education of the blind is by Helen Keller. In general, one may say that the editors have shown discrimination in the selection of contributors and have succeeded well in procuring harmony and proportion.

This encyclopædia brings out prominently the fact that education in modern times has greatly enlarged its scope. Its function is said to be not only to impart a modicum of knowledge on a certain number of subjects, but to help to solve a great share of our national problems. We have discussions of methods of school management for training in activities formerly under the discipline of the home and church, as well as prescriptions for the development of bodily health, athletic skill, and social and civic responsibility. The chief interest of the editors is clearly in the utilitarian activities of the modern school. There is full discussion of every phase of industrial education and vocational training whenever opportunity is offered, while to topics which have been regarded as of some importance in the education that has brought the world to its present state of culture, scant attention is accorded. More space is allowed the apprentice system of the New York Central Railway than is paid to Plato's Academy. The scholar of the passing generation will consult this encyclopædia in vain to learn what modern educators think concerning Æschylus, but he will find elaborate directions for the construction of all manner of blackboards and five full pages, with two gaudy plates, on academic costumes. Aristotle's influence on the philosophy of the schoolmen is not so much as mentioned, but there are four pages of tables on statutory provisions relating to compulsory attendance and child labor. These instances may serve to indicate the general tendency of educational opinion represented by this encyclopædia, as well as the subjects which are regarded as most important in modern education.

The Income Tax: A Study of the History, Theory, and Practice of Income Taxation at Home and Abroad. By Edwin R. A. Seligman. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.

Cynics can contemplate nothing more interesting than the economic legislation of the United States during the last few years. Of such legislation there has been an endless stream, whose sources are to be looked for in the pure opportunism which inevitably characterizes a democracy, rather than in the thinking and teaching of the political economists. The economists have generally had their say after the event, and have been content to put the best face possible on accomplished facts. To a certain extent Professor Seligman himself, in the matter of the income tax, has followed rather than led. His present volume was begun seventeen years ago, at the time of the discussion that preceded the passage of the income tax law of 1894. His purpose then was to publish a book on the general subject, but this purpose was abandoned when the Supreme Court in 1895 declared the law unconstitutional. The submission of the sixteenth amendment has, how-

ever, afforded him a new incentive. Yet it is an interesting, and perhaps significant, fact that he appears to intervene with no expectation of forming public opinion, such as his great learning and wide observation should properly entitle him to, but more in the guise of *amicus curiæ*. "As it seems probable," he says, "that we shall before long have an income tax in the United States, my chief object in writing this book has been to set the subject in a somewhat clearer light and to aid the legislator in constructing a workable scheme."

Doubtless that is a commendable purpose, and if the legislator is disposed to follow his own reason in the face of his constituents, too great importance cannot be attached to this work. The author has, in fact, done about the same work for the income tax that the Monetary Commission has done for banking reform, with the difference that in this instance the data are presented within one set of covers, and with the difference, too, that the ordinary man seems far more disposed to entertain the idea of an income tax than that of a central banking system. Professor Seligman's appeal is, however, not to the man in the street, but to the few who, recognizing that there is no royal road to a knowledge of the nation's economic needs, are prepared to devote no inconsiderable amount of time and hard thinking to the mastery of this very complex problem.

The history of finance, we are told, shows the evolution of the principle of faculty or ability to pay—the principle that each individual should be held to help the state in proportion to his ability to help himself. The inadequacy of the poll tax, the general property tax, the tax on expenditure and on product, having been successively shown, we reach the fifth and final stage—the income tax. But here innumerable difficulties meet us. First, there is the question of the kind of discrimination and the amount of discrimination that should be tolerated in levying an income tax, as a result of the different kinds of income. Then, too, we must consider the amount as well as the nature of the income; the fixing of a point below which there shall be exemption of taxation; the debatable points of a graduated tax; finally, the question of choosing between the various kinds of income tax—the presumptive income tax, the lump-sum income tax, the stoppage-at-source income tax.

With such questions confronting him at the start, Professor Seligman traces the history of the income tax both at home and abroad. In a concluding section of forty-three pages, he outlines "a practicable programme." This section and his preliminary section on "the fundamental problems," occupying thirty-six pages, in themselves make a fairly complete and consistent treatise, and can be read with great profit by those who lack time and inclination to study the income tax exhaustively.

Out of all this discussion Professor Seligman emerges with the conviction that the income tax is coming, that where the tax has been introduced under conditions not obviously fatal to its success it has worked better from year to year and from decade to decade, but that in the event of our failing to choose our administrative machinery wisely the result is bound to be disastrous.

Edgehill Essays. By Adrian Hoffman Joline. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $2 net.

There is an atmosphere of pleasant bookishness in these essays. The author is a collector who in his ripe years looks back upon a life spent largely with books and lovers of books, and who somehow in his pages constructs an attractive picture of himself moving about among the shelves in his library, taking down with pride some prized volume, watching for the bibliophile columns in home and foreign journals, adding in the interests of truth a note to somebody's historical notice of a Caxton, quoting rather frequently Doctor Johnson, and commenting with good-humored impatience upon political and social tendencies of today. A glance at a collection of essays by Woodrow Wilson sets him to thinking about after-dinner speeches, till he remembers that he is wandering and that for this habit the Hartford *Courant* had called him "an ass." Yet he is fain to reply with the amiable Hebrew who was denounced as a thief, a liar, and a scoundrel, "But outside of that, I'm all right, aind I?" He defends the quest of autographs, but is piqued that he should have paid ten dollars for eighteen lines "in the rather boyish scrawl" of a former President.

In two more serious essays—one on A Georgian Poet and the other on A Famous Reviewer—Mr. Joline hardly gets beyond the collector's habit of chit-chat. The possession of "an attractive example of typographic art, bound in decent crimson half-morocco, with delightful saffron edge," dated "MDCCLXXII," is sufficient excuse for his writing on Mark Akenside. It pleases him to think that Boswell and the Doctor "were chatting about the very edition" to which his copy belongs when Johnson asserted of the "Pleasures of the Imagination," "Sir, I could not read it through." Antiquarians like Mr. Joline are apt, however, to have at hand an almost complete history of opinion on writers with whom they are concerned; it is this which justifies the essay on Francis Jeffrey. Nowhere else have we met with so voluminous a portrait of the man. Long extracts from Jeffrey's letters to his sister on a love-affair; a vivid picture by Ticknor, who knew Jeffrey in Boston; the full exact words of Jeffrey's more notable literary judgments, instead of the customary paraphrases or briefest excerpts; the personal side of his relations with Byron and Moore, contrive, without the addition of one new document, to correct the warped estimate of Jeffrey's character and genius which for so long has been bandied glibly about. It was time to present to the public the evidence in all its fulness. If in trying to do away with traditional bias Mr. Joline himself bends backward and reads perfect justice into Jeffrey's remarks on Rogers and Campbell and into the short work with "Endymion," the temptation was natural.

An essay on Manners Makyth Man reveals in the author several decided views on modern life:

> The man who is most devoid not only of manners, but of morals, is the cigarette smoker, who puffs the acrid, noisome fumes in your face at all times, and in all seasons, even at your breakfast table, and adds insult by depositing the ashes and the "butts" on the floor, on the table, on the library shelves, . . . while the smouldering, nauseating remnants poison your air and upset your digestion. For this shameless offender, boiling oil and melted lead are scarcely adequate punishment.

He declares that even smoking in dining rooms of hotels and restaurants is a modern abomination, "and in all shame and humility I confess that I have been guilty of it myself." Finally, The War on the Colleges, an essay which was prompted by an editorial in the *Nation* last summer, blows a full, round note for humanism.

Notes

A new and complete limited edition of Stevenson's works is announced by an association of the publishers, Chatto & Windus, Cassell & Co., Heineman, and Longman & Co. The edition will take its name from that of the house where Stevenson wrote many of his earlier essays, Swanston; it will consist of twenty-five volumes.

The Oxford University Press is bringing out a "School History of England" from the earliest times to 1911. C. R. L. Fletcher is responsible for the prose narrative and Rudyard Kipling contributes twenty-three new poems, specially written to illustrate periods and episodes. There are as many pictures as poems, in color or in black and white, drawn by Henry Ford; and seven maps.

Nine unpublished Voltaire papers and letters have recently been discovered at Glasgow. They concern a law suit, in which Voltaire was involved in 1751, and had originally belonged to one of the judges who tried the case, the German jurist Socceji. They are now in the possession of Prof. W. B. Stevenson.

"Just now I'm all for the domestic nov-

el," writes H. G. Wells, who is now at work on a story which his publishers, Duffield & Co., say will probably be called "Marjorie."

Duffield & Co. also have in hand: "A Portentous History," a novel by Alfred Tennyson, grandson of the poet, and "Stories from the New Testament," by Elsa Barker.

Alfred J. Morrison announces his volume, "Travels in the Confederation, 1783-1784," a translation from the German of Dr. Johann David Schoepf, which will shortly be issued by the Lord Baltimore Press, in two volumes at a subscription price of five dollars.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce: "The Life of Spencer Compton, Eighth Duke of Devonshire," by Bernard Holland, 2 vols.; "The Life and Letters of Sir John Hall," by S. M. Mitra; "The Comic Spirit in George Meredith," by Joseph Warren Beach; "Half a Man, the Status of the Negro in New York," by Mary White Ovington, with a preface by Dr. Franz Boas; "The End of the Irish Parliament," by Joseph R. Fisher; "Beginnings, or Glimpses of Vanished Civilizations," by Mrs. M. Mulhall; "Big-Game Shooting in Upper Burma," by Major G. P. Evans; "The Moneyfolk of South Africa," by F. W. Fitzsimons; "History of Money in the British Empire and the United States," by Agnes F. Dodd; "British Dominions: Their Present Commercial and Industrial Condition," a series of general reviews for business men and students, by W. J. Ashley; "The Job Secretary: an Impression," by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward; "Civilization at the Cross Roads," by the Rev. John Neville Figgis; "A New Rome: a Study of Visible Unity Among Non-Papal Christians," by Richard B. De Bary; "Some Thoughts on God, and His Methods of Manifestation in Nature and Revelation," by the Rev. J. Gurnhill; "A History of Christian Missions in South Africa," by J. Du Plessis; "King Edward VII as a Sportsman," by A. E. T. Watson, and "The Collected Works of William Morris," Vols. V-VIII.

The Century Co. promises two novels for May 20: "John Sherwood, Ironmaster," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and "An Ardent American," by Mrs. Russell Codman.

Henry McHarg Davenport has just placed with Sturgis & Walton a story of preparatory school life entitled, "The Likable Chap."

Ernest Thompson Seton is writing a series of twelve articles which will appear in the *American Boy* of Detroit.

"Philosophy as a Science" (Open Court Publishing Company) is the title given by Dr. Paul Carus to a synopsis of his writings. It is the index to an extraordinary activity. The Summaries of Books, for the most part quite short, occupy sixty-four pages, while the Summaries of Editorial Articles published in the *Open Court* and the *Monist*, scarcely more than a brief mention in each case, run to ninety-five pages.

William R. Jenkins will publish at an early date: "An Elementary English Grammar," by A. E. Sharp; "Modern Riding and Horse Education," by Major Noel Birch of the British army; Stedman's "Complete Pocket Guide to Europe for 1911"; "Helps for the Study of French," by Prof. J. H. Moore; Chateaubriand's "Atala," edited with notes and vocabulary by Dr. T. J. Cloran; "Exercises in French Sounds," by Philip Hudson Churchman; Guy de Maupassant's "L'Auberge," edited with notes and vocabulary by Dr. A. Schinz; "Précis d'histoire de France," with notes and questions by Prof. Joseph Patet; "An Italian Reader," revised with rewritten vocabulary by A. Marinoni; "English for Italians," by Edith Waller, and "An Elementary Grammar of the Italian Language," by A. Marinoni.

On May 13 Little, Brown & Co. plan to publish Eliza Calvert Hall's new Kentucky story, "To Love and to Cherish"; a romance called "The Spirit of the Island," by Joseph Hornor Coates; "The Old Dance Master," a novel by William Romaine Paterson (Benjamin Swift), and a book for boys, "The Captain of the S. I. G.'s," by Etta Anthony Baker.

Prof. Philip S. Allen of the University of Chicago is bringing out through Holt an elementary German reader, which he calls "Daheim."

The fifth edition of "Wer ist's" (1911), edited and published by H. A. Ludwig Degener of Leipzig, comes to us from G. E. Stechert & Co. of this city. It shows the usual increase in the number of names included, but the bulk of the volume is kept down by omitting the statistical tables which were a feature of the 1910 edition. To any one concerned with German affairs the book is indispensable.

We may call attention to the publication in the *Wiener Beiträge* of a volume on "Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Sein Leben und seine Werke," by Mathilde Kraupa.

George Meredith offered to the public far back in the dim 'fifties the first substantial fruits of his invention in the form of a brilliant and bewildering Arabian fantasy called "The Shaving of Shagpat." Meredithians have long held that this Oriental extravaganza is the novelist's salutatory profession of faith, and that it contains in germ "The Egoist" and the "Essay on Comedy," just as "Sartor Resartus" contains "The Nigger Question" and "Frederick the Great." The author himself was wont to discourage attempts to strip the allegory of its garb, but now that his ideas have been dancing out from the seven veils for more than half a century, the temptation to the expositor has proved irresistible. In a volume uniform with Moffat's "Primer to the Novels" James McKechnie presents "Meredith's Allegory, the Shaving of Shagpat" (Doran), an elaborate interpretation, which at any rate is an excellent moral homily. And it is only fair to add that he also presents in facsimile a letter from Meredith declaring, "You have done as much as could be done with the adventurous barber."

It was a gracious deed of the friends and former pupils of Prof. Charles Augustus Briggs to present to him on his recent seventieth birthday a testimonial volume of contributions to the theological science which he has done so much to promote ("Essays in Modern Theology and Related Subjects," Charles Scribner's Sons). The book contains twenty-three studies on biblical and theological themes, some of them technical essays on difficult problems, such as "The Meaning of Hebrew Bithron," by Prof. William R. Arnold; "Οἱ Ἄτακτοι, I Thess. v:14," by Prof. James Everett Frame, and "Notes on Two Passages in the Old Testament Apocrypha," by Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson. Others are scholarly essays on subjects of more general interest, of which may be mentioned "The Decline of Prophecy," by President Francis Brown; "The Definition of the Jewish Canon and the Repudiation of Christian Scriptures," by Prof. George Foot Moore; "Calvin's Theory of the Church," by Prof. Arthur C. McGiffert, and "The Greek and Hittite Gods," by the Rev. William Hayes Ward. Nineteen of the contributors are graduates of the Union Theological Seminary during the service of Dr. Briggs, an evidence of his influence in productive scholarship. Students of his recent volumes may easily forget his invaluable services a generation ago, when he was the pioneer of German critical scholarship in America. The Rev. Charles R. Gillett's bibliography of Dr. Briggs's productions, beginning with a translation of Dorner in 1868, and extending over twenty pages, includes a number of the most influential volumes in American religious life of the last twenty-five years.

The scheme of Prof. W. A. Neilson's "Chief Elizabethan Dramatists Excluding Shakespeare" (Houghton Mifflin) is admirably conceived and executed. Here in chronological succession one has the best and most representative of the English plays, thirty in number, from Lyly to Shirley (Shakespeare being properly excluded as a study apart), with obsolete words and obscure allusions explained briefly in footnotes, and with the necessary biographical and bibliographical information in appendices. The editing is careful and sufficient; the selection of plays seems to us thoroughly judicious. For those who wish to get a clear and general notion of the whole Elizabethan drama, the book will prove precisely suited; indeed it would not be easy to represent any other great movement in our literature in this adequate manner. We have only one fault to find—but that is serious. The inclusion of the whole work in one volume has necessitated the use of disastrously small type. Two volumes, and correspondingly larger type, might well have been given to a publication which ought to be of permanent value.

Dr. Paul Carus has found time to add to his already enormous list of publications a clear-cut and excellent little book on truth, entitled "Truth on Trial" (The Open Court Publishing Company). It consists of four essays, a poem, and an appendix, all of them reprinted from the *Monist*. The aim of the book is to give an exposition of the intellectualist view of the nature of truth, and to defend it against all pragmatic attacks. This view has seldom been so clearly defined as it is here by Dr. Carus: "Truth consists in a relation. There is a subjective statement and an objective condition of things. Truth means that the former properly describes or represents the latter. If I investigate, and find my expectations fulfilled, I call the statement true, and this correspondence, this congruence of thought and thing, is called truth." Dr. Carus's exposition of the pragmatic view of truth is not so satisfactory, and the pragmatists who read the book will insist that he has simply put up a man of straw. In fact, if we trusted to it alone for our conception of pragmatism,

we should conclude that logical consistency was nothing to the pragmatist, and formed no part of his notion of truth. Such a view, of course, would be quite mistaken; for in saying that the truth is that which works, the pragmatist means, among other things, that which works logically and consistently with the rest of our knowledge and experience. And yet to this criticism Dr. Carus might very well reply that, if this is the case, pragmatism has added nothing to our conception, and is with a vengeance only 'a new name for some old ways of thinking." The book is a timely one, and it is to be hoped that Dr. Carus's clear presentation of the subject will lead some of the pragmatists to reconsider their philosophy, and to develop it along some more promising line than that of their rather hastily formulated doctrine of truth.

The life of Cæsar has been a favorite subject of investigation since his own time, and his character has always appealed to students of affairs. It might perhaps appear that the works of Dodge, Froude, and Warde Fowler had furnished adequate treatment for present-day students, but "The Annals of Caesar, a Critical Biography," by Prof. E. G. Sihler (G. E. Stechert & Co.), is, as its name indicates, a study of a different kind. Professor Sihler gives a purely scientific investigation of the facts of Cæsar's life, as set forth by the ancient authorities. He treats Cæsar's life year by year, and tries to show how the successive steps in his career developed. In preserving a strictly judicial attitude of mind, he neither condones Cæsar's crimes, nor exaggerates his achievements. In one particular he seems to have thrown new light upon Cæsar's actions. Thus he shows that, in crossing the Rubicon, Cæsar was not following the dictates of a well-considered policy, but was merely yielding to the pressure of conditions. If he had given up his army, he would have put himself at the mercy of his opponents, and in his demands upon the Senate he was fighting not so much for power as for his life. To give up at this time meant his own death. Professor Sihler is not one of those who are charmed by the clearness and purity of Cæsar's style. He is inclined to regard Cicero's praise as merely the repayment of a compliment; but throughout the book there is evident desire to do justice, and justice alone, to the greatness of the subject. A long appendix contains a critical discussion of the sources, including a biting arraignment of Mommsen and Froude, with whose point of view the author has but scant sympathy. The English style leaves much to be desired, but this is lost sight of in the general excellence of the treatment.

The "Antigone" of Sophocles was recently performed in the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati. The metrical translation was prepared by Prof. J. E. Harry, primarily as an acting version (Robert Clarke Co.). Professor Harry recognizes the difficulty of the task. He claims to have rendered the trimeter portion into English pentameters within a period of thirty days, but says that thirty years would not suffice for the choral songs. To criticise a translation of this kind is an ungracious task, but there seems little to commend in it. Many of the pentameters are not exact in metre, and in many cases the rhythm halts in most unpleasant fashion. Sometimes the printing is at fault, but it is hard to resist the conclusion that the thirty days were too few for proper attention to details. The translations of the choruses are often ingenious, but the variations in the metres are too harsh to be enjoyable. But the chief difficulty with the translation is its total lack of dignity. Shakespearean reminiscences serve only to accentuate this fault. Doubtless, it thus approaches to the requirements of an acting version, but it would be unfortunate for the spectators to carry away the impression of Sophocles that they must gain from such a rendering. The translation is preceded by certain selections from the "Oedipus Rex" which serve as an introduction, and the bridge between the "Oedipus" and the "Antigone" is formed by a sketch of the "Oedipus at Colonus" and Aeschylus's "Seven Against Thebes."

"The Mother of Parliaments" (Little, Brown), by Harry Graham, is to be commended for accomplishing what its author set out to do. This was to give an account of the history and working of the English Parliament, which should not be excessively technical and should contain illustrative material to amuse as well as instruct the general reader. In this purpose we think that Mr. Graham has been highly successful. He sets forth the historical facts compactly, and, so far as we have tested his statements, accurately, and draws freely upon the biographies of English statesmen and collections of Parliamentary anecdote with the effect of producing an agreeable blend. Twenty plates showing buildings and interiors and great Parliamentary figures add value to the book.

The thirty-third annual conference of the American Library Association will be held at Pasadena, Cal., May 18-24. The following are the principal papers and addresses to be presented: President's address, "What the Community Owes the Library," by J. I. Wyer, jr., director of the New York State Library; address by Willard Huntington Wright, literary editor of Los Angeles *Times;* "Exploitation of the Public Library," by A. E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; "Modern Library Work with Children," illustrated address by H. E. Legler, librarian of the Chicago Public Library; "The Administrative Units in Library Extension," by M. S. Dudgeon, secretary of Wisconsin State Library Commission; "The County Library System in California," by Harriet G. Eddy, California State Library; "Basis of Support for City and State Library Work," by F. F. Hopper, librarian of Tacoma Public Library; "Materials and Methods in Bookbinding," by Cedric Chivers, Brooklyn; address by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, University of California; address by J. A. B. Scherer, president of Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena; "Effect of the Commission Plan of Government on Library Control," by Alice B. Tyler, secretary of the Iowa Library Commission; "Municipal Civil-Service System as Affecting Library Administration," by J. T. Jennings, librarian of the Seattle Public Library; "The Government of the Public Library," by J. L. Gillis, director of the California State Library; Symposium on Branch Library Problems. The following affiliated associations will hold their annual meetings at the same time and place: Association of Law Libraries, League of Library Commissions, Bibliographical Society of America, National Association of State Libraries, and Special Libraries Association. The American Library Association now has more than 2,000 active members, representing forty-nine States and Territories and fourteen foreign countries.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson died Tuesday night in his home in Cambridge. Something will be said in the *Nation* next week about Col. Higginson's career.

Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, formerly of Philadelphia, and well known under her pen initials, "H. W. S.," as a writer on religious topics, died on May 1 in Oxford, England, aged seventy-nine.

Science

A Textbook of Botany for Colleges and Universities. By John M. Coulter, Charles R. Barnes, and Henry C. Cowles. Volume I. Morphology and Physiology. New York: American Book Co. $2.

Botany for High Schools. By George F. Atkinson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

In the obsolete Linnæan system of classification of plants, one class comprised all the so-called flowerless plants, such as algæ (seaweeds, etc.), fungi (mushrooms, rusts, etc.), musci (mosses), filices (ferns, etc.), while the flowering plants, the trees, shrubs, and herbs, were collected into about two dozen groups. In the two excellent books before us, which represent the new views now held by a great majority of our botanists, the ratio between the flowering and flowerless plants is completely reversed. In other words, the flowering plants are now relegated to a position which exhibits more or less clearly the fact that they constitute only one group out of a series of about a dozen or twenty groups of coördinate rank. Another phase of the reversal is almost as striking. Formerly one began his study with the flowering plants, whereas now it is a common practice to introduce the student first to the lowest or simplest forms.

This remarkable change of arrangement has naturally followed the increase of knowledge of relationships among plants. The endeavor nowadays is to present as far as possible the derivation and development of all plants, and to indicate the kinships. Much of this is a matter of conjecture, but is based upon safe probabilities, and is, on the whole, so reasonable that it has commanded almost universal assent. Our authors have done perfectly right in adopting the most recent views. But such a classification involves a distinct difficulty in teaching. In order to impress upon the student the important fact that the

flowering plants constitute only one class in above a dozen of nearly the same rank, it is absolutely necessary to dwell upon details of structure which can in some cases be demonstrated only by patient attention to microscopic technique. Now the evidence which lies at the foundation of such a classification must be largely taken on faith by the student. Very few teachers are qualified to lead their students practically through the intricate windings of the paths in modern microscopy, although the plainer steps can be shown with clearness. The selection, therefore, of what can be honestly learned at first hand, and the presentation of advice in regard to this line of study, require the soundest judgment and discretion. A careful examination of these two books must convince an unprejudiced person that the authors have shown distinct pedagogical ability in this very difficult part of their task.

But one is inclined to ask, What becomes of the old-fashioned botany which gave one a fair degree of familiarity in regard to the plants around us, such as our trees and flowering treasures in the fields? Much of that has been necessarily sacrificed in the attempt to give a clear idea of relationships, although a good deal has been saved from the wreck. For instance, in Professor Atkinson's book attention has been called to the useful plants, and to the relations of plants to their surroundings, while the general introduction to the subject of floral structure has been well worked out. We note with pleasure that in the larger work, prepared by associated professors in the University of Chicago, the attractive features of flowering plants have not been lost sight of. The chapters on Physiology, the field occupied by the lamented Professor Barnes, are admirable in form. The slight differences of opinion which may be held in relation to certain minor matters here presented, are not likely to confuse any serious student. These two treatises are a distinct and welcome addition to the long list of good, sound American textbooks on modern botany.

A "Bibliography of Aeronautics" has been compiled by Paul Brockett, assistant librarian of the Smithsonian Institution, and published under the Hodgkins Fund. It forms a solid volume of more than nine hundred pages.

Rand McNally & Co. have issued an excellent wall map of New York State, 57 by 45 inches, for school use. Some examination leads us to believe that the selection of towns and historic sites included has been judiciously made. Commercial routes, railways, and canals are also given. New York city and Long Island are printed in position, and there are small relief and physical maps. The printing is clear.

Dr. Joseph Charles Terby, who died recently in his native town, Louvain, aged sixty-five, was the author of "Aréographie, ou étude comparative des observations faites sur l'aspect physique de la planète Mars depuis Fontana (1636) jusqu'à nos jours (1873)." The book was published in 1875.

The death is reported from London of Prof. Thomas Rupert Jones, who, for almost three-quarters of a century, has been a well-known student of geology. He was born in 1819.

Drama

Louise Mallinckrodt Kueffner aims in her thesis ("The Development of the Historic Drama," University of Chicago Press) to prove the existence of a legitimate type of drama which deals with an historic movement and in which large and opposing, and equally justified forces clash and produce, in accordance with historic necessity, events of wide social concern. This corporate drama, more epic in structure than the individualist, logically-motivated Aristotelian tragedy, has, it is argued, struggled for existence since its birth in the English Chronicle History, and in modern Germany, under the influence of the genetic conception of history, has established itself in several definable types: individualistic character-drama, symbolic process-drama, and corporate movement-drama. In the present study we do not get beyond definitions and a summary of German criticism bearing on the subject; we are promised, however, a book for the general student which shall treat the development of the historic drama in its practice. It will be interesting to see the definitions put to this proof; meanwhile, a suspicion of their "closet" character is not allayed by the remark (p. 83) that "the thought of adaptation to the demands or tastes of our present stage and to our ordinary audiences ought not to be too much considered in the writing of an historic drama conceived in this form."

An interesting feature of the special theatrical coronation performance in London will be the reappearance of E. S. Willard, who has been persuaded to assume the part of Brutus in the Forum scene of "Julius Cæsar."

Charles Frohman has procured the English and American rights in a new play by Messrs. de Caillavet and de Flers, authors of "Inconstant George." The piece is not yet finished, but arrangements are completed for its production at the Théâtre Français in October. It is described as a woman's play, with a powerful love story, designed to show the evils of procrastination. Mr. Frohman has also procured the rights of "La Gamine," by Paul Veber and H. de Gorsse. This will be put into English by Michael Morton.

Sir Herbert Tree has accepted a new play, called "Prophet Percival," by Melchior Lengyel, author of "Typhoon." The piece is described as modern, with a dash of mysticism. A cynical man of the world, to save a woman's reputation, turns his back upon London and its fascinations, and takes ship for a distant island in the Pacific. There he finds himself among a savage tribe, who hail him as prophet and seer. In course of time he, too, is persuaded that he possesses all the qualities attributed to him by his followers. An unexpected catastrophe serves to disillusion him. As originally conceived, the piece ends tragically, but in this respect it probably will be modified.

"The Winter's Tale" has had a three months' run at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester. This result is attributed largely to the striking performance of Hermione by Nora Lancaster.

During the first week of the Shakespearean festival at Stratford-on-Avon, five of Shakespeare's plays were revived at the Memorial Theatre—"Much Ado About Nothing," "The Merry Wives," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," and "Richard II." "Of these, apart from the outside interest of Miss Violet Vanbrugh's Beatrice, in 'Much Ado,'" says a well-known critic, "Mr. Benson's poetic rendering of the part of Richard is one of the most forcible things that he does, and the finished performance of "Twelfth Night" was a real delight."

As a new method of self-advertisement, Bernard Shaw affected to maintain a mystery concerning the authorship of his latest dramatic production, "Fanny's First Play," which was produced the other day in the Little Theatre, London. Of course, everybody knew all about it. The nature of the piece would have enlightened them very quickly, if they had not. It may be described briefly as witty nonsense. The hero and heroine, reared in that atmosphere of precise respectability which seems to Mr. Shaw so abominable, suddenly break out into all kinds of excesses, are sent to jail, and, thereafter, rejoice in their new emancipation, which they celebrate by astonishing marriages. The moral of it all appears to be that of that ancient bit of cynicism, "The nearer the church, the further from Heaven." Incidentally, Mr. Shaw introduces a number of London dramatic critics, under very transparent disguises, and ridicules them after his own amusing and utterly irresponsible fashion.

There is an influential movement in England to put the Shakespeare Head Press—established at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1904 by A. H. Bullen, with the object of issuing a complete edition of Shakespeare's works—upon a permanent basis by public subscription. A memorial, to which many eminent literary names are attached, says:

> There is a great mass of material that is inaccessible, or all but inaccessible, to students; and, if our suggestion is followed, the Shakespeare Head Press would be enabled to print MSS.—and reprint rare books—that under the ordinary conditions of publishing must remain inedited. Such a press, with a clear understanding of the wants and needs of scholars, and freed from the bondage of commercialism, could do much to advance the cause of learning and letters.

Most of the leading London critics grow rapturous over "Kismet," Edward Knoblauch's Arabian Night play, which has just been produced in the Garrick Theatre, London, by Oscar Asche. They dilate upon the interest of the Oriental story and the excellence of the acting, but most upon the splendor of the setting and the novelty and ingenuity of the manner in which the tale is told. For one thing, the performance is continuous, as in the intervals between acts the different actors are seen, in a street scene, passing, as it were, to their next adventure, while in two stage boxes singers

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and a story-teller maintain the thread of the plot. One critic writes:

I must attempt to describe some of the scenes; for, capital as is the story, charmingly as it is written, and splendidly as it is acted—it is the spectacular side of this astonishing production which hits one hardest. Such crowds, such animation, such ceaseless variety, such perfection of "composition" in the building up of the picture, such vivid coloring, such artistic completeness, and such a wealth of imaginative detail have never been seen. Any one or two of these qualities may have been equalled elsewhere, but never surpassed; but altogether they constitute a record.

The first annual Shakespeare lecture of the British Academy will be given July 5 by Dr. Jusserand. He has chosen for his title, "What to Expect of Shakespeare."

Music

AMERICAN OPERAS.

When Mr. Gatti-Casazza announced that the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, desirous of fostering native genius, offered a prize of $10,000 for an opera by an American composer, there were not many among those most familiar with the musical situation in this country who believed that a work worthy of production at the leading opera house of the world would result from the competition. Opera composers are scarce on this side of the Atlantic. In Germany, Italy, or France such an offer would have resulted in the submission of hundreds of manuscripts. The judges appointed by the Metropolitan directors—Alfred Hertz, Walter Damrosch, Charles Martin Loeffler, and George W. Chadwick—had twenty-four scores to examine, and they have unanimously bestowed the prize on an opera entitled "Mona," by Horatio W. Parker, professor of music at Yale University.

While Professor Parker has for years been ranked among the leading American composers—one of the few whose works are also performed abroad—the award of the prize to him comes nevertheless as a considerable surprise, for it has not heretofore been known that he had any operatic aspirations. Among his works, including more than sixty opus numbers, there is not one which is intended for performance in the theatre. The first of them is dated 1882. Is it likely that a composer who has for three decades written only for the concert hall, the parlor, and the church will succeed in the opera house? No one can tell in advance. Schumann wrote only for the piano during the first ten years of his creative activity; then he took up songs and symphonies and gave the world some of the best it had ever heard. The work which made Professor Parker famous, in England as well as in America, the oratorio "Hora Novissima," contains some dramatic pages, and one can see more or less dramatic intentions in the very titles of such of his cantatas as "King Trojan," "The Ballad of the Normans," and "Harold Harfargar." Whether he has been able to develop these dramatic germs the performance of the prize opera will show next season. In the meantime, it is encouraging to hear that the great Wagnerian conductor, Alfred Hertz, than whom no one could be better qualified to express an opinion, after hearing the orchestral score only through his eyes, has declared that the score is "dignified and musicianly, and the orchestration masterly."

It is interesting also to find that the same authority thinks the libretto is "excellent and most poetic." The critics, it is safe to predict, will rend it to shreds. It is an old habit of theirs. The most poetic opera book ever written, Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," was pronounced "in every respect an absurdity," "the most unfortunate choice of a text-book ever made by a really prominent composer," and Mr. Redding was treated to similar compliments for the interesting libretto he wrote for the last American opera produced here, Victor Herbert's "Natoma." Professor Parker's librettist, Brian Hooker, was formerly a member of the Yale faculty. The scene of his story is placed in Britain during the Roman invasion. In this there is nothing revolutionary; what is suggested, in fact, is that one-time favorite of the public, Bellini's "Norma." What is novel, however—in fact, almost startling—is that Mr. Hooker did not think that an America opera must necessarily be a setting of an American plot, with red Indians and that sort of thing, as in Herbert's "Natoma" and Converse's "The Sacrifice," recently produced by the Boston Opera Company. Red Indians are well enough; they supply a picturesque element and provide opportunities for interesting experiments in musical ethnology; but the fact that Professor Parker had to deal with Druids instead, and with Roman captives and British maidens, need not have prevented him from writing a genuine American opera. The most German of all operas, "Tristan and Isolde," has an Irish subject, and Gounod's choice of Goethe's "Faust" and Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" did not prevent his best two operas from being as French as French can be.

"Mona" is not the only American opera to be produced next season at the Metropolitan. Arthur Nevin's "Twilight," postponed from this winter because it needed revision, will also be done, and undoubtedly Mr. Dippel and his Philadelphia-Chicago company will also let us hear again Mr. Herbert's successful "Natoma." The tide has turned; the American composer is encouraged. No longer will he be able to say it is not worth while to write grand operas because nobody wants them. Really good operas are wanted very much by everybody, most of all by operatic managers, who are at their wits' ends to procure good novelties. Perhaps the opera Mr. Cadman is at work on will appeal to the Metropolitan's manager and conductors. It has Indians in it, with Indian music; and Mr. Cadman's songs, which have become very popular, indicate that he has the melodic gift, which is, after all, the most important asset for an opera composer.

Now that American opera may be said to be fairly launched, it may be well to utter a word of timely warning. Victor Herbert, Frederick Converse, and Arthur Nevin (whose "Poïa" had the honor of being hissed as well as applauded in Berlin) are the three Americans most prominent at present in this field. Fortunately none of them has shown a disposition to underrate the value of melody. There is some danger that others entering this now promising field may be misled by the sensation created by operas which deliberately taboo melody; but statistics show that the vogue of such works as "Salome," "Elektra," and "Pelléas et Mélisande" is already strongly on the wane. Dissonances and orchestral colors will never be accepted as a substitute for melody. The best models for American opera composers of the present and future are Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" and Bizet's "Carmen." In them there is everything that is musically interesting, including an abundance of melody.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce "The Philosophy of Music," a comparative investigation into the principles of musical æsthetics, by Halbert Hains Britain.

"Master Musicians," by J. Cuthbert Hadden (A. C. McClurg & Co.) is a collection of short sketches of prominent composers, from Handel and Bach, to Grieg and Tchaikovsky, in compiling which the author had in view the amateur rather than the professional, and the young reader rather than the adult. He has succeeded in conveying in a chatty way a good deal of information about the lives and works of more than two dozen famous musicians, though it is a mystery why such minor men as Pleyel, Dussek, Cramer, Moscheles should have been admitted and Liszt left out—in the year of his centenary, too, when all concert-givers are preparing to honor him.

Under the name of the National Society for the Promotion of Grand Opera in English, what was originally known as "The Society for the Promotion of Opera in English and the Encouragement of American Music" has now been organized. The society will not attempt to produce opera, and will devote itself to the propagation of the idea indicated in its title. The management of the society is vested in a president, not yet selected, and a board of management, including twelve members, elected annually. Among those members are: David Bispham, Walter Damrosch, Reginald De Koven, Arthur Farwell, Charles Henry Meltzer, Albert Mildenberg, Lillian Nordica, and Rudolph Schirmer; Anna E. Ziegler, secretary; Walter L. Bogert, treasurer.

At the recent International Congress of Musicians in Rome, one of the speakers, Maestro Fedeli, commented on the wretched condition of musical Italy ever since 1860. At that time, he said, the only kind of music cultivated in Italy was the opera; symphony and chamber concerts were neglected, and choral music non-existent. To-day, he declared, there was a slight improvement in the situation, but to achieve real progress the Government would have to reorganize the conservatories. The musicians assembled passed a resolution that choral singing should be introduced into the public schools, where it has hitherto been entirely neglected.

The eminent Austrian critic, Richard Batka, thus sums up his impressions of the first performance in Vienna of Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier":

The new opera was not so joyously received as had been expected. The first and most important act left the audience cold, the second was saved from the same fate by the waltz finale, and in the end even the much-lauded trio and duo failed to make the desired effect.

The neglected German composer, Hans Pfitzner, is at last to have his opportunity. At the instigation of the Oberbürgermeister of Strassburg, there will be in that city next spring a Pfitzner week, during which, among other things, there will be performances of his operas, "Der arme Heinrich," and "Die Rose vom Liebesgarten."

During her recent tour in the United States Madame Liza Lehmann was so much impressed by the life and characteristics of the North American Indians that since her return she has written a short song-cycle, entitled "Prairie Pictures." In a little prefatory note it is stated that "the songs do not purport to be authentic melodies (although a few native fragments have been introduced), but were written as a result of travels through those parts of America where the remains of a poetic, if primitive, race still linger."

One of the most entertaining books in the whole range of musical literature is "The Mendelssohn Family," written by a nephew of the great composer, Sebastian Hensel, and made up largely of letters and journals addressed by various members of that family to one another from various countries between the years 1729 and 1847. Many of Felix Mendelssohn's letters were printed for the first time in this collection, and his two clever sisters also figure largely in these pages. The general tone of nearly all the letters is as cheerful as Mendelssohn's music. As the editor remarks, that composer, "whenever he was unable to express approval, preferred to be silent rather than blame. But how unreserved he was in his admiration!" This attitude, to judge by these letters, was a family trait. Those of Felix are naturally of most interest to the music-lover; yet the others maintain so high a level that, after a while, one hardly cares who the writer happens to be, but reads on interestedly about the burning of the Berlin Opera House, the Alps in winter, pickpockets in London, bagpipe competitions, bathing at Sorrento, coronation anthems, the counterpoint of married life, chorus singing, and a thousand other miscellaneous topics that are apt to be touched on in private letters. Some of the letters are not by relatives of the composer, but friends; among them the Hanoverian diplomat Klingemann, who remarks in one of his epistles from London: "In one respect we Germans are especially favored here—we are all supposed to be born with a flute or a piano attached to us, every German is a person full of music. It is quite touching to see how fond these good people are of music, and what a stomach they have for listening! Like ostriches, they swallow pebbles or sweetmeats as it happens. And everything is so long here! I believe Beethoven must have been an Englishman." Of this entertaining book the Harpers have just brought out a new edition based on the revised second English edition, the only new feature being that the two volumes are in one cover.

Art

THE INTERNATIONAL.

London, April 25.

It is only thirteen years since the members of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers held their first exhibition and made it at once the most important in London. Whistler was the president, and almost every distinguished artist not only in Great Britain, but on the Continent and in America, was represented. The success of the exhibition, at least artistically, seemed to promise a "secession" as brilliant and stimulating as were those of Paris and Berlin and Munich. And to-day? There really is not much to choose between the International show that has recently opened in the Grafton Gallery and any other in London, except perhaps that the tradition of intelligent hanging has not been quite outgrown, has, indeed, survived triumphantly in the Black and White Room. Nothing could be more disappointing. The work so well begun not much more than a decade ago, has apparently to be begun all over again, and it looks as if British art, like the British criticism of it, would rapidly and contentedly sink back into the old Victorian depths.

One cause of the change at the International is the weakening of the broad, international idea which gave it its name and was the reason for its existence. The truth is the British artist, left to himself, has no use for any art save his own. He has not the courage to face competition with men he knows are his masters, though he bases his objection to competing on his fear that British art, exposed to foreign influence, risks the loss of character, of individuality. He does not believe in protection for anybody and anything but himself and his work, and only recently a new society has been formed to see that he gets it. Enthusiasts are pointing to the success of the British Pavilion in Rome as a proof of the individuality that calls for such zealous safeguarding, forgetting how much of this success depends on the retrospective collection—on the work of the men, long dead, who gave to British art whatever greatness it may claim. I must add, however, that for the British success in having their Pavilion ready in time, we Americans may well envy them. It is rumored that some members are striving to add Royal to their name, though I find it hard to believe that they are so blind as not to see that a Society cannot easily be Royal and International at the same time. But their most practical effort during the last few years to get rid of the foreigner has been to reserve for themselves the best places on the walls and so carry off the honors.

The result of their policy is that they now have their wish. Foreign exhibitors have been gradually diminishing in numbers until this year they have stayed away almost altogether. There are no Germans, no Italians, no Spaniards—and once Spaniards were the most conspicuous and distinguished exhibitors of all—no Belgians, no Scandinavians, no Dutchmen, except Storm Van 'sGravesande in a few not too notable still-lifes, and Bruckman, who makes his home in London. Nor are there any Americans except three or four who happen to be at work here at the moment, or, in one case, on the Continent. True, there is a French group, but it is far from remarkable. Another of the absurd contradictions under the present policy is that the Society, which gives sculptors prominence in its title, and has elected Rodin for its president, is without a sculpture gallery. As a consequence, Rodin, whom assuredly they should most honor, can send but small works: a bronze mask, Le Visage Emerveillé, and a marble, L'Eternelle Idole, a beautiful group but too well-known to be described again. Two early Monets (1871 and 1872), an impression of the Thames at Westminster, and a windmill in Holland, hardly do him justice, for they are without the dignity of design, the well-chosen lines, and well-balanced spaces, that make much of his early work more interesting than his later series of haystacks and cathedrals. Blanche and Cottet, who used to contribute their most important canvases, have now, apparently, selected their least important. Blanche has a large full-length of a Lady in White that dates back to the eighties, and, by its title, reveals its inspiration; but the title cannot save it from commonplace nor can the graceless fashion of the period explain this commonplace away: the ugliest fashion in the master's portrait defies the passing of time. Cottet has a study of an old Bretonne and her son, in which the rendering of old age in the woman's face, especially in the weak, watery, red-rimmed eyes, is wonderfully

well observed and uncompromisingly true, but it is not more than a study. Vuillard, Bonnard, and Maurice Denis, the fine interpreters of Post-Impressionism at the International for several years before the British critic suddenly discovered Post-Impressionism and saw in it the one way of salvation, are but meagrely represented. It is a pity, especially where Denis is concerned, for his Chambre Violette, a realistic rendering of a prosaic bedroom, helps to remind one that his methods are better adapted to less real themes treated conventionally in decorative panels, several of which have, in previous years, been shown at the International. The one concession to the foreigners is the centre reserved for Charles Guérin's Jardin Publique, a characteristic arrangement of dense foliage, terraces, and crinolines, which I seem to remember having seen in Paris and written of at the time. Such examples as there are of Aman-Jean, Anquetin, and Forain call for no special mention.

For the poor showing of the foreigners, there might be some excuse if the artist at home made an unusually good one. But he does not. On the contrary, he has seldom done less to justify the supremacy he usurps, or, rather, he has done so little that the London critics, who usually go on praising what they have once learned to praise, are busy deploring the falling-off in the quality and interest of the show. It looks as if the painters, above all, had been reserving themselves for the Academy. As long as the Society had its headquarters at the New Gallery, the exhibition was held in the winter when not one other of note was given in London, except the Old Masters at Burlington House, or abroad either, for that matter, and the artist could reserve himself for it. Now, at the Grafton, the exhibition is held in the spring, at virtually the same moment as the Royal Academy in London, the Salons in Paris, the show in Munich, the large international displays in other towns—this year in Rome and Barcelona—when the successful artist has more calls upon him than he can well meet. Moreover, several members of the International have recently been elected Associates of the Academy, and no doubt feel the necessity of acknowledging the compliment by making their very best possible appearance on its walls. Whistler insisted that no member of the Society should belong to the Academy, and he was right: if no man can serve two masters, neither can any artist be loyal to two societies of the same kind. Whistler's wish has been disregarded since his death. Strang, the vice-president, is an Associate of the Academy; so also are Lavery, C. H. Shannon, Orpen and Cameron, all members of the Council. As a consequence, the International has become, like almost every other large society of artists in London, but an annex to the Academy, and it is only natural that the Academy, with the social *réclame* it ensures and the pensions it promises, should be the more loyally supported. Certainly, this year at the International, there is as little to detain one among the British as among the foreign painters. Strang, who still fails to find himself, hesitates between the Old Masters and the Post-Impressionists. In a large allegorical Spring, he arranges a group of nudes, a youth supposed to be hurling through space but really in danger of tumbling heavily on his head, and a bit of crimson drapery, as a tribute of his appreciation of the Venetians; in The Elders in the Garden, who look as if they were posing for a photographer rather than troubling themselves about Susannah, he seems more inclined to borrow the deliberate primitiveness of the modern Frenchmen; while the absence of atmosphere in both gives them that effect of having been stencilled not uncommon in his paintings. Lavery, in his life-size, full-length Anna Pavlova, is singularly unfortunate. His model is a woman of rare charm, a dancer of rare grace, and on his canvas she might be a puppet pirouetting on wires. Shannon sends nothing, nor does Sauter. Nicholson, painting what is probably a presentation portrait of the Clerk of the Merchant-Taylors' Company, vies with the Academicians in dulness, neglecting for the time even to place the figure on the canvas with that feeling for its decorative value which, as a rule, is the one great merit of his work. Orpen, in his Knackers' Yard, Dublin, his sole contribution—a court with a few unconvincing figures and an archway in the background—is no longer Orpen but an unexpected re-echo of James Pryde, who, as if conscious of the liberty taken or the flattery proffered, effaces himself in an artificial architectural device with equally artificial figures, explained as The Vestibule: Costume Ball. But without going further through the Catalogue, I may sum up by saying that the principal British exhibitors appear to be passing through a stage—only a stage it is to be hoped—when they have nothing in particular to express for themselves in paint and are satisfied to express it with easy mediocrity. I do not know whether I should include James Morrice, the Canadian, among the British, or the French, with whom he has more closely identified himself, but in any case, he does not help, as he often has helped, to redeem the general apathy. For what interest there is, one turns to the younger men, to Glyn W. Philpot, for instance. His sombre portraits are immensely able and full of a vigor that is refreshing in their present surroundings.

There is a distinct improvement when it comes to the prints and drawings, though here, too, the high level of previous exhibitions is barely maintained. The work on the walls is not always as distinguished as the names in the catalogue. Degas, for one, has been seen to greater advantage. Forain, in his plates with Scriptural themes, is not the same eloquent satirist as in his drawings of people and subjects he knows. Louis Legrand is in danger of repeating himself too often in the lines and types of which he is master. If, on the one hand, the collection is not overladen with the once popular imitations of the old masters' notes and memoranda, on the other there is small revelation of hitherto unsuspected talent. The one surprise is a water-color by Mrs. Willoughby, whose name is new to me. She has, more entirely than anybody since Beardsley, invented a scheme of her own, and the skill, the ingenuity, and the originality with which she has used her evident knowledge of old Greek vases in a little Judgment of Paris, make one look forward with interest to seeing more of her work.

There are a few bronzes and small marbles and plaster castes by Bourdelle and Troubetzkoy and Wells among others, but, with no gallery for it, sculpture cannot but take the secondary place it is so far from deserving. N. N.

F. Frankfort Moore, the author of "The Jessamy Bride," has recently published an entertaining narrative of personal experiences in collecting objects of many kinds, primarily for the purpose of furnishing his own home ("The Common-sense Collector," Doran). In the opening chapter, which he calls How to Begin, the spirit of the collector is rampant, and no person who has ever felt the call can fail to assent to many of the sentiments there expressed. That the time still exists when choice objects may be purchased for moderate prices the author firmly believes; he bids all who long to fill their homes with venerable and beautiful things to go out with courage and faith, if with a lean purse, for they shall be rewarded. He regards specializing as expensive, and advises the beginner to be catholic in his taste. The second chapter deals with Common Sense Caution, and discusses the ethics of collectors in their search for whatever they particularly desire at the moment. Four chapters are devoted to oak tables, chests, settees, chairs, and interior woodwork. One chapter is devoted to Queen Anne and Georgian English furniture, and the last two chapters treat of eighteenth-century furnishings, largely French. The book is not scientific in any particular, but entertaining and readable. It is illustrated entirely from the author's collection, and shows many views of the house in which he lives and which, according to the narrative, he has furnished by pursuing the methods described. To the casual observer or experienced collector, however, these illustrations scarcely suggest a lean purse.

The *Bulletin* of the Brooklyn Institute presents in its issue of April 29 Prof. William H. Goodyear's article, "Temperamental Architecture in the Cathedral Church of St.

John the Divine." After study of Professor Goodyear's monographs on concealed curves and asymmetries in classical and mediæval buildings, the architects of the New York Cathedral, Messrs. Heins and La Farge, decided to introduce such irregularities into that building. Accordingly, it shows a rising floor, convergence of the piers, slight differences in the radius of the pier arches, in the height of the capitals, etc. These divergencies from geometrical accuracy have justified themselves in the effect of the building. It is noteworthy that while many have admired its lines and proportions, nobody has detected intentional asymmetries amounting in some cases to several feet. This seems a genuine experimental test of the theory of architectural refinements which Professor Goodyear inferred from historical examples. Very interesting are photographs of the nave and clerestory galleries of the Church of St. Ouen, at Rouen, which show that its plan is a return curve, an attenuation of the S or Hogarthian line of beauty.

Halsey Cooley Ives, director of the City Art Museum in St. Louis, died last Saturday in London, England. He was born in 1846; he represented the United States government in Europe on several occasions as commissioner; was chief of the art department at the Chicago Exposition, 1893, and had the same position at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. He received decorations in the following countries: Norway, Sweden, Bulgaria, China, Japan, Belgium, Italy, Portugal, and France. At the Portland Exposition he received a silver medal for his landscape, Waste Lands.

John Henry Vanderpoel, a painter, and until recently instructor in the Art Institute of Chicago, died last week at St. Louis. He was born in Holland in 1857, and was the author of one book, "The Human Figure."

The death is reported of Augustin Mongin, the French etcher, who, in 1901, was awarded the Médaille d'Honneur. He was born in Paris in 1843, and was once president of the Société des Aquafortistes.

Finance

INTERESTING MOVEMENTS ON THE STOCK EXCHANGES.

It is traditionally in the spring-time that financial markets, in this country and abroad, are apt to display more clearly the tendencies of the hour, whether for good or for ill, and to move suddenly in new directions. This is especially true of periods like the present, when, so to speak, a chapter has been closed by the world-wide financial and industrial liquidation of 1910 and every one is aware that, whatever may be the nature of the ensuing chapter, it cannot be the same as the one before.

Both at home and abroad, two highly interesting financial movements have introduced the season. At home, it has been the sudden outburst of strength and activity on the market for investment bonds. Last week, that market not only became the paramount influence of the day on financial sentiment, but it clearly dominated other financial markets. Instead of following at a respectful distance an enthusiastic rise in stocks (as it did in 1901), or being relegated to neglect through diversion of interest to share speculation (as was the case in 1906), the bond market last week inspired vitality, through force of its own example, into a motionless and stagnant stock market.

The contrast between those two wings of the investment market is not new in this year's history; the end-of-April summaries showed that, while the Stock Exchange's transactions in shares, for the first four months of 1911, were barely one-half the corresponding period in 1910 or 1909, and less than in any other year since 1897, its total bond transactions up to April 30 exceeded all previous years except 1909, 1905, 1902, 1901, and 1899. But the striking demonstration was left for the present month, in which last Thursday's business was the largest of any day but one this year—that one day being the climax of the "January reinvestment"—and in which a dozen active investment bonds touched prices which marked a rise of 3 to 7 points above the year's low level.

All the circumstances of the hour considered, the incident was the best thing that could possibly have happened for the situation. It provides an example of financial confidence, in the quarter of the market where lack of such confidence has long been assigned as the most disquieting symptom of the day. It opens the door for raising necessary funds by domestic corporations from domestic supplies of capital—the denial of access to which, a year ago, brought to a crisis the disorder in the country's economic structure.

Finally, and of hardly less importance, this recovery in the market for high-grade investment issues, such as the savings banks hold in enormous quantity, points the way out of a serious dilemma which has lately embarrassed all such institutions. Illogical as was the fact that investment institutions of the sort were confronted, at a time when investment bonds were unusually cheap, with falling surpluses and with necessity for lower dividends, it was a manifest consequence of the long declining prices of sound investment bonds. Balance-sheets of the trust companies and the savings banks wear a somewhat different aspect, after a rise in values such as has occurred on the bond market of the week.

While this has been happening at home, something still different has been in evidence on the foreign stock exchanges. Following the violent rise in the long-neglected English railway shares at London, and occurring along with great inactivity in Continental markets as a whole, there have been repeated outbursts of speculation for the rise in special groups of stocks—at Paris, at Vienna, and even at St. Petersburg. Now it must be remembered that sometimes the careful watcher can obtain a clearer idea of an economic situation by looking away from his home environment, and sweeping with his spy-glass the financial world at large. It is not so very long ago that people in Wall Street were discussing the panic of 1907 as the exclusive property of the United States.

If our people, as they studied our stagnant markets of the season past and our decreasing trade, have once more been assuming that America was the sole exemplar of an economic situation, it is high time that they should look abroad. For in some measure at least, this stirring of the spirit of speculation for the rise, in numerous foreign markets, is a symptom of a changing situation. In character and direction, such movements may be favorable or not; but the noteworthy fact is their present wide distribution and their occurrence wholly without direct relation to one another. It might not at first glance seem that "booms" in English railways or Russian industrials or Austrian iron companies had immediate reference to our market. But when one is watching general tendencies, he has to consider the facts that the world's financial markets are nowadays subject to common economic impulses, and that the stock exchanges of all the world moved simultaneously down in 1907, up in 1909, and down again in 1910.

Even, therefore, if it is true that these scattered demonstrations of speculative activity have no immediate bearing on our Stock Exchange, it is important at any rate to explain them. One favorite explanation with which some European critics are at present amusing themselves, is the familiar theory of 1906, that, in view of the high cost of living, every-day citizens have decided to make good the deficit in their private accounts by Stock Exchange speculation. There is something just a bit comic in this theory. It assumes, first, that such people never cared about increasing their income when provisions and rents were low, and, next, that Stock Exchange operations are a sure source of profit to the simple-minded outsider.

Whether these assumptions wholly conform with practical experience, is rather an open question. People old enough to have read and remembered "Pickwick" will recall Mr. Bob Sawyer's regretful explanation to his insistent landlady: "I am very sorry, Mrs. Raddle, but the fact is that I have been disappointed in the City to-day." Impecunious gentlemen who should resort to the Stock Exchange to pay their grocers' bills, would be somewhat more likely to emerge from "the City" in Mr. Bob Sawyer's frame of mind than as the pillars of a sustained bull market.

But theories of this peculiar sort are entirely superfluous. In so far as speculative demonstrations of the sort reflect any real conditions of the day, they have to do with the facts that a year or so in which "bull markets" have been non-existent leaves the community in a distinctly improved condition of resources, but at the same time leaves a good part of it with an appetite stimulated by abstinence. This is the human and social side of such signs of reviving speculation. The economic side of it must be considered in its relation to the question what happens to the world at large, if thorough and necessary liquidation has readjusted market values, if capital has accumulated as a consequence, and if trade and industry are on the road to recovery.

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The Week

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To the man in the street, the United States Supreme Court's decision in the Gompers case presents the usual difficulties connected with a pronouncement by our highest tribunal. The technical victory is on one side, the concrete victory is on the other. The man in the street, who argues from concrete cases without looking into principles, may interpret the verdict in favor of Gompers as a victory for all that Gompers represents. Yet the Court took unmistakable ground in condemning the principle of the boycott, which was the essence of the matter in dispute, while reversing the judgment against Gompers and his co-defendants on technical grounds. Thoughtful people will find satisfaction in the court's pronouncement for the reason that, coming so soon after the decision in the Danbury hatters' case, it makes it hard for Labor to raise its classic complaint about the hostility of the courts. If, as the labor unions are wont to maintain, "capital" is always ready to take advantage of the technicalities of the law, it has now been made plain that the same technicalities can be invoked in behalf of the opponents of "capital."

Henry L. Stimson added to his reputation neither for good manners nor for intellectual power when a candidate for Governor of this State last autumn. His appointment to Mr. Taft's Cabinet must, therefore, be a satisfaction to him and his friends, since it gives him the opportunity to demonstrate anew in high public office just what his talents are. That he is an able lawyer no one denies; the Bank of North America and Charles W. Morse discovered that in and out of court. For a man of this type the office of Secretary of War offers many opportunities for distinction, as Mr. Root, Mr. Stimson's former law-partner, clearly proved. Besides his trained mind and public spirit, Mr. Stimson, by reason of his service as an officer in the best National Guard cavalry organization in the country, will take to Washington considerably more useful military knowledge than is the possession of the usual Secretary of War when he assumes office. The army needs the attention of a skilled administrator as rarely before. The War Department is run by a clique; the General Staff Corps is in danger of becoming a political machine, with its chief purpose the increase of army officers, in which direction it has been particularly successful of late years. The whole Department is unscientifically managed, over-officered, and wastefully conducted. There are millions to be saved to the Government within its walls, as the House Democrats are proving by their reorganization bills.

The truth is that, since Mr. Root's retirement, there has never been a real Secretary of War. That official of late years has been so absorbed by politics—notably Mr. Taft—and by colonial questions, the administration of Cuba, the Philippines, Porto Rico, the Panama Canal, etc., that the army as such has had very little attention, and the War Department has virtually run itself. Mr. Stimson will find under him two men of first-rate ability, Gen. Leonard Wood and Gen. Ainsworth, the adjutant-general, both of whom are apt to dominate if permitted. Gen. Wood's extreme militaristic ideas were voiced before the House Committee on Military Affairs on Friday of last week, although it has been announced that the President, who made Gen. Wood chief of staff, favored the bills Gen. Wood opposed. Men of this type know the ropes so well that they are virtually the masters of the War Department, and at times have written the Secretary of War's reports and formulated his policies. The situation, therefore, calls for a powerful personality as Secretary. So far as the colonies are concerned, Mr. Stimson is a follower of Roosevelt, an Imperialist, a New Nationalist in considerable degree, if we are correctly informed, and one from whom the Filipinos seeking independence may expect little sympathy. Like the new Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Stimson represents distinctly the Roosevelt wing of the party, and gives the Cabinet a more progressive cast.

Senator La Follette seems capable of enduring every taunt and every accusation save that of disloyalty to the Republican party. Subtlety of mind no one has ever denied the Senator from Wisconsin. But we are close to the heart of metaphysics when a statesman insists that he can vote against policies inserted in the platform of his party, against a candidate for President pro tem. of the Senate, supported by the majority of his party, against measures earnestly advocated by the President of the United States elected by his party, and yet remain a loyal member of the party. However, conceded that no one has the right to read Senator La Follette out of the Republican party, why should he shrink from the possibility of the thing as if it were the worst

of fates? Is Senator La Follette, with all his radical views, still a fervent believer in the gospel that salvation can come only through the Republican party? Or are we to believe that however gone to the dogs the Republican party is to-day, the name, good-will, and fixtures are still worth fighting for?

With the induction into office last week in Butte, Montana, of a Socialist administration, there are now two municipalities of some importance in the United States under the rule of this party. According to the census of 1910, Butte has a population of between forty and forty-five thousand, against Milwaukee's 373,000. The political position of the Socialists in the former city, moreover, is quite different from that in Milwaukee, inasmuch as they have not a majority in the legislative council of sixteen members; but without the votes of the five Socialists neither of the other two parties can obtain the necessary majority to pass ordinances, and the administrative offices of Mayor, treasurer, and police magistrate are all in the hands of the Socialists. The election was won upon promises of economical and efficient business rule, and not by pledges of socialistic schemes impossible of attainment; and in his first message to the Council Mayor Lewis J. Duncan made simply a sober and sensible appeal for an honest conduct of municipal affairs. Butte's turning to the Socialist party, which has always been a strong third, comes after unsuccessful experiments in entrusting her government to so-called "reform" or "anti-Trust," to Republican, and to Democratic administrations, all within the past six years. Now, however, the people hold a weapon over the heads of those in power, in the law enacted by the last Legislature permitting the voters to decide to adopt the commission plan at any time; and with ready Western resourcefulness Butte stands prepared to make this last protest against party municipal rule if the Socialists fail.

Members of the Senate Labor Committee must have been moved to tears the other day as they listened to the pitiful entreaties of a delegation of Troy factory girls to please not deprive them of the privilege and the opportunity to work more than fifty-four hours a week. The manufacturers under whose auspices the working-girl delegation made its protest rose to the very heights of self-sacrifice when they pointed out that their own interest in the affair consisted entirely in sparing their girls the loss of wages that would surely follow, if women and children in the collar factories were not allowed to work more than nine hours. Altruism could go no further. In an age that has carried the business of accelerating legislation to the high point of perfection, an age when you can influence a Senate committee by sending it five thousand telegrams or fifty thousand postal cards, or threatening it with a refusal of campaign contributions, it is fine to come across an example of the good old method of influencing legislation, which consists in bringing forward a dozen workhouse children to say that they like to be underfed, or a gang of slaves to say that they like to be whipped, bought, and sold, or a delegation of woman factory workers to say that they like to work twelve hours a day and seven days in the week, and positively dislike air, light, and safe machinery.

Col. Roosevelt will hardly be dismayed by the sight of the placard bearing the legend "The Bigger the Family, the Higher the Death Rate Among the Children," which, a press dispatch states, happened to be put up at the Child Welfare Exhibit in Chicago at the very moment when his acceptance of an invitation to be a guest at the affair was received. To the large and vital question with which Mr. Roosevelt is so prominently identified there are many sides, and his vision is centred on only one; but the fact that in the congested districts of Chicago there is heavier mortality in families in which eight children are struggling along under the burdens of poverty and close crowding than in those families that have four or six children, does not give much guidance in the matter. In the first place, it is not to families in the city slums that Mr. Roosevelt's exhortations are directed; and secondly, there is the very important question, which always comes into statistical showings of this kind, how far the figures themselves indicate selection, and how far causation. Families of eight children, in such a situation as that of the Chicago slums, are, in the main, doubtless families in which traditions, habits, and standards of living are very different from those represented in the smaller families, in many things quite independent of the question of the number of children.

A tradition of long standing has ascribed the authorship of cities to men and of the open country to God. It is the habit of an author to rejoice in his works, but it may be doubted whether Providence is particularly pleased with Adams County, Ohio, or with those sections of Putnam County, New York, whose political standards have been so vividly described in the press. Private morality and public morality are not synonymous; but neither can they be absolutely separated. If criminal indifference to the first duties of citizenship is any index of the general moral tone of a community, it is clear that not Tammany at its worst, not even Philadelphia or Pittsburgh, has sounded the depths of degradation to which the rural voter in some sections has attained. It has recently been estimated that the purchasable vote in New York city is about 30,000 strong, or 5 per cent. of New York's total electorate. That modest 5 per cent. is dwarfed by Adams County's 66 2-3 per cent., or Putnam County's apparently unanimous venality. You cannot bring an indictment against an entire people, but in the case of Adams County they actually have indicted two out of every three voters.

Take it all in all, the inhabitant of the modern city has no cause to blush before his rural neighbor. The tradition of bucolic virtue goes back to the golden age; but it is a long way back to the golden age. The tradition took on new strength in the eighteenth century when the country was inhabited by laborious and God-fearing Corydon and Thyrsis, by simple-hearted Chloe and Strephon, whereas the city was the abiding place of Lovelace and ladies who patched their faces and broke their marriage vows. The nineteenth century witnessed a sharp reaction. It produced the terrible peasant types of Balzac and Zola, of Thomas Hardy and Gorky. Nevertheless, the tradition persisted out of sheer force of inertia. Popular melodrama continued to deal with the Lights of London and the Streets of New York. Even in France, the home of unblinking realism, a succession of writers have contrasted provin-

clalism with Parisianism, to the disadvantage of the latter. In popular political oratory the farmer has remained the backbone and sinew of the nation, while the city, with its Gay White Ways and its alien hordes, is the plague-spot of democracy. Habit is hard to break; but some day a writer of melodrama will depict the under-side of Dunton Four Corners or the perils that lurk for the young girl in Swinton Cross Roads, and the city will have been avenged.

We read that of all occupations farm life is the most hazardous; in support of which assertion, German statistics are cited to show that 45 per cent. of all accidents in industry occur among agriculturists, whereas mining, the steel and iron industry, and the building trade each contribute only 9 per cent. There is irresistible fascination in the idea that the man who feeds the pigs at night is engaged in a business five times as hazardous as the man who bestrides a steel girder forty-five stories in the air. However, refusing to succumb to the charm of this truly Chestertonian situation, we turn to a pageful of German statistics and find that in 1907 the number of agriculturists in Germany was ten times the number of miners, and nearly nine times the number of iron and steel workers. Five times as many accidents among ten times as many people puts somewhat a new face on matters and gives at least one instance in which fiction is stranger than truth.

Chicago will wait a long time for artistic bridges if Commissioner McGann has his way. He instructs the city engineer that endurance, efficiency, and economy should alone control the plans. Suggestions for "ornamentation and experimentation," he adds, these terms apparently expressing his idea of art, may be considered only upon his specific order. The difficulties, as he views them, are insuperable. First is the matter of cost. Then there is the painful fact that artists themselves have conflicting notions as to what constitutes art. "Some of them would think a scroll would be an ornament, while others would favor an eagle." No one will dispute the Commissioner's prudence in avoiding decision between such subtle differences of opinion. However, Mayor Harrison knows of bridges which even the quarrels of artists did not prevent from being a delight to the eye. At the risk of being charged with lack of patriotism, he boldly declares that in Europe bridges are works of art, though in this country they are often monstrosities. He saves himself from being thought utterly un-American, however, by shaking his head over the expense.

The commander of the foreign legion in the Maderist army bears the fairly well-known name of Giuseppe Garibaldi, and he is, as a matter of fact, a member of the family which seems destined to go down into history as the musketeers of liberty and revolution. The great Garibaldi himself, after achieving the emancipation of his native land, fought with the French armies against the invading Germans in 1870. With him were his two sons, Menotti and Ricciotti. After the death of their father, the two younger men continued the great revolutionary tradition in different parts of the world. Ricciotti, who died in 1904, the last of the great Liberator's sons, had fought with the Greeks against the Turks in 1897, been active in Cuba, and coöperated with the patriot movements in Albania and Macedonia. Undoubtedly, there is here an inherited love of battle; but it has been a talent always placed at the service of the juster cause or at least the under dog. For years to come it may be that just as there is no great international loan in which the name of Rothschild does not occur, or no great war from which the name of Krupp is missing, there will be few big or little struggles of emancipation without a Garibaldi in them.

By the full Government majority of 121 in a packed house of 603, the House of Commons on Monday passed the House of Lords Veto bill. Certain as the outcome was beforehand, the formal fact deserves note as marking an historic moment in the history of the English Constitution. No serious fears are entertained of the bill's failing to become law. The Liberal press takes for granted the King's promise to create a sufficient number of Liberal peers to override a hostile majority in the Upper House. It also points to the fact that the country at large has absolutely refused to rise to the Unionist appeal against Asquith's Constitution wreckers. The taming of the Lords is taken everywhere for granted. The question henceforward is not of the Lords' right to veto, but of the Lords' ability to survive. In other words, the Unionists, having really lost the first battle two years ago, when they allowed the Lords to reject the Budget, are now forming a second line of battle on the question of the reform of the House of Lords. And this is a matter in which they are more interested than the great mass of the Liberal party, pledged though it formally is to the task.

The charge of ritual murder brought by anti-semitic agitators against the Jewish inhabitants of Kieff, in southern Russia, has induced fears of a general massacre. The Jews of Russia are not to blame if the horror of the *pogrom* is still a real thing to them. To the outsider, however, in his safer vantage point, such an occurrence seems hardly possible. One thing that was clearly established during the revolutionary upheavals of a few years ago is that Jewish massacres are impossible in Russia without the connivance or the benevolent neutrality of the Government. When it was for the interest of the Government that the Jews should be attacked, they were attacked. There were Jewish massacres as long as massacre of the Jews was a part of the Czar's machinery for combating the revolutionary movement. Now that the revolution has been thoroughly put down, it is no longer for the interest of the Government that Jews should be slaughtered.

A Japanese statesman who does not regard Japan as a first-class Power strikes one as an anomaly, and Mr. Itakura's reason for his view only adds to its strangeness. In a military way, he grants, his country may claim to be among the leaders, but in other respects he thinks she should be placed among second or even third-class states. A combination between Japan and England he terms a union of a lantern and a bell, that is, a one-sided alliance. The daily life of lower-class Japanese, as shown at the recent Anglo-Japanese Exhibition in London, he points out, highly astonished those who had known only the bright side of Japan, pictured by Chamberlain and Hearn. Whence he concludes that, with trouble with Russia removed regarding Persia, Afghanistan, and Tibet,

Great Britain will not care to renew the alliance in 1915. If Mr. Itakura speaks for any large section of his countrymen, he reveals a trait that is more valuable than the possession of large armaments. That, in the face of the world adulation which they have received, the Japanese should not have lost the keen self-criticism that first enabled them to achieve greatness, is the guarantee of further achievement.

THE STANDARD OIL DECISION.

The three facts of fundamental importance in Monday's Supreme Court decision against the Standard Oil Company are these: The principle of the Anti-Trust Law has been again upheld. Its prohibitive provisions have been applied by a virtually united court, instead of by vote of five justices to four, as in the Northern Securities decision. Its scope has been defined with sufficient clearness to exclude from further consideration the preposterous applications of it which have played so great a part in recent misgivings on the subject. It had been imagined that the court, with a membership so greatly changed from that which rendered the decision of 1904, might retreat from its earlier attitude toward the great industrial combinations. This has not occurred. There can be no such dissatisfaction or uncertainty as surrounded the close decisions on the Northern Securities and the Income Tax. And there is also laid down a general principle which will dispose of such sweeping interpretations of the law, in reference to ordinary business contracts, as were contained in the Circuit Court's recent opinion on the Tobacco Case.

Concerning the Standard Oil itself, Chief Justice White's opinion clearly upholds the view of the lower court, that the company's acts and policies "operated to destroy the potentiality of competition." He recognizes "the prima facie presumption of intent and purpose to maintain the dominancy of the oil industry, . . . with the purpose of excluding others from the trade and thus centralizing in the combination perpetual control." Furthermore, he rejects the argument that, since complete control of sources of supply was not exercised by the company, no attempt at monopoly could have existed. Monopoly of the channels of distribution, acquired as it had been acquired by the Standard Oil, inferred substantial power of control in all branches of the industry. The decree of dissolution is accordingly reaffirmed, though with abundant time allowed for reconstruction of the business.

In its broader interpretation of the law, the court affirms, as a necessary purpose of the Act of 1890, "a consciousness that the freedom of the individual right to contract, when not unduly or improperly exercised, was the most efficient means for the prevention of monopoly." Assuming this, it declares that room is left for but one conclusion:

> It was expressly designed not to unduly limit the application of the act by precise definition, but while clearly fixing a standard—that is, defining the ulterior boundaries which could not be transgressed with impunity—to leave it to be determined by the light of reason, guided by the principles of law, . . . whether any particular act or contract was within the contemplation of the statute.

This part of the decision has been widely referred to as an innovation by the court. To understand its origin and significance, however, some review of previous anti-Trust litigation is absolutely essential. The law was drawn up in 1890 by Senator Edmunds, who declared, in a published letter of a year ago, that "the act was not intended to be an administrative act in any sense, but was intended to provide, in broad and all-embracing language, for the prevention and punishment of restraint of trade." If not an administrative act, then the Anti-Trust law evidently was a statute requiring judicial interpretation as to scope.

Now such limitation is not new in the decisions. Justice Brewer's deciding opinion, in the Northern Securities case of 1904, declared that "Congress did not intend by that act to reach and destroy those minor contracts, in partial restraint of trade, which a long course of decisions at common law had affirmed were reasonable and ought to be upheld." The Circuit Court, when deciding in 1909 this very case against the Standard Oil, set forth as the true construction of the act that "monopolies of part of interstate and international commerce by legitimate competition, however successful, are not denounced by the law and may not be forbidden by the courts." This tendency in interpretation was concurred in by President Taft and his advisers; an amendatory act drawn up by them proposed to insert a provision regarding intent at restraint of trade—such intent to be determined by the logical and necessary consequence of proven acts.

Congress did not adopt the amendment. It was obviously thought, and in our judgment rightly, that statutory restrictions would be a dangerous experiment, and that the courts were the proper machinery for interpretation. Possibly, however, the dictum of Monday's opinion was immediately called forth by the appearance in the lower courts of a radically opposite interpretation, when the senior justice of the Circuit Court, deciding against the American Tobacco Company in 1908, went so far as to declare that, under the Act of 1890, "two individuals who have been driving rival express wagons between two villages in two contiguous States, who enter into a combination to join forces and operate a single line, restrain an existing competition" and are presumably subject to the penalties of law. This interpretation was rejected, in his argument on appeal, by the very counsel in whose favor the case had been adjudged by the Circuit Court. It is finally disposed of by the new Supreme Court opinion.

We shall venture no opinion as to exactly how Justice White's restrictive definition will be applied in future cases under the Act of 1890. What will remain to be established, in such cases, is primarily a question of fact; the question of law under the existing statute may be held as reasonably settled. There has at least been no great difficulty in the past for observant men to frame their own opinion as to whether, in methods, scope, and purposes, a given combination did or did not transgress the bounds of legitimate trade restraint. The courts are more deliberate in making up their minds; but their task, and the basis for performing it, are the same. The immediate results of the Standard Oil decision, so far as concerns the community's general attitude, are that we shall hear on the one hand much less of random talk that our Government is assuming a reactionary attitude in its policy of restraining powerful capitalistic combinations, and, on the other hand, little of that frothy and futile assertion that restrictive laws are bound to tear down the foundations of the country's industrial structure.

THE FREE-LIST DEBATE.

The two weeks' debate on the free-list bill brought out a number of able speeches on both sides, some dealing chiefly with the general principles involved, others occupied with voluminous details. To attempt to give any idea of the particular merits of these arguments in a brief space would of course be out of the question; nor would it be worth while to single out for criticism the errors and defects which could easily enough be discovered in the great output of tariff talk that fills the issues of the *Congressional Record*. A few examples, however, of futility of one kind and another may in some degree be entertaining or instructive. Thus, a striking instance of that failure to come to grapples which so often chracterizes our Congressional debates is to be found in the speech of Mr. Moore of Pennsylvania, on April 28:

> But let us take up the bill which now bears the name of the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Underwood], and see where it leads us. It puts upon the free list, first of all, "agricultural implements." And what was the duty collected at the custom houses on these important articles during the last fiscal year, 1905, for which we are given comparative figures? Why just exactly $2,775. That was all the government received from the importer, and that is the amount which our Democratic friends propose to save to the American farmer.

Now, this would have been bad enough if Mr. Underwood had said nothing about the matter; but, as a matter of fact, in his speech opening the debate, the Democratic leader had said:

> The first articles we place on the free list are agricultural implements. Now, I desire to call your attention to this fact, that the census of 1905 shows that the domestic production of agricultural implements amounted to $111,345,000, that the importations coming into this country were less than $14,000, and that the duties paid at the custom houses from this magnificent tax levied on agricultural implements amounted to $2,775.
>
> You levied a tax at the custom house on the agricultural implements used by the farmers of this country, which only raised the pitiful sum of $2,775, and we propose to deprive the treasury of the United States of $2,775, and in lieu thereof to give to the American farmer absolute freedom in the purchase of the agricultural implements he needs for working his farm.

With a smaller hall, no desks, and a thoroughly reformed *Congressional Record*, there would be vastly less of the particular kind of futility that is illustrated by the first of these quotations.

An old-time trouble with which the Republican orators had to contend was in evidence a number of times. Free-trade England was of course their chief resource in the way of bugaboo; but against the poison of fear thus introduced the Democrats were ready with the appropriate anti-toxin. Beside the low wages of free-trade England they insisted on putting the still lower wages of the protectionist countries of the Continent. Mr. Graham of Illinois, indeed, confronted a Republican colleague, who had been dragging out the British free-trade scarecrow, with a speech the latter gentleman had made during the discussion of the Payne bill, in which Congress was asked to make a careful inspection of wages in this country, and the wages paid in free-trade Europe. The table offered by the Republican orator had displayed the wages of bricklayers, stone-cutters, painters, etc., in the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Belgium; with an enormous advantage to Great Britain over these Continental countries, the protectionist Congressman being apparently under the impression that Germany and France and Belgium were free-trade countries. But usually these gentlemen, though perfectly aware of the inconvenient fact, simply shut their eyes to it. Thus Mr. Hill of Connecticut, winding up one of the important speeches of the debate with a portrayal of the horrors of British free trade and low wages, met an interruption of this sort as follows:

> Mr. Hardy: They have a high tariff in Germany. Are the laboring people any better off in high-tariff Germany than they are in free-trade England?
>
> Mr. Hill: Now, really, I do not want to stop in my line of thought to argue out a question of that kind. If you cannot draw your own conclusion from the things that I am going to tell you, from what I have seen, no argument that I could make would satisfy you.

There is one passage in Mr. Hill's speech that deserves to become classic. Turning from mere details, he took up the broad question of labor, basing his remarks on his personal experience in foreign travel. And this was his *pièce de résistance:*

> I was riding, I say, in the streets of Oxford one day in a cab, with the driver sitting in front of me, and I said to him, as we went down the street, "How much do you get for driving this carriage, or do you own it?" He said, "No; I do not own it. I drive it by the week." "What are your hours? When do you begin?" He said, "From nine o'clock in the morning." "How long do you work?" I said. "From nine in the morning until ten o'clock at night, and if I have a fare I stay with it until it leaves me."
>
> I asked him, "How much do you get?" He said, "I get $2.50 a week." "How old are you?" said I. He said, "I am fifty-five years old." "Have you a family?" He answered, "Yes; I have a family of five." I asked him, "How in the world do you manage to live?" "Of course, I cannot," he said, "but I have a son and daughter at work. The daughter is at work in a linen mill and she gets $2.25 a week, and my son is a printer, and gets $2.50 a week, and we manage to get along." There were three people at work, with an aggregate income of $7.25 a week.

In the face of this damning and conclusive evidence of the horrors of free trade nothing but irredeemable wickedness can account for the votes that were cast in favor of the free-list bill. There is, to be sure, one consideration that may, in a measure, break the force of the cabman's harrowing story. He belongs to a class which, even in the good old days of protection in England, plied its trade under strange difficulties. It was in the year 1827—long before the repeal of the corn laws—that Mr. Pickwick had *his* memorable encounter with a cabman:

> "How old is that horse, my friend?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his nose with the shilling he had reserved for the fare.
>
> "Forty-two," replied the driver, eyeing him askant.
>
> "What!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, laying his hand upon his notebook. The driver reiterated his former statement. Mr. Pickwick looked very hard at the man's face, but his features were immovable, so he noted down the fact forthwith.
>
> "And how long do you keep him out at a time?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, searching for further information.
>
> "Two or three weeks," replied the man.
>
> "Weeks!" said Mr. Pickwick, in astonishment—and out came the notebook again.

THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME.

From the Conference on Reform of the Criminal Law and Procedure which was held in New York on Friday and Saturday last it is clear that there are two different, and in some respects sharply contrasting, tendencies in this great field of human interest. Hardly a paper was read, hardly an address made, that did not reflect the feeling that an urgent necessity exists for far-reaching improvement in our methods of dealing with crime; but whereas most of the speakers dealt with specific—though perhaps very comprehensive—defects, and with concrete projects of practical improvement, there were some also whose utterances were directed rather to a general arraignment of the whole existing system of criminal law

and administration. According to this view, the methods of dealing with crime thus far prevalent throughout the world have been worse than useless; they have been simply means of manufacturing criminals and producing hopeless degradation among the unfortunate

Now, although this attitude toward the problems of the criminal law was represented in only a very minor part of the proceedings of the conference, it has been exercising a great deal of influence on general thought for a number of years past. If its only fault lay in wrong emphasis, it might be passed by; for there might be no harm in encouraging such humane movements as the juvenile courts, the probation system, and genuine reformatory methods, even though such encouragement were drawn from exaggeration. But the effects of such a view cannot be so limited. Take away, or undermine, the feeling that the institutions of penal justice, whatever their defects, are fundamentally sound, and you cannot fail to make their administration less energetic and more uncertain; and, as a matter of fact, it is the opinion of many sober students of the subject, both in this country and in England, that a considerable part of the crime of recent years is to be attributed to this sentimental enfeeblement of the criminal administration.

It is worth while to point out, therefore, that this view of the futility of the criminal systems of the world is vitiated by two cardinal fallacies. In the first place, it ignores what would have happened if the system had not existed. It is idle to decry a human institution of any kind on the mere ground that it is attended with evils, without attempting to show further that in its absence there would have been available a better system. Upon this plan there is no institution of mankind that could escape—and there is none that does escape—at the hands of irresponsible critics. The institution of marriage and the institution of private property can, without the slightest difficulty, be held up for their association with evils, and atrocities, and even horrors; yet sober men are not ready to cast them into the abyss until it has been proved that mankind would be better, or happier, without them. But in addition to this fundamental defect there is another almost as vital. By a remarkable oversight—all the more remarkable because so generally made, even by those who are not addicted to any dogma on the subject—attention is centred exclusively on those who fall under the ban of the criminal law, while nothing is said of those whom the existence of that law keeps altogether from straying. Yet until we consider the millions who, because of the traditions as well as the actual operation of the criminal law, are kept from even contemplating such an act as forgery or embezzlement or murder, is it not absurd to attempt to pass judgment on what the law has done or failed to do?

In striking contrast with such easy-going and irresponsible excursions into universal space were the papers that dealt with the specific improvements. Mr. Heney pointed the contrast most vividly in his comparison between law and medicine. It was a magnificent thing to discover and eradicate the source of yellow fever, but it would have been a monstrous thing for physicians to do nothing with the particular cases of yellow fever that presented themselves, because the ideal thing is to remove causes and not to cure "symptoms." The task of so regenerating society that it will produce no criminals is likely to occupy us for some time to come, and in the meanwhile such sagacious advice as that of President Taft, such exhortations—and such performances—as those of Mr. Heney, such carefully thought-out recommendations for the strengthening of the law and the expediting of criminal justice as were summarized in the paper read by Mr. McChesney, will be of measurable value in making the world as it is a better place to live in—a place with fewer criminals, more safety for the non-criminal, and more thorough satisfaction for that sense of justice which, from the dawn of history to the present time, has been one of the indispensable supports of human society and of individual character.

CITY GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION

Whatever the fate of the Buffalo Commission Charter, the action of the Senate Judiciary Committee in reporting it to the State Senate may be looked upon as a concession to the growing demand for a change in the form of our municipal governments. Originating in the temporary government established in Galveston after the flood, the commission plan has had its most striking growth in the States west of the Mississippi. Today about two-and-a-half millions of people in one hundred and thirty cities scattered through twenty-five different States are living under some form of it. Most of these cities are under fifty thousand in population, but the plan seems to be working with success in such larger places as Dallas, Spokane, Tacoma, Oakland, Memphis, and Lynn.

The commission scheme has found little favor in the Eastern States, save in Massachusetts, where Gloucester, Haverhill, Taunton, and Lynn have adopted it. The New Jersey Legislature enacted a general law, on the recommendation of Governor Wilson, under which cities may, if they choose, adopt a commission form of charter without applying to the Legislature. New York began to feel the impetus of the movement a year ago, when three special bills providing commission charters for Buffalo, Mount Vernon, and Melzinga (Matteawan and Fishkill) were introduced. The first two failed of passage; the Melzinga charter was vetoed by Gov. Hughes, because it was carelessly drawn. This year there were seven commission bills before the Legislature, two proposing general optional laws for cities of the second and third class, and five special bills granting commission charters to Buffalo, Batavia Beacon (the new name for Melzinga), Mount Vernon, and Saratoga Springs. Last year, when the Buffalo charter was under discussion, Senator Hinman suggested that a bill should be drawn under which cities could reincorporate as they do now under the so-called White Uniform Charter act. This suggestion is carried out in the Wainwright bill for cities of the second class and the Gittins bill for cities of the third class.

The underlying principles of all these pending measures are the same. All are "short ballot" bills in that they place the administration in the hands of a small group of commissioners. Almost without exception, too, the charters take a long step in the direction of eliminating party politics from city elections by providing either for nominations by petition or by non-partisan primaries; and they go farther by providing that not only shall the Massachusetts form of ballot be used, but that it shall contain no party names or designations. Finally, they provide those agencies that have

come to be looked upon as going hand in hand with the commission form of government—the initiative, the referendum, and the recall.

The Buffalo charter, if enacted, would afford an opportunity to see how the commission plan works in a larger city than any that has yet adopted it. Similar charters have given satisfaction in cities of a hundred thousand, but Buffalo has more than four times that number. Another problem is whether it is possible to draw a general law, such as the Wainwright bill, which will fit the varying local conditions of all cities of the second class—that is, of places having a population between 75,000 and 150,000.

By far the greatest interest in this series of bills, however, attaches to the optional plan for the third-class cities introduced by Senator Gittins for the Lockport Chamber of Commerce. It is generally spoken of as "the Lockport plan," and marks quite as distinct a departure from the Des Moines plan as that plan did from the original Galveston scheme. Under the Lockport plan power is lodged in a council of five aldermen elected at large on a non-partisan ballot for a period of five years and subject to recall after six months on a petition signed by 25 per cent. of the voters at the previous election. Nomination is either by petition or by "deposit"—a method adapted from the Dominion of Canada Elections act—the deposit being returnable if the candidate proves by polling a certain percentage of the votes that he was a serious aspirant for office. The alderman polling the highest vote becomes chairman of the board, and has the honorary title of Mayor, but possesses no veto power. The initiative and referendum are provided for. But the most radical feature of this plan lies in the fact that the council selects a "city manager," who appoints all city employees subject to civil service rules, prepares the annual budget, and is responsible to the council for the administration of all the city departments except the schools.

Advocates of the Lockport plan contend that in the creation of this city manager lies the chief advantage of the plan over any other. It completes, they hold, the resemblance of the city government to the efficient private corporation. They see an advantage in a single-headed executive in place of the five-headed system of Des Moines, because it disposes of the conflict of authority and responsibility where the board as a whole is responsible for all the departments and where each commissioner is at the same time responsible for his own. The anomaly of commissioners in their legislative capacity passing ordinances which they enforce as executives, and voting moneys which they expend, is also obviated. It is contended, too, that the new plan frees the voter from the necessity of trying to gauge the fitness of candidates to undertake executive and technical work as department heads for which they may have neither the ability nor the inclination. It is believed that the list of available candidates will be greatly widened if the aldermen are not compelled to abandon their private business entirely. Under the Lockport plan they are simply the representatives of the people at the City Hall, with power to review, direct, advise, and criticise their employee, the city manager.

It is true that there is very little likelihood that any of these bills will get through the Legislature this year. But meanwhile the legislators and the public are becoming better acquainted with the principles involved in the commission movement, and are coming to know what it does and what it does not do, and how it is working in other States.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Col. Higginson's death removes the last eminent survivor of the great New England age. Noteworthy in himself, he was still more noteworthy for having been deep in the confidence and the friendship and the plans of the reformers and writers and philanthropists who kept heroism and hope alive in this country. His own varied activity was enough to have given him fame had he not been associated with more famous men. But that was a penalty which he gladly paid. A productive author himself, he delighted in the higher reputation of his friends, Emerson and Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes. Instant in reform movements himself, he bowed spontaneously to Garrison. Younger than the protagonists of the philosophical and political movement of New England, he held up their hands while living, piously recorded their virtues when dead, and was content to sink his personality in that of the generation in which he was proud to have played a minor part.

We can hardly mistake in thinking that Col. Higginson's career was typical of his time. He had the many-sided alertness which was common in the New England of his early days. Preacher, writer, lecturer, reformer, soldier—he was ready to turn his energy to anything, and to do with his might what his hand found to do. There was in this a reflection of that indomitable and resourceful spirit which made his age so stirring. Beaten only to fight better, the men of that epoch did not noisily preach about strenuosity, but they were the truly strenuous breed. The bare record of their versatile labors is enough to appall a generation less daring and hardy.

Higginson touched life at many points, and at every point with zest. He carried into the advocacy of unpopular causes something of the lightheartedness of Wordsworth's Happy Warrior. He might have said of himself, what one of Dr. Johnson's acquaintances did: "I tried to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness was always breaking through." Higginson's good humor and serene temper and high hopefulness stayed with him throughout his life. The very title of his book of reminiscences, "Cheerful Yesterdays," was of the true essence of the man. If he had written another volume in his extreme old age, he might have completed the quotation and called it "Confident To-morrows." For to the day of his death he was stubbornly sanguine. A praiser of past time, he was also a prophet of the better new time to come.

This characteristic he shared with the men of the New England heroic age. They were perhaps the most unbending meliorists that this earth has ever seen. They knew that the world was bad in many respects, but they believed that it could be made over. It was for them to set about the work. In the existence of a great national injustice like slavery they saw a challenge which was to be taken up and taken up hopefully. Emerson at once applied himself to cutting away its intellectual foundations. Garrison let loose his inexorable propaganda. And the strange thing to us doubters is that they not only hoped but expected to succeed. As the transcendental philosophers of New England conceived of

the world of thought as something to be made over under their plastic touch, so did the reformers look upon political error and public wrong as simply the raw material for them to work with and subdue to their own will and sense of right. There was an immense hopefulness in that age and a kindling expectation of mighty revolutions. These things, too, Col. Higginson typified in his own person, both at the time and afterward.

He was happily endowed with a sense of humor, which helped to keep life sweet for him and, no doubt, prevented him from fretting away his strength. For the absurdities about him he had a keen eye, and did not overlook the whimsicalities or weaknesses of the men with whom he was making common cause. His amusing paper, a few years ago, on "The Eccentricities of Reformers" was a delicious example of the way in which he could indulge in what George Eliot called the "laughter of the intellect." But Col. Higginson was the kindest of men, ever willing to help the literary striver. As a reviewer for many years, especially of poetry, he was brought into touch with a large number of young writers, to whom he played the part of a generous but sagacious godfather. They will miss him now; as will also the many who may have had but slight personal contact with him, but who liked to think of him as a dignified and genial figure still shining in the tender light of a day that is dead.

NATIVE JOURNALISM IN EGYPT.

CAIRO, April 20.

When a European editor and a European newspaper manager were ordered to leave Egypt last December, it became evident that the Government had decided to show a firm hand by means of the press. These two men were conducting a French-Arabic paper owned by Nationalists, and they were expelled by their respective consuls because of an article attacking the Khedive. At about the same time the Coptic paper, *Al Watan*, received its second warning under the press law; and the month before, the extremist paper, *Al Lewa*, founded by Moustapha Kamel, the young head of the Nationalist party, received its second warning. In other words, if either journal commits another offence, it goes out of existence. And it is not an easy matter for an editor to tell exactly when he is going too far, as witness the fact that the Coptic paper received its last warning for writing a criticism upon Arabic literature. Another proof of this unintentional offensiveness came last summer when an American missionary review, *Al Mourshed*, saw fit to suppress itself forever. It had reprinted an English article upon the Moslem religion. This policy of the Government is a wide departure from the attitude of the Earl of Cromer, who regarded the native press as a safety valve for pent-up patriotism.

In an illiterate country like Egypt, it may be fairly said that the native press gives an almost certain indication of the most advanced stage of education. These daily articles by natives should show the existence of any literary achievement. And, above all, they ought to bring forth the real mental capacity of the higher Egyptians who are seeking constitutional government and the evacuation of the British. In a recent article in *Der Tag*, Berlin, Dr. Carl Peters said: "The Nationalist movement is conducted by the educated elements, such as officials, teachers, journalists, and students." Had Dr. Peters confined his statement to "journalists and students," he would have spoken more accurately. Indeed, when on February 20, 1910, Boutros Pasha, the Prime Minister of Egypt, was murdered by a political assassin, the London *Times* said that "the root of the mischief is the Egyptian press." It meant the Nationalist press; for the Arabic newspapers which are published in Egypt may be divided into three classes. The smallest but most respectable class comprises journals like *Al Mokattam*, which favors the British occupation. These are almost entirely edited and owned by foreigners, especially Syrians, who treat the Egyptian Nationalist and his pretentions to self-government with the utmost contempt. The second class is composed of the Coptic, or native Christian papers. They are also pro-English at heart, though their chief stock-in-trade consists in declaring that the British government neglects the Copt and favors the Mohammedan. But, strictly speaking, these Coptic newspapers are rarely included in the term "Egyptian press," as used, for instance, by the *Times*, nor are they included in what is about to be said concerning the Nationalist press. The reason is that the Coptic newspapers are not representative, as the entire Coptic community amounts to less than 8 per cent. of the population. The Mohammedan newspapers which speak for the Egyptian Nationalist party are made up of the journals that are read by the moderate and by the extreme Nationalists. It is difficult to define the difference between these parties, unless one were to say that the moderate Nationalist seeks the evacuation of the British in theory, while the extremist demands it in practice. The moderate desires to receive self-government gradually, whereas the extremist deems himself worthy of immediate constitutional government. The only way in which one can judge the capability of the Egyptian Nationalist is by his press. Let us see how he reveals himself.

In a recent article contributed to the *Nation* (July 28, 1910) by Saint Nihal Singh, entitled "English Literature in India," there appears the statement that "hundreds of thousands of natives in India now speak and write faultless English; millions of boys and girls today are acquiring a more or less intimate acquaintance with the English and American masters of prose, poetry, and drama." There could not be a more striking contrast to the situation in Egypt. It might be said that many educated Egyptians speak and write faultless French. But the native papers oppose in every conceivable way the introduction of the English language. The Ministry of Education announced last August that it was going to import twelve English teachers to teach English in the secondary schools; and the moment the fact became known the native press covered the English Adviser with a torrent of abuse. In the Egyptian University the courses of lectures have now been increased to eight; of these four are given in the Arabic language, three in French, and one in English, that being English literature.

So far from the Nationalist press opposing instruction in English, one would think that it would do the utmost to encourage these foreign professorships. Mohamed Said Pasha, the present Prime Minister, wrote rather strongly on this subject as far back as the year 1888:

> We are unable to cite a single Egyptian who, knowing Arabic exclusively, has been either distinguished, or even made a name, in modern sciences; a single Egyptian who has been able, with the Arabic language alone, to acquire complete instruction and education. On the contrary, we have others, who, with no better intellectual qualifications than the former, but knowing one European language and having made their studies in this language partly in Europe and partly in Egypt, have become really accomplished men.

The Prime Minister is himself an example of the highly educated Egyptian who speaks French as well as he does Arabic, but not one word of English. Yet the native press, jealous in its care of the sacred tongue of Mohammedanism, and also because of its intense hatred of everything English, fights the introduction of English teachers on every occasion. Here we have an illustration of the difference in character between the Indian and the Egyptian.

The most effective test of the native editor is the character of the articles which he employs to undermine the British influence. A year ago the Nationalist party appointed *Al Shaab* as its official organ; and in the very first week

of its existence it printed an article by a barrister-at-law, who is also a bey. It was entitled "The Withdrawal of England from Egypt." We select three sentences as typical:

In Malta and Gibraltar I noticed that England's policy was entirely the one of a nation about to withdraw. This, together with the rumored intention of evacuating Cyprus, will suffice to convince us of the fact that England no longer appreciates the route to India via the Suez Canal.

On my return to Egypt, I was asked to account for the present financial crisis, and I then said that it was due probably to the English people's intention to leave Egypt; and that in such a case the merchants, banks, and companies must collect their outstanding money and cease giving them any more.

Now, were a person who is not acquainted with the mind of the educated Egyptian to read the above lines, he would instantly say: "Here is some ironical satire of rather an unusual order." But this article is merely one of the numerous revelations of educated intelligence. What is of vastly more importance, it reveals the capacity of the editor of the official organ of the largest party in Egypt, at a time when, to quote the words of Lord Milner, "as a potentially independent state Egypt is having a last chance. Is she capable of profiting by it?" In his report for 1906, Lord Cromer said:

I do not remember ever to have read, in any of the newspapers of which I am now speaking, a single accurate, well-argued, or useful article on such matters as finance, education, or the working of the judicial system. On the whole, I think it may be said with truth that a constant perusal of those vernacular papers which strongly advocate Egyptian autonomy is well calculated to convince any one who, like myself, is most desirous to afford reasonable sympathy to Egyptian aspirations, that the rapid realization of those aspirations would be disastrous to the Egyptians themselves and to all interested in the welfare of Egypt. I commend the above remarks to the attention of the writers in these newspapers. Notably, I would observe that, if they wish to be taken seriously, and to obtain the ear of any but those who are wholly ignorant of Egyptian affairs, they will do well to base their conclusions on real instead of on purely imaginary facts.

No impartial person could possibly come to any other conclusion in regard to the Egyptian's potentialities as exhibited by his journalism, which is virtually his sole literary achievement at the present. Indeed, we are inclined to go further than Lord Cromer, and say that the really sad aspect of the situation is that the young Egyptians inherit qualities which a little education seems to intensify, and not to eradicate. Of the University of El Azhar in Cairo, to which 9,800 students are attached, Dr. Martin Hartmann, the Arabic scholar, says:

In reality the University has always been a theological seminary in which inefficiency, laziness, and the passion for intrigue have celebrated orgies.

It is that passion for intrigue which the native carries into his newspaper work; both the proprietors and the writers regard their journals as part and parcel of their personal plots.

D. W. Kittredge.

Correspondence

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It would not have occurred to me to write you on so difficult and stormy a subject as India had I not been told, just as I am on the point of sailing for Europe, that a number of American newspaper men are travelling through the peninsula. Naturally, the majority of these gentlemen, possibly all of them, realizing how complex is the society upon which they are to report, will write with reserve and impartiality. There is danger, however, that some of them, under injunctions from the home office, or in the desire "to send in something spicy," or through lack of time to study the question, may influence public opinion in the United States to an extent not warranted by their knowledge of Indian affairs.

We are too apt to regard India as a vast country inhabited by Hindus. It is a vast country, but it is no more populated by Hindus exclusively than Europe is by Latins. The Hindus, racially speaking, form no more than a majority of the occupants of this great peninsula, and even they are divided into clans such as Bengalese, Mahrattas, Rajputs, etc., that rarely if ever look upon each other with a friendly eye. More serious still is the cleavage along religious lines. The contempt, the loathing, the bitter hatred which here actuate the Hindu, and, let us say, the Mahometan, are incomprehensible. Oil and water will mix as readily as these two sects will pull together in amicable union.

Nor are the Hindus themselves a homogeneous community. They are split up into countless castes that are as distinct as if stone walls divided them. They may not eat, they may not marry outside their own circle, nor may they do work of any kind which has not been exclusively theirs for generations. This slavery may be self-imposed, but it is no more to be escaped than the law of gravitation. It has been for ages, and will remain for no one can tell how many centuries to come, the one absolutely dominant factor in the Hindu's existence. Naturally, the institution of caste lends itself to—if it is not based upon—a ranging of the people on different social planes, each caste holding its own place in the scale, from which no human power seems capable of dislodging it. The whole Hindu system is founded on a strictly ordered and horribly cruel inequality. To our democratic ears the cry: "India for the Hindus," sounds as the yearnings of an oppressed nation for self-government, and it enlists our sympathy and something of our support. What does this cry mean to the Hindu himself? Individual freedom, the equality of all, the opening up of all avenues of progress to all natives of every creed, race, and caste indifferently? To the Hindu who lectures in our cities on Indian affairs, and who stirs our blood by the recital of his alleged wrongs, it means nothing of the sort. It means the handing over to the Hindus of the reins of government that they may rule in their own fashion—the upper castes holding all offices, handling all public moneys, dispensing their ancient substitute for justice.

Every American must wish that Indians may, sooner or later, enjoy real self-government, although the failure of true republics to maintain themselves within the tropics should make him doubtful of immediate success. If he visits their land and uses his eyes, he will recognize the magnitude of the task of fitting this congeries of people to guide their own destinies. They have, speaking generally, always been ruled by others—an experience which has left its mark on their character, and which has sapped their political backbone. They are hopelessly ignorant. Out of above three hundred millions, less than fifteen million men, less than one million women, can read or write any language. What this nation of agriculturists requires is peace, order, universal primary education, unbiassed and unbought administration of justice for a foundation stone upon which any lasting economic and social structure may be reared. All these, except universal education, the British rule (or raj, as it is called) has given to India, besides other benefits in the way of industry, commerce, irrigation, and higher education. In addition, there is an earnest effort to take the natives more and more into its councils and to trust them with more and more of the actual workings of the administration. *Festina lente.* He who would encourage a sudden and violent termination of the British raj would be as discreet as a man entering a powder magazine with a lighted torch in his hand. Such a counsel, if followed, would be attended by massacres of white men, women, and children, in comparison with which Delhi and Cawnpore would be afternoon teas.

Much is made of an assumed determination on the part of the British to treat the natives with contempt, and especially to have nothing to do with them socially. Put yourself in the place of the British officials before condemning them. How can they enter into friendly relations with a Brahman who looks upon them as unclean, their very touch pollution; who cannot eat with them; who regards their wives and daughters as lost to all shame, and characterizes them in words that may not be translated; who will not receive them in his house or permit them to cast their defiling eyes upon the female members of his family? With the very best of intentions, and a hearty desire to cultivate cordial terms with him, what can the British officials do? While I was camping out in Mysore my attention was called to a captain of police, a Chitpavin Brahman, detailed to guard the Governor of Bombay, then visiting those parts. "He is my subordinate," said his excellency to me, "but he would be disgraced and lose caste were he to dine with me, for in his eyes I am unclean."

It is idle to contrast our own attitude in the Philippines with that of the British

in India We bought the former ("Ten millions of niggers, at $2 a head," was Tom Reed's description of the transaction), and we announced our platform from the first—to rule the Islands in the interest of the natives and to train the latter to govern themselves. The British acquired India by conquest—not from the peasant and landholder, but from their masters, substituting a just and kindly rule for the tyranny and oppression of their predecessors. What they have done to raise the standard of living, to educate, to fight the plague, to mitigate the horrors of famine, to irrigate, to develop, should be remembered to their credit—for they were under no obligation, other than moral, to do these things. To have given a distracted country a hundred years and more of peace, justice, and order entitles them to fair treatment.

I leave India after a three months' residence, by no means idly spent, with a lively sense of my own ignorance and a reluctance to sit in judgment on either rulers or ruled. C. F. GOODRICH.

Bombay, March 14.

ARIZONA AND REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A republican form of government is not prejudicial to a democratic form of government and the Constitution of the United States in guaranteeing "to every State in this union a republican form of government" does not preclude any State in the union from adopting such direct methods of law-making as the initiative and referendum or such means of popular control over officials as is afforded by the recall. Republican government to the Fathers meant a government opposed to monarchy, whether that government was a pure democracy in which the electorate assembled and administered it in person, or a government administered by representatives chosen by the people.

Without this guaranty clause in the Constitution, said Mr. Gorham in the convention, "An enterprising citizen might erect the standard of monarchy in a particular State; might gather together partisans from all quarters; might extend his views from State to State, and threaten to establish a tyranny over the whole—and the general government be compelled to remain an inactive witness of its own destruction." Although eleven members took part in discussing this clause, not one uttered a thought that could be construed as hostile to democracy. All agreed that some safeguard against the establishment of monarchy in any State was necessary for the tranquillity and integrity of the union The *Federalist*, too, avowed this to be its purpose:

> In a Confederacy founded on republican principles, and composed of republican members, the superintending government ought clearly to possess authority to defend the system against aristocratical or monarchical innovations. (*Fed.* No. 4.)

Charles Pinckney also held that a republican government did not mean any particular form of government, but a democracy was also to him a republican government. "A republic," he said, "[is a government] where the people at large, either collectively or by representation, form the legislature." ("Elliot's Debates," IV, 328.)

James Wilson, too, defined a democracy and a republic in the same words. "A republic or democracy," says his definition, "(is) where the people at large *retain* the supreme power and act either collectively or by representation." ("Elliot's Debates," II, 433.)

According to Jefferson a democracy was the most republican government possible. The degree of democracy in a government, indeed, was to him the measure of its republicanism. "The further the departure from direct and constant control by the citizens," he said, "the less has the government of the ingredient of republicanism." (Works, Ford's Ed, X, 28.)

Madison, however, it must be admitted, repeatedly defined republicanism in terms of representative government. (*Fed.* Nos. 10, 14, 37, 39, 57.) He, unlike others, divided all anti-monarchical and anti-aristocratic governments into two classes, republics and democracies. In the former, the people legislated through representatives; in the latter in person, and in the fashion of a big assembly or folkmote. But in defining republican government as essentially representative, Madison stood alone. John Adams indeed, severely criticised Madison's definition, saying, that "his distinction between a republic and a democracy, cannot be justified. A democracy is as really a republic as an oak is a tree, or a temple a building." ("Life and Works," X, 378.)

If the initiative, the referendum, and the recall are not outside the pale of Hamilton's republicanism, then, those, who accept him as their oracle in all things political, might well be expected to join the Arizona and Oregon contingents in singing hosannas to the new democracy. Although republicanism seems to have had a connotation of representative government to Hamilton, I know of no passage in his works that ascribes this to be one of its fundamental and essential features. Republican government to him, too, was anti-monarchism. The exclusion of all constitutional rank he "denominated the corner-stone of republican government." (*Fed.* No. 39.) Having defined republicanism in terms opposed to monarchy, Hamilton, unlike Madison, did not define democracy in terms of anti-republicanism. Expressly, Hamilton never made any clear-cut distinction between republicanism and democracy, but that he tacitly did so we are justified in assuming, Gouverneur Morris's charge to the contrary notwithstanding. ("Elliot's Debates," I, 450; II, 254.) In the Carrington letter, he guilefully asserted that he was "affectionately attached to the republican theory." (Works, Fed. Ed. IX, 534.) He never sufficiently compromised himself to assert either his affection or his attachment for democracy.

At heart, Hamilton believed, of course, in both monarchy and aristocracy. His justification of these forms of government was rather unique. Although he thought the rich and learned vicious, as well as the plain people, yet their vices, he contended, partaking less of moral depravity, were of a more virtuous kind, and consequently more favorable to the state's prosperity than those of the poor and ignorant. ("Elliot's Debates," II, 257.) But in case it is not admitted that democracy, according to Hamilton's definitions, is essentially republican, it is well to remember that he championed republican government at all only in the sense that he despised representative government less than he despised direct and collective government by the people. HERBERT S. SWAN.

New York, May 11, 1911.

HOWE AND WASHINGTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your notice of the "Military Study of the American Revolution," by Charles Francis Adams, you criticise the operations of Howe and Washington. In my opinion, neither of these commanders can be censured for blunders. Sailing down the New Jersey coast in a fine fleet was certainly an easier task for Howe than marching an army across the country to Philadelphia, through a hostile population, subjected to all the dangers that attend military movements.

Until a few years ago, regular communication was maintained between the Brandywine flour mills and New York by means of sailing vessels. As they competed successfully with the modern forms of transportation, these big sloops and schooners could not have found the voyage a long or difficult one. Anyhow, the manœuvre was successful, for, as Mr. Adams intimates, Howe was able to oppose Washington at the Brandywine with the better and stronger army.

Then, again, as to Burgoyne. Mr. Adams says Washington should have gone north immediately after Howe had left New York. Washington could not have known how long a period would elapse before Howe resumed active operations, and what would his interior lines have become as soon as he had started north?

The awful realities that confronted a revolutionary general in 1777 cannot be well appreciated by cultured gentlemen of our age, however great their accomplishments.

Q.

Hopewell, N. J., May 12.

ARCHIVES IN WASHINGTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recently I was in Washington, and there saw some of the priceless documents in the archives of the State Department, such as the petition which Benjamin Franklin tried to present to George III, the treaties of peace of the Revolutionary war, the war of 1812, the war with Spain, the Emancipation proclamation, and numerous other treaties. These valuable documents and, in fact, all the records of the State Department, are piled carelessly, one on top of the other, in wooden cases in a room which is far from fireproof, in the State, War, and Navy building.

I had been hoping that some one would apply the lesson taught by the Albany fire to this case, but as no one has I am taking the liberty of drawing your attention to the matter, in the hope that you may use your influence to have something done to protect these treasures. An appropriation of a couple of thousand dollars would at least insure their safety. It is a shame that Congress has not done this already, although I am told that every session the matter has been brought up in one way or another. HUBERT W. FOWLE.

Boston, May 8.

MISPRINTS IN DEFOE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An interesting error in the text of "Robinson Crusoe," which has just come to my attention, has apparently not been pointed out before. At any rate, no modern edition that I have seen corrects the reading.

In the description of the storm in Yarmouth Roads (Aitken's edition, Vol. I, p. 10), occurs the sentence, ". . . we rode with two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the better end." Should not "better end," which makes no particular sense as it stands, be read *bitter end*, the "better" of the old editions—it stands thus in the first, third, fourth, and sixth, and probably in all the others—being the typesetter's misreading of the MS.? In support of this emendation it is only necessary to quote an instance of the use of the term cited in the New English Dictionary under *bitter end:*

Capt. Smith: "Seaman's Grammar" (1627): "A Bitter is but the turne of a Cable about the Bits, and veare it out by little and little. And the Bitters end is that part of the Cable doth stay within boord."

The occurrence of "veere" in both passages makes it virtually certain that Defoe was using the nautical term.

Two other passages which contain unsatisfactory readings have come to my attention. The first, p. 137, line 23, is an obvious corruption, though the general sense is clear: "fancying the seeing the mainland, and in an inhabited country." The second is the use of *abated* on p. 188, line 5. *Abated* seems the opposite of what is meant, and some modern editions correct silently to *ab ited*, which seems a good guess.

It is worth while, in this connection, to mention the fact that the text of Aitken's attractive edition of Defoe's narratives is not as reliable as is generally supposed. It seems to be pretty generally followed in present-day editions. The *de luxe* edition prepared by Dr. Maynadier, and sold widely with the imprint of various "Societies," is apparently a direct reprint of Aitken; it is certainly that, so far as "Robinson Crusoe" is concerned. Aitken's text is also taken as the basis of school editions of "Robinson Crusoe." But I have found, in a casual comparison of his text with that of the 1st, 4th, and 6th editions of "Crusoe," that its accuracy is unfortunately not to be relied on.

It is not necessary to do more than cite a few instances. The text is, of course, modernized in spelling, punctuation, etc. This, however, does not justify the editor in expanding the colloquial contractions of the text, such as "ha'," "I'm" (p. 104), "th'other" (p. 104); or in spasmodically correcting the grammar—as changing the "run" of the old text to *ran*, in one sentence, and leaving it unaltered in the next (p. 267, lines 1 and 3), changing "who" to *whom* (p. 300, line 11; p. 311, line 12), modernizing "fleet" to *float* in one passage (p. 256), and leaving it in another (p. 290), and falling into a similar inconsistency when the original reading in two cases is "other" instead of the modern *others* (p. 161, line 17; p. 301, line 9).

That this is not characteristic of "Robinson Crusoe" only I have proved by comparing with Aitken the first and second editions of "Duncan Campbell." Here, in a passage picked out at random, I find: p. 105, lines 15, 20, "'tis" and "can't" preserved, as in the original; do., line 13, "Duncan" dropped before "Campbell"; p. 106, line 22, "don't" expanded to *do not;* p. 107, line 36, *do* instead of "too"; p. 108, line 3, the mistaken interrogation point of the early editions preserved; do., line 26, *the time* instead of "that time"; p. 110, line 6, *it is* instead of "'tis"; do., line 35, *sight; up steps* instead of "sight. Steps up"; p. 115, line 16, *on* instead of "in"; do., line 19, *and* instead of "or"; do., line 20, *very kind* instead of "kind"; p. 120, line 32, *back* instead of "beck"; etc.

Apparently there is still opportunity for an ambitious editor of Defoe.

William T. Hastings.

Brown University, May 10.

Literature

RECENT VERSE.

The Immortal Lure. By Cale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.

A Blossom of the Sea and Other Poems. By Lyman C. Smith. Wilmington, Del.: New Amstel Magazine Co. $1.50.

Wild Fruit. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Adventurers. By Fanny Hodges Newman. Chula Vista, Cal.: Denrich Press. $1.

Optimos. By Horace Traubel. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

The Song of the Stone Wall. By Helen Keller. New York: Century Co. $1.20 net.

The New Inferno. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

A Son of Cain. By James A. Mackereth. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

The Voice of the Ancient. By Cyril Scott. London: J. M. Watkins.

A Midsummer Memory. By Richard Burton. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks. $1.25.

The Poems of Sophie Jewett. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25 net.

Herbs and Apples. By Helen Hay Whitney. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Chords of the Zither. By Clinton Scollard. Clinton, N. Y.: G. W. Browning. $1.25.

At Sunset. By Julia Ward Howe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

A reform of poetry is always accompanied by a reform of versification—witness Wordsworth and Hugo. Every school has its characteristic measure, whether blank verse, heroic couplet, or sonnet. The ages of Elizabeth, of Anne, of Victoria had each a rhythm of its own—Marlowe's "mighty line," Pope's even systole and diastole, and Tennyson's nostalgic cadences. Nor are the anxious staccato, the doubtful resolutions, the fluttering suspensions of our day less indicative. Either the respiration of the time is troubled or the poets have not yet succeeded in taking its pulse.

Even Mr. Rice, whose "Immortal Lure" shows a sense for dramatic situation if not for dramatic architectonics, has an unpleasant habit of catching his breath in the midst of what should be by rights blank verse and interjecting one or more short lines, which, however admirably they may represent the dissolution of soul that passes current nowadays for tragedy, suggest as clearly a disintegration of prosody too. It is, however, when the poet is brought face to face with the modern problem in his own person, as in lyric poetry, that the uncertainty of his metre becomes most striking. Here are three attempts to confront much the same sort of subject matter, with three different measures by as many versifiers. The first is from Mr. Smith's "Blossom of the Sea" and is called, elusively enough, "Shadows":

O Earth, colossal charnel heap,
To thee all life must tribute give;
Thou dost the dead of ages keep,
Shalt be the grave of all that live. . . .

O Earth, from days of dawning time
Hast thou been steeped in purple flood;
The monsters of the early prime
Contending drenched thee in their blood. . . .

But man with more undying wrath
The trail of slaughter hath pursued;
The taint of blood is on his path,
His brow with brother's blood imbued. . . .

O Earth, thou art the nurse of life!
O Earth, thou givest man his breath!
Then why this universal strife,
And why this carnival of death?

Is man in all the doom and din
But plaything for the whirling gust?
Is Life—this life that stirs within—
A passing eddy in the dust?

The second is a "Song of a Weary World," by Mr. Phillpotts, whose little book of verse, by the way, will seem to admirers of his novels but a doubtful venture:

——But so came Man, out of the ages blown—
A shining master-bubble on the crest
Of the last wave that Life had upward pressed—
And claimed me for his own. . . .

At first I joyed in him as at a boon;
Then wakened evil on my startled face,
Until I cursed this comprehending race,
And envied the dead moon. . . .

His purposes and good, his rights and wrongs,
Choke the sweet air, the clamors of his claim
Deafen my ear, deride his Mother's aim,
And strangle Nature's songs.

Lusting and lying, murdering his kind—
Each stronger kingdom at a weaker's throat—

He shrieks forever the discordant note,
This monster with a mind.

Dust of my dust—last and supremest race
Of races lifting on from age to age—
This conscious creature's awful pilgrimage
Maddens the eyes of space.

The third example, addressed to Palæolithic Man, is from Miss Newman's "Adventurers":

My Father! Lo, thy hundred thousand years
Are but as yesterday when it is past.
To-day thy very voice is in mine ears;
On mine own mirror is thy likeness cast. . . .

Be it however contoured, this frail cup
That holds the stuff and substance of my brain
From thy prognathic skull was moulded up:
Do I not share with thee the mark of Cain?

And shall I shudder at the thickened neck,
Full from thy shoulders to thy sloping head?
It bore the brunt of many a rout and wreck
That spared the slender loins where I was bred.

And do I blush, my Father, seeing how
Thy furry jowl is kindred to my cheek?
It shuts upon a tongue, I mind me now,
Which stuttering spent itself that I might speak.

The fact is that for this anthropological or ethnological sentiment which seems to be so popular just now, we have developed no inevitable form. But the same remark seems to be true of many other of our sentiments as well. There is the enthusiasm of democracy, of which Walt Whitman constituted himself the prophet. But Walt Whitman seems to have had no very large or influential posterity, in spite of a few inheritors of his spirit like Mr. Traubel with his lines on "My Dead Comrade, for W. W."

O my dead comrade—my great dead!
I sat by your bedside—it was the close of day—
I heard the drip of the rain on the roof of the house:
The light shadowed—departing, departing—
You also departing, departing—
You and the light, companions in life, now, too, companions in death,
Retiring to the shadow, carrying elsewhere the benediction of your sunbeams.
I sat by your bedside, I held your hand:
Once you opened your eyes: O look of recognition! O look of bestowal!
From you to me then passed the commission of the future,
From you to me that minute, from your veins to mine,
Out of the flood of passage, as you slipped away with the tide,
From your hand that touched mine, from your soul that touched mine, near, O so near—
Filling the heavens with stars—
Entered, shone upon me and out of me, the power of the spring, the seed of the rose and the wheat,
As of father to son, as of brother to brother, as of god to god!
O my great dead!

All that is certain about these efforts is the disposition to abandon the older forms of verse with the shifting of the feeling which they once represented. Miss Keller, for instance, whose writings are always significant as revelations of an exceptional consciousness, has a poem, in celebration of the stone walls of New England, which is of particular interest as an example of the manner in which poetic observation is affected by her peculiar circumstances. While some of the impressions seem merely borrowed and second-hand, much of her work sounds true to the conditions. But the important matter is her lack of confidence in the power of traditional measures to reproduce her state of mind:

Hear O hear! In the historian walls
Rises the beat and tumult of the struggle for freedom.
Sacred, blood-stained walls, your peaceful front
Sheltered the fateful fires of Lexington;
Builded to fence green fields and keep the herds at pasture,
Ye became the frowning breastworks of stern battle;
Lowly boundaries of the freeman's farm,
Ye grew the rampart of a land at war;
And still ye cross the centuries
Between the age of monarchs and the age
When farmers in their fields are kings. . . .

Sing, walls, in lightning words that shall cause the world to vibrate,
Of the democracy to come,
Of the swift, teeming confident thing!
We are part of it—the wonder and the terror and the glory! . . .

O eloquent, sane walls, instinct with a new faith,
Ye are barbarous, incongruous, but great with the greatness of reality.
Walls wrought in unfaltering effort,
Sing of our prosperity, the joyous harvest
Of the labor of lusty toilers.

Even Mr. Phillips, whose ear for rhythm is so unusually fine, is betrayed, by a dissatisfaction with the old bottles for his new wine, into a rather anomalous attempt to coerce a naturally stichic verse into stanzas—or, perhaps, the other way about, to deprive a naturally stanzaic verse of rhymes. Of his "New Inferno" the lines on Napoleon are by far the best; the remainder of the poem is vague and deficient in actuality:

"Behold the Cause!" he answered, and I saw
All motionless, upon a frozen Alp,
With dreary stare and hands behind him clasped,
The Corsican who shook and lost the world. . . .

Then, as he spoke, slow flakes began to fall,
And white in his own dreams the Emperor stood,
Roofed by the purple vault of his own mind,
And glassed upon a glacier of the soul.

But when the dreamy storm had ceased to fall,
Then I perceived how many others stood
Around him, Marshals, Captains, soldiers old,
Comrades of many battles of the Earth. . . .

Now falling pyramids I seemed to see,
And toppling cities, fire, and burning towns,
Whirlwinds of cavalry, storms of spears, and heard
Trumpets and neighing, drums, cannon, and cries. . . .

How good to hear the patter of earthly rain,
After that silent arctic of the soul;
Noises of summer dawn and far away
A sweet monotony of creeping seas!

Perhaps one of the most successful attempts to catch a new thrill with a new metrical trap is Mr. Mackereth's "Lion":

I met a Lion in the way;
Heigho! his eyes were wild!
A bright, magnificent beast of prey,
A daemon's child.
He scowled, and scowled,
With bristling mane,
And growled and growled
Like an angry pain.
He stood aloof: I liked him well.
Heigho! his ivories!
His lips were curled, and his smile was fell;
His breath steamed hot as the hate of hell,
Hot from the heart of hell. . . .
His lithe mass, rhythmic as a wave,
Sank rigid, to a passion wrought;
He seemed some splendid sin, a brave
Embodiment of treacherous thought. . . .
I had nor lance, nor any spear,
But a palm twig;
No doubt had I, nor any fear:
I stepped the gorgeous creature near
And plucked his wig. . . .
I tumbled the great tangled brute;
His smelling brightness spurned; my foot
I planted on his flabby mouth:
Prone lay he like a beast in a drought. . . .

The morrow-morn a man in arms
Fate that way drew;
His life was sick with his soul's harms,
And him the Lion slew.

This is quite modern and makes a suggestive pendant to Blake's "Tiger."

On the other hand, Mr. Scott, who is something of an innovator, too, tries his hand at experiments with the rhyming system—sometimes with rather odd results:

Upon my pathway shines the *Soul* of Parting,
Whispering words that even silence never speaks:
I gain your heart at last; the *dole* of Parting
Gives me the fulness that my transport seeks.

It is ill to question a poet's sincerity. To whoever publishes a volume of verse in these days must be conceded the convictions of his courage. But the fact remains that in one way or another most of these efforts seem a little factitious. The native feelings of humanity which carry conviction with them move to a simpler, more elemental beat. So it is in Dr. Burton's threnody on the un-

timely death of his friend, Arthur Upson, the young poet:

If there be torture for the dear ones gone,
It must be in the thought that they are quite
Forgotten: no one soul to reckon on,
Of all who pledged them faith in death's despite.
Alas, Sad Heart, if thou return to see
Another in thy place and strange to thee!

Hear me, dear Arthur, by whatever shore
Thou pacest! As the year brings round the rose,
As winter wanes and all the harshness goes
Out of the ground; as balmier airs restore
Midsummer's soft elysian miracle,
And earth resumes the witch-work of her spell—

I shall renew the sweet old habitudes
Were ours, forget thee never, cherish fond
Each look and tone and word, as one who broods
On something sacred from a land beyond
These present troublings; hear the oath I swear:
Where I am thou shalt be, forever there!

Is this a little commonplace? Perhaps so; but at all events it does not make the mistake of confounding difference with distinction. There is, after all, a kind of virtue, not only in the bare associations of the English pentameter, but in the replication of familiar echoes, in the suggestion of faint familiar tunes. It is some such cause as this to which the verse of the late Sophie Jewett owes at least a part of its charm, as in the little poem, "Brief Life":

He came with the wind of dawn, when rose-red clouds were flying;
In the glory of his coming the old world drifted dim.
He went when the evening star outwatched day's quiet dying;
His path upon the sea made a white straight road for him.

Did he dream a radiant dream in some wistful place supernal?
Did he hear the human call, follow and lose his way!
Has the touch of earth on the child made strange to him things eternal!
Is he heir to sorrow and love, being mortal for one swift day?

Nor is Miss Whitney's verse without something of the same quality modified by a kind of fancifulness personal to her:

I will write letters to my friend the grass,
I will sing all my songs to lilac flowers.
Gather the spices in the airs that pass,
And wrap my heart close shrouded to the hours.

I dread man's huge impertinence; he creeps
Thro' the inviolate silences of Spring
Like a marauder, waking that which sleeps
To gather strength for lyric blossoming.

I will write all my letters to the grass.
The world shall be resolved into a cry
Faint as a little voice that cries Alas!
And I will laugh alone beneath the sky.

In his "Chords of the Zither" Mr. Scollard reëvokes the spell of the Orient with its eternal antithesis of death and desire, of desert and aspiration:

Night and the desert and the quenchless stars—
Unfathomed mysteries—
The door whereto no mortal key unbars,
Lo, all things change but these!

Night and the desert and the quenchless stars—
I who have known your spell,
Shall I one day, when Death's dark door unbars,
Learn the unfathomable?

In the death of Julia Ward Howe poetry has lost another friend and familiar. While her memorable pieces are perhaps few, her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is a poem that no one would willingly let die. Her last verse is written with her habitual evenness of temper—a little subdued, it may be, by the years. Particularly admirable are the composure and serenity with which in the manner of so many English poets she pronounces her valediction to a long and varied life:

I have made a voyage upon a golden river,
'Neath clouds of opal and of amethyst.
Along its banks bright shapes were moving ever,
And threatening shadows melted into mist.

The eye, unpractised, sometimes lost the current,
Where some wild rapid of the tide did whirl,
While yet a master hand beyond the torrent
Freed my frail shallop from the perilous swirl.

Music went with me, fairy flute and viol,
The utterance of fancies half expressed,
And with these, steadfast, beyond pause or trial,
The deep, majestic throb of Nature's breast.

My journey nears its close—in some still haven
My bark shall find its anchorage of rest.
When the kind hand, which every good has given,
Opening with wider grace, shall give the best.

CURRENT FICTION.

Account Rendered. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This story is built upon the old, old foundations—the impecunious lord, the designing dowager, the young and beautiful governess who turns out to be a great heiress. Twenty times a year the assiduous reader of British fiction renews his acquaintance with these classic figures, this immortal situation. They would become unbearably tiresome to the American reader, if long familiarity with British fiction had not given him a secondary set of standards for arm-chair use purely.

The original elements here are what may be called the incidental character of the dowager and the abrupt and dramatic ending. The dowager is, on the surface, very different from the type. She is neither stately nor angular, but a brisk, merry, modern, oldish person who refuses to be old and prides herself on being, under all circumstances, the life of the party. She unaffectedly likes the young governess for her own sake. But when the younger lady becomes a great catch, the elder crumbles into a wretched old party. There is a fourth person in the action, a young soldier whom Violet (for Violet is the governess's name, and violet the color of her eyes) has had a leaning toward, and who, with more than a leaning toward her, has nobly refrained from making love to a mere governess. He is ordered to Cairo; shortly thereafter governess becomes millionairess, and it only remains for the dowager to get in her dowagerly work. Discovering that Violet's fancy for the soldier is the obstacle to the matrimonial prosperity of the needy lord, she pretends to have had a letter from Cairo announcing the exile's engagement. So there you are: the girl marries the lord, whom she likes but not loves; the soldier comes back, and the two fall desperately in love; they are about to part in the name of virtue, when the dowager's trick is discovered. Exit dowager. Violet tells the truth to her husband, whereupon exit magnanimous lord, over a cliff. And then there were two.

The Making of a Fortune. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is a lady-like attempt to give to the merest airy nothing of a matrimonial difficulty a local habitation in the enchanted realms of finance and fashion. The setting is strangely flimsy, even for fairyland, being indicated by such wavering strokes as "those men in the millions," "a woman moving with those at the head of gay life," and—a euphemistic appellation for the criminal classes—"the world of the lower order of graft." Nor are the hero and heroine much more substantial than their surroundings; they, too, have every appearance of being spun out of the author's brain rather than modelled after actual human types. Mr. Aversleigh is "a gentleman, of extremely good temper and good appearance, of an old family, as families go with us, with a great many engaging and endearing qualities," "exceedingly temperate," "intuitively" honest, and "a tower of strength" on Wall Street. This mighty man of affairs marries a village maiden who is pure angel, and toward whom his attitude is one of "deplorable humility." While promoting her social triumphs and lavishing jewels upon her, he is ever secretly consumed by the suspicion that she does not, cannot love him for himself alone, a sense of marital

insignificance which is the more touching since it would not necessarily accompany the gentleman's other qualities in real life. His spiritual abasement before the lady, her child-like love of glittering adornment, the gift of a ruby *parure* worth a quarter of a million, a crucial moment in a railway deal—and nothing is lacking to Mr. Aversleigh's ordeal. Rather than put her affection to the test by asking for the gems, he purloins the necklace, has the setting filled with paste imitations, and covers up the theft by the pretended loss of a safe-key—only to be overwhelmed by the wife's voluntary offer of her jewels, nocturnal mutterings having betrayed to her his need of funds. Having thus deftly tossed the unfortunate Mr. Aversleigh from one horn of the dilemma to the other, the author leaves him firmly impaled and still writhing. Some time, she fancies, he will be able to take more comfort out of the situation.

The Old Dance Master. By William Romaine Paterson (Benjamin Swift). Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

When genial Austrian dancing masters turn out to be barons, and lovely daughters of cabmen to be the offspring of lords, though illegitimate, we all feel better. Yet the strongest interest of Mr. Paterson's story is not gilded rehabilitation, but unconventional portraiture and marvellous language. It is not often that the guardian angel of fiction is a dancing teacher; or that one meets a duchess so original as to hold long telephone conversations in the small hours of the night from her pillow with a sleepy wit on his, about a perplexing guest at her reception the evening before. Sir John Marduke, spending upon the masses the fortune his fathers had acquired in the slave trade, and finding his socialistic theories tested by his son's falling in love with a supposed daughter of the people, is drawn in a wholly unhackneyed way. So, too, the son in his unhesitating march toward marriage with the pretty daughter of the cab-yard. So, too, the aspiring hansom-driver, and the truly terrible old aunts. These are figures original to an extent; but it is in the language of each that is found real achievement in adaptation, the highest flight of genius being dedicated to the lowest orders of society. In the slang of cabbies and their women-kind, of London landladies and their boarders, of porters, bottle-washers, and ticket-of-leave men, there is an opulence of attainment which is positively vast.

Patsy. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.

Whether such a being as Patsy ever was, on land or sea, the present reviewer does not know, but, if not, then the earth is poorer, as the world of fancy is richer, for his absence from the one and his presence in the other. Mr. Fanshawe pictured him when he remarked: "Patsy, as far as I can understand his character, is a compound of Machiavelli, Bismarck, Puck, and one of Shakespeare's fools all compressed into a page-boy in buttons." This description was suggested to Fanshawe by Patsy's latest trick of putting a cork into Lady Seagrave's ear-trumpet, which effectively interrupted conversation between her and Fanshawe's uncle, Gen. Grampound, and thus prevented the spoiling of an elopement between the general's nephew and his ward. No wonder that Miss Lestrange thought that Patsy seemed "to have had a lot to do with our affairs"; but, as Fanshawe pointed out, "Ireland is an accident factory. These things could never happen in England." One is glad, therefore, that Mr. Stacpoole took such of his personages as were not already there to Ireland. The result is as delightful a tale as one reader at least has perused in many a day. It presents just one problem, and that an old one—how to unite the hands, the hearts being joined fast enough, of two beings whom the duly constituted domestic authorities are resolved on keeping apart. Well, with Patsy to help it was not an impossible feat; and, besides Patsy, to make matters livelier, are the M.P. who loses his glass eye in an unexpected encounter, with disastrous results; Paddy Murphy, burglar and wag, and the children, who take the right side in the struggle with prompt and charming instinct.

The Shadow of Love. By Marcelle Tinayre. Translated by Alfred Allinson. New York: John Lane Co.

It is due in part to a wise choice of setting that this story of a young consumptive's love seems scarcely theatrical at all. The theatrical has been neutralized by the superstitions of the Limousin in which is situated our town of Monadouze. There the sense of impending fate is felt in the gulch and its cataract, in the village tolerance of a magician who "forges" his patient, in the chief hold which the curé has over his people—the fear of death. Even from the sunshine of the beautiful town the memory of the shadow is never quite absent. To this setting Jean Favières is brought, a poor, wasted man of twenty-three, to fight for life in the home of Dr. Cayrol, a widower, with a daughter, Denise, the senior of Jean by four years. The author proceeds to the business of the central theme, without apology or reservation, as a recorder simply of the inevitable. But impulse and instinct are tempered by character in both hero and heroine, and the steps of their affection, from its first glimpse to its urgent necessities, furnish a story of a rare and awful power. The translation reads like an original.

WESTERN LANDS.

Yosemite Trails. By J. Smeaton Chase. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast. By S. D. Woods. New York. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.20 net.

Heroes of California. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., $2 net.

"Yosemite Trails," if it gets as many readers as it deserves, will give a powerful impulse to the "See America, Too" movement. Though its author is an Englishman, he declares that Wawona Meadows is the most idyllic spot he has seen anywhere, and throughout his book he bubbles over with enthusiasm over the sights he enjoyed in the Yosemite Valley, with its surroundings, and in the High Sierra beyond. Three journeys he has made through this region, and the time is coming, he thinks, when the highlands of this great California range, with their superb features of mountain, forest, river, glacier, lake, and meadow, and lying under a climate of unequalled regularity and perfection, will be the playground of America. Wonderful waterfalls there are, too, but Mr. Chase is inclined to think that too much emphasis has been placed on them, as compared with "the unequalled majesty of the cliffs"; and to these, therefore, he devotes more of his space than to the falls, giving four chapters to a description of a circuit of the Yosemite rim, which he made with no companions, except the burros that carried his supplies, and on whose peculiarities he frequently stops to descant entertainingly. A lover of solitude is this writer, and he likes it unadulterated and "enhanced by the presence of wind." Never in his life was he happier than one night when, having made up his mind to sleep on the very crest of the precipitous El Capitan, he felt as if he might be the last survivor on an asteroid.

Mr. Chase has written a treatise on the conebearing trees of the California mountains, and in the present volume also he has much to say about "that magnificent zone of firs" which he can "never enter without a feeling that approaches the religious." The impressiveness of the giant Sequoias seems to him of the architectural kind, giving the spectator an idea of how the Egyptians must have been affected by their vast temple-halls with the colossal figures of the king-gods of their race. But also, there are men who look on these big trees as mere curiosities, men who have indulged in the "childish, unsightly, and paltry practice" of marking them with the names of cities, states, and persons, thus, with their hideous tin labels, degrading the groves to the level of freak museums. The author also bewails the names of some of the scenic points and waterfalls of the Yosemite Valley itself—which, by the way, not being

really a valley, would have been better named Yosemite Gorge. By any name, however, it is a paradise for birds and men and flowers.

Of the mountainous features of the Yosemite region Mr. Chase likes best the hemispherical mass of solid granite known as Half-Dome, which is one of the world's geological wonders. Professor Whitney described it as "a new revelation in mountain forms," and Mr. Chase remarks that "one looks upon it almost as one would gaze at some majestic fragment of statuary." Having completed his circuit of the Yosemite rim, of which the Half-Dome is the climax, the author sets out, with some companions and a guide, to explore the high Sierra, visiting first the Hetch Hetchy Valley, which has come into such prominence of late because of San Francisco's outrageous attempt to convert it into a water-tank, making inaccessible, among other things, two waterfalls equal to those of the Yosemite, and superior to them in features of wildness. The campers saw none of the rattlesnakes which they had been told abounded here; but mosquitoes were in evidence, and these tormentors they found everywhere, more "malicious and diabolical" the higher they went, the only consolation being that at that altitude they soon succumb to the chill of the falling temperature after sunset.

While this mountain enthusiast is evidently as far as John Muir himself from holding with Ruskin that evidences of man's presence are essential to the perfection of natural scenery, he nevertheless brings the human element into his narrative in some charming pages on Indians, guides with tall bear stories, and a Mexican and his invalid musical boy. A map and a number of excellent mountain views enhance the value of this admirable book.

Mr. Woods also describes a jaunt in the snowy Sierra, and by way of contrast, takes his readers down to the mirages and the heart of Death Valley, where he found the midnight thermometer at 100 degrees, the midday at 125 in the shade. He makes one long to visit the Owens River Valley, with its mountain views—the valley made famous in the newspapers by the enterprise of Los Angeles in bringing down its waters by an aqueduct which is the eighth wonder of the world, being a hundred and fifty miles in length. The bulk of Mr. Woods's volume, however, relates to the cities of California and Oregon, particularly Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Portland. Samuel D. Woods, well-known as a lawyer in California, and for a number of years a United States Senator, went to the Pacific Coast at a time when ships required eight months. The vessel in which he sailed was driven by storms to within eight hundred miles of Africa, then had to return to Rio de Janeiro, and devote six weeks to readjusting the cargo. There are chapters on the old days in Stockton, when men were indifferent to all things except gold; on the old Spanish days in Los Angeles; on the later times of the spelling and singing schools, debating societies, and camp-meetings; but perhaps the most valuable chapters are those concerned with prominent San Franciscan editors, lawyers, doctors, preachers, and merchants of former times.

The heroes of California included in the third volume in our list were by no means all born in that State. Most of them were not; yet they helped to make California what it is. The book is one chiefly for boys, whose minds may be thrilled by these stories to emulate such heroes. There is plenty of variety for a choice, the names ranging from Alarcón, Diaz, and Junipero Sara, through the heroes of the pony express and Death Valley, to Starr King, Clarence King, James Lick, Adolph Sutro, John Muir, Helen Hunt Jackson, Luther Burbank, Hubert Howe Bancroft, and many others. Mr. James has done his work well; he is thoroughly familiar with the locale, having written several other books on California and the Southwest; and for this volume, he has had access to a good deal of unpublished material. His account of the career of the publisher-author, H. H. Bancroft, is a story of pluck and perseverance that could hardly be matched by a writer of fiction.

Beowulf. Edited by W. J. Sedgefield. Manchester: At the University Press.

Beowulf. Von Moritz Heyne. Neunte Auflage, bearbeitet von L. L. Schücking. Paderborn: Ferdinand Schöningh.

Studien zur germanischen Sagengeschichte: I. Beowulf. Von Dr. Friedrich Panzer. München: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.

The Poems of Cynewulf. Translated into English Prose. By Charles W. Kennedy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

An edition of "Beowulf," with English apparatus, has long been needed; Wyatt's is out of date and was never wholly adequate, and Klaeber's has not yet seen the light. It is, therefore, with high expectations that one turns to Professor Sedgefield's substantial volume. To say that one's expectations are not altogether fulfilled does not imply that the present edition is not a manifest improvement over its predecessors in English. Placed, however, beside the revised Heyne-Schücking, which, now purged of its misprints, and its notes made more acceptable to the eye, represents as close an approximation to a *variorum* as we shall perhaps ever need, Professor Sedgefield's work gives the impression of having been done, not without learning, but with a certain lassitude. He is willing, for example, to omit all notes to the "Finnsburg Fragment" and refer the student to Schücking and Holthausen. Of the Finn episode itself only Möller's reconstruction, surely the least acceptable, is given in any detail. Kluge's treatment of the *elan cwēn* crux (l. 63), in many respects the most successful, is not mentioned. A work which comes thus short of fulness cannot with advanced students supplant the Heyne-Schücking text.

But, if a *variorum* was no part of Professor Sedgefield's plan, many features deserve hearty praise. Variations from the MS. are carefully indicated in the text; rejected MS. readings and the name of the proposer of the accepted emendation are, where they should be, at the bottom of the page. The vocabulary is generous in its entries under the head-word (but *ægweard* seems nowhere defined), and, excellent innovation, the stem of each noun is indicated. It was a good idea, too, to include texts of "Widsith," "Waldhere," and "Deor"; a vocabulary might have been provided for them. The text itself is reasonably free from the inevitable misprint; we notice only *golde* for *wolde* (l. 880), a lower-case letter beginning the sentence (l. 1069), period for comma (l. 1,488), *thæ* for *thæt* (l. 1,664), *semminga* for *sæminga* (l. 1,767), period missing (l. 1,865), *mæssas* for *næssas* (l. 1,912), *rhyhtsele* for *dryhtsele* (l. 2,320); *ho* (l. 3,171) has a very strange look. The omission from the text of all marks of quantity is greatly to be regretted.

Professor Sedgefield also provides a selected bibliography and an introduction, summarizing the criticism of the poem. Here he adopts a somewhat non-committal attitude between the older view which saw in "Beowulf" a degenerate myth, and the position, most elaborately worked out by Dr. Panzer, which regards it at bottom as a *Märchen*.

Dr. Panzer makes a more careful study of the class of *Märchen* known as the "Bear's Son," widely distributed at present and demonstrably reaching back to the common Indo-Iranian period, in which the hero, in another world, fiercely encounters one or more demoniac beings, by this means freeing several damsels, of whom he is robbed by his faithless companions, and only after further adventure succeeds in identifying himself as the rescuer, and marries the fairest. This central episode is introduced by various formulæ: involving the *enfances* of the Bear's Son and an encounter in a lonely house with a demon; or a night-watch in a king's palace or garden, the youngest proving the best.

A tale belonging to this general group of the "Bear's Son" is the basis of Beowulf's deeds at Heorot; the dragon fight is an independent, widespread, though

always localized, folk-saga (Thor). These were put together by a Scandinavian *scop* and attached to an historical Beowulf of Hygelac's fatal raid, perhaps because he was a man of great strength and of prowess in swimming, and his name suggested "bear." On this combination rest, according to the theory, not only the English "Beowulf," but also the Scandinavian material dealing with Bodhvar Bjarki. The sagas of Orm and of Grettir, however, are independent adaptations of the "Bear's Son" *Märchen* to historical characters, not uninfluenced in literary form by the developed "Beowulf."

It is impossible here to enumerate the points, not obvious in a bare outline, at which "Beowulf" connects itself with the *Märchen* group. However much one may dissent in matters of detail or smile, occasionally, at the pained surprise with which any departure of "Beowulf" from the *Märchen* is naively greeted, still the results are broadly founded and, in the main, seem right. To American scholars, Dr. Panzer's general position will not seem, perhaps, quite so revolutionary as he appears to think it. But they can be grateful to him for the skill with which he has analyzed an important group of stories and the clearness with which he has related "Beowulf" to it.

For his excellent prose translation of the poems of Cynewulf, Dr. Kennedy merits much thanks. He interprets the title broadly and has for the first time assembled in a single volume, not only the four signed poems, but also "Andreas," "Dream of the Rood," "Guthlac," and "Phœnix." A long introduction summarizes clearly and conservatively the whole Cynewulfian question. Professor Tupper's startling recantation came, of course, too late for inclusion in the discussion of the "Riddles," but the treatment of the sources of "Elene" might have gained something by reference to the researches of Holthausen and Brown. The translation itself is close, yet idiomatic and dignified. Quaint and obsolete words, so characteristic of the late Prof. John Earle's prose-version of "Beowulf," now reissued in the Oxford Library of Translations, have been rigorously avoided. There are occasional careless slips, as where *strange* ("Dream," 30), is rendered "strange," instead of "strong," and *lof, lofe* ("Juliana," 233, 139), by "love," instead of "praise." And it is somewhat to miss the characteristic indirection of Anglo-Saxon expression to translate *mæte werode* ("Dream," 69, 124), "with a little band," when it clearly means "alone withouten any companye." But these lapses are not characteristic of the book as a whole. Indeed, introduction, bibliography, and text form a most welcome store-house of Cynewulfian lore, to which we direct the student whose knowledge of German is not robust. We wish Dr. Kennedy might be persuaded to perform a similar task for the Cædmonian poems, which, with Gummere's "Oldest English Epic," would go far toward placing the bulk of Anglo-Saxon poetry and the gist of its problems in the hands of the general student.

Lady John Russell: A Memoir, with Selections from her Diaries and Correspondence. Edited by Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell. New York: John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

This book has three claims to attention. In the first place, it sketches, often in her own words, the career and character of a remarkable woman. Lady John Russell, the daughter of Lord Minto, may well stand as the representative of the best type of British aristocratic women in the nineteenth century. Cultivated, sympathetic, truly religious, with a deep sense of her obligations in every relation of life, she was fitted to be the wife of one of the most attractive and, on the whole, one of the most influential British statesmen of modern times. We might devote a page, if space permitted, to Lady John's personal qualities; but it must suffice to say that she eminently deserves the epithets sterling and stanch, that she was wholesome both in mind and heart, clear in judgment, and unspotted by the world.

A second point of interest is the picture of Lord John in his private life. His wife's memoir supplements Spencer Walpole's admirable biography of the statesman; for, though Walpole did not overlook this side of his subject, he yet very properly concentrated his attention on the public man. And here, too, it must suffice to say that the view we get of Russell *intime*, even after we make allowance for possible magnification by a devoted wife, is very attractive. Although he was twenty-three years older than Lady Fanny, he kept his vigor of body as well as of mind far into old age, and we have glimpses of him at sixty-five dancing or galloping with his children and entering into their sports and fun with the zest of youth.

But the most important aspect of this memoir is the political. From their marriage in 1841 throughout Lord John's public career, Lady John shared his political secrets and counsels; so that in the course of the book the reader comes upon many revelations—some of almost capital importance—and of innumerable sidelights, which will enable him to understand better the hinterland of Victorian politics. The most important chapters are probably those which record Lord John's motives during the Aberdeen Ministry, motives which, we need hardly say, were very harshly criticised by his contemporaries and have been condemned only recently by John Morley in his "Life of Gladstone." Mr. Morley went so far as to say of Lord John's resignation in January, 1855:

> That a minister should run away from a hostile motion upon affairs for which responsibility was collective, and this without a word of consultation with a single colleague, is a transaction happily without precedent in the history of modern English Cabinets.

The explanations furnished in Lady John's Memoir will certainly modify so severe a verdict as this, even if they do not wholly exonerate Lord John. In brief, he had long chafed at the incompetent management of the Crimean War, but he had felt it his duty to remain in the Cabinet as long as possible, to influence it, if he could, and to prevent a ministerial crisis in the midst of military operations. When, however, Roebuck, in January, 1855, gave notice that he should move for a committee of inquiry on the conduct of the war, Russell felt that his own duty was to the country first, and not to the Aberdeen Ministry. The inquiry could not fail to censure the mismanagement: in other words, it would do in public exactly what he had been doing in private. If he stayed in the Ministry, therefore, he would have to defend the Government against the very charges he was himself bringing against it. This he could not do, and so he resigned. Technically, of course, he was responsible for whatever the Ministry did; accordingly, he was partly responsible for the mismanagement. By resigning, he gave plausibility to the slur that he was quitting the ship before it went down, and leaving his colleagues to bear the brunt of criticism which he ought to have shared. In fact, however, he gained nothing by his resignation; so that the charge that he sought personal advantage falls down. What his action meant was that he believed that the lives and success of the British army in the Crimea were of far greater importance than the permanence of the Aberdeen Ministry. This is clearly brought out in Lady John's Memoir, as well as the fact that he had twice attempted to resign, and that the Premier and his colleagues knew his strong disapproval of the conduct of the war. His chief blunder seems to be that he resigned without previously warning the Cabinet.

Another episode on which this book throws some additional light is the Russell-Palmerston quarrel with the Queen, and to Victoria's credit it must be added that, though officially she and the Prince Consort resented the cavalier fashion in which Foreign Office dispatches went out without her cognizance, she never disturbed the Russells in their occupancy of Pembroke Lodge, which she had offered to Lord John in 1847. There are several interesting references to Lord John's most effective support of the Italians in 1859-61, and we find for the first time in English a brief account

of Lady John's interposition, which prevented the blockade of the Straits of Messina in August, 1860, and so enabled Garibaldi to cross from Sicily to the mainland and complete his destruction of the Bourbon régime. The significance of this stroke, due directly to Cavour's suggestion, has not yet been sufficiently understood, even in Italy.

We mention these specimens of the importance of the book, but there are many others, almost equally worthy of note. Lady Russell survived her husband for nearly twenty years, until 1898, keeping alive her interest in public affairs and cultivating her friendships to the end. Her letters and diaries reflect her frank nature. Occasionally, they have a touch of humor, as when she says, speaking of Gladstone's speech on the Reform Bill of 1866: "The passages were striking, but *nobody seemed to be struck*." Justin McCarthy's Recollections and Frederic Harrison's Memorial Address serve as epilogue to this memoir of a noble woman. Among its unexpected treasures is the report from Lord John's journal of the interview he had, on Christmas, 1814, with Napoleon at Elba. So far as we are aware, it has not hitherto been printed in full.

Music of the Wild. With Reproductions of the Performers, Their Instruments and Festival Halls. By Gene Stratton-Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50 net.

Whoever is fond of the typical present-day nature book—in which the illustrations are the main thing—will welcome this volume to his library. It is composed of about 125 photographs held together by a decidedly rambling commentary. A half-dozen passages—such as the description of the Limberlost and of the wild life along its banks—are really effective. The rest of the volume is hit-or-miss gossip about birds and trees and flowers, and about the wickedness of man and the excellence of the Creator. The pages are liberally sprinkled with Great Secrets, Compelling Visions, and impressive capital H's, and it is clearly hinted that not when two or three are gathered together does the spirit come closest to man, for "here [in the forest] you can meet the Creator face to face, if anywhere on earth."

No attempt is made to rival the studies of the music of nature by Mr. Mathews, Mr. Cheney, and others; in fact, one may search the book in vain for a careful reproduction, on any principle, of a bird or insect song. There is, further, no evidence of close observation in the manner of Mr. Burroughs; no sustained fancy of the sort that Mr. Packard commands so pleasantly; and none of the ripe and humorous moralizing that enlivens the pages of Mr. Sharp. Instead, one finds chiefly bald description, dull enthusiasm, and ill-concealed sermons.

But the illustrations well-nigh redeem the book. They are delightfully numerous and various, and are often excellent. Birds, insects, toads, trees, old roads, stream sides, swamps occur on every other leaf. The book has, by consequence, something of the abundance and variety of nature itself, so that only a mercenary soul can lay it down unrefreshed. The scraps of verse printed under the photographs no doubt add to this sense of abundance. Some of these scraps are well chosen: one can easily fancy old Walt Whitman striding down the open road facing page 274, and surely the imperious hawk facing page 64 is improved by the name of Jean-Jacques in the lines below. Other scraps, often by the writer of the text, are primitive in idea and craft; these lines on "Trees" are a fair example:

They cut them for cabins, stables, and fences,
For mauls, rakes, scoops, and ladles,
They cut them for pumps, beehives, and troughs,
They even cut them for cradles.

Notes

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the removal of its New York offices and book room from its present quarters at No. 85 Fifth Avenue to No. 16 East Fortieth Street.

L. C. Page & Co. will bring out immediately "Miss Billy," a novel by Eleanor H. Porter.

Hauptmann's first novel has been translated and will be published in the autumn by B. W. Huebsch, with the title "The Fool in Christ."

The Putnams have in hand: "William the Silent," by Ruth Putnam; "The Republican Tradition in Europe," by Herbert A. L. Fisher; "A Chinese Appeal to Christendom Concerning Christian Missions," by Lin Shao-Yang, and "The Caroline Age," being Volume VII in the Cambridge History of English Literature. Some of the more general topics considered in this last volume are: Jacobean and Caroline Criticism, Hobbes and Contemporary Philosophy, Scholars and Scholarship from 1600 to 1660, English Grammar Schools, The Beginnings of English Journalism, and The Advent of Modern Thought in Popular Literature.

As agents for the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams will publish "A Short History of the Roman Republic," by W. E. Heitland.

Dent has in preparation for the series Tous les Chefs-d'œuvre de la littérature française, Amyot's "Deux Vies parallèles," Voltaire's "Philosophie," and Rabelais's "Œuvres," Vol. I.

The Appletons announce: "Prejudices," a Volume of essays by Charles Macomb Flandrau; "The House of Seven Gabblers," a new novel by Nina Larrey Duryea; "Along Andes and Down the Amazon," by Dr. H. J. Mozans; "The Rose with a Thorn," by Priscilla Craven, and "The Woman-Haters,'" by Joseph C. Lincoln.

Forthcoming books in Macmillan's list include: "A Big Horse to Ride," by E. B. Dewing, and "The Colonel's Story," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.

Four works of fiction are announced for September by T. Y. Crowell & Co.: "A Watcher of the Skies," by Gustave F. Mertins; "Mona Lisa: the Quest of a Woman's Soul," a translation of a journal alleged to have been kept by Leonardo da Vinci and to relate his passion for his beautiful subject; "Ranier of the Last Frontier," a narrative of the adventures of a newspaper man in the Philippines, and "On the Iron at Big Cloud," a story of the Rockies, by Frank L. Packard.

Harvard University is publishing this week "Applied Ethics," by Theodore Roosevelt, being one of the William Belden Noble lectures delivered last December.

The early completion of the second and third-year books in the Davis-Julien series is promised by Heath.

The Columbia University Press will have ready shortly: "The Business of Congress," by Samuel W. McCall; "World Organization as Affected by the Nature of the Modern State," by David Jayne Hill, and "Social Evolution and Political Theory," by Leonard T. Hobhouse.

Messrs. Sotheby will sell on June 12 and 13 a collection of autograph letters in 246 lots. They include Fielding's autograph receipt for £600 paid to him by Andrew Millar, June 11, 1748; Burns's autograph manuscript of "The Jolly Beggars," and the autograph manuscript of Lamb's essay, "Grace Before Meat.

To their Thin-Paper edition of Thomas Hardy, Harpers have now added "The Trumpet-Major," the story which connects Wessex with the stirring realities of the Napoleonic wars. It is one of Hardy's great tragic tales.

We commented recently upon the reproduction of the line-for-line reprint by the University of Oxford, in 1833, of the *editio princeps* of the King James Bible, and also upon Alfred W. Pollard's "Records of the English Bible." We have now received from the Oxford University Press a photographic facsimile, slightly reduced, of the actual 1611 Bible, with preface, containing the Bibliographical Introduction by Mr. Pollard that appears in the other two volumes, and the sixty-three documents that comprise his "Records." The facsimile measures 11¾ by 8¼ inches, and differs from the line-for-line reprint not only in being in black letter, but also in including the "Genealogies of Holy Scripture" and the "Map of Canaan." Of this feature Mr. Pollard writes, in his Bibliographical Introduction:

> In October, 1610, John Speed had obtained a privilege from the King enabling him for ten years to saddle every edition of the Scriptures with his decoratively printed but useless Genealogies, and so the cost of the book was needlessly increased by from sixpence to two shillings a copy, according to the size. In some copies, it may be mentioned, the Genealogies begin with a blank page; in others this is occupied by a fine cut of the royal arms, subscribed Cum Priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis.

In the facsimile the latter arrangement has been followed. The text is printed in

double columns, enclosed within rules, with ornamental headpieces and a few tailpieces, and with capitals at the beginning of each chapter and psalm. The inserted words, which are now printed in italics, are in small Roman, which is used also for the summaries at the head of each chapter, for the subject headlines at the top of each page, and for the references to parallel passages in the margin. The volume contains 1,550 pages, less than 200 of which are numbered, page numbers having been used in the original edition only for the thirty-four pages of the "Genealogies." The pages give evidence of the photographic process. This, as constituting an assurance of accuracy, is the slightest of blemishes.

Martial's epigrams have been rendered into English by Paul Nixon, and issued by Houghton Mifflin Co. In this form they will not completely satisfy those who are acquainted with the original, it is true; their Latin compactness and pointedness have suffered, as they do even when translated into so flexible a medium as the French. Readers, nevertheless, whether scholars or not, will find pleasure in sampling Mr. Nixon's work. He is racy, strictly contemporary in his slang, and usually manages, like Martial, to reserve the point until the last word. We give an example or so:

> Philænis weeps with just one eye.
> Queer, is it not?
> You wish you knew the reason why?
> That's all she's got.

> You damn every poem I write,
> Yet you won't publish those of your own.
> Now kindly let yours see the light,
> Or else leave my damned ones alone.

John Fyvie is one of the more conscientious of those who are dishing up the realism and romance of the eighteenth century, and his "Noble Dames and Notable Men of the Georgian Era" (Lane) is the best of the three books he has now published on the period. One of the studies in the present volume—that on "A Metaphysical Humorist, Abraham Tucker"—introduces a book and character unknown to any but the minute student of deistic philosophy. One reader, at least, has been so interested by this record of Tucker's work as to be on the lookout for the seven volumes of "The Light of Nature," if he may find them. Other chapters of Mr. Fyvie are on better-known people. That on Lady Mary Coke contains a number of Walpole's letters, which, as Mr. Fyvie somewhat pretentiously observes, are not in Cunningham's edition of Walpole; seeming not to have heard of Mrs. Toynbee's later edition, which contains these letters to Lady Mary in their proper place. So, too, in his chapter of Lady Holland, Mr. Fyvie makes no mention of Mr. Sanders's "Holland House Circle" (1909). But these oversights are of small importance; Mr. Fyvie has sketched these two great ladies with a clever pen, and that is sufficient. Other chapters contain lives of Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, the journalistic and pugilistic parson, who turns out on better acquaintance to be by no means so bad as we had supposed him to be; of the much abused Countess of Strathmore and her brutal husband; and of Bampfylde-Moore Carew, the extraordinary gentleman-beggar.

Prof. T. K. Cheyne's latest volume, "The Two Religions of Israel" (Macmillan), is a sketch of the prophetic development down to and including Jeremiah, under the headship of two rival deities. The older deity (a creation of Dr. Cheyne's), Yerahme'el, who appears also as Ishmael, Melek, Yarbaal (whence Baal), represents the North Arabian lower type of religion, superficial, non-moral; alongside of him is the younger god, Yahweh, probably differentiated from Yarhamu (Yerahme'el), representing a progressive ethical purification of popular religious forms. From the conflict between these two ideals, says Cheyne, comes the Israelite religion as we find it set forth by the prophets. As in his former books he here regards North Arabia as the focus of prophesy and divination; the terms Misraim and Ashur signify not Egypt and Assyria, as is the common opinion, but two regions in North Arabia—it is with these countries and not with the great empires on the Nile and the Euphrates that most of the early Israelite history has to do. In an introductory chapter he gives a sketch of preëxilic prophetic thought and touches on the origin of Hebrew prophecy and messianic conceptions. While he agrees with Eduard Meyer that the scheme of Egyptian prophecy is of primitive mythic origin, he properly holds that a literary influence of Egypt on southern Palestine is improbable. He reaffirms his belief (herein influenced by Gressmann and Zimmern) that the messianic faith rested on a body of myths relating to the beginning and end of cosmic history; but this very doubtful theory he does not discuss, merely remarking that the old eschatology seems not to have been accepted by the great prophets (Amos and his successors).

Cheyne cannot be said to add anything in this volume to our knowledge of the religion of the prophets. His recognition of a conflict between higher and lower ideals is not new, and the history of the conflict is obscured by his insistence on North Arabia as the source of inspiration. The body of the work is a minute criticism of the Hebrew text of the preexilic prophetical material—the sub-title is "a re-examination of the prophetic narratives and utterances," and he indulges without restraint his passion for transformation of words. Mere verbal metamorphosis may be passed over as an innocent recreation, but when it is used as a means of creating an ancient opinion it becomes harmful. Arbitrary etymology is not less dangerous. The enigmatical name of Jerusalem in Isa. xxix:1 he pronounces Aral, identifies it with the Babylonian Aralu, the world of the dead, and conjectures that it is a corrupt form of the divine name Yerahme'el; the conclusion is that the latter was the North Arabian and popular Semitic Pluto, and that probably it was by means of images of him and his consort that necromancers undertook to consult the spirit of a deceased person. Here a whole mythological chapter is constructed out of a fictitious deity and an impossible etymology! All scholars regret that Dr. Cheyne, with his learning and sincerity, so largely vitiates his work by his adherence to his North Arabian theory.

In these times of much talk about reciprocity with Canada it is refreshing to find a reputable book dealing with the tariff and industrial conditions in the Dominion, written by a man who has had exceptional opportunities to observe the actual conditions of which he speaks. Such a book is welcome because of its authentic statement of facts in spite of the partisanship of the author, who is a free trader of the extreme individualist school. "The Revolt in Canada Against the New Feudalism" (Cassell & Co.), by Edward Porritt, gives a detailed account of the tariff history of Canada from the revision of 1907 to the movement, by the Canadian Western farmers, in favor of freer trade relations during the latter half of 1910. Mr. Porritt, the author of various works on industrial and political conditions in Canada and Great Britain, and at one time the London editor of the Manchester *Examiner*, has been for thirty years a student of the working of representative institutions, and during that time he has pursued his observations at first hand in England, Canada, and the United States. He was the only correspondent who travelled continuously with the Canadian Tariff Commission of 1905-06, and his latest book, frankly controversial, bears down with relentless logic on the protectionists of the Dominion. A large part of his criticism is aimed at Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his party, because of the complete reversal of their tariff policy immediately after they were returned to power in 1896. Before that date the Liberals, headed by Sir Wilfrid, were pronounced free traders, and they condemned the protectionist policies of the then Conservative Government. After having formed the opposition party continuously for eighteen years, they were elected in 1896 on a platform in which an important plank was a downward revision of the tariff. In his righteous indignation Mr. Porritt charges the Liberal Government with having made Canada the most distinctly protectionist country in the Anglo-Saxon world. In spite of the actually higher rates in the American tariff the author makes good his charge by showing that the Canadian Government has committed itself to the granting of bounties and to various other devices which are not practised in the United States. Mr. Porritt refers to protectionism in Canada as the "New Feudalism," and he asserts that it "is organized and equipped to exploit." In his opinion "all protection is in its nature oligarchical" and benefits a small group of people only. "There can be no effective democracy," says Mr. Porritt, "with the New Feudalism in control."

"Reminiscences of the Geneva Tribunal" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is a readable book of some four hundred pages by Frank Warren Hackett, who was present at Geneva as secretary to Caleb Cushing. "For some time I have been minded to tell the story of Geneva in the form of personal recollections," says the author. But he found that to make such recollections intelligible to the present generation it would be necessary to interlard them with a good deal of historical narrative. Hence, "in the following pages an attempt has been made to combine the easy and familiar terms of personal reminiscence with that more sober delineation of events, and that graver tone of reflection, which are demanded of a work professedly historical." This describes the work exactly enough: journalistic and sketchy in tone, the narrative is without coherence and without much sequence, but runs pleasantly along, and manages somehow to get to the end, although the reader

is taken twice to Minneapolis and once through the Chicago fire en route. The "professedly" historical part is permeated with anti-British prejudice. Lawyer-like, the author brings together all the evidence he can find tending to show English sympathy with the South, and is easily able to convince himself since the other side is not presented. He is intent to prove that the American case presented to the Tribunal is a surpassingly fine document, and justifies the inclusion of the "indirect" or national claims which came near wrecking the arbitration. To confute Mr. Rhodes, who says that the case is not a document to be proud of, he quotes Caleb Cushing, who thought it a good document, indeed. Mr. Hackett is frankly an advocate, and his discussion of the merits of the questions involved in the Alabama claims is of little value. But his book contains some good things for all that: the good things are in fact just those personal recollections—the description of the men who were present, of the opening of the Tribunal, of its procedure—which he had originally in mind to relate. Perhaps it would have been better after all to follow the original plan.

The Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome has been steadily increasing its collection of books. With the large purchases made in London this spring by the executive committee it may now be said to possess one of the best libraries existing for the study of the four poets, Keats, Shelley, Byron, and Leigh Hunt. Important original documents and relics have also recently come into the possession of the Memorial. A bequest from the Keats collection of the late Charles Dilke includes a cameo portrait of Keats which once belonged to Charles Armitage Brown, and a miniature portrait of Keats by Joseph Severn, the same as that reproduced in the Monkton Milnes edition of Keats. From the heirs of Joseph Severn have been received several valuable unpublished documents, including letters of Severn and Trelawny, together with an important pen-and-ink portrait of Keats on his deathbed, done in Rome, and a fragment of Keats's manuscript of "Lamia." Other friends of the Memorial have given valuable Shelley letters. A second number of the Bulletin of the Memorial, published by Macmillan & Co., containing articles by H. Buxton Forman and others, with unpublished documents, is announced for the coming year.

The April number of the *American Journal of International Law* opens with a comprehensive paper on questions arising out of the succession of states—the change of sovereignty in cases of total absorption, whether through voluntary agreement, forcible annexation or subjugation; the division of a state into several international persons, or the union of several states in a single international person. The complex character of the question becomes apparent to one who reflects that through concession or conquest a state may acquire a portion of the territory of another state, or that one may be formed in consequence of successful revolt or a declaration of independence; or a state which is completely sovereign may lose a portion of its external sovereignty or independence from being incorporated into a federal union or through placing itself under the protectorate of a stronger power. In case of total absorption, it is generally agreed that the annexing or absorbing state succeeds in the main to the rights and also to the obligations of the extinguished state; and that, as Mr. Adams when Secretary of State wrote to Mr. Everett in 1848, "the conqueror who reduces a nation to his subjection receives it subject to all its engagements and duties towards others, the fulfilment of which then becomes its own duty." But cases other than those of total absorption are so numerous and so varied that an apportionment of rights and duties becomes complex, and often extremely difficult. A concrete instance is found in the case of Cuba, when Spain relinquished sovereignty over it. The American negotiators of the Treaty of 1899 declared that the Cuban debt was in no instance created for the benefit of the Island, but rather for the support of the Spanish army there, employed for the purpose of subjugation. On the cession of Alsace and Lorraine by France to Germany in 1871, there was no assumption of any part of the general debt, nor did the United States assume any portion of the British debt in 1783 when the treaty of peace acknowledging independence was signed. The Spanish American colonies when they revolted assumed generally the local debts. To what extent the rights of a seceding section—as the United States from Great Britain—remain after separation, was discussed in the recent Fisheries arbitration. The case of mixed private and public rights was considered by the Transvaal Commission of 1901, and the difficulty of a solution made apparent. The paper abounds in authorities and citations of historical instances and precedents.

The next paper, that of Richard Olney, on "The Fortification of the Panama Canal," though very short, should command much attention. In the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, 1850, since abrogated, the contracting parties agreed that neither government would erect or maintain any fortification at the canal or in the vicinity thereof; while the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1900 stipulated that the United States should be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as might be necessary "to protect it against lawlessness and disorder." Mr. Olney thinks that that stipulation gives the United States no right to determine fortifications to be a part of the military policing of the canal; that the claim that the United States by this treaty obtained the right to fortify and the right to maintain military police on the canal, is untenable; that in this treaty no mention was made of fortifying as a means of defence; that lawlessness and disorder are not the same as war, and that in case of war the treaty would authorize the United States to close the canal. The editorial comment contains reference to two noteworthy matters; the Joint Resolution, the passage of which, and signature by the President are expected, requesting the President and Secretary of State to enter into negotiations with other American Republics looking to the making of a treaty that shall forever quiet the territorial titles of all the various American States; and the International Opium Conference, the International Commission having already arrived at unanimous conclusions as to the best means of solving national and international opium problems. The subject of a new general arbitration treaty with Great Britain, of broader scope than any treaty heretofore entered into, is also fully commented on; so, also, is the United States Supreme Court decision in Virginia vs. West Virginia, on a controversy of many years' standing concerning the apportionment of bonded obligations. The opinion of the Court in this case, delivered by Justice Holmes, is also given.

The Biblioteca Nazionale at Florence, which has had quarters under the Gallery of the Uffizi, is to be removed to the more adequate space which extends from the Corso dei Tintori to the south side of the church of Santa Croce. The foundation stone of the new building was recently laid by the King of Italy.

From the Bureau of the Census at Washington, we learn that the plans for publishing the results of the thirteenth census offer some unique features. It is proposed to make the most general circulation of the results through the bulletins, but to group them so that they may be available for permanent use and preservation. The bulletins will be of two main types, general bulletins for the United States, and corresponding bulletins for each of the States. In the former, the results published for the United States as a whole will be subdivided by States; in the latter, State totals will be subdivided by counties, and, where appropriate, by cities. The four main divisions of the census enumeration, population, agriculture, manufactures, and mines, will thus be represented by a series of bulletins presenting by States the principal results of the census as rapidly as they can be tabulated. For each State a corresponding bulletin will be issued in which the facts will be presented by counties. As results are to be published as soon as available, the State bulletins will naturally come first in order of time. The greater number of inquirers as to census figures have heretofore found virtually all the information they desired in the abstract of the census. The proposed plan will give them this information in the State compendium, together with special information regarding the State and county, or city, in which they live. The State compendium might therefore be described as a State edition of the Census abstract.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the news of whose death reached us too late for extensive notice in the *Nation* of last week, was born in Cambridge, Mass, on December 22, 1823. He was the son of Stephen Higginson, who from 1818 to 1827 was the steward of Harvard College. Higginson graduated from Harvard in 1841, when not yet eighteen, and entered upon a course of several years at the Divinity School. There he was associated with Samuel Longfellow, Samuel Johnson, O. B. Frothingham, and William Henry Hurlburt. His first settlement was at Newburyport, where he went in 1847. A radical in the manner of Emerson and Parker, he caused dissatisfaction by his anti-slavery hopes and plans, and resigned in 1850; he organized, shortly afterward, "The Free Church of Worcester," to which he ministered with marked success until 1858. He was called the citizen preacher, interesting himself actively

in educational matters; was a founder of the Young Men's Christian Association; an advocate of physical culture, taking special interest in sports and pastimes suitable for girls, and necessary to their health. After the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, he was as determined as Theodore Parker that the unjust judgment must not be obeyed. He was deep in various plans to rescue Thomas Sims in 1851; and in trying to rescue Anthony Burns he was badly clubbed and wounded, was indicted, but was never brought to trial. When the Kansas troubles broke out, Higginson was made a brigadier-general of the Free State forces, under the redoubtable Jim Lane; and in 1858 entered enthusiastically into John Brown's Virginia scheme of invasion, and the wonder is that he was not found among the followers of Brown at Harper's Ferry. In the winter of 1860-61 he was at the head of a volunteer company of fifty men, enlisted for the defence of meetings in the Music Hall, where Wendell Phillips was crying, "All hail, disunion!" In September, 1862, he accepted a captaincy of the Fifty-first Massachusetts volunteers. The same year, November 10, he was made colonel of the First South Carolina Volunteers, the first slave regiment mustered into the service of the United States. Owing to disabilities arising from a wound, he resigned his commission in October, 1864. He settled at Newport, R. I., residing there until 1878. It was in this period that he made his first voyage to Europe, and met many of the foremost men of England and the Continent. Later, he assumed an editorial function on the *Woman's Journal*, advocating always equal rights for women. As early as 1850 he had signed the first call for a national convention of the friends of woman's suffrage. For a while he contributed a weekly article to *Harper's Bazar*. He also wrote frequently, on a variety of subjects, for the *Atlantic Monthly* and for the *Nation*. He was the author of the following books: "Outdoor Papers," 1863; "Malbone," a romance, 1869; "Army Life in a Black Regiment," 1869; "Atlantic Essays," 1871; "Oldport Days," 1873; "Young Folks' History of the United States," 1875; "Young Folks' Book of American Explorers," 1877; "Short Studies of American Authors," 1879; "Common Sense About Women," 1881; "Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," 1884; "Larger History of the United States," 1885; "The Monarch of Dreams," 1886; "Hints on Writing and Speechmaking," 1887; "Women and Men," 1887; "Travellers and Outlaws," 1888; "The Afternoon Landscape" (poems), 1889; "Life of Francis Higginson," 1891; "The New World and the New Book," 1891; "Concerning All of Us," 1892; "Such as They Are" (poems), 1893; "English History for Americans," 1893; "Massachusetts in the Army and Navy" (1861-65); "Cheerful Yesterdays," 1898; "Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic," 1898; "Old Cambridge," 1899; "Contemporaries," 1899; "Collected Works," reprinted in seven volumes, 1900; "Henry W. Longfellow," in the American Men of Letters series, 1903; "John G. Whittier," in the English Men of Letters series, 1903; "A Reader's History of American Literature," 1903; "Part of a Man's Life," 1905; "Life of Steven Higginson, member of the Continental Congress," 1907; "Carlyle's Laugh and Other Surprises," 1909.

Dr. William Robert Anthony Wilson died last Sunday at his home, in Pittsfield, Mass. He was born in Washington, Ill., in 1870. He graduated from Williams College in 1892, and studied at the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. He practised medicine for a short time in Peoria, Ill., but relinquished his profession, owing to ill health, and travelled for several years. Dr. Wilson went to Pittsfield in 1906, and devoted himself to literary work. He was the author of the novels "The Rose of Normandy" and "A Knot of Blue." His boys' books, "Comrades Three" and "Journeys of the Kit-Kat Club," are widely known.

Dr. Andreas Schmid, whose death in his seventy-second year has been reported from Munich, was professor of pastoral theology and author of "Geschichte des Georgianums in München" and other works.

Science

The Putnams, acting as agents for the Cambridge University Press, will publish: "Large and Small Holdings—A Study of English Agricultural Economics," by Hermann Levy, translated, with additions, by Ruth Kenyon; "An Introduction to Experimental Psychology," by Dr. Charles G. Meyers; "Exercises from Algebra for Secondary Schools," by Charles Davison; "Lessons on Soil," by E. J. Russell, and "A Course of Practical Work in Agricultural Chemistry for Senior Students," by T. B. Wood.

The Columbia University Press will issue shortly "Education and Preventive Medicine," by Dr. Norman E. Ditman.

"Practical Methods in Arithmetic," by John H. Walsh, and "High School Physiography," by Albert L. Arey, will be brought out this season by Heath.

Cassell & Co. annouuce, after many postponements, the publication of the new and thoroughly rev sed edition of the textbook, "Practical Electricity," by W. E. Ayrton and Thomas Mather.

The seventeenth volume of the "Yearbook" (1910) will soon be issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. In appearance and make-up it differs but little from its predccessors; it contains 28 articles, 49 full-page illustrations, of which 8 are colored, and 31 text figures.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce: "Monographs on Topics of Modern Mathematics," edited by J. W. A. Young; "The Mechanics of the Aeroplane," a text-book by Capt. Ducheue, translated by John H. Ledeboer; "Practical Photo-Micrography," by J. Edwin Barnard; "The Chemistry of Synthetic Drugs and the Application of Chemistry to Pharmacology," by Percy May; "The Corrosion of Iron and Steel," by J. Newton Friend, and "The Star Pocket Book," by Robert Weatherhead.

In the "Care and Trainiu« of Children" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) Dr. Le Grand Kerr, having already discussed "The Baby" in an earlier book, seeks to aid parents in the supervision of their older offspring. He takes the point of view that what seem to be moral defects in older children are often merely the results of physical conditions, inborn or acquired, which are capable of marked amelioration if not complete removal when early recognized and appreciated. There is much good advice about the room of the child and about its clothes, with a marked preference for wool and an entertaining aversion to special weaves and "natural" fabrics, whose virtues are the theme of many advertisers and the source of much pride or perplexity to mothers. Strange as it may seem to the childless, Dr. Kerr finds it desirable to insist that the clothes should fit the child rather than the reverse. That is indeed the text of the book, that it is the right of the child to have the right thing done for it, and by no means the least valuable lesson in the book is found in the stress laid on the individuality of the child, of every child. There are chapters on a large variety of topics, those on school life being particularly interesting. The advice is everywhere excellent, even if in a few instances we may disagree as to the underlying reasons. Fortunate, indeed, will be the young children whose parents read this booklet and reading, take its teachings to heart.

"Insects and Disease" (Holt), by Rennie W. Doane of Stanford University, is a recent volume of the American Nature series. It contains a simple and popular account of the part played by insects in transmitting disease, particular attention being paid to flies, mosquitoes, and fleas. The relation of these animals to the spread of typhoid fever, yellow fever, malaria, and the plague is fully described and the means for controlling the evils are adequately discussed. The book has many illustrations of the insects and their development. With few exceptions the pictures are very clear and instructive; several of them are unusually beautiful. Other diseases known to be carried by insects, or reasonably suspected to be such, are treated very briefly; in the case of the sleeping sickness, at least, the state of our knowledge would justify a longer story. Certain common insects productive of great discomfort and sometimes quite serious disturbances although we do not as yet know that they actually transmit diseases, hardly receive the attention they deserve. We refer more particularly to the bed bug and various varieties of the louse which, despite their bad standing in polite conversation, may at any moment, such are the accidents of humau intercourse, upset the dignity and destroy the peace of the cleanest household. The information (p. 160) that naphthaline is a trustworthy exterminator of fleas is sure of a hearty welcome from many readers. Not the least interesting part of the book is a bibliography of some three hundred and fifty titles, covering nearly fifty pages, but making no preteuce to completeness, since only articles in English are noted and these have been selected as being important.

The "Science of Human Life" (Badger), by Dr. W. R. Dunham, has something like five subsidiary titles to indicate that it contains the long-delayed solutiou of a great mundane problem, and a full explanation of the action of vital force. Whoever undertakes to read this little book will soon learn that it does not deal with vital force quite in the sense of the old students of that question or of the advocatos of a more modern neovitalism. What it does

contain is said to be presented in this brief form because for fifteen years "the cultivated intellect of the nation" has declined to show any interest in the efforts of the author to bring these matters to its attention. It is a mere synopsis instead of the larger book originally planned, but "for the first time in the history of the world there is presented in this small volume an interpretation of the operative plan of vital force as exercised in the functions of the living organism." This involves an appeal to the nature of things rather than to the beliefs of the schools, and marks an epoch in human progress, if we may judge by the allusions to Copernicus, which occur no less than a dozen times. The ultimate life powers are four in number, and the definition of them is somewhat special: instinct, the constructor of organisms; sensation, a purely nervous function whose pathological manifestation is "irritability"; contractility, a function of muscles; sensibility, the mental division which is both a mind and a life function. The human organism carries on its voluntary and automatic activities by coöperation of these life powers; in disease there may be modified combinations, as when "irritable sensations" coöperating with instinct may produce a morbid growth, as cancer. The causes of disease have no other relation than the production of irritable sensation, and microbes are effective merely because constructed of filth material. Medicine acts not by virtue of any active principle, a mere myth, but by causing special sensations; the involuntary vital power, a reality, acts. The human life power becomes thus a complex matter, dependent on cooperation and capable of development, the limits of development in some directions being indeterminate. This is particularly true of the mind function known as the sub-conscious mind, of whose possible cooperation with the conscious mind and its control Dr. Dunham has strange things to tell in the last chapter.

In the *Geographical Journal* for May Dr. H. A. Lorentz describes an expedition of which he was the leader, into the interior of Dutch New Guinea, the object being to explore its mysterious snow mountain range. After overcoming well-nigh insurmountable difficulties from swamps and primeval forest, he succeeded in ascending the principal peak, 15,420 feet high, or nearly the altitude of Mont Blanc. Much light is thrown upon the historical geography of the Red Sea coast by J. W. Crowfoot, in an account of the examination of the remains of some of the ports in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, which in ancient Roman days were important trade routes between Egypt and southern Arabia.

Drama

PARIS PLAYS AND POLITICS.

PARIS, May 5.

There is sure to be much political talk, much social philosophising, over the three-act play—"L'Apôtre" (the Apostle)—in which Paul Hyacinthe-Loyson (the son of Père Hyacinthe) answers the "Tribun" of Paul Bourget. If not an answer, it is at least a wonderfully coincident counterpart in plot and in ideas of public and private life around us. A single representation, on invitation, has been given at the state theatre of the Odéon with Sylvain in the title rôle to counterbalance Guitry as the Tribune. We shall probably see the play again, when it may or may not have the success of the other.

For, whatever professional critics may say, Paul Bourget's piece is a continued success. It has been so pecuniarily, since it has passed its fiftieth night with net receipts of more than 300,000 francs—a large sum for the theatre—and it is kept on to the close of the season and may be taken on again after vacation. Socially, it continues drawing a public of education and position and even of labor leaders who like to think. Three hundred persons were turned away Sunday for what it had been decided should be the last matinée of the season, and the decision has been overruled by their demands. Guitry consents to appear again afternoon and evening, for he openly enjoys his acting of the hero of the piece more than he did Rostand's "Chantecler." It is a literary success and writers on public life already cite the Tribune or Parliamentary leader as they have been doing Daudet's less serious Numa Roumestan. Politically, it has had the honors of mention in Parliament; and Revolutionary syndicalists have taken cognisance of it, perhaps from kindly memories of Paul Bourget's previous "Barricade."

Paul Hyacinthe-Loyson seems to be trying to convert Young France backward to a Republicanism of 1848, with, however, some of the present Republican emphasis on the right of "free thought" to control. He is tremendously, almost controversially, in earnest. He writes strong prose and gives an effective plot. Is he likely to have the success of the other? Paul Bourget's demand for liberty for the traditional Old France chimes in with the growing opposition of thinking youth to the New. Opposition is pleasant to youth and the intellectual pendulum was bound to swing back. In any case, it is to the credit of the French people that they are capable of taking their drama so seriously.

The new play is itself not too much in harmony with Parliamentary rule of the French people, as it has been working of late. It is in sympathy with the moral recoil against politics based on private or party interests, and, most of all, against politicians without principle. Now, political corruption in France reaches into the most intimate recesses of family life. And here each play catches it up.

Paul Bourget goes on steadily working out the principle to which he was fully converted only after the writing of his "Disciple," which so struck Gladstone. The corruption, the moral anarchy of society and public life, among discontented workmen and idle rich and new middle-class generations and those who are most notorious as leaders, has become possible according to him because of the neglect of one principle, namely—"The real unit of society is the family, and not the individual." Hence the destruction of marriage by divorce, of family inheritance by state confiscation, of the family's right to its children by the state monopoly of education in which teachers are the instruments of a party. All these are burning questions in France, touching every family in its religion or its irreligion.

Paul Hyacinthe-Loyson, like Paul Bourget, takes a successful politician who has not himself yielded to the circumambient self-seeking, but whose son is compromised. In practice, the politicians of the traditionalist's play are morally no worse than those of the rationalist's, except that Bourget has emphasized the consequences of morality based on the exasperation of individual rights and the attenuation of duties that reach beyond the development of self. Hyacinthe-Loyson attempts to show that, in his hero at least, "lay" morality, unassisted by religious thought or social tradition, is sufficient, if not superior. So Bourget's Tribune succumbs to his family tragedy and saves his son, but breaks his own public life. The Apostle of the Republic, like another Brutus, denounces his son to justice against his wife's prayer and against all the entreaties of the leaders of his party, which will be involved in the disgrace.

Meanwhile the new Minister of Public Works, Charles Dumont, has taken occasion to assure Frenchmen that the Bible never taught them the use of the telephone. Like Lady Ambrose in the "New Republic," Paris theatre-goers who flock to each of these two plays must go away asking, "We must really have some morality, must we not?"

S. D.

The title of "Early Plays from the Italian" (Henry Frowde), edited by R. Warwick Bond, does not correspond exactly with the contents, as the editor himself acknowledges. Of the three plays contained in the volume, one, "Misogonus," has, properly speaking, no connection with the drama of Italy. Nevertheless, no one will regret the inclusion of this excellent Elizabethan comedy of the earliest period, when the dramatic muse was still in her nonage, for it has hitherto been accessible only in Brandl's "Quellen des weltlichen Dramas in England" (1898). It is the best English example of the education-drama which was so popular in Germany and Holland during the sixteenth century. Mr. Bond believes that the unique (and fragmentary) MS. of this play represents a *rifacimento*, dating from about 1576 or 1577, of the piece as first composed some ten years earlier. He rejects the interpretation of the name, "Laurentius Barjona," written under the list of *dramatis personæ*, as a disguise for Lau-

rence Johnson, and suggests that the person so named, whether author or merely transcriber of the play, was a converted Jew. The remaining plays in the volume are Gascoigne's "Supposes" (1566), which, as is well known, is a rendering of Ariosto's comedy, "I Suppositi," and "The Buggbears" (assigned by Mr. Bond to 1564 or 1565), a similar rendering of Grazzini's "La Spiritata," with more considerable modifications, however, partly from Latin and partly from Italian sources. There are several other editions of "The Supposes," but of "The Buggbears" the only previous edition was Grabau's in Herrig's *Archiv*, vols. 98 and 99. All three plays are provided with introductions, notes, a glossary, and an index. We observe in the notes (p. 291) that Mr. Bond curiously misses the meaning of *Chichefacc*. This is, of course, the *Chichevache* of Chaucer's "Clerk's Tale" (derived by him from the Old French)—that is to say, the fabulous monster who lived exclusively on patient wives and so kept very lean. An important feature of the present volume is the introductory essay, extending to more than a hundred pages, in which the editor gives a sketch of the Italian Comedy of the Renaissance in its relations especially to Latin comedy and the plays in this volume. It seems to us that Mr. Bond exaggerates present-day ignorance of Latin and Italian comedy, but his essay will prove useful, none the less. We learn from this book that the editor is engaged in preparing an independent treatise on the subject of this essay.

It is reported that Madame Nazimova, who is now under the management of Charles Frohman, will make her first appearance before the British public as soon as a suitable London theatre can be found for her.

Jerome K. Jerome's woman's suffrage play, "The Master of Mrs. Chilvers," recently produced at the Royalty Theatre in London, seems to be compounded, in almost equal measure, of the improbable, the conventional, and the maladroit. Briefly, he imagines a case where—the House of Lords having decided that women have the right of franchise—the wife of a member of Parliament is compelled, by virtue of a previous pledge, to become her husband's opponent at the polls. A radical difference of opinion on the question whether the state ought to be charged with maintenance of illegitimate children leads to a rupture of all domestic relations. In the end the wife, Mrs. Chilvers, is elected, and Mr. Chilvers, who has just won a seat in the Cabinet, is left out in the cold. At this juncture Mrs. Chilvers discovers that she will be unable to attend to her Parliamentary duties because she is about to become a mother. Thereupon she seeks and finds a means of reconciliation, and the usual happy ending is procured. In the early part of the play, in the campaign and election scenes, there is said to be much amusing matter, Mr. Jerome making free use of the stock arguments on either side; but in the more serious passages the improbability of the incidents and the baldness of the talk evidently tried the patience of the audience, in spite of the admirable acting of a cast which included such performers as Mary Rorke, Lena Ashwell, Esmé Beringer, Sydney Fairbrother, Dennis Eadie, and Leon Quartermaine.

"Playing with Fire," which has just been produced at the Comedy Theatre in London, is an English adaptation of one of Franz Molnar's pieces, and is founded upon an idea which is older than the title. A jealous actor, wrongly suspecting his wife, bids her farewell in order that he may return to woo her in the disguise of an imaginary Russian prince. He is repulsed at first—the lady declaring her love for the supposedly absent husband—but in the end obtains a kiss and a fresh appointment. Then he reappears in his own proper shape to encounter furious denials and bitter reproaches. By way of a finishing blow, he discloses the secret of his disguise, only to find himself utterly at the mercy of his fair antagonist, who contemptuously remarks that she had known him all the time, and was only desirous of seeing how big a fool he could make of himself. Manifestly, the tale is altogether theatrical and incredible. But, from the actor's point of view, it is full of effective situations, of which Robert Loraine and Alexandra Carlisle are said to make excellent use in London. Moreover, report says that the dialogue is very smartly written.

The performances of the Stratford Commemoration this year included sports, processions, the crowning of the May queen, and a ball.

It is a notable fact that when "Othello" was played at Stratford, in the order of the programme, by Oscar Asche and his company, all the actors, except three, had been trained by F. R. Benson. This shows the sort of work that one real stock company is doing in England.

Speaking of the recent performance of "The Piper" at Stratford-upon-Avon, the special correspondent of the London *Times* says:

> There were always great things in "The Piper"—the gathering of the children as the magic of the minstrel's piping steals into their hearts and limbs, the frolic and laughter with which they dance after him, many from those they love—the mother love of Veronica searching for the little lame Jan, like Ceres for Persephone, the pathos of her vain pleading with the Piper, and the Piper's agonized resistance and submission to the sorrowful silence of the Lonely Man—all these must always have dramatic as well as emotional value. But the Benson Company now show a much firmer and surer grasp of the meaning of the whole story than when they played it last year. It has been fitted to the requirements of the stage, the ragged edges have been trimmed, the action passes smoothly from scene to scene, and the picture of the eternal conflict between spiritual selfishness and the blindness of worldly wisdom, between the outcast artist and the comfortable money-loving Philistines of Hamelin, stands out as a beautiful and consistent parable of the meaning of life. That Mrs. Marks, writing neither for Stratford nor Mr. Benson, should have conceived a character so well suited to the genius of the place and the man was a happy accident.

A London theatrical writer says that Edward Knoblauch's "Kismet," the greatest success of the day, was offered to manager after manager before it procured acceptance at the hands of Oscar Asche. In more than one instance the costly nature of its mounting proved an obstacle to the production, but in others that was not the principal reason for its refusal. At the suggestion of a well-known manager, Mr. Knoblauch was engaged in rewriting his piece when the original draft was shown to Mr. Asche, who unhesitatingly declared in its favor. "Kismet" is the outcome of a prolonged study of "The Arabian Nights," and so abundant is the material collected by Mr. Knoblauch that he contemplates weaving a new play out of the surplus at his disposal.

Music

Wagner at Home. By Judith Gautier. John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

Théophile Gautier, his daughter Judith, and her husband, Catulle Mendès, were among the first Parisians who understood Wagner's music and his ideals and labored to make the French public appreciate this new art. Judith Gautier, in particular, was one of those who had "the fanaticism of priests and martyrs" among the faithful who at a time when, to use her own words, "only a little group of disciples stood by the master, upholding him against the jeers of the masses." From the year 1869, when she first made his acquaintance, to the end of his career, she was one of his most enthusiastic friends. Her "Richard Wagner et son œuvre poétique" appeared in 1882, the year of the first performance of "Parsifal," of which she made a translation into French. Her Souvenirs relate her experiences during ten days in July, 1869, which she and Mendès and Count Villiers de l'Isle Adam spent, largely with Wagner and his family, at Triebschen, near Lucerne. Mendès also wrote up his impressions for a periodical and afterwards reprinted them in his book on Wagner; but there is much in these pages of his quondam wife that had escaped him, and Mme. Gautier also adds to her Triebschen narrative some very interesting pages about her experiences in Munich at the time of the extraordinary "Rheingold" première. Her sympathetic narrative should have been translated long ago; but it was worth while waiting for the present excellent version by Effie Dunreith Massie. The publication, this month, of Wagner's own memoirs makes the issue of these Souvenirs opportune.

Judith Gautier's acquaintance with Wagner began with her sending him a series of articles she had written on his music; she hardly dared to hope for an answer, but it came—four whole pages, in which, after thanking her for her sympathy, he made some interesting remarks concerning the music of his "Meistersinger," particularly the introduction to Act III. This letter is, like the others he sent her, printed in full in this volume. Wagner expressed the hope of seeing her in Paris some day, to which she replied that, as she was going to the art exhibition in Munich, she might stop over at Lucerne and call on him, with his permission. A cordial in-

vitation followed. The composer awaited them as the train arrived, found rooms for them, and during their stay entertained them daily at his home or else took them with him on mountain excursions. One of the places he took them to was the village where, as he related, he had first taken refuge after his flight from Germany. To his astonishment, on the first night, several boatloads of men rowed up to the inn in which he slept and serenaded him with choral fragments from his operas. On now revisiting this place,

> Very soon a crowd assembled; boatmen, residents, attendants, all hurried toward him, and with wonderful enthusiasm acclaimed Richard Wagner, kissing his garments with a sort of adoration. The master thanked them laughing, but with wet eyes. He drew us quickly away from the crowd. "These good people," he said, "they have not forgotten me yet."

At another place he found "old acquaintances, old servants, with whom he joked familiarly, which annoyed Madame Cosima very much, as she could have wished him to be more reserved, more Olympian." He was too democratic for his wife, the daughter of Liszt—for was she not also the daughter of a countess? His simian habit of astonishing visitors by climbing trees also displeased Frau Cosima; but these were slight dissonances in the happy life they led on the lake of Lucerne at the time shortly after their son Siegfried had been born. Of this life, and of Wagner's creative activity, Mme. Gautier gives many pleasant glimpses. One day Wagner sat down at the piano, told his visitors the content of his "Siegfried" poem, and then played the music. At the moment when the hero cleaves the anvil with his sword and the dwarf, Mime, terror-struck, falls over backward, Wagner rose to exemplify this fright. Then he declared that, not being a pianist, this music of the future was too difficult for him.

Proceeding to Munich, Mme. Gautier had the good luck to hear the greatest of all pianists play—and of his own accord, too—a very rare thing at that time. Liszt "went to the piano, lifted the cover with a quick movement, and ran his masterful fingers over the keys in an impetuous, thrilling, and passionate improvisation." It was his way of expressing his feelings of joy over the reconciliation with his daughter—the end of the estrangement caused by her desertion of Hans von Bülow. Another eminent musician this Frenchwoman met in Munich was Hans Richter. Wagner had written to ask him to take care of his Parisian friends in that city; and to the King he had telegraphed asking him if possible to order some special performances of his early operas for them. But things were happening just then which for the moment clouded the friendship between Ludwig II and Wagner. "Rheingold" was to have its first performance anywhere; the King had allowed 60,000 florins for the staging of it, but the result made Mme. Gautier exclaim: "They would not dare to present anything so badly at the Punch and Judy show of the Champs-Elysées." A famous specialist, Brandt, was summoned at the last moment, but he declared the situation hopeless. Hans Richter refused to conduct under the circumstances, and was discharged; yet in spite of this and of Wagner's siding with Richter, the King was so eager to hear the music that he ordered the performance on the date announced. The details of this extraordinary episode are given in this volume with greater fulness than anywhere else except in the third volume of Glasenapp's official biography, and they throw a lurid light on the difficulties with which Wagner used to be confronted—the strange indifference to his artistic demands which finally caused him to build his own theatre at Bayreuth. That there had been what we now call "graft" in the expending of the King's 60,000 florins was plainly intimated by Wagner in his remarks to Mme. Gautier.

From Lemcke & Buechner we have just received the long-expected autobiography of Richard Wagner, entitled "Mein Leben," in two volumes.

There is to be no lack of music in New York this summer. An orchestra of seventy-five men, recruited from the Philharmonic and Metropolitan Orchestras, and under the direction of Giovanni E. Conterno is to give concerts at popular prices every night after the middle of June. The Twenty-second Regiment Armory, at Sixty-seventh Street and Broadway, has been leased from the authorities for these entertainments.

The first thirty performances of Massenet's latest opera, "Don Quichotte," at the Théâtre Lyrique de la Gaïté, brought in the record figure of 167,433 francs.

The Berlin Municipal Council has voted a subvention of $15,000 to the Philharmonic Orchestra, on condition that it accept no engagment outside the Prussian capital, and that it give in the course of the summer twenty popular concerts in various quarters of the city.

It is now expected that the cost of the new opera house to be erected in Berlin will be nearer $5,000,000 than the $3,000,000 of the original estimate.

From Berlin comes the good news that N. Simrock has undertaken to publish the posthumous works of Antonin Dvořák. Among them are overtures, symphonies, piano pieces, and songs. Doubtless some valuable melodic gems will be found among them.

Elgar's second symphony is to have its first performance anywhere on May 24 in London, under his own direction. It is officially stated that the contrast between this work and Elgar's first symphony is as striking as that which exists between Brahms's Symphony in C minor and his work in D major. No definite programme is associated with Elgar's new symphony, but the following lines from one of Shelley's songs serve as a motto for the score:

> Rarely, rarely comest thou,
> Spirit of Delight.

Raoul Laparra, the composer of "La Habanera," which was to have been produced in this city last year, has written the text and music of another Spanish opera, "La Jota," which, judging by the comments on it in the Paris journals, goes beyond even the young Italian "verists" in its coarse realism.

During the Mozart and Wagner festival performances in Munich this summer the Concert Union will give a series of performances of symphonies and tone poems by Strauss and others. A special feature will be made of the symphonic poems of Liszt, in view of the Liszt centenary.

The Liszt centenary will be celebrated in Boston next season by a special programme of the Symphony Orchestra on October 22. The number of concerts given last season by this famous organization was 116 and two Pension Fund concerts, this figure exceeding by four the largest number of concerts given heretofore in any one year.

Charpentier's "Louise," which was made popular in New York by Mary Garden, Charles Dalmores and Charles Gilibert, had its three-hundredth performance in Paris a few weeks ago.

The production of Massenet's opera, "Thaïs," and Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffman," for the first time in the language of the country, by the Aborn English Grand Opera Company, has proved so successful that Milton and Sargent Aborn have announced that their répertoire in the future will consist mainly of novelties. "Samson and Delilah," "Pelléas and Mélisande," "Tho Juggler of Notre Dame," and "Königskinder" will all be given in English by their forces next season, as will also several older works that have never been presented in the vernacular before, such as "The Barber of Seville," "La Gioconda," and "The Bartered Bride."

Art

John La Farge: A Memoir and a Study. By Royal Cortissoz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4 net.

Twice John La Farge's life has been written, and in both cases from passive helper he became active collaborator. Miss Waern's monograph of 1896 remains the best account of his external life and work; Mr. Cortissoz's memoir gives admirably the subtle and vivid thinker, the fastidious talker, the delightful man of the world, who was perhaps the greatest social figure in America of our time. Were Miss Waern's book brought up to date—an easy task—it, with the present memoir, would admirably fill the present need of information and admiration. John La Farge, as is shown by the readiness with which he slipped into the autobiographical rôle, had a very definite idea of the effect he wished to leave. And it should be said in praise and definition of Mr. Cortissoz's

adroit and sympathetic study, that no opinion and no phrase in it would disappoint La Farge himself. The biographer has been faithful to an implied trust, and has handled with rare tact an unusual and somewhat refractory combination of biography and autobiography.

The book is what the moment requires. Its reticences, its frank indulgence of the note of adoration were inevitable. And this *parti-pris* of hero-worship involved pitfalls of every sort. To write a book along the lines of a memorial pamphlet was to court the gods of literary disaster. Only by the subtlest modulations of the uniform theme, by humor, irony, and all the sophisticated arts was such a feat as Mr. Cortissoz's possible. Upon him has been conferred much of that shrewd, intellectual urbanity which was the master characteristic of La Farge himself. When we say that the book is for the moment, we do not wish to be misunderstood. Much of it should retain a permanent value. Mr. Cortissoz expresses a humorous disregard of posterity, yet it cannot wholly displease him to feel that his first chapter, an elaborate portrait, modestly called a study, is likely to become a classic. Its fineness and veracity will be acknowledged by all who knew Mr. La Farge. Very charming, too, are the pages on the early days in New York and in Paris which are based on Mr. La Farge's own autobiographical notes.

The book is neither a record nor a criticism but a character study, and this is as true of La Farge's part as of his biographer's. La Farge's painting is touched only in fine and typical instances. Much is made of that admirable decoration, the Ascension, for the New York church of that name, and the material loveliness of certain of the early works is rightly emphasized for the first time. La Farge's activity in stained glass and his Polynesian sketches are treated quite summarily. In short, details are consistently sacrificed to portraiture. The aim is to make us hear and see the man; a knowledge of his works is presupposed, and the delightful effect of the book depends precisely upon this limitation of the field. Such concentration upon the man, a little at the expense of the artist, is justified by the well-known fact that La Farge invariably made the impression of being much greater than anything he had done. From Mr. Cortissoz's pages he emerges illuminated and undiminished.

In general this is so personal a book that to dissent from it would be merely to exploit another idiosyncrasy. On the side of fact, Mr. La Farge, in casual talk, to be sure, is authority for the statement that he made a brief sojourn at Yale College. The matter is worth looking up. On the subject of La Farge's overt and avowed borrowings from older art, it seems to us Mr. Cortissoz is neither quite ingenuous nor in right perspective. He plays the apologist where no apology seems necessary. He says of the great wall-painting of the Ascension that La Farge "has escaped the faintest suggestion of his predecessors." Such a suggestion can escape only one who happens not to know the Venetian picture from which many of the figures are conveyed. It seems to us that the facts are awkward only in Philistia. It is no discredit, surely, to Mr. La Farge to be classed with artists, who, like Raphael, Rubens, and Reynolds, often preferred their nature predigested. Again, Mr. Cortissoz's praise of the lucidity of Mr. La Farge's essays on the old masters ignores the rather open secret that such clearness was obtained by exceptionally heroic and successful editorial measures. It was of the essence of Mr. La Farge's literary style to be elaborate, insinuating, difficult. Whenever he was wholly clear, as in the Scammon Lectures, it was because he had very little to say.

Let us repeat that Mr. Cortissoz gives us with unfailing sympathy, tact, and lucidity the John La Farge that the world knew, the John La Farge who was himself a consummate expression of the art of life, a magnificent appearance that undoubtedly contained the better part of the reality. Yet La Farge himself loved all significant truth. He has left voluminous and revelatory materials. From these may be carved someday not a Gospel according to St. John, but a vivid, varied, and most instructive biography. Any future untrammelled biographer must be greatly beholden to Mr. Cortissoz for writing in the first glow of affectionate memory and admiration.

The publishers have made the volume in letter-press and illustrations fully worthy of the theme.

The Scribners state that Louis Hourticq's "Art in France," the new volume in the Ars Una series, will not appear until autumn.

Edward Garnett's "Hogarth" in the Duckworth-Dutton "Popular Library of Art" is a workmanlike essay characterized by discreet hero worship. Mr. Garnett recommends the hanging of Hogarth's Beer Street on every Englishman's walls as an offset to his daughters' admiration for Burne-Jones. Yet Mr. Garnett himself is amusingly non-committal on Hogarth's favorite doctrine of variety within reality. It is as if our author feared to face an issue which might even posthumously involve offence to the eclectic and eminently aristocratic Sir Joshua Reynolds. To the beauty of Hogarth's technique scant justice is done. Without indulging in the superlatives of Whistler and Meier-Graefe, the primacy of Hogarth might have been admitted more generously. While the study lacks critical incisiveness it is packed with information agreeably presented. Except for a lamentable color plate of the Shrimp Girl the illustration is up to the level of this excellent miniature series.

In the middle ages, mountain scenery had no attraction even for the cultivated classes of Europe. The *minnesingers* and other mediæval poets, who frequently gave expression to their love of green fields and forests, and flowers and the songs of birds, were filled with aversion and horror at the sight of the Alps, which they never approached or crossed unless compelled to do so. Artists of that time seem, also, to have had no desire to represent them in paintings. It was not until the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that this aversion began to give place to admiration. In effecting this transformation and æsthetic evolution, the German painters, especially Dürer and his pupil, Altdorfer, took the most prominent part, and may he regarded as the creators of Alpine landscape painting in German art. This whole subject has been treated very carefully and critically from an historical as well as an artistic point of view by E. W. Bredt, in his book, "Die Alpen und Ihre Maler," just published by Theodor Thomas in Leipzig. It is an octavo volume of 197 pages, and contains 153 illustrations, exceedingly well chosen. The value of these illustrations, however, would be greatly increased if some of them were printed in colors.

We have received the first number of *Vision*, a quarterly journal of æsthetic appreciation of life. The leading article is by John Collier on the Celtic Revival. For the rest there are numerous short paragraphs and verses in praise of modern New York. Most interesting of these attempts to invest our own surroundings with glamour is Edwin Leeds's article on Jerome Myers, with facsimiles of drawings by that able chronicler of our poor streets. The printing of this slender quarto is done very handsomely at the Stone House Press, Johnsville, Bucks County, Pa. The capitals and ornaments are designed and boldly cut on wood by the editor, Walter Storey. The whole effect is attractive along the line of Gordon Craig's various periodicals. Like them *Vision* represents young hopes, and seems destined only for the term of life allotted to favorites of the gods. The yearly subscription, payable at No. 60 Washington Square S., New York, is one dollar and a half.

The death is reported from Cracow of Prof. Martin Sokolowski, the eminent historian of Polish art. Among his writings are studies of German artists who worked at Cracow, especially Hans von Kulmbach, and Veit Stosz and his son.

Finance

PROPHECIES.

For a number of past years there have been occasions when the Stock Exchange and the business community listened with eager interest for predictions or warnings, regarding the immediate financial future, by important men in the field of affairs. The present time, with its conflicting indications and confusing phenomena, is clearly of that nature—not less so, certainly, when the Standard

Oil decision, whose advent had long been pointed out by Wall Street as a possible landmark in the year's financial movement, was handed down last Monday. In the past these prophecies, taken as a whole, have been wrong quite as often as they have been right. There was James R. Keene's famous prediction of October, 1900, that if McKinley were to be elected, Stock Exchange prices would fall, and that they would only fall further if Bryan were to win. To those who remember 1901, the October prophecy is humorous. There was William Rockefeller's assurance of June, 1907, that no signs of business reaction were in sight, and that "the outlook for the future is bright." Four months away, in that future, stood the October panic.

But if eminent financiers have occasionally blundered in their judgment, they have also, on occasion, called the turn. James J. Hill's frank declaration, in the autumn of 1902, that the country was "at the top of the industrial hill," and, inferentially, that we were slipping downward on the other side; Mr. Schiff's prediction, as far back as January, 1906, of a panic "which will make all previous panics look like child's play"; Judge Gary's prophecy, in the early spring of 1908, that revival would be fairly in progress by midsummer; Mr. Harriman's statement, when the great "Steel boom" was first getting under way in June, 1909, that "if a tide of speculation sets in and we jump things up thirty or forty stories and then smash, the fall will naturally be greater"—all these were the words of oracles.

What, it will naturally be asked, was the reason for so accurate prediction on some occasions, and for so very inaccurate a view on others? It is not difficult to answer. The four correct prophecies just cited were deduced, as any one who recalls the dates in question will admit, from a study, not of markets and tendencies of the hour, but of underlying influences. The basis for the incorrect prophecies was exactly opposite. Mr. Keene's gloomy forecast of 1900 was founded on visible phenomena. Stock Exchange business of the year, up to the date of his prophecy of evil, had been only 60 per cent. of the year before; the country's bank clearings had decreased 13 per cent.; iron output for the second half of the year was 20 per cent. below the first half, and prices were falling rapidly. Nevertheless, the year 1901 came next. When Mr. Rockefeller made his sanguine prophecy of June, 1907, the country's bank exchanges were running 14 per cent. above 1906; railway net earnings for the year to date were larger in the aggregate by 25 per cent.; iron production had run 7½ per cent. beyond the year before, and had broken all previous records. Yet the panic of 1907 was just ahead.

This year, the prophets have been considerably less outspoken than at similar junctures of the sort. In private exchange of views, Wall Street was made acquainted several months ago with the judgment of one important international financier, to the effect that times would be very dull until the harvest, but that trade revival would come then. On the other hand, a canvass of the railway presidents lately elicited little but discouragement; some of them declared that even the influence of a "bumper" harvest could be only temporary. Yet another railway oracle, Mr. Hill, returning last week from the West, remarked that business throughout the country was already fairly good, chiefly because of the harvest outlook; while Judge Gary of the Steel Corporation, speaking to the steel manufacturers at their recent New York dinner, declared that "the fundamentals were never better than they are to-day," that "financial conditions were never on so sound a basis," and that "there are many things which should make us feel absolutely certain good times are ahead of us."

The business community as a whole reflects this interesting division of opinion. It may be fairly classified into optimists who see a decided turn for the better some months off, in response to important underlying influences, and pessimists who see, both in surface conditions and in fundamental influences, little to mitigate discouragement.

Numerous inferences have been drawn from this conflicting sentiment; but there is one which people seem curiously slow to draw. The very fact that opinions are so widely separated is itself reassuring. Except for the automatic mechanism of the markets, there seemed to be no check on the entire community's premature enthusiasm of 1909 or on its overdone gloom of 1910. A good part of the trouble into which we rushed by bidding up everything, six months after the panic of 1907, arose from the fact that caution and skepticism were proscribed. The order of the day was the motto of the "Prosperity Leagues"—talk nothing but another boom, and we shall have one. To resist that programme was unpatriotic; even the sober New York Chamber of Commerce had to send delegates to a Sunshine convention at Coney Island. That was a fit preliminary for the egregious blunders of 1909.

There has been no such preliminary to whatever is to occur in the later months this year. Not only have our financial men refrained from dismissing the great liquidation of 1910 (as some of them dismissed the panic of 1907) as a flurry or a silly accident of a week; but they are still looking warily about to see if the thing is over. Some of them think there is more to come, and are keeping their houses in order with a view to it.

Now, whether the immediate motive for it is right or wrong, the existence of this spirit of great conservatism is a balance-wheel. If things were to turn out disappointingly after harvest (they did so in the fourth year after the panic of 1873), at least the business community would not be caught off its guard. If, on the other hand, events were fully to bear out the hopeful forecasts, then the ultra-conservatism of so large a part of the mercantile community would be seen to have translated itself into empty shelves and depleted yards and warehouses, in the face of a sudden demand from consumers. "Booms," if they come, are not the less substantial for arriving under such circumstances. Even the Stock Exchange knows what follows, if events take a really favorable turn when rank and file are "short of the market." It is also a proverbial Wall Street saying that at a time of prolonged uncertainty and of repeated disappointments, the real turn in the situation comes when people at large have at last concluded that it is not to come at all. July, 1897, was a case in point in the one direction; visible indications of the day were so discouraging that some people were abandoning hope even of the country's longer future. May, 1901, was an instance of the other; the signs of the day had convinced even sober business men that the wild financial boom could never end. It ended that very month, just as the great depression of the nineties ended in midsummer, 1897.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

About Edwin Drood. Putnam's.

Alexander, K. B. The Log of the North Shore Club. Putnam. $1.25.

Alliot, P., and others. Louisiana Under the Rule of Spain, France, and the U. S.—1785-1807. Translated or transcribed, and edited by J. A. Robertson. 2 vols. Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co. $10 net.

Angellotti, M. P. Sir John Hawkwood: a Tale of the White Company in Italy. Fenno. $1.20 net.

Baker, E. A. The Captain of the "S. I. G's." Boston; Little, Brown. $1.50.

Balch, A. S. Sunshine, Rain, and Roses. Putnam. $1.25.

Bellinger, M. The Stolen Singer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Bennett, A. Mental Efficiency, and Other Hints to Men and Women. Doran. 75 cents net.

Financial.

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Bernard, H. M. Some Neglected Factors in Evolution: An Essay in Constructive Biology. Putnam's. $3.
Brown, H. D. Orphans. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.20 net.
Buckrose, J. E. Down Our Street. Putnam. $1.25.
Cambridge Verse. Edited by E. E. Kellett. Putnam.
Carter, A. Priest and Layman. Wessels & Bissell. $1.20 net.
Chambers's Scots Dialect Dictionary. Edited by A. Warrack. London: W. & R. Chambers.
Chapman, J. J. Learning and Other Essays; The Treason and Death of Benedict Arnold: a Play. Moffat Yard. $1.25, $1, net.
Cheney, A. C. By the Sea, and other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Coates, J. H. The Spirit of the Island. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Coleridge's Biographia Epistolaris: Being the Biographical Supplement, with additional letters edited by A. Turnbull. 2 vols. Macmillan. $1 net each.
Dasent, A. I. The Speakers of the House of Commons. Lane. $6.50 net.
Dickinson, G. L. Religion and Immortality. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Documents of Jewish Sectaries. 2 vols. English translation and notes by S. Schechter. Putnam.
Earp, E. L. The Social Engineer. Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.
Fletcher, J. B. The Religion of Beauty in Woman, and Other Essays. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Forster, E. M. A Room with a View. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Hackwood, F. W. The Good Old Times. The Romance of Humble Life in England. Brentano.
Hamilton, C. The Princess of New York. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Hardy's The Trumpet-Major. Harper. $1.25.
Hargrave, B. Origins and Meanings of Popular Phrases and Names. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Harris, A. Van S. Favorites from Fairyland. Harper.
Hobbs, W. H. Characteristics of Existing Glaciers. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Johnson, O. The Tennessee Shad. Baker & Taylor. $1.20 net.
Jones, H. S. Classical Rome. Holt. $1.35 net.
Jones, L. H. Education as Growth, or the Culture of Character. Boston: Ginn.
Keary, C. F. The Pursuit of Reason. Putnam.
Kerschensteiner, G. Education for Citizenship. Translated from fourth edition by A. J. Pressland. Chicago: Rand, McNally.
Knox, R. An Historical Relation of Ceylon (with autobiography). Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Lamon, W. H. Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, 1847-1865. Edited by Dorothy Lamon Teillard. Washington, D. C.: The Editor.
Laufer, B. Der Roman einer Tibetischen Königin. Leipzig: Otto Harrassowitz.
Laurie's Mémoires d'un Collégien. Edited, with notes, by O. B. Super Boston: Heath. 50 cents.
Lawson, W. R. Canada and the Empire. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.
Loening, G. C. Monoplanes and Biplanes. Munn & Co. $2.50 net.
Lucke, C. E. Power. (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner. $2 net.
Lummis, C. F. My Friend Will; the Gold Fish of Gran Chimú. Chicago; McClurg. 75 cents net each.
Masefield, J. The Street of To-day. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Meriwether, L. Seeing Europe by Automobile. Baker & Taylor. $2 net.
Mighels, P. V. Thurley Ruxton. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.20 net.
Mullinger, J. B. The University of Cambridge. Vol. III. Putnam.
Pollard, P. Masks and Minstrels of New Germany. Boston: Luce & Co. $1.50 net.
Proctor, M. Half-Hours with the Summer Stars. Chicago: McClurg. 75 cents net.
Quick, H. Yellowstone Nights. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Reinsch, P. S. Readings on American State Government. Boston: Ginn. $2.25.
Richardson, N. George Thorne. Boston: Page.
Robinson, H. P. Essence of Honeymoon. Harper. $1.50.
Sale, E. T. Red Rose Inn. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Sampson, J. F. Abroad with the Fletchers. Boston: Page. $1.75 net.
Sandys, J. E. A Companion to Latin Studies. Edited for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press. Putnam.
Sayler, H. L. The Airship Boys in Finance. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co. $1.
Shore, W. Teignmouth. D'Orsay, or The Complete Dandy. Brentano.
Spingarn, J. E. The New Hesperides, and Other Poems. Sturgis & Walton. $1 net.
Stockley, C. The Claw. Putnam. $1.35.
Stowe, C. E., and L. B. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Synge, J. M. The Aran Islands; Riders to the Sea; The Tinker's Wedding. Boston: Luce & Co. $1.25, 50 cents, 75 cents, net.
Tassin, A. Rust: A Play, in Four Acts. Broadway Pub. Co.
Turnbull, Mrs. L. The Royal Pawn of Venice. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1911.

The Week

Two years and two months after the March storm which marked a change of Republican Administrations at Washington, resolutions have made their appearance in both House and Senate providing for the submission of a Constitutional amendment making the last Thursday in April the date for future inaugurations. It is to be presumed that the framers of the resolutions have looked up the records of the weather on the proposed date, and feel as sure of escaping blizzards as of avoiding the occasional Sundays that hitherto have necessitated two ceremonies. But, while the climatic conditions that have given rise to the resolutions are the more spectacular, they are far less important than the incongruity of the meeting of an antiquated Congress after the national election, while its chosen successor, unless specially convened, waits thirteen months for its first assembling. If a serious attempt is to be made to pass the resolutions putting the inauguration forward, they should by all means be altered to include some provision for doing away with this serious defect in our governmental arrangements.

There is no longer any doubt that the Lorimer case will be reopened, nor is there much room for doubt that the investigation this time will be thoroughgoing, to whatever committee it may be entrusted. As the moral effect of the decision is fully as important as its specific result, it is desirable that no reasonable ground should be given for any cry of persecution. That is a most serious objection to Senator La Follette's resolution naming as the members of a special committee of investigation five new members of the Senate. These may all be perfectly fair-minded men; but, named under the pressure of an intense public sentiment against Lorimer, his friends would always be able to make a plausible plea that the formation of this committee was designed to be a prejudgment of his case.

The total absence of public interest in the direct-primary bills now before the New York State Legislature is not in need of any recondite explanation. People are not interested because they long ago settled down to the conviction that no direct-primary bill worth having stood any chance of being passed by the present Legislature. The whole subject was shelved for a long time, and when it did emerge into public view Gov. Dix was found to have committed himself to a bill which contained the pleasing and original device of giving the use of the party emblem to the ticket put up by the party committee, which could thus be voted in its entirety by the making of a single mark on the ballot, while names put up by anybody else labored under great difficulties.

Profiting by the experience of New York, the lower house of the Illinois Legislature has amended the Workmen's Compensation bill by making acceptance of the provisions of the measure optional with both the employer and the employee, thereby seeking to avoid the flaws which led to the New York statute being declared unconstitutional. In its amended form the bill passed the House on Tuesday of last week by 98 to 2, and the Senate has already concurred. As in the New Jersey law, the bill fixes in detail the compensation for death or disability, the amount being governed by the employee's usual earnings To the fund from which the awards are granted employer and employee are required to contribute. It is provided that both employer and employee shall be bound by the act unless notice is given to the contrary to the State Bureau of Statistics. The Illinois measure follows the New Jersey act also in abolishing for those employers who elect not to accept the provisions of the compensation law the defences of assumption of risk, fellow-servant, and contributory negligence; this last factor, however, may be considered by the jury for the purpose of possible reduction of damages awarded. With the failure of the Wainwright law in New York State, the attempts of other States to deal with this problem must be followed with keen interest.

The action of the Chicago City Council's Committee on Local Transportation, in placing itself on record as favoring absolute municipal ownership of the proposed subways, with the cost of construction to be borne wholly by the city, is a striking indication of the progress made by the second city in the country in the last dozen years. The advance on the transportation side is even exceeded by that on the political. A dozen years ago, not only the city, but the State as well, was menaced by Mr. Yerkes's attempt to gain control of the surface lines for ninety-nine years without compensation to the municipality. It was not simply the attempt, but its brazen methods, that constituted the real danger; and, with a Council and a Legislature that gave every sign of merely waiting to be bought, the peril was unmistakable. It was this crisis that brought forth the Voters' League, which from its inception showed a skill and a determination that won the fear of the corrupt and corrupting forces it was born to fight. There are still in the Council men who eagerly took the wrong side in the struggle, but they no longer dominate. The American city has seemed slow in learning how to govern itself, but it gives every evidence of retaining, in respect to its streets, the lessons which have cost it so dear.

Again is the value of indictments and exposure of corruption as an influence in accelerating wished-for legislation illustrated in Ohio, in the acceptance of the Green Workmen's Compensation bill by both branches of the Legislature, and in the passage by the House of the Women's Nine-Hour Workday bill—the latter bill amended, however, to limit the hours of labor to fifty-four a week, without express stipulation that the period of daily employment shall be only nine hours. Under the provisions of the workmen's compensation measure, employers are required to contribute 90 per cent. and employees 10 per cent. of the fund which shall be used for compensation; and awards from this fund are to be made to injured workmen or to the estates of the dead by a State board. Employers may elect to act under the provisions of the Green law or not; but as in the New Jersey law recently enacted, the benefits of accepting its conditions are made greater by that section which abolishes the usual grounds of de-

fence in actions by employees for damages. These measures were the two important labor bills in the programme of Gov. Harmon, which now bids fair to have more success than seemed possible six weeks ago.

The Government's suit against the lumber combination is no sudden move, having, of course, long been in preparation; but if the President and the Attorney-General had been looking for a case calculated to draw out some of the most important specific bearings of the Supreme Court's recent deliverance on the Anti-Trust law, they could hardly have found a thing better adapted to the purpose. If we could but have at once the court's decision on this case, treated as a hypothetical question! A combination of that with the now impending decision in the Tobacco Trust case might clear up a large part of all the doubts that hang over the whole question of the practical interpretation of the law, as broadly indicated in the Standard Oil decision and the opinion read by Chief Justice White. The importance of the economic aspect of the question involved in the lumber case can hardly be overestimated. To the barriers which arrangements like those attacked by the Government in this case interpose between producer and consumer there is good reason to ascribe a notable part of the abnormal rise of prices in certain classes of commodities—especially some of the necessaries of life—on which public attention was so intensely concentrated a few months ago.

A controversy as to whether five years or three years is the proper enlistment period for the army has arisen because of Representative Hays's bill to change back from three years to the longer term. Two major-generals, Wood and Ainsworth, have appeared before the House Military Affairs Committee to discuss the bill, Gen. Wood for and Gen. Ainsworth against. Curiously enough, both were originally medical men, and not professionally trained soldiers. Gen. Wood's contention is that the shorter term scatters more men of military training throughout the country, and Gen. Ainsworth thinks that it will be cheaper to have the longer term. He is unquestionably correct in this view; if the question of economy is to decide, his opinion should prevail. Against the bill it is also argued that there will be more desertions, for it was in the hope of checking desertions that the term was originally reduced. But it has not had an appreciable effect; the percentage of desertions still runs very high, and many of them occur in the first year or so, just as there are many applications for discharge by purchase in the first two years of a recruit's service. The committee can readily obtain the figures to judge upon this point. Gen. Wood's argument would be more valuable if our army trained its men as do the Continental armies. They get their recruits all at one time, and have a regularly systematized training for one, two, and three years. We have nothing like it in our service, and there is no guarantee that when a man is discharged he is really a trained soldier, in the European sense.

Victor and vanquished are to unite in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the first battle of Bull Run. The plans are for a love feast to be attended by the Union and the Confederate survivors who took part in the battle, to be held on the field on July 21. Such a reunion is decidedly praiseworthy. In the nature of the case, the South can feel little but a melancholy interest in the "civil war day by day" feature of the newspapers, with its continual reminder of the approach, however unsteady, of Gettysburg and Appomattox. But wearers of gray as well as of blue need have no hesitation in participating in a celebration which aims to emphasize reconciliation rather than conflict, and the triumph of brotherhood rather than the winning of a military victory. For such a purpose Bull Run should seem to be well chosen. There the memories of the final losers in the struggle may be anything but gloomy as they recall what troops were those that poured across Long Bridge in panic—and that, regardless of which of the two battles on the spot they recall.

The formal opening of the New York Public Library on Tuesday suggests the way in which public spirit in an American city has to struggle to achievement through difficulties. The enormous obstacles to be overcome and the dragging out of the work beyond all estimates, might be cited for discouragement. But when we reflect that the official action of the city in completing support of the Library and providing a fine site for it was taken under a Tammany administration—with a ruffianly Mayor in the City Hall—we ought not to despair of any movement for beautifying and enriching our municipal life. Many adverse criticisms of the architecture of the Library have been made. We fear to tread in such artistic controversies. No one, however, who has often passed by the new structure in varying conditions of light and weather can have failed to be impressed at times by the mass and gleam of its white walls. In the rosy glow of a late autumn or winter sunset, or looming through a fog, the Library has come to have a fascination for many a beholder. And what we have to consider is the softening effect of time, and also the probability—we may say the certainty—that nearly all the buildings adjoining the Library east and west and north will soon give way to new structures, making for it a more harmonious approach and setting. It will, in any case, soon acquire the advantage of being a city landmark about which kindly associations will cluster, while in its generous provision for the intellectual life civic pride will find renewed satisfactions.

In a letter to the editor of *Science*, Prof. Sidney Gunn of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology brings forward a consideration that is not without weight in favor of having university professors appointed by the president, rather than by the faculty. The president, he says, "is not, like members of the faculty, influenced by a fear of competition. It is natural that professors on whom the task of recommending appointments falls should prefer docile mediocrity to men of ability sufficient to develop into rivals for the positions they hold." He is far, however, from indicating a belief that, as a matter of fact, the power of the president over either appointments or removals has been exercised in a wholly satisfactory manner; and he speaks of removal as though it were an operation quite as normal as appointment. It is unfortunate that the importance of the life tenure of professorships, in all except highly unusual cases, should find so little theoretical recognition; for though in practice the violations of it are not very frequent, they are sufficient in number

to affect vitally the psychology of the professorial estate. Indeed, the very danger to which Professor Gunn refers would be reduced to small dimensions if professors habitually looked upon their positions as beyond the reach of attack. In a certain measure jealousy of possible superior talent might still play a part; but the deep-seated feeling of security would produce such an attitude of mind that the "fear of competition" would not influence, to the detriment of the university, any professor of ordinary integrity of character.

Washington is, we believe, the first city to avail itself of the generous offer of Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, to contribute $25,000 toward the erection of a $100,000 building for a Colored Young Men's Christian Association in any city which would raise the remaining $75,000, subject only to the approval of the Chicago Association based on its judgment that the local Association was able to maintain the building. The athletic, educational, and social features of a flourishing Young Men's Christian Association, housed in a spacious, attractive, and dignified building, supply an element that is perhaps more acutely needed than any other for the development of *morale* among the colored youth of our cities, at a time that is in many ways the most critical in their lives.

The signing of the peace agreement at Juarez dispels the fond hopes of intervention which our Jingoes had built up, and confirms the three steps by which the transition from autocracy to Constitutionalism is to be effected in Mexico. The resignation of Diaz, the interim administration of De la Barra, and the holding of an election "according to the terms of the Constitution," are a direct path to what the successful revolution desires. Madero's forces have been fighting not for the procuring of new Constitutional arrangements, but only for the observance of those already long in existence. That such a course should be capable of description as "revolutionary," is an indication of the possibilities of political irony. Nevertheless, if the men who are aspiring to govern Mexico, or to help Mexico govern herself, according to the terms of the restored Constitution, succeed even moderately, revolution will hardly be too strong a word to apply to the peaceful portion of their task.

The provision for payment of members of the House of Commons contained in Mr. Lloyd George's new budget, would in any case be a matter of prime importance; but coming instantly on top of the vote abolishing the Lords' power of veto, it assumes extraordinary significance. Radicalism in England has been going forward at an astonishing pace in the past few years. Old-age pensions, increment taxes, destruction of the power of the House of Lords, invalid and unemployment insurance—these form a series of measures of fundamental importance and far-reaching significance, which it would be difficult to match in the legislative history of any country in a time of tranquillity. Whether the people of England have themselves realized the full import of these changes may well be doubted. As for the strictly Constitutional side of the matter, the change is one that, in the nature of things, is in a manner elusive; but it is none the less profound or momentous. If the House of Lords—however it may be reformed in its composition—is to remain without any other power over legislation than that of a suspensory veto, England is on the eve of an era of democratic government far freer from checks than anything that either her history or ours has thus far presented; and the payment of members of the House of Commons would go far to wipe out what remains, after the extinction of the Lords' veto, of the distinctive characteristics of the British Constitutional system.

The toll of deaths that has been taken by the aeroplane in its initial years is, naturally enough, beyond all comparison with anything that stands to the record of the introduction of the locomotive engine; but the lamentable disaster in Paris last Sunday is a reminder of the fatal accident in England which marked the inauguration of the steam-railway era throughout the world. The jubilation of great crowds was at an even higher pitch at the ceremonial opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway on September 15, 1830, than was that of the vast assemblage at the French capital to witness the starting of the race through the air from Paris to Madrid; and every one knows how the English event was marred by the fatal accident to one of the country's most eminent statesmen. In Huskisson's case, too, as in that of MM. Berteaux and Monis, the accident was entirely due to a failure to observe clearly necessary precautions. When a stop was made for water, Huskisson and others, though they had been instructed to the contrary, left the carriages and stood on the track; and this, through a little complication, led to his being struck by an engine. In Paris, it appears that to the Ministerial party was expressly given the "privilege" of going within the lines outside of which spectators in general were required to be—a form of mistaken kindness which, we trust, will never again be indulged in. The inherent dangers of the aeroplane are quite sufficient without adding unnecessary peril to bystanders.

A fundamental difference between East and West is made plain by the Shanghai *Mercury*. Prince Ching has once more been impeached. How serious is the nature of the charges against him may be judged by one of them, to the effect that a certain disgraced and dismissed official has appeared again in Peking with two lacs of taels, about $200,000, as a *douceur* to the Prince, who has promised his reinstatement. This should seem to be conclusive of the Prince's fate, but, laments the *Mercury*, "in China these things are not managed as they are elsewhere. . . . In the West a man must court the utmost publicity in order to clear his name, or else be forever banished from the society of the honorable; here accusations may either be altogether ignored, or put aside with a wave of the hand." Such depth of degradation is, indeed, almost beyond realization by a Western mind. That a man in a public office of honor and trust should be able to ignore, or worse, to smile at, grave indictments of his official conduct, is nothing less than an arraignment of the people whom, in his very misconduct, he truly represents. What hope can there be for such a civilization? And, as the Shanghai journal adds, until corruption is rooted out, the innocent are bound to be suspected along with the guilty, so that it becomes difficult to believe in the integrity of any one in government employ, and "denunciations by censors may be so common as to average almost one a week." How incomprehensible those Orientals are!

THE LAW AND THE TRUSTS.

The central point upon which the decision of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil case turns is that such a law as the Anti-Trust act does not interpret itself, but must be interpreted by the courts in the light of reason, and with full consideration of the facts of the legal history of the past. It may be said, with perhaps equal truth, that such an enunciation of the meaning of the law as is contained in Chief Justice White's opinion does not interpret itself, and that the discovery of its full significance will appear only in the legal history of the future. It does away, for good and all, with the possibility of so understanding the law as to make every business operation a violation of it which in any possible sense may be looked upon as constituting a restraint of trade; indeed, the necessity of doing away with this possibility is insisted on, in the opinion, as an indispensable condition of making the law workable at all. It does away also with the contentions put forward in behalf of the Standard Oil Trust which would have reduced the law to a nullity. Beyond this, however, the position of the Court is indicated only in such broad and abstract terms as leave room for wide difference of opinion as to the application the Court in future cases will make of its own doctrine. That the decision, made as it was by a unanimous court, is to be followed by others, in the light of which the doubts that have so long enveloped the subject will be gradually cleared up, may be taken for granted; in the meanwhile, it is the bearing of the opinion on the broadest aspects of the question of monopoly, rather than its more specific consequences, that challenges the attention of the public.

Everything turns on the question, What is the test of "undue" or "unreasonable" restraint of trade? Are we to understand that the Court's insistence upon "the light of reason" in applying the law is equivalent simply to a vague division of Trusts into good Trusts and bad Trusts? Such seems to be the view that some inveterate opponents of anti-monopoly legislation are eager to put upon it. "The statute," we are told by one of these, "retains all its prohibitions; it arms the prosecutor and the court with all the power necessary to defend the people against monopolies and restraints that would *work to their injury*." But we do not believe that the Court meant to arrogate to itself the power to determine in each instance whether a given monopoly or restraint works to the injury of the people. No such intention is to be found in the Chief Justice's opinion. While the language of that opinion is, at some crucial points, less lucid than might be desired —a circumstance that may plausibly be ascribed to the reconcilement of divergent views which was necessary to procure unanimity—yet it seems safe to understand the position of the Court to be that which was laid down in Justice Brewer's partly concurrent and partly dissenting opinion in the Northern Securities case. Unreasonableness, indeed, was of the essence of the matter, according to that opinion; but the unreasonableness was to be discovered not through a balancing of the concrete good and bad effects actually produced by the conduct of the party in question, but by the nature of his acts taken in themselves. "The ruling," said Justice Brewer, referring to preceding decisions of the Supreme Court, "should have been that the contracts there presented were *in themselves* unreasonable restraints of interstate trade, and therefore within the scope of the act." This is a different thing from a paternal discrimination between Trusts, according as the Court should hold that they were on the whole doing "good" to the community or the reverse.

Nor is the difference one that affects merely the subject-matter immediately concerned, large as that is. It touches the inmost nature of the functions of the judiciary. To pass upon kinds of action, determining whether they are lawful or unlawful, is an indispensable part of the work of courts, an indispensable supplement to the work of legislatures. Human affairs are too complex to permit the line between the lawful and the unlawful to be charted with such accuracy in the statutes as to leave no discretionary margin in the application; but the discretion exercised by the judge should serve to make more definite the intent of the law, not to substitute for it the preference of the Court, however benevolent. In a message to Congress last year President Taft emphatically rejected the idea of making "a distinction under which good combinations may be permitted to organize to suppress competition, control prices, and do it all legally, if only they do not abuse the power by taking too much profit from it out of the business"; and this general idea he doubtless had in mind when, a little further on, he declared that to put the word "reasonable" into the Anti-Trust law itself would be "to thrust upon the courts a burden that they have no precedents to enable them to carry, and to give them a power approaching the arbitrary, the abuse of which might involve our whole judicial system in disaster."

And behind all this lies an even more fundamental issue. It may be that the shrewdest and wisest men of business in the country think the growth of monopoly a good thing. It may be that skilled economists—not to be suspected of any such personal bias as would naturally affect men with large business interests—throw the weight of their authority into the scale either with the declaration that unlimited concentration of economic power is a benefit to the people, or that such concentration, whether good or bad, is inevitable, and not to be hampered without mischievous results. We do not for a moment admit such views. But if they were granted, it would still remain as true as ever that the policy of the nation in regard to monopoly must be declared by the nation, through the lawmaking power. The nation may not desire to purchase the maximum of prosperity at the cost of the extinction of competition. The nation may be willing to stake a great deal on the endeavor to maintain opportunities for individual initiative, even if the loudest of voices proclaim the fight a forlorn hope. The nation has a right to try its own experiment, however high the cost of it may be estimated by interested or disinterested advisers; it has a right to fight what it dislikes or detests, regardless of anybody's computations of the chances of victory. The Supreme Court, reading into the Anti-Trust act that concept of reasonableness which is indispensable to the rational working out of the act, is not defying the nation's will; but if it were to undertake—as some comments on the decision seem to expect—to exercise a benevolent guardianship over the nation's welfare instead of carrying out the clear purpose of the law, it would invite consequences far more serious than any of those that have so

often been pictured by alarmists as threatened by the operation of the Sherman law.

THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRAMME.

Reports and rumors are thick, in the dispatches from Washington, concerning the attitude and expectations of the House Democrats. It is definitely asserted, for example, that they will absolutely refuse to adjourn or even to take a recess until the Republican Senate has passed or defeated the bills which the House sends to it. What position the Senate will take, there is thus far nothing to indicate except the fact that it has been very indolent. Its committees are doing nothing, save for the hearings on Canadian reciprocity before the Finance Committee. Yet it is this very air of indifference on the part of the Senate that seems to have roused the aggressiveness of the House leaders. They will not, it is said, permit all their work cavalierly to be pigeon-holed in the Senate. Rather than submit to that, they will not consent to adjournment even if Congress sits all summer.

Now, though we may not pretend to speak with authority of Democratic plans at Washington, some things are clear from the very nature of the case. It is obvious, for example, that the legislation urged in the House is urged seriously. All of it the Democratic leaders would like to see enacted at this session of Congress if possible. And to bring that about they will do everything that can be reasonably asked of them. Yet their idea, after all, is that of constructing a concrete programme for the future. By the succession of bills which they press upon the attention of the House and the country, they aim chiefly to let the people know what sort of law-making is to be expected from the Democrats if full power is given to them. In this purpose they may be successful, whether the Senate will hear or forbear. Take, for instance, the farmer's free-list. The Senate may consider that bill. If as many Republicans voted for it, proportionately, as in the House, the Senate might even pass it. More probably, however, the Senate will seek to smother the measure in committee. But that would not be a disastrous check to the Democratic plans. It might even further them by letting the country see in the most conspicuous way that the Republicans were not willing to lift a finger to lighten the burden of taxation.

We take it that a clear definition of party policy in such matters is all that the House Democrats would be ready to fight for stubbornly. They are ready and even anxious to see their bills made law without delay. Favorable action by the Senate on Canadian reciprocity and on the bills for the relief of farmers, for the new apportionment, for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico, for the reduction of duty on wool and woollen goods, would unquestionably please the House leaders. But they will not be wholly displeased if the Senate declines to have anything to do with the Democratic measures. Only that declination must be a matter of record. The Democrats will not rest content with seeing their special bills strangled in committee rooms. They will demand that a vote be had at least on the point of consideration. Under the Senate rules, any Senator can make the motion that a given committee be discharged from further deliberation on a given bill, and by that method the Democrats will be able to force the Republicans to take a position openly. In short, the House bills may not be passed by the Senate, but they cannot be secretly done to death. In one way or another, a test-vote will be taken.

If that is had, there is no valid reason for expecting the House to settle down to an obstinate resistance to adjournment. If the hot weather or other things soon spur the Senate into activity; if the agreement with Canada is ratified and thus the chief end of the extra session attained; and if the Senate makes it clear by deliberate vote that it will not even take up the bills passed by the House, there will be no ground for a prolonged fight over adjournment.

This is politics, but it is of the good kind. From "playing politics" in the bad sense, the House Democrats refrained, in their treatment of the reciprocity bill, so handsomely that President Taft felt moved to compliment them. Among the Democrats of the Senate, it is reported, there is an element which favors a less clean-cut method of dealing. Some Democratic Senators would attach riders to the reciprocity bill—perhaps the farmer's free-list. They would put before the President a bill containing what he wants and also what he does not want. But we are convinced that this would be mistaken tactics, through which the country would at once see. It would be far better for Senate Democrats to imitate the House and deal with reciprocity entirely by itself. That would be a fair and honorable way of treating the matter, and would also be the shrewdest party policy.

PARLIAMENTS AND PEOPLES.

On both sides of the Atlantic, though for very different reasons, the question of the referendum has recently been pushed to unexpected prominence. With us this has been part of a general movement of dissatisfaction with the working of our State Legislatures; and the driving force behind the movement has been, above all, the feeling that the members of these bodies were not worthy of that trust which is reposed in the lawmaking body by the people. Such worthiness—as a general rule, of course, to which there may be many exceptions—is an essential presupposition of the institution of representative government; and it is difficult for the stanchest upholder of that institution to quarrel with a people for being restive when that presupposition is habitually and flagrantly violated, or for seeking a remedy when its patience has been tried beyond reasonable limits. Speaking for ourselves, we feel that the time has by no means come for pronouncing the case of the existing system, even as regards our State Legislatures, to be hopeless; but we are ready to say that such disclosures as those at Columbus the other day, or those at Springfield in connection with the Lorimer matter—to speak only of some of the most recent of a long line of dismal experiences—cannot go on indefinitely without producing an irresistible, and a justified, demand for some radical cure.

It cannot be too clearly understood, on the other hand, that the sudden advance of the referendum idea in England is not—as are the recent economic innovations in that country—a manifestation of radicalism, but quite the reverse. In the interesting debate on the referendum amendment proposed by the Unionists to the veto bill, Mr. Balfour insisted as strongly that he was endeavoring to conserve the ancient Constitution of England in the advocacy of the referendum as Mr. Asquith made the

same contention for his opposition to it. And there is no inherent incompatibility between the two claims. Mr. Balfour finds the limitations that in the past have vetoed the Commons' power of making profound Constitutional changes by a mere majority vote slipping away with the reduction of the House of Lords to impotence, and he desires the referendum as a substitute, in default of a better, for those ancient restraints; Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, finds in the referendum a violation of the fundamental nature of parliamentary government, and declares his immovable hostility to it on that ground. Thus, so far from basing their position on the failure of the institution of representative government, the two opposing leaders vie with each other in acclaiming its virtue and affirming its title to the loyalty of the British people; only Mr. Balfour finds its safe working bound up with an effective two-chamber system—which, if weakened, must be propped by the referendum for cases of difference between Commons and Lords—whereas Mr. Asquith holds that a powerful second chamber is the very thing to be got rid of if parliamentary government is to have a fair chance.

Not the least of the many penalties we pay for the grosser defects of our practical politics is to be found in the obstacle they present to a sober and adequate discussion of grave public questions. Upon the vital energy that the public is able to give to the consideration of political issues, there is always so heavy a mortgage in the need of fighting palpable abuses that little is left for weighing the deeper merits of political proposals. This has never, perhaps, been more distinctly illustrated than in the matter of the referendum and the recall. The people of a Tacoma or a Los Angeles point with pride to their recall of an unscrupulous Mayor, many of the best men in California look forward with joyful expectation to the prospect of being able to kick a judge off the bench when they don't like him; comparatively few persons realize that anything more is at issue than the getting rid of an individual administrative officer who has abused his opportunity, a particular set of judges who have been unfaithful to their trust. What effect upon the calibre of judges will be produced in the long run by a tenure of office such as that proposed in Arizona or California? What kind of standards of official conduct will become established for Mayors and Governors when the likelihood of their being swept out of office by any wave of popular disapproval shall have become a familiar part of the ideas associated with their office? What will be left of the traditional concepts of parliamentary government when the acts of Legislatures have come to be regarded as merely tentative, subject to overriding by popular vote? In the centres of the referendum and recall movement, the pressure of the immediate evils against which it is directed has—naturally enough, we admit—thrown such considerations as these completely into the background.

"I believe from the bottom of my heart," said Mr. Asquith, in closing his speech, "that if you introduce this referendum, not as a rare, exceptional, possible solution of some conceivable difficulty, but as part of the regular working machinery of popular government, you are undermining the very foundations of representative government." But he did not have to contend with any assertion on the part of Mr. Balfour, or of anybody, that those foundations had already been undermined, or were being undermined, by the play of sinister influences or the growth of degenerate practices. In a State whose Legislature has come to be looked upon as hopelessly given over to the uses of corrupt corporations or to the control of sordid bosses, of what avail can it be to set up high-sounding phrases relating to the virtues of representative government in the abstract? To prove that these vices are not incurable is the one supremely necessary task for those who wish to make effectual opposition to radical changes; and there are no better friends of the Legislatures of the future than those Governors who have been goading the Legislatures of the present into paths of public duty to which they had long been strangers.

DRAFTING THE ARBITRATION TREATIES.

In less than four hundred words, Secretary Knox has made an admirably clear summary of the proposals submitted to the Governments of Great Britain and France as a basis for a general treaty of arbitration. The document lays stress on the one feature that has everywhere been accepted as constituting the great advance over previous treaties of arbitration: the usual provision which excepts questions of vital interests and national honor is eliminated. This, however, does not mean that the contracting parties now pledge themselves beforehand to submit all future disputes to arbitration. It only means that formerly certain questions were regarded as *prima facie* unarbitrable, and that now all questions are *prima facie* arbitrable. In other words, the new agreement gives formal expression to a broadening intention of good-will. It shifts the presumption from disagreement to harmony. Where formerly it was assumed that questions were bound to arise on which a pacific agreement was impossible, to-day we are ready to assume the improbability of serious dissension, and in any case to let the future deal with its own tribulations.

We may imagine a specific case in order to illustrate the workings of the machinery which Mr. Knox's memorandum contemplates. A dispute arises between Great Britain and us over the Northwest boundary. The two Governments, through the regular diplomatic channels, endeavor to come to an agreement. They fail to do so, and recourse to arbitration is suggested. The contending parties may agree that the question in dispute is arbitrable, or one of the parties may hold that the question is not a fit subject for arbitration. In either case, the question passes into the hands of a commission of inquiry, composed of the representatives of the two nations on the Hague Tribunal. This commission of inquiry has a two-fold function: (1) In cases where both Governments are willing to arbitrate, it decides whether all diplomatic resources have been exhausted, so as to make arbitration necessary; (2) in cases where one Government opposes arbitration, the commission of inquiry decides whether the question in dispute is arbitrable; and if the commission of inquiry so decides, both Governments are bound to go before the Hague Tribunal. However, before the two Governments approach the seat of justice, they must, by treaty, agree upon the terms in which the question shall be submitted for adjudication. Such preliminary treaties of reference must, in the United States, receive the consent of the Senate. The preliminary treaty having been agreed

upon, the Hague Tribunal proceeds to make its award.

The features in which this scheme falls short of the ideal system of international justice are, of course, apparent. Sanguine friends of peace who believe that the elimination of the proviso regarding questions of vital interest and national honor would mean obligatory arbitration on all questions will find that the change has been not to "must" but to "may," or, more correctly, to a position half-way between "may" and "must." A nation that refuses to arbitrate may be forced to arbitrate if the Commission of Inquiry so decides; but since this commission is composed of the citizens only of the two parties to the controversy, the probabilities are that the Commission of Inquiry would divide on lines of nationality as so many commissions of arbitration have hopelessly done, though circumstances are conceivable where a member of the commission would take sides against his own Government. At any rate, the fact that arbitration is not completely obligatory is the first weak point that suggests itself. The second is that which makes the consent of the United States Senate necessary to a preliminary treaty of reference. On this rock many an arbitration proposal may be wrecked, especially when a Commission of Inquiry has forced arbitration upon a reluctant Government.

A closer examination, however, shows that such objections to Mr. Knox's scheme are more apparent than real. They are largely unreal, because they are directed against weaknesses inevitable in any voluntary system of arbitral justice. Thus, the composition of the Commission of Inquiry, which is to decide whether or not a nation must go to court, might be improved by making it something more than a bi-partisan board. But as long as our Constitution gives the Senate a voice in shaping our foreign relations, the Senate must intervene at some point or other in the arbitral process. In the last resort, it is the intention and not the machinery that makes arbitration possible. If the Senate so desires, it can at any time wreck the entire scheme by adopting a policy of obstruction. The question is whether the Senate will venture to do so, or will have the desire to do so, in the face of a passionate public sentiment in favor of peace.

That the proposed arbitration treaties will not give us peace by compulsion does not detract from the immense value of the achievement now apparently on the eve of consummation. In the last resort, there is no such thing as compulsory law anywhere. If I want to pay the price of murder, I can commit murder. But to have placed the cause of peace on the high and solid footing in the practical affairs of nations which the proposal of the treaty with Great Britain brought about was an inestimable service to mankind; and in bringing another great nation, France, within the scope of the same beneficent plan, Mr. Taft has further greatly added to his claim upon lasting honor and gratitude.

CRITICISM OR GOSSIP?

If publishers continue to have their way, the critics of the future will not lack biographical facts in the case of the writers over whom they sit in judgment. Far from needing to dig in a river-bed for a lost identity, or to play the sleuth with anonymous pages, the indications are that they will have to close their ears to a bombardment of trifles. The amount of chit-chat that publishers send out week by week is appalling. We read that one writer has been travelling in the Malay Peninsula, where the temperature in his carriage was 112 degrees; that the brother of another writer purchased by cable, without having seen it, a furnished castle; and that still another owns a dog which is fond of having its mistress read her works aloud. The publishers' purpose in unloading so much gush is obvious enough. It is the stuff that fads are made of. The custom suggests, however, a larger issue: What is its effect upon criticism, both popular and expert?

It has always been said that to be just to a work of literature, a critic should be able to put himself in the position of the writer, and should relate biography to literary expression. The fullest application of the principle that occurs to us is the great bulk of Goethe criticism. The meagrest incidents of his life have been ferreted out and are held priceless. Who suggested to Goethe the conception of "Werther," what poems were inspired by Lili Schönemann, when he last saw Lotte—all these details are accounted jewelled facts in a soul's awakening. No doubt acquaintance with biography is apt to lend a sense of reality to the art which rests upon it. And yet there is a danger here, too. Much the larger portion of Goethe criticism is biography, and nothing else. Goethe saw a peasant girl walking across a field, her frock was open at her throat, she smiled, it was just after he had run away from Lili, he wondered at her strong ankles, the next day he started for Weimar, jotting down *en route* the poem that is thus criticised.

True criticism, we take it, should, whatever else it does, measure the work in question by the literary type to which it belongs. "Paradise Lost" can rightly be called great, not simply because it is the sincere and powerful utterance of one fighting for his religious creed, but quite as much because it embodies an almost perfect assimilation of elements as huge and diverse as those of the world of Homer or Virgil, to the literary type known as the epic. Formless as Shakespeare is, compared, say, with Racine, the demands of great tragedy as a type are well enough established to make possible, inevitable, the appraisal of "Macbeth" or "Othello" as tragedies, regardless of the question whether their author was once a youth who poached on the preserves of Sir Thomas Lucy, or was later to be a great judge with peculiar notions about the acceptance of silver plate from a defendant. One of the gravest dangers which criticism meets to-day is the tendency to evade looking a literary type in the face. It is much easier to toy with its frills and even to make one's self believe—so completely is the historical method upon us—that they are the essentials. The conditions out of which a work grew, what books the author had access to, where he got his idea—these circumstances have been magnified to ten times their real meaning. The habit has been fortified by a host of amateur critics whose interest in literature is purely antiquarian; who, however admirable their love of books may be, are not competent to deliver literary judgments.

Meanwhile, the confusion of standards goes on apace. A hopeful writer works in a coal mine for a year and puts forth a book. His publishers vouch for the experience, the public for itself senses first-hand testimony, and behold! a great realistic novel is before us. A playwright seeks the slums of Cherry Street, presents his picture; again the

credentials are examined, and he is proclaimed the Antolne of America. Where's the use in comparing his work with similar themes expressed a century or two before—conditions have changed too much for the comparison to be profitable. The truth is that, with the feeling for the controlling importance of literary types gone, the sense of emphasis has fled too. Take a play which had a successful run in New York this past season and which critics were chary about censuring—"Havoc." Its plot is fundamentally the same as that of Sardou's "Divorçons." A paramour proves to be a huge failure when he becomes husband, and the husband eminently acceptable to his former wife when he later turns lover. By every artistic precedent, "Havoc" should have been treated as a fantasy, as was "Divorçons," with a light imaginative touch. Instead of so doing, the author, seeing the possibility for tragic moments and dwelling heavily upon them, mixed types and took away from his piece all literary meaning. That a few tears fell in the audience is no argument. The author might have studied to advantage Shakespeare's conduct of another fantasy—"A Midsummer Night's Dream." He would have found that certain human beings in the play were permitted to be shadowy that they might not intrude reality upon a purely poetic conception. We see little chance for present-day criticism until the sense of literary type is recovered. Nothing, we believe, could be of greater value, to public and authors alike, than a resolute habit of classifying our countless novels and plays, etc., according to the literary types long ago built up by master hands. The danger of dogmatism—such is the confusion at present—would not arise for many a day.

THE NEW BRITANNICA.—I.

Never has the appearance of an encyclopædia, or indeed of any literary production, been heralded in the way in which the new Britannica* has been announced in the United States. The American public has been overwhelmed with prospectuses and advertisements the style and manner of which have not invariably reflected credit on the University of Cambridge, under the name of whose press the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica issues. A work has been promised incomparably superior to the old Britannica, one that would constitute a storehouse of the world's knowledge and a record of human achievement altogether unique. We have before us fourteen volumes out of the total number of twenty-eight (exclusive of the index volume), and a cursory examination shows that the new Britannica bears out the claims made for it by the publishers. They have produced a work of transcendent merit, one unapproached by any similar publication.

The last regular edition, the ninth, published by the Blacks of Edinburgh, appeared in twenty-four volumes, in the years 1875-88. The tenth edition, so-called, got up by the London *Times*, was made up of the ninth edition (unaltered) and eleven supplementary volumes. In discussing the merits of the present publication, we shall make comparisons with the ninth edition, ignoring the *Times's* supplement, which, to use the expression of Hugh Chisholm, the editor-in-chief of the work before us, was merely a "stop-gap." The lapse of three decades and a half between the publication of the first volume of an encyclopædia representing such a profitable undertaking as the Britannica and the appearance of a strictly new edition, argued a lack of enterprise and of regard for the fitness of things that was quite inexplicable. The publication of a greatly enlarged edition in such a way that the whole set could be brought out virtually at one issue without any portion being seriously antiquated, is a unique achievement in the history of the book-publishing business. The long delay that was interposed will inure to the benefit of the present generation of readers, which gets an encyclopædia entirely made over instead of one partly renovated.

The way in which the Britannica at the very high-tide of success was allowed to become thoroughly antiquated is not the only curious episode of the kind in the recent history of encyclopædia-making. Equally inexplicable was the failure to keep up the American Cyclopædia (Appleton's), a work that had deservedly become a household treasure throughout the land. It is inconceivable how a publication so firmly established in the esteem of the people of the United States and capable of being reconstructed into an encyclopædia that would have been looked upon as a sort of national institution, almost like the Britannica, should have been thrown overboard for a successor of comparatively small merit bearing the title (Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia) of the publication which had come out in 1874 to dispute the field with the American Cyclopædia. Another instance of lack of enterprise was afforded by the publishers of Chambers's Encyclopædia, who, after bringing out an admirable work in the edition that appeared twenty years ago, failed to see their way to the publication of a first-class Anglo-American encyclopædia of moderate size for which that edition would have made an excellent foundation. The American Cyclopædia and the New International Encyclopædia, a work modelled largely on similar lines but much more comprehensive in its scope, are the only two general encyclopædias brought forth in the United States whose plan and execution have represented a serious endeavor to produce an imposing work of reference. The recently published Encyclopædia Americana, which contains about as much matter as the International, does not merit serious consideration.

Encyclopædia-making in Germany has long been at a stage that indicates a singular narrowness of vision on the part of publishers there. They appear to have no conception whatever of the possibilities open to them. Meyer and Brockhaus continue to travel along the same well-worn grooves, intent in their keen rivalry mainly on developing *à outrance* a rather uninspiring type of reference-book, half encyclopædia and half universal lexicon, overflowing with topics not to be found in any Anglo-Saxon encyclopædia, but almost destitute of the quality of readableness. The manner of treatment is largely standardized. Much dead and useless matter is carried along and the element of picturesqueness is sacrificed. The cut-and-dried manner of presentation leads to singular flaws. Who would have thought it possible, for instance, that both in Meyer and Brockhaus, neither the name of Darwin nor the word *evolution* occurs in the article on Huxley? The tens of thousands of cross-references alone (a large proportion absolutely useless) take up so much space that the contributors in too many cases have no free hand in dealing with their topics. With respect to their comprehensiveness, we cannot, of course, deny that the German encyclopædias possess extraordinary merit. No conceivable kind of topic is permitted to escape their closely-meshed nets. They are universal question-answerers to a degree to which no encyclopædia that has ever appeared in an English-speaking country could lay claim. Yet we cannot help thinking that the German reading public would be better served if, instead of its all-embracing Konversations-Lexikon, it had a work constructed somewhat on the lines of the New International Encyclopædia (which contains approximately the same amount of text as Meyer or Brockhaus), whose pages are everywhere readable, and which, by husbanding its space, can afford to deal generously with many important topics but meagrely treated in the German encyclopædias. Where German enter-

*The Encyclopædia Britannica: A Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, and General Information. Eleventh edition. Vols. I-XIV. New York: Cambridge University Press.

prise shows to great advantage is in the frequent editions (with complete resetting of the work) of such a publication as Meyer and in its magnificent pictorial and cartographic equipment, far surpassing what the new Britannica or any other encyclopædia can offer.

In addition to the functions belonging to such a work as the International, the whole of whose contents is presumed to be not above the level of the comprehension of the ordinary intelligent reader, the Britannica assumes an additional function, that of introducing the special student in any branch of science to the intricacies of his subject and of presenting to him an exposition of the development which that branch of science has attained. It thus contains a large array of weighty scientific treatises, intended for the very few. Collectively, they render it an imposing monument to the sciences, one that shows the level that each has attained. This encyclopædia is, therefore, a mirror of the world's intellectual achievements in a sense in which the ordinary encyclopædia cannot profess to be. The discharge of this function, however, entails the failure of the Britannica in some measure to meet the fundamental requirements of a popular encyclopædia. The applicant for information or the seeker after knowledge will often be turned away from its pages with his curiosity unsatisfied. Much of what the Britannica contains on physics and chemistry, for instance, will remain as heretofore a sealed book to many who come to learn out of its pages. But all this is in conformity with a deliberate plan. If the owner of the work is in quest of elementary information regarding heat, electricity, or light, for example, he will be told that the Britannica does not propose to lay before him the instruction that he can obtain from an ordinary school book. It would have been possible, perhaps, to adopt a double treatment in the case of many scientific articles, especially where mathematics enters largely into the subject, giving first a popular exposition, intelligible to the ordinary reader, and after that a full scientific compendium for the benefit of the specialist or the student who is able to follow intricate mathematical demonstrations. It is easy to see, however, that the preparation of such a composite article would in most cases not have been a very congenial task, or a very feasible one, for a scientific expounder.

The old Britannica, while it was a monumental structure, was only a half-fledged encyclopædia. The eleventh edition contains about fifty per cent. additional matter. Such a large increment, where the scale was already so generous, was deemed necessary as much in order to round out the work as to meet the demands made upon space by more than three decades of the world's progress and history. It would have been feasible by judicious excision and a more careful delimitation of spaces to avoid expansion on such a large scale without sacrificing anything of importance. We may as well be thankful, however, that there has been little condensation, for there is no more treacherous business than the condensing of articles in an encyclopædia. The most salient change is the introduction of the biographies of living people. To be compelled to pass judgment on the achievements and character of persons not yet deceased has hitherto been regarded as something not compatible with the legitimate functions of such an august publication as the Britannica. A more practical view has prevailed in the new edition, one of whose most valuable features is the collection of articles on contemporary celebrities. Nor will any part of the new matter be appreciated more highly than the biographies of the many eminent personages who adorned the period in which the ninth edition appeared or who had achieved fame long before and still survived when the work reached their names in the alphabetical arrangement.

The old Britannica was constructed in large measure on the principle of relegating the treatment of specific topics to comprehensive articles, some of them long enough to make a good-sized book. The ninth edition started out, indeed, apparently without any conception as to how far this method might legitimately be carried, for in the article Agriculture a full and practical treatise on husbandry was presented to the British public, in which the various kinds of crops and of live stock were treated individually on a very extensive scale. The corresponding article in the present edition embraces only about one-third as much text, the material being placed where it properly belongs and where the user of the encyclopædia will naturally look for it. Thus, too, the specific information regarding the various chemical elements was before largely relegated to the article Chemistry. This feature of the Britannica impaired its value as a work of reference. The defect has been remedied in the eleventh edition, whose design conforms to that of ordinary encyclopædias with respect to the accessibility of the information that it contains. At the same time, the feature of long treatises, as we have seen, has not by any means been discarded. Many subjects, indeed, are treated at inordinate length, even for such a copious encyclopædia. An illustration of this is afforded by the article Hydraulics, covering seventy-six pages, in which the discussion of special problems having no important bearing is carried too far. An innovation is the introduction of purely lexicographic matter, which, in addition to scientific and technical information, affords much antiquarian lore culled from the most recent sources, such as the New English Dictionary.

The new Britannica can justly claim to be an Anglo-American encyclopædia, whereas the ninth edition was a British encyclopædia slightly Americanized. The article Agriculture contained no reference whatever to American conditions. The article Railway allowed barely three pages to the United States out of a total of thirty-two. In the eleventh edition, this topic, as far as economic aspects are concerned, was entrusted to the great American authority, President Hadley. In the twenty-eight-page article on Music there was no allusion to American musicians or composers. Of course, there was no blame to be attached to the editors of the old Britannica in every instance of the kind here mentioned, as they did not profess to go out of their way in order to make their work especially adapted to the American market. Their remissness with respect to the United States took the shape, however, in places of adding insult to neglect. The article Horse contained the following: "The development of speed in the trotting-horse . . . is one of the great industries of the United States of America." We wonder where the writer of the article Bison in the ninth edition got his information that the animal was sometimes ("rarely") found "to the east of the Appalachian range." The proofreaders of the old Britannica need not have been quite so ignorant of American geography as to allow "the St. Louis bridge at Cincinnati" (in the article Bridges) to pass uncorrected. But, then, we must remember that it was a fashionable error in England at the time of our civil war to believe that the Mississippi River was the boundary between the North and the South. The sins of former British encyclopædists in matters American are only on a par with those committed by such painstaking encyclopædists as the Germans. Brockhaus, in its latest edition (the fourteenth), still informs its readers that Mt. Vernon, N. Y., is the place where Washington had his country seat and where he was buried. Both Brockhaus and Meyer strive to be pretty full with respect to American biography, but neither has ever heard of Chief Justice Marshall.

In the eleventh edition of the Britannica a favored position is accorded to the United States. There is no general encyclopædia of recent date that contains such full biographies of Americans, although in the matter of inclusion the line has naturally been drawn much closer than in the International. For our part, we should have preferred to see the standard of inclusion set higher than it has been. A detailed biography of Mrs. Eaton ("Peggy O'Neill"), whose tribulations caused so much trouble in Jackson's first admin-

istration, mars a work like the Britannica. Timothy Dexter, soldier and crank, to whom nearly a column is devoted, might likewise well have been spared. The history and politics of the United States are generously dealt with, and the geography of our country leaves nothing to be desired on the score of fulness. The articles on the very small towns in the United States are even on such a scale as to disturb the symmetry of the work. Of course, in most departments the process of Americanization could by no means be carried out so effectually as in those of biography, history, and geography. In the case of a great many subjects, as, for example, legal topics, the introduction of information regarding the United States on a scale required in an American publication would have marred the articles as contributions to a British encyclopædia. That full justice is not always done to the United States even where there was nothing to prevent is exemplified in the article Aqueduct, in which there is no mention of the new aqueduct that the city of New York is constructing, which will dwarf every work of the kind, ancient or modern, into insignificance; or of the Los Angeles aqueduct, which will be by far the longest in the world. This article was contributed by several writers, and the section on modern aqueducts was assigned to a member of a firm of civil engineers in London, who shows by the amount of attention that he bestows upon iron and wooden conduits his unfitness to deal with the broad aspects of his subject—an illustration of the peculiar need of caution that should be exercised by the editor of an encyclopædia in entrusting technological articles to practical men. The article Canal does not concern itself with canals in the United States, although the Erie Canal is the longest artificial waterway in the world. The article Irrigation (13 pages) deals at length with the reclamation work prosecuted on such a vast scale by the United States government, but gives no idea of the extraordinary character of some of the engineering achievements.

A curious feature of the old Britannica was its neglect of military history. There were no articles on such subjects as the Seven Years' War or the Thirty Years' War, and famous battle-fields were for the most part omitted if the place from which the engagement took its name was in itself unimportant. There was no such caption as Dettingen or Hohenlinden, Bull Run or Chancellorsville. The Londoner whose daily walk took him past the Nelson Monument might look in vain for Trafalgar. The new Britannica devotes an amount of space to wars and battles that would make in itself a large volume on military history. We cannot help feeling, indeed, that this feature is exaggerated. Eighteen and a half quarto pages devoted to the Great Rebellion in England is too much even for an encyclopædia that has almost boundless space at its command. In the various ways which we have indicated and in many other respects the eleventh edition of the Britannica is an immense advance beyond the ninth. But the new work is cast in the pattern of the old and breathes the same spirit, even if in some ways a concession is made to demands hitherto regarded as too plebeian to claim recognition.

As the Britannica has always been so strong on the scientific side, while maintaining the traditions of old-time culture, one does not have to discern in the new edition any particular change of complexion that would reflect the retrusion of the cult of letters by that of the arts and sciences which has characterized the world's intellectual development in the course of the last generation. A glance at the list of leading articles (with the names of the contributors) prefixed to each volume will show that the Britannica remains as much as ever a scholar's encyclopædia in the face of the innovations required to make it a practical work of reference. While pulsating with the activities of modern research, it continues to exhale the atmosphere of the old scholastic halls. Many of the fine essays written for previous editions have, as a matter of course, been retained virtually unchanged, or but slightly altered. The impressive monograph on Descartes, for example, contributed by William Wallace to the ninth edition, reappears with little change in the eleventh. So, too, Jebb's Demosthenes. Possessors of the new Britannica will enjoy reading Macaulay's life of Goldsmith, which has done such good service in previous editions and which is reproduced "slightly revised" by Austin Dobson. Dickens, who appeared for the first time in the ninth edition, has his life retold and his writings subjected to a fresh criticism by Thomas Seccombe.

Louis Heilprin.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

To the scholar and to serious readers generally, the opening, on Tuesday of this week, of the beautiful new building of the New York Public Library, was a significant event. A study of the floor plans of the building, and a journey through it, disclose at once the cheering fact that much thought and care have been spent on the needs of the research student.

A distinctive feature of the plan consists of the close relation of the book stacks to the main reading room, which is here placed directly above the stacks. This arrangement not only provides better air, and more light and quiet in the reading room, but also gives the most direct communication with the stacks. The ordinary reader will find his needs best served in this main reading room, on the third floor, which is easily reached by passenger elevators. Here, in a noble room nearly 300 feet long by 75 feet wide, and with a seating capacity of 768, the reader will find twenty-five thousand volumes of reference books ready to hand. Here also he may have brought to him any book in the building. He may have generous space in which to use his books at the well-lighted tables, the service being as free from irksome red tape as is possible in a large library. Most readers will find such facilities all they require; but for the specialist there are rooms set apart with the various collections.

To begin with the first floor, besides a reading room for current periodicals, there is a series of rooms devoted to Technology, including patents and applied science generally. On the second floor are the collections of pure Science, including biology, astronomy, chemistry, physics, etc. These rooms are connected by book lift with the Technology rooms below, thus making any book in the collection quickly available on either floor. On the same floor with Science is a room devoted to Economics and Sociology, and connecting with this another large room for Public Documents. On this floor also are separate rooms for the Slavonic, Jewish, and Oriental collections. On the third floor are special rooms for American History, Genealogy, and Local History, Maps, Art and Architecture, and the library's fine collection of Prints. In all these rooms there are ample facilities for readers, and to assist them librarians who are specialists in their particular fields. While any one may use freely the facilities provided in the main reading room, admission to the special rooms is by ticket, which may be issued to any responsible person who, to facilitate his work, requires immediate access to books on a particular subject. For the investigator engaged in important work which requires the continuous use of a large number of volumes, further facilities are provided in six small studies on the second floor.

The key to the whole system is the admirably lighted and equipped public catalogue room on the third floor, leading directly to the main reading-room. Here are the information desk, card catalogues of all the collections in the building, together with the catalogues of the British Museum and other libraries, and such indices as are useful in bibliographical research. Here also is a complete set of the printed catalogue cards of the Library of Congress.

In the basement, on what is really the ground floor, are grouped around the Forty-second Street entrance a circulating library, a children's room, and a newspaper room. On this ground floor are commodious quarters for a library school for the training of librarians. Mr. Carnegie has just given $15,000 a year for five years for the maintenance of this school, and its first term will open in September.

To descend to mere statistics, the new library building was opened to the public with a collection of about 1,200,000 volumes, while it has a shelf capacity for 3,500,000. There is therefore ample room for growth. The old Astor and Lenox Libraries are merged here, and their separate existence has ceased. In general it may be said that the plan of the building was conceived in the mind of the director, Dr. Billings, while

the architectural envelope was designed by Messrs. Carrère and Hastings.

Correspondence

WAS POE NEVER ETHICAL?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a valuable article on "Poe's Cosmopolitan Fame," in the *Century Magazine* of December, 1910, Prof. Brander Matthews says:

> Poe never preached; and there is no moral purpose, explicit or implicit, to be discovered in his poetry or his fiction. . . . He had no message for mankind, but only melody for youthful melancholy. His poems and his brief tales lack not only moral purpose, but also spiritual meaning.

Thus, in effect, have said many of the many Poe critics. Thus said the critics of Poe's own day, so persistently that under pretence of satisfying them, but really to have a quiet laugh at their expense, he wrote, "Never Bet the Devil Your Head: A Story with a Moral." And therein recorded the history of Mr. Toby Dammit, who, like naughty little boys in old-fashioned Sunday School books, gave indications even in the cradle of the inherent viciousness which would bring him to a bad end.

All critics agree that Poe's pen never rambled. He never wrote one sentence or one word without design—without meaning something very definite by it. Even in his detective stories and in the tales of pseudo-science the links in the chain of evidence or of reasoning follow each other in nice and perfectly natural order. Are we, then, to conclude that in the higher field of the imagination his stories had no meaning—no object save to make the flesh creep? It is hard to believe.

To begin at the top, take "The Fall of the House of Usher." If in telling this tale, Poe had been seeking simply to produce an effect, to make an impressionistic word-picture, he would have been as careful as ever in the selection of just the right word and phrase to produce this effect, for his art was his master and would not suffer him to slouch. But could this picture have been drawn with as certain a hand if there had been behind that hand no definite thought, no deliberate meaning, no message? Would the effect of the word-picture be so vivid? Would it be so long remembered, so strongly felt at each re-reading?

I think not. And I offer the following interpretation of the parable of "The Fall of the House of Usher":

The life cloaked in egoism, turned in upon itself, feeding upon itself, existing for itself, having no touch with other lives, must come first to desolation, then to despair, finally to destruction. To my mind the House of Usher and its master, Roderick Usher, were the symbol of such a life. The peculiar atmosphere that surrounded them was the egotism in which an isolated and self-centred life is sunk. No detail of the story should be taken as meaningless, any more than the ballad of "The Haunted Palace," which Poe puts into the mouth of the master of the house himself, and which is plainly the symbol of a wrecked intellect, should be taken as meaningless. This ballad so effectively interpolated into the story is simply an allegory within an allegory—that is all.

Who then, was the Lady Madeline, the twin sister whose illness and evidently approaching death filled Roderick Usher with deep gloom? In the ballad of "The Haunted Palace," Usher prophesied the loss of his own mind, but in such a life as his the decay of reason would be inevitably preceded by another decay—that of the soul. As the master of the House of Usher was conscious of the approach of death of the mind, may he not have been conscious also of the more imminent death of the soul, personified by the Lady Madeline? Let us see how far this idea is borne out by what Poe (who never wastes words, be it remembered) is at pains to tell us of the lady.

In the first place, she is the "sister," the "twin sister." In the highly symbolic poem, "Ulalume," Psyche (the soul) is addressed as "sister." There is "a striking similitude between brother and sister—sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them"—such as exist between one's self and one's soul. We are reminded of the resemblances Poe describes in another story between "William Wilson" and his double who plainly personifies Conscience. A fleeting glimpse of the lady, as she passed through the shadows of a remote part of the room, was afforded to Roderick Usher's guest—"as Usher talked of her." The allegory here is plain. After the lady's death Usher "roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step—the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out." The allegory again seems plain—the soul had gone out of him. Even in the change in his tones this is indicated. The "occasional huskiness" (characteristic of the voice of one whose emotions are deeply stirred), gave place to "a tremulous quaver"—the whimpering of one capable of no deeper feeling than self-love or self-pity.

The soul dies hard, and so it seems the Lady Madeline—though apparently dead—was only in an unusually deep, cataleptic slumber. Her brother, tortured by conscience, confesses having heard her struggles to free herself from the coffin and the vault in which he had entombed her. At the very moment of his confession (note the allegory again) she succeeds in bursting her bonds and for a moment stands before him, "lofty and enshrouded," but to totter and fall, sweeping him down with her in a terrible embrace to actual death and more—complete destruction and extinction of him and his house.

Is there no spiritual meaning in this dark allegory?

Poe sometimes deliberately takes a text and preaches a sermon, but with such art does he cover his didacticism, with such grim and splendid, such weird and barbaric colors does he decorate his pages, that the result seems merely the fantastic dream of an abnormal brain. Take, for instance, the story "Ligeia"—Poe's own favorite of all his "tales"—which has for its text this quotation from Joseph Glanvill:

> And the will therein dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigor? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man does not yield himself to the angels, nor to death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will.

All students of Poe are familiar with the sermon he preaches from this quaint text—a sermon upon the exercise of will in the shape of a wonder-tale, in which he makes the Lady Ligeia, whom he has presented to us as a woman of unusual intellectual vigor, and into whose mouth he has placed one of his most striking poems ("The Conqueror Worm"), actually rise from the dead through the mere force of will.

Take "The Black Cat," in which he uses for his text the transformation by alcoholism of the character of a man naturally kind and affectionate to one irritable and brutal, until he who before the changes in his nature took place would not have laid his finger on a dumb animal save to caress it, destroys, and in the most atrocious manner, first his pet cat and then his own wife. Were the consequences of intemperance ever more fearfully, more warningly, set forth?

This brings us to another favorite theme of Poe's—the mastery of conscience—strikingly illustrated in "The Tell-Tale Heart," in which the murderer hears above all other sounds the beating of the heart of the old man he has ruthlessly slain. Even after he has securely concealed the body under the planks of the floor, he hears it, until he can endure it no longer, and, terrified by the awfulness of that fancied sound, confesses his guilt.

The same theme is presented in the story of "The Man of the Crowd," who, with the secret of sin committed lying heavy on his breast, spends his days and his nights in futile effort to lose himself in street crowds. Could there be found a more vivid and forceful picture of a man convicted of wrongdoing by his own heart?

The most complete and carefully worked out of Poe's conscience stories is "William Wilson," in which Wilson's conscience appears as his double, like him in all things save in rigorous conformity to morals and duty, and in the voice—a mere whisper—with which he checks, or seeks to check, Wilson whenever he is tempted to depart from the path of virtue. The whisper is hateful to Wilson, and becomes more and more so as he deafens his ears to its warnings. Many times he seeks to hide himself from the double—many times to get beyond the sound of the hated whisper—but in vain, and finally he decides to meet the double in hand-to-hand combat and slay him outright. He succeeds, as all must who wage a sufficiently persistent warfare against conscience, but with dying breath the double addresses him thus:

> You have conquered, and I yield. Yet henceforward art thou also dead—dead to the World, to Heaven, and to Hope! In me didst thou exist—and in my death, see by this image which is thine own, how utterly thou hast murdered thyself.

Is there nothing of the preacher, no moral purpose, no lesson drawn from human experience in this arraignment?

MARY NEWTON STANARD.

Richmond, Va., May 17.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We all know that the present practice in education is to follow, rather than to thwart, the natural bent, and the primary interest in Professor Shorey's article on "American Scholarship" (*Nation*, May 11) lies not so much in his opinions, which are strikingly in accord with our familiar

notion of human nature, but in the theories and generalizations by which he upholds certain ideas which have already been noted and labelled in forum and mart.

His theory of an insulated national culture, for example, seems to be conceived in the spirit which has begotten the demand of "America for the Americans," for protection of home industry, and for the closed shop. It seems a tenable theory for a Grecian to hold, but there is a slightly ironic touch in his embodying it in advice to the barbarians. Does Professor Shorey really believe that Roman culture would have been better without Greek, English without French, and Japanese without Western influence? In short, that the only essential part of a garden is the fence? That belief would suggest a comparison with the idea of a tariff wall which should cause wool to grow without sheep.

As to the inferences drawn from the fact that our graduate students do not go abroad for study, is not that very like the process of reasoning which would bring us to the conclusion that we are buying the products of our American manufacturers on account of their intrinsic superiority, or our preference of shoddy to wool? Are there no students who work in the graduate departments of our universitles because it is to their economic advantage to do so? If we see a man, instead of paying his passage to a foreign land, and supporting himself there at considerable expense, only to return to this country to rely largely upon his own efforts, and, perhaps, to find against him the presumption that, having seen something besides his native land, he may not prove "adaptable"—if we see him, instead of this, choosing to attend a school where his bills are paid, to a greater or less extent, and where his instructors will feel a certain obligation to find him a position in teaching after his work is done, in such a case, can we be sure that the choice proves that he is convinced of the greater value of American instruction?

The statement tbat German scholars do not know their own literature, is astounding; but, as it is of such a nature as not to be met effectively by a counter-generalization, which would merely raise the question of personal experience, it may be enough to note that the instances which Professor Shorey gives are curiously inconclusive. The mention of a number of dry-as-dust books does not prove that there is nothing better, and, to show the German lack of culture, he mentions only their ignorance of some English and Freneh books. Surely, it would be somewhat difficult to substantiate so broad a charge.

The difficulties in our educational work are appalling, and Professor Shorey rightly attributes them largely to the lack of discipline in home and school, and rightly attributes the failure of our students to profit by work abroad to this lack of preparation. But this is not the fault of the German instructors, who rightly hold that certain sorts of training are the duty of home and school, and not of the university. Our own university work might be much more effeetive, as well as less perplexing, if we could take the same stand.

Scholarship has been suffering sadly from tho causes which Professor Shorey mentions—"specialism, commercialism, democracy," not only in this country, but in Europe. It is a time for all lovers of true learning and vital culture to help each other by every means in their power to withstand the pressure of materialism. Let us humbly recognize the need of all tho help we can get, and take it wherever we can find it, and we may discover in German idealism and in the German notion of discipline forces not without value in our present emergency.

V.

Chicago, May 13.

SHAKESPEARE'S SAMPHIRE GATHERER

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the interesting passages from Goldsmith and Wordsworth, cited and compared by Prof. John L. Lowes in your issue of March 23, both those writers are shown to have adduced a line in Shakespeare to illustrate the imaginative use of the word *hang*. It is the familiar line in "Lear,"

> Half-way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire.

Wordsworth's comment is: "Neither the goats [of Virgil] nor tbe samphire-gatherer do literally hang."

I am sorry to deprive these eminent critics of so excellent an illustration, but I fear that Goldsmith was betrayed by his imagination and Wordsworth was probably betrayed by Goldsmith; for the samphire-gatherer does literally hang. One of the most vivid recollections of my own inland childhood is that of a wood-cut in an old volume depicting one of these interesting creatures suspended on the face of a cliff by a heavy rope, pursuing his "dreadful trade." Turning now to the commentaries on the passage in "Lear," I find that George Tollet, who contributed some notes to the Johnson and Steevens edition of Shakespeare, quoted the following from Smith's "History of Waterford" (p. 315, edit. 1774):

> Samphire grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country; it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of tbe impending rocks as it were in the air.

There can scarcely be doubt that this is precisely what Shakespeare was describing; let it be remembered, too, that Edgar pretends to be looking *down* from the top. If any should feel sorrow at losing the imaginative element from the picture, they may console tbemselves with reflecting once more that Shakespeare knew just what he was talking about.

Alphonso G. Newcomer.

Stanford University, May 12.

A PEACE PACT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with interest tbe letter of Mr. Edwin Ginn in tbe *Nation* of April 20, offering as a solution of the peace problem the proposal "to take a portion of the present armaments, say 10 per cent., and establish an international army and navy." It should seem that Mr. Ginn overlooks the fact that an army and navy without an executive behind them to determine when and how they shall be used, would be an awkward possession, and "there's the rub."

I have long had in mind to suggest to the *Nation* a solution equally simple, and one which seems to require no mechanism for its enforcement. The United States and Great Britain should propose to the civilized nations of the earth a peace pact for the adoption of those nations favorably inclined to the same, providing that no one of the signatory Powers should commit an act of war against another Power without the formal issuance of a challenge to war, and then not until two years had elapsed after the date of the challenge. A second clause might provide that a nation violating the pact should be regarded as the common enemy of the signatory Powers.

Richard F. Burges.

El Paso, Texas, May 15.

Literature

UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

Foundations of the Nineteenth Century. By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. A translation from the German by John Lees, with an introduction by Lord Redesdale. Two volumes. New York: John Lane Co. $10 net.

Pursuers of learning's paths will be interested in the work of one who has trodden vast lengths of them, and not as a wanderer, but with mind fixed on a constant purpose. This is none other than to bring a consideration of the entire intellectual and spiritual history of man to bear upon the nineteenth century, and to use the whole contents of this armory of argument in the still unfinished warfare of light and freedom against their opposites. But before following our author's lines of militant exposition, the reviewer in the present instance pauses in order to deprecate omniscience on his own part, and to comment on the character of the book. Since it considers all matters of deep buman import from the times of Moses and Homer downwards, no reviewer can have knowledge of them all, any more than the author has. And if in matters where the reviewer is informed he finds his author's statements resting more surely on temperament than on fact, how will his conscientious mind be teased at other statements which rouse his incredulity, but leave him helpless, because with regard to them he also does not know?

The author is by birth an Englishman, but educated on the Continent, and apparently in language and ways of thought and adumbration thoroughly Germanized. He would doubtless deem himself Teutonic, in that large and noble sense in which he himself uses this word; but to us he seems Teutonic rather more specifically. His energetic mind is stored with an extraordinary range of knowledge. He wrote his book in German, and according to the preface of the English translation sixty thousand copies of the German editions have been sold. This large sale doubtless is due to the striking character of the work, and to the fact that it embodies and emblazons every prejudice that makes the Teutonic bosom swell: it lives and

breathes in the conviction of the pre-excellence of the "Teutonic race"; it is fiercely anti-Semitic and anti-Roman Catholic. Indeed, it is rendered very living through its author's virile and, we may say, constructive prejudices. It is also picturesque with many a bizarre notion, and its statements clash cheerfully with the "latest results" of scholarship. Its constant emphasis and frequent extravagance lead to inconsistencies, even in the less militant portions. Yet in the exaggerated statements of a writer (this author, for example) there may be much fruitful arrest of attention, and even valid suggestion, for the reader.

The present is the child of the whole past; yet let it struggle to discard and forget aright, as touching many things which have made it what it none too fortunately is. Mr. Chamberlain's intention is to write always from the standpoint of the living present, that is, the nineteenth century; and his criterion of selection lies in the value which the elements of the past have for our own time. Throughout he loves and hates by races; and for him the past resolves itself into race struggle and race destiny. A brief presentation of our author's views may of itself suggest a sufficient criticism of them. At all events, it will be needless to discuss the frequently questionable historical allusions and minor illustrative statements.

"Our whole civilization and culture of to-day is the work of one definite race of men, the Teutonic" (Introd. lxvii; "Teutonic" here embraces "Celts and genuine Slavs"). And the turning point from which our culture and industrial civilization begin definitely to arise is the year 1200. Before it "the birth of Jesus Christ is the most important date in the whole history of mankind" (I, 5). "Of the peoples of antiquity, Hellas, Rome, Judea alone are historically important for the living consciousness of the men of the nineteenth century" (I, 8).

Mr. Chamberlain's discussion of Hellenism is not particularly edifying; his treatment of Rome, however, is more organic and convincing. He sees the Romans in the light of their chief original creation, to wit, their law; for a proper understanding of which one needs a clear conception of the Roman people and its history. The enduring power of Rome was the work of the whole people, rather than of special individuals, and was rooted in the moral strength of the Roman character. Unconquerable love of home—(*e. g.*, resolution to stay in ruined Rome, rather than migrate to Veii), with the fixed resolve to dare and die, or conquer, for what was theirs, caused the extension of the Roman state. "If Rome wished to enjoy peace, she had to spread the work of organization and administration from one land to the other. Observe the contemporaries of Rome, and see what a failure those small Hellenic states were, owing to the lack of political foresight; Rome, however, had this quality as no people before or after" (I, 105). All this may be sound, though too great stress should not be laid on any chronic Roman desire for peace! The author now sets forth Rome's "struggle against the Semites," and endorses with enthusiasm her *delenda est Carthago*. The praiseworthy destruction of Semitic Carthage was subsequently made perfect in the destruction of Jerusalem:

> Had it not been for this achievement (which we certainly owe as much to the Jews, who have at all times rebelled against every system of government, as to the long-suffering Romans), Christianity would hardly ever have freed itself from Judaism, but would have remained, in the first instance, a sect among sects. The might of the religious idea, however, would have prevailed in the end. . . . We should, therefore, have received a Judaism reformed by Christian influence and ruling the world (I, 118).

"Without Rome," continues the author in his argument, "it is certain that Europe would have remained a mere continuation of the Asiatic chaos. Greece always gravitated towards Asia, till Rome tore it away" (I, 121).

Mr. Chamberlain speaks most reverently of Jesus Christ, and of the effect of his life and teachings. Excellently well he says:

> The human personality is the *mysterium magnum* of life, and the more a great personality is stripped by criticism of all legendary rags and tatters, . . . the more incomprehensible the mystery becomes. This indeed is the final result of the criticism to which the life of Jesus has been submitted in the nineteenth century. . . . The actual earthly life of Jesus Christ has become more and more concrete, and we have been compelled to recognize more and more distinctly that the origin of the Christian religion is fundamentally to be traced to the absolutely unexampled impression which this one personality had made and left upon those who knew Him. So it is that to-day this revelation stands before our eyes more definite, and for that very reason, more unfathomable, than ever (I, 180).

To the present reviewer, these words seem admirable; neither has he any fault to find with the exposition which follows of Christ's teachings, save that he has failed to derive very definite or novel thoughts from it. Moreover, Mr. Chamberlain has much to say about religion, and argues at great length that the Jews, instead of being a religious people, were markedly stunted in their religious growth. Jesus, however, was not a Jew—a proposition for which he adduces arguments the cogency of which may not be apparent to the previously unconvinced.

So much for the ancient elements, Hellenic, Roman, Jewish, which were to make part of the on-moving world after the passing of that unique revealing life which drew neither blood nor inspiration from the Jewish race, and yet delivered its message through the medium of historic Jewish teachings. What next came to pass? Chaos, says Mr. Chamberlain. A chaos of peoples and principles, a hybridizing of races and a debasement of ideals. The chaos through which the Roman world passed in the early Christian centuries was due primarily to the crossing and confusion of races. The Mediterranean provinces, as well as Italy and Rome itself, "no longer were inhabited by a definite people, but by an inextricable confusion of the most different races and peoples" (I, 252). The phrase "no longer" seems questionable; for what assured knowledge has Mr. Chamberlain as to a prior time when purity of race prevailed about the Mediterranean? At all events, he now enters upon an interesting substantiation of the great fact of *Race*, and the actual, visible, energizing differences in capacity between one race and another. Much of the discussion is scarcely scientific; yet it makes strong appeal to our prejudices, perhaps to our profound convictions. The main conclusion—conviction rather—of our author is that the noblest races are the fruit of a limited mingling of excellent and related stocks; while the crossing of disparate and unrelated stocks results in the obliteration of the good qualities previously belonging to either of them. Race can maintain itself, and improve, only when it creates a nation, which means a race politically organized. Denationalization brings chaos. Through nationality racehood intensifies, and this is well: "The sound and normal evolution of man is not from race to racelessness, but, on the contrary, from racelessness to ever clearer distinctness of race." And from the race rises its finest quintessence, the hero, or genius (I, 296, 297). To illustrate the raceless qualities of the Roman Empire, the author gives us several keen pages upon Lucian, the "clever Syrian mestizo, a bastard born of fifty unrecorded crossings," and upon the "African mestizo," Apuleius.

Amid this raceless chaos one race preserved itself, the Jewish, a fact of never-ending portent. And hereupon for a hundred and fifty pages there follows an exposition, or exposure, of the Jewish race, its origins, characteristics, equipment and career, which goes far to account for the large sale of this work in anti-Semitic Germany. We will deny ourselves these pages, and pass on to the final and glorious theme—the Teuton. Only with his entry does history, worthy of the name, begin. From the North, the German forests, flashed a new light on the world. Not that it came with a roar or as a great wave; say, rather, as phosphorescent infiltration. But light it was, and no pall of

ignorance, ushering in any mediæval darkness. For this barbarian light-bringer was "the lawful heir of the Hellene and the Roman, blood of their blood and spirit of their spirit" (I, 494). He came to conquer and destroy and make anew:

> We have only one thing to regret, that the Teuton did not destroy with more thoroughness, wherever his victorious arm penetrated, and that as a consequence of his moderation the so-called "Latinizing," that is the fusion with the chaos of peoples, once more gradually robbed wide districts of the one quickening influence of pure blood and unbroken youthful vigor (I, 495).

There follow pages showing the kinship between the Celt, the German, and the Slav—all noble Teutons. Their fresh creations, their ideal types of heroism are set forth—loyalty, purity, maidenhood, victory in downfall. With enormous emphasis and much confusion, Mr. Chamberlain sketches the state-building qualities, the endeavors, and the fate-thwarted accomplishment of these wonderful Teutons. Snatching illustrations by the way, he flings himself forward and backward through the centuries. Suddenly we are brought up against the Reformation, as to which some excellent things are said:

> Nowhere does the organic unity of Slavonic Germanicism manifest itself more convincingly than in this revolt against Rome. To understand this movement from the standpoint of national psychology, one must, to begin with, pay no attention to any dogmatic disputes concerning creed (I, 512).

Then for a space the author hurls himself on anthropology, upon hair-color and skull-shape, and such matters, and finds all the great men of the Italian Renaissance, from Dante onward, to have been good Germans (I, 538; II, 189-196). Against them the hosts of fell reaction are led by Ignatius Loyola, the perfect anti-Germanic type. This struggle is considered from the dual standpoint of religion and the state.

In the sphere of religion, a sharp distinction is drawn between Christ and Christian theology. The two chief pillars of the latter were the "Jewish historical and chronological faith, and Indo-European symbolical and metaphysical mythology" (II, 19). Naturally, there was strife between such fundamentally different elements. Moreover, in that chaos of peoples which filled the Apostolic and Patristic periods any real understanding of Christ was impossible (II, 21). Meanwhile, against all looser elements the tenaciousness of Judaism told; and so Jewish history became the backbone of early Christianity. At the same time, the Hellenic East entered on a losing struggle against the Roman West, and the Germanic North also entered the religious arena; still Rome, chaos of peoples as it was, triumphed through the power of the imperial idea backed by firm organization and tradition (II, 112 *ss*). "Christianity as an obligatory world-religion is . . . a Roman imperial idea, not a religious one" (II, 118).

In the political and social movements filling the first twelve hundred years of the Christian era, the author perceives a struggle, which is not yet ended, between imperial Roman universalism, represented by Emperor as well as by Pope, and the insistent nationalism of the Northern peoples; he likewise sees a struggle between the papal power and the rights of secular principalities. Passing on through these turbulent matters, he reaches at last the great period from the year 1200 to the opening of the nineteenth century, in which the Teutons become the "creators of a new culture." Through these six hundred years, it is Teutonic blood that everywhere, in Italy as well as in the North, gives power and life:

> The new world is specifically a Teutonic world. . . . What is not Teutonic consists either of alien elements not yet exorcised, . . . or of alien wares sailing under the Teutonic flag, and they will continue to sail thus until we send these pirate ships to the bottom. This work of Teutonism is beyond question the greatest that has hitherto been accomplished by man (II, 228).

The achievement of this mighty race is classified under Knowledge, embracing science and discoveries; Civilization, embracing industry, economics, politics, and church; and Culture, which embraces *Weltanschauung*, or the considered view of life and all its problems, philosophical, ethical, and religious, and also Art. Mr. Chamberlain discusses the reasons for his classification at some length, ending with the genial burst of applause which contemplation of Teutonic traits often draws from him. There is no need to follow his somewhat capricious sketch of "Discovery, from Marco Polo to Galvani," or of "Science, from Roger Bacon to Lavoisier." In his sketch of "Industry, from the Introduction of Paper to Watt's Steam-Engine," he comments forcibly on what the Teutons did with paper, which was introduced from foreign sources in the thirteenth century—the Teutonic use of paper, and its child the printing-press, being so marvellously different from any use to which the Arabs had applied the one or the Chinese the other. "Any one who knows the history of paper and still persists in believing in the equality of the human races is beyond all help" (II, 343).

The last section of the work, on "Art from Giotto to Goethe," may be left to German readers; but the long section (II, 389-495), just before it, on "Philosophy and Religion, from Francis of Assisi to Immanuel Kant," although bristling with odd ideas, is perhaps the best thing in the entire work. It is a living and powerful presentation of the courses of the higher philosophic and religious thought; replete with suggestion, it is also grayed with warning, equipped with sufficient knowledge for the author's purposes, impartial never (perish the thought!), but earnest and quite honestly opinionated. Kant is the final hero, and very well worth reading is the vivid setting forth of this man and his significance. Along with Kant, another all-significant personality is Goethe, but a Goethe inoculated with Bismarck germs.

In closing, let us say, this is an able book, forcibly argumentative, learned, strong through temperament and violent conviction. We have felt obliged to treat it with kindly humor and to criticise much of it; for indeed it is open to all the winds of criticism. We recommend it to the judicious, nay, even to the injudicious, reader, who desires to have his thoughts whetted by the fortunes and achievements of men.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Long Roll. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Her publishers announce that more than a million copies of Miss Johnston's earlier novels have been sold. No doubt they may look forward with assurance to a large sale for this book, and for any other that Miss Johnston may write. But it is to be questioned whether "The Long Roll" will help her with that romance-loving public which has rallied to her from the first. It is a civil war story, and by no means the best of the many which have been produced during the past few years.

We suppose the chances for a really big romance with this setting are improving steadily. It is beginning to be possible for us to see it all in perspective, to reconstruct a living scene out of the confused memories of the veteran who is still among us, on the one hand, and the maps and figures of the formal chronicler on the other. Miss Johnston has not made an advance in this direction. Her story ill bears comparison with such recent efforts in the same field as Mr. Cable's "Cavalier," or Mrs. Watts's "Nathan Burke." It is evident, rather painfully evident, that she has expended enormous labor upon the setting, the tactics, and the chief personalities involved in the conduct of the war by the South from Bull Run to the Wilderness. But her many elaborate descriptions of marches, skirmishes, and battles are overladen with detail. Her pages are suitably smeared with blood, realistic details are not lacking—such as the vomiting of a coward under fire—but the effect of the whole is of an ingenious collocation of facts rather than of a piece of life.

There are romantic elements both

major and minor in the tale. In the larger sense, Stonewall Jackson is the hero, whose portrait (romantically rendered in an apparently blue uniform with a pink war-cloud in the background) has the place of honor as frontispiece; and the events are synchronous with Jackson's military career. Jackson's temper was more like that of the traditional Yankee than that of the traditional Southerner. Miss Johnston, herself a Southerner, represents him as great in spite of certain characteristics upon which New England has always rather prided itself. She solves as nearly as it need be solved the mystery of his emergence from the pious martinet into the military genius. Certain personal traits and details of costume and manner are insisted upon to the point of weariness, but the portrait as a whole is impressive, as nothing else in the book is impressive. The minor romance—the "love interest"—concerns a heroine recognizable as Miss Johnston's, and a Virginian officer of the Stonewall Brigade. The latter suffers great wrong at the hands of a rival in love, and is discharged from the service in disgrace. But the experienced reader does not worry about that, and the event justifies his confidence in the clemency of the novelist.

The writer's style is here, as always, a trifle pretentious and labored. Her little fishes have a habit of talking like whales, and her whales consciously disport themselves under the limelight.

Brother Copas. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The accomplished and prolific "Q" has written many better stories than this. In fact, "Brother Copas" is hardly a story at all. It is, by the author's admission, a companion fable to "Sir John Constantine." In that book, he says,

> I expressed (perhaps extravagantly) my faith in my fellows and in their capacity to treat life as a noble sport. In "Brother Copas" I try to express something of that correlative scorn which must come sooner or later to every man who puts his faith into practice. . . . I can only hope that both the faith and the scorn are sound at the core.

Now "Q" is a born spinner of yarns. If in his maturity he is impelled to moralize, well and good; but he is not a fabulist, and one must prefer his pure yarns to his parables. The story, such as it is, has a novel setting—an English "hospital" in the cathedral city of "Merchester." This is an institution established centuries ago for the maintenance of a certain number of bedesmen; "the Blanchminster brethren in black gowns with a silver cross worn at the breast, the Beauchamp Brethren in gowns of claret colour with a silver rose." The Beauchamp Brethren are "Collegians of Noble Poverty," and socially the superiors of the "Collegians of Christ's Poor." Brother Copas is of the College of Noble Poverty. He is a gentleman and a scholar who has reached old age as a failure in the eye of the world, and has found refuge at "St. Hospital." His spirit is by no means broken: we are to take him for a cheerfully ironic philosopher, a profound Grecian and an ardent fisherman, pleased to observe the game of human life. The difficulty is that one does not feel at all convinced of his years. He seems merely another presentment of that witty and irresponsible young hero just now popular in fiction, invested, for the sake of piquancy, in the trappings of age. The episode in which he is involved is rather slight for so long a story. It involves also a little American-born girl, supposed daughter to one of the brothers. The British novelist's conception of the American child is always amusing, but we do not recall a more impossible little invention than this "Corona" of Mr. Quiller-Couch's. If she were double the age alleged, she might conceivably think some of the thoughts ascribed to her; but she could not conceivably express them as she does. Enough to say that "Q" has captured a few fragments of American slang and strung them upon a thread of British idiom, in the sadly familiar fashion.

Out of Russia. By Crittenden Marriott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Not the least of Russia's exports are its extensive contributions to the world's supply of fiction-thrills. Formerly exile and the knout were the leading staples in this industry, but more lately the magic spell is so quickly felt that a "Circle," an "Inner Brotherhood," an insignificant murder or two suffice to start the interest rolling down the well worn grooves. One of the most startling incidents in the book under consideration is the special delivery of a letter at a New York apartment house after midnight. Small wonder that the beautiful maiden who lies in wait for this letter has a breath that "whistles" through lips and nostrils. This is the starting point of the story, and it is an earnest of the marvels to follow. There are lost and stolen damsels, ocean-engulfed gold meant to have saved causes; there are Russian Imperialists and Revolutionists and, in wondrous domesticating contrast, Americans from New York and from Missouri, the latter bringing their sheaves of dialect. The letter in a drifting bottle that discloses where the ship went down with its golden cargo is the first bone of contention. Then the rescued gold itself. Then the missing heiress; and over these quests swings a complicated tissue of lost identities and substituted persons. To put a chorus girl into the rôle of a Russian princess and make a sheep ranchman hold the key to a Russian intrigue is automatically suggestive of comic operetta, "at which we dedicate him."

The Wastrel. By A. D. H. Smith. New York: Duffield & Co.

The setting of this tale shifts, nominally, from Rhode Island to one of those little principalities in the south of Europe to which the modern romancer has now become, it seems, almost hopelessly addicted. Mr. Smith's Rhode Island is as mythical a spot as Shakespeare's Bohemia or Illyria; but what matters the tag one gives his land of fancy? The Wastrel is eminently original in one respect: he does not marry the Princess of No-matter-where, although there is one, and she is willing. This hardly seems good Americanism, but it is explained by the fact that he is himself the Prince, as well as by the girl he has left behind him in the alleged Rhode Island. The Wastrel's father, a gentleman-adventurer of experience, has done the Princess-marrying. Thereafter he has become a smuggler on the savage Rhode Island coast. Romantic absurdities, or impertinences, aside (and what is romance good for without them?), the tale is told with not a little gusto. Readers who have retained something of ingenuousness, to whom "Treasure Island" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" are honestly recalled delights, should follow the adventures of the Wastrel with satisfaction.

AN INTERPRETER OF INDIAN LIFE.

The Soul of the Indian. By Charles Alexander Eastman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

This is a book which only an Indian with an extraordinary mastery of English could have written. Dr. Eastman, as a member of the Dakota or Sioux tribe educated among Caucasians, is able to make a subjective study of his race and give it an objective interpretation. To the rarity of such a combination we may attribute most of our misunderstandings with the Indian.

Because the Indian has not enveloped his religious life in rigid forms, it is too commonly taken for granted that he has none. Against such an assumption Dr. Eastman protests. Having no written language, the Indian is without books of prayer or praise. Even spoken words he deems unworthy of use in approaching a deity who can look into his heart and note its aspirations. With the white teacher's assurance that God is everywhere he agrees, but carries this idea to its logical conclusion, that the divine essence pervades every object in nature—the clouds, the mountains, the forest, the sea, the wind, the animal creation. Even a wild beast whose body will furnish food he does not kill wantonly, but only in response to a need of the hour; and he then supposes it to

yield up its life for his sustenance as one brother is not unwilling to die for another. His so-called worship of the sun is symbolic rather than real: in his conception of the origin of things, the sun is the father and the earth the mother of all life, though each represents only a principle through which the all-pervasive soul of deity reveals itself.

We are reminded, moreover, that the Indian's code of ethics has a great deal to commend it. No race were ever less quarrelsome than his. Till alien invaders of their country had debauched them with exotic vices, self-indulgence was frowned upon, and a temperate life respected as the only sure road to heroism; violence was rare, and, when committed in the heat of anger, was voluntarily atoned; theft and lying were so infrequent as to brand the offender with disgrace; a gentle manner and low voice were the rule in social intercourse; and speech of any sort was sparingly employed, on the theory that silence is the sign of a perfect poise of body, mind, and spirit.

The reader of Dr. Eastman's book must, of course, not lose sight of the fact that an Indian naturally inclines to set forth his people's ideals rather than their practice; and that the great native family from which Dr. Eastman is sprung is only one of several stocks which vary as much in temperament, habits, and modes of thought as do the Corsican and the Dane. Nevertheless, this little volume is of real value as a contribution to the better general understanding of the red race by the white. Not the least of its charms is its brevity, while its missionary usefulness will be much enhanced by the fact that it can be read at a single sitting and digested and assimilated at leisure. In places it is eloquent; and no passage is more characteristic than that in which this civilized and Christianized Indian measures the changes which have come over his own life, and those foreshadowed for his people:

> Long before I ever heard of Christ, or saw a white man, I had learned from an untutored woman the essence of morality. With the help of dear Nature herself, she taught me things simple but of mighty import. I knew God. I perceived what goodness is. I saw and loved what is really beautiful. Civilization has not taught me anything better.
>
> As a child, I understood how to give; I have forgotten that grace since I became civilized. I lived the natural life, whereas I now live the artificial. Any pretty pebble was valuable to me then; every growing tree an object of reverence. Now I worship with the white man before a painted landscape whose value is estimated in dollars! Thus the Indian is reconstructed, as the natural rocks are ground to powder, and made into artificial blocks which may be built into the walls of modern society.

There is a slender strain of Oriental mysticism running through the later pages of the book which will detract somewhat from its claim to authenticity in the minds of many readers. It would have done no harm to omit the concluding chapter on The Border-Land of Spirits.

Plutarch on Education. By Charles William Super, Ph.D., LL.D. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. $1.

"The careful student of Greek literature and history," says Dr Super, "can hardly resist the conviction that the Greek people were incapable of taking the world seriously. . . . They lacked moral earnestness. This statement needs some qualification, for Socrates was an earnest man. Yet even he, if he has been correctly reported, constantly indulged in irony." To read Plutarch's miscellaneous essays is to obtain a view of the Greek genius more sympathetic with modern pedagogy. They drip with moral earnestness, and the intentionally amusing does not occur. Yet even with him, Dr. Super is not quite content; for, with all his concern for conduct, Plutarch does not manfully face the fact that "polytheism rests on an entirely erroneous conception of the universe." Similarly Lady Ambrose in "The New Republic," on hearing with surprise that Socrates and his friends were obliged to ask what justice was, reminded herself that they were all heathens. But apart from his theological errors Plutarch is an educator of the new school. He very properly begins the education of the child before his birth, he is as urgent as Rousseau that it shall be nourished by its mother's milk, and when it comes to receive formal instruction he is very strong on questions of method and on the utilitarian end of education, but has almost as little to say as the circular of a training-school for teachers of what is there naïvely termed "subject-matter." It is true that Plutarch's utilitarian end is to make the pupil a good man rather than a money-maker, but that may be considered part of the sentimental view of life that passed away with polytheism. With the mere substitution of "efficiency" for Plutarch's *kalokagathia*, it would be easy to find in him a finely modern disparagement of the merely ornamental, of style and taste, in a word of a classical education. It is but fair to say that Dr. Super does not make this substitution. In his introduction to a translation of three of Plutarch's essays that touch on education, he seems to think, though with many misgivings, that on the whole, the Greeks were right.

The three essays themselves are "On the Education of Boys," "How a Young Man Should Listen to (Read) Poetry," and "How to Listen." The technical meaning of ἀκούειν, as used in the title of the third essay, where it does unquestionably mean to hear lectures, has misled Dr. Super into translating the title of the second essay by "How to Hear Lectures on Poetry." It is well-known that to the ancients reading generally meant reading aloud. Not only in the age of the rhapsodes but in that of the sophists the usual way of making Homer's acquaintance was to hear him recited or read aloud, and if we did not know this otherwise, it would be clear from Plutarch's essay. It is a droll essay, occupied with minimizing the evil results of what cannot be altogether prevented: "As it is perhaps not possible nor profitable to keep young men of the age of my Soclarus or of your Cleander from reading poetry, we should at least recognize the fact that they need a guide in their reading more than they do in their walks." He goes on to develop in a highly diluted form the famous Platonic anti-poetic doctrine, enriching it with many gems of exegesis. The third paper deals chiefly with the function of the auditor in the lecture-room and abounds in pictures of that ancient university life which is so amusingly modern. The author might be discouraged if he entered a classroom to-day to find that after two thousand years there is still need for his remark that "not only a scowling look and forbidding mien, a rolling of the eyes and a swaying to and fro of the body and a crossing of the thighs are in bad taste, but a nod or a whisper to our neighbor, a smile or a sleepy yawn or a dejected look is equally so."

Dr. Super's translation seems to be trustworthy in the main, but it is disfigured by careless slips which make nonsense here and there. The proof-reading also was neglected, so that the father of prose style appears as "Georgias," and the Attic model occurs once as "Lysis" and once as "Lycias." The little list of books suggested stops with Capes instead of including Walden's "Universities of Acient Greece," a work which has superseded its predecessors.

Notes

The Putnams announce: "Aspects of Religious Belief and Practice in Babylonia and Assyria," by Dr. Morris Jastrow, and "The Story of Quamin," by Mary Drummond.

On Saturday Henry Holt & Co. will issue: "The Stability of Truth," by President David Starr Jordan, and the first ten volumes of the Home University Library.

Senator Shelby M. Cullom will publish in the autumn through A. C. McClurg & Co. a volume of recollections.

Little, Brown & Co. have in hand Annie Payson Call's "Brain Power for Business Men."

The libretto written by Brian Hooker for

Professor Parker's new opera, "Mona," will be brought out in June by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Toy Dogs and Their Ancestors," by Mrs. Neville Lytton, and Gertrude Page's "Winding Paths" are in the list of the Appletons' announcements.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce for early publication: "The House in the Hedge," by Ralph Henry Barbour; "When Mother Lets Us Play," by Angela M. Keyes; "Philistine and Genius," by Boris Sidis, and "When the Red Gods Call," by Beatrice Grimshaw, a romance of life in savage New Guinea.

"The Miller of Old Church" is the title of Ellen Glasgow's forthcoming novel, which Doubleday, Page & Co. will have ready the last of the month.

"Abe and Mawrus," a new volume of Potash and Perlmutter stories by Montague Glass, will be brought out by the same house in the autumn.

Two of the large national associations of the summer—the National Sunday School Association and the National Educational Association—will meet in San Francisco, the first in late June, the other in early July.

Smith & Elder are adding a new volume to the Historical Series for Bible Students, "Biblical Geography and History."

The advanced state of "The Oxford English Dictionary" has made the publication possible of "The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English," adapted by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler from the greater work. Messrs. Fowler are the authors of "The King's English." In this "Concise Dictionary" they have given a large amount of space to common words, making copious use of illustrative sentences; all uncommon words have been treated as briefly as possible, and colloquial, facetious, slang, and vulgar expressions have been admitted with freedom.

The celebration of the centenary of Théophile Gautier's birth has been started in Paris by an exhibition, in the *vestibule d'honneur* of the Bibliothèque Nationale, of original editions of his works, a number of portraits of him, and caricatures.

In the dispatches from Rome, the announcement is made that the Vatican has placed a ban on Antonio Fogazzaro's last book, "Leila," putting it with all of D'Annunzio's books, on the Index Expurgatorius.

Duffield & Co. have published a little volume on "Auction Bridge," compiled by Annie Blanche Shelby.

In the *Nation* of April 6 we printed a letter from Andrew Lang, which discussed the problems raised in Dr. Henry Jackson's "About Edwin Drood." The little book itself, printed at the Cambridge University Press, now comes to us from G. P. Putnam's Sons.

With the spring and early summer come the guide books, not least welcome among them the newly edited Baedeker's. The latest volume to be revised and augmented is "The Eastern Alps," which is now imported by Scribners in the twelfth edition, dated 1911.

Dr. George Kerschensteiner's essay, "Education for Citizenship," which won the prize offered in 1900 by a German educational society for the best essay on "How are our young men, from the time of leaving the elementary school until the time of entering service, to be educated for citizenship," has been translated, and is now issued by the Commercial Club of Chicago.

Macbain's "Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language," which is now out of print, twelve years after its original edition, is to be reissued, with the author's corrections and additions, by Eneas Mackay of Stirling, Scotland.

In her preface to the volume of Stevenson miscellany entitled "Lay Morals" (Scribner), Mrs. Stevenson has a vivid account of the circumstances in which R. L. Stevenson wrote his open letter on Father Damien, one of the papers in the present volume. It was at Apia that Stevenson first heard of the attack on the memory of a man whom he held in reverence as a saint. But it was not till he arrived at Sydney that the full text of the letter came into his hands. "I shall never forget," says Mrs. Stevenson, "my husband's ferocity of indignation, his leaping stride as he paced the room holding the offending papers at arm's length before his eyes, that burned and sparkled with a peculiar flashing light. . . . In another moment he disappeared through the doorway, and I could hear him, in his own room, pulling his chair to the table, and the sound of his inkstand being dragged towards him." That afternoon Stevenson read to his assembled family the defence of Father Damien "while it was still red-hot from his indignant soul." The next day an eminent lawyer was consulted, more from curiosity than for any other reason. The lawyer was at first inclined to be jocular. He began by asking: "Have you called him a hell-hound or an atheist? Otherwise there is no libel." But when he looked over the manuscript his countenance changed. "This is a serious affair," he said. "However, no one will publish it for you." He was right. No one dared touch the pamphlet. Stevenson hired a printer by the day and the work was rushed through. Mrs. Stevenson, her son, and her daughter then set to work addressing the pamphlets, which were scattered far and wide. The paper was published with almost no change or revision. This Stevenson later regarded as a mistake.

In the preface of his "A Poet's Anthology of Poems" (Baker & Taylor), Alfred Noyes eulogizes poetry eloquently. His words take the form of an argument to prove that art alone can reveal to mankind the universal harmony. Tho following passage is typical of his method and manner:

> The poet begins, as it were, from the centre of things, while the philosopher works from the outer circumference along his particular radius towards the centre where all philosophies and sciences will one day meet. The poet's mind, looking outward from that central security, sees the whole world coördinated and linked in harmony, sees that you cannot pluck a flower "without troubling of a star."

Selections are grouped into nine topics, such, for instance, as The Sweet o' the Year, A Joy Forever, etc., and when he desires the compiler does not hesitate to include poems of such considerable length as "Pippa Passes."

Internal evidence suggests that in his newest book, "Mental Efficiency, and Other Hints to Men and Women" (Doran), Arnold Bennett has gathered together early sketches, written—was it for the ladies' weekly of which he has told us that he was once editor? The inference is tempting. It would explain what otherwise might appear to be a certain fussiness of thought. Yet ideas there are from cover to cover, and it is abundantly clear that the author has got his mind to the point (which he recommends for every one) where it works habitually. Moreover, Mr. Bennett is human, has common sense, and is aways sincere. As in "The Human Machine," he appears to be preoccupied with the claims of the mind as opposed to those of the body. At the outset should be stated what is not revealed in so many words until the end of the book—Mr. Bennett is a mental scientist. He may speak for himself:

> I say to my mind: "Mind, concentrate your powers upon the full realization of the facts that I, your master, am immortal and beyond the reach of accidents." And my mind, knowing by this time that I am a hard master, obediently does so. Am I, a portion of the Infinite Force that existed billions of years ago, and which will exist billions of years hence, going to allow myself to be worried by any terrestrial, physical or mental event? I am not. As for the vicissitudes of my body, that servant of my servant, it had better keep its place, and not make too much fuss. Not that any fuss occurring in either of these outward envelopes of the eternal *me* could really disturb me. The eternal is calm; it has the best reason for being so.

A week-end in the country leaves him shocked at the "gigantic debauch of the muscles on every side." "'Poor withering mind!' I thought. 'Cricket, and football, and boating, and golf, and tennis have their seasons, but not thou!'"

Fully aware that irritation is the fruitful mother of prejudice, we nevertheless confess to an intense irritation against Archibald Henderson's "Mark Twain" (Stokes). We are irritated at seeing a slender volume of two hundred odd pages partitioned off ponderously into separate books, such as the Man, the Works, the World-Wide Genius, and the Philosopher and Moralist; not to mention the introduction and the appendix. We are irritated at seeing the opportunities for repetition offered by this method completely utilized by Mr. Henderson. We are irritated at the whole procedure of analyzing the "philosophy" of a man like Mark Twain. At college, of course, we all learned from Friedrich Paulsen's book that every man has his philosophy; but that does not mean that the philosophies of nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand call for profound investigation. Mark Twain was an eminently simple person, with the honest likes and dislikes of the ordinary simple, honest citizen. Furthermore, he was a humorist; and what profit is there in trying to analyze the *Weltanschauung* of humorists? Since the beginning of time, their outlook and their business have been always the same: to concentrate on the incongruities of life, to administer a fillip to the fool, and a thwack to the hypocrite, and to say aloud under the immunity of the jester's license what most honest people think in their hearts. Gifted with laughter, and crowned with a vast popularity, Mark Twain was in a position to say the manly

and the courageous word of criticism on many subjects of contemporary interest. But that is what the tribe has been doing since Aristophanes, and that is why the "philosophy" of Mark Twain irritates us. Furthermore, we are irritated at the whole business of writing books so soon after the death of a man, who, during his lifetime, was so enormously paragraphed and estimated that virtually no material has been left for the definitive historian. Mr. Henderson's book is a case in point. It adds nothing to what has already been said about Mark Twain, with the possible exception of the story regarding the true origin of the famous nom-de-guerre. Mark Twain's fame abroad is also dwelt upon to an unusual length, and we are supplied with an impressive list of presumably every European publication in which anybody has said anything about the man; but the value of such a compilation is not quite clear.

At his examination after the deed Ravaillac stoutly maintained that he had assassinated Henry IV wholly on his own initiative and for religious reasons. Even under torture and in his last moments, when his hand was about to be plunged into boiling sulphur and oil and his flesh torn with red-hot pincers and seared with molten lead, he refused to reveal the name of any accomplices. "I alone conceived the deed." And yet, shortly afterwards, certain persons swore that he was merely the hired agent in a great plot and that he really had behind him such great accomplices as the Duc d'Epernon and other persons of high rank. Here was an historical problem which long puzzled historians: Did Ravaillac have accomplices or not? Michelet and the older historians before his day were generally inclined to the opinion that he did. In "The Fate of Henry of Navarre" (Lane), John Bloundelle-Burton, who is already known in England for some historical romances in the style of Dumas, has now essayed this problem. His method is one which is always effective with the uninitiated. He represents the opinion of Michelet and older historians which may be nearly half a century or more out of date as the opinion of historians of today. This gives him a man of straw whom he may demolish anew. One would gather from his own self-appreciative remarks that he is the first that ever offered a satisfactory solution to this problem. Nearly forty years ago, however, Jules Loiseleur proved fairly conclusively the curious fact that at the moment when Ravaillac was acting on his own initiative without accomplices there was another conspiracy by persons of rank to have the King murdered. The plots of Ravaillac and of these conspirators moved parallel toward the same end, but did not touch each other at any point. Ravaillac was unconsciously serving the purpose of others of whom he knew nothing. Michelet and the older writers made the mistake of confounding in one two quite separate plots. This is also Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's conclusion, though he makes no allusion to M. Loiseleur's valuable and interesting study. His volume, with many illustrations, may delight the reader of romances, but not the serious historian.

Among the fifteen children of that virtuous royal couple, King George III and Queen Charlotte, the youngest and best beloved was Amelia. But the good morals of the parents did not descend to all the children, and gossip has sometimes sullied the memory of Princess Amelia with scandalous tales which would have been more likely to be true of some of her less innocent brothers and sisters. In "The Romance of the Princess Amelia" (Lane), a sound and interesting volume based on Amelia's letters and other hitherto unpublished contemporary material, W. S. Childe-Pemberton shows it to be quite true that she fell deeply in love with Gen. Charles FitzRoy. He was a handsome, well-meaning, and honorable man some twenty years her senior, whom the King had assigned to her as an attendant. She was secretly betrothed to him, and even signed her letters "Your affectionate wife and darling" and "A. M. F." (Amelia FitzRoy). But as he was beneath her in rank she refrained from marrying him either secretly or openly, for fear of incurring the King's displeasure and augmenting the mental malady with which his later years were clouded. She did hope to marry him after her father's death, but ten years before that event, when she was scarcely twenty-seven, her own frail life was cut short. From her letters it would appear that her attachment to FitzRoy was of a pure, romantic type, like that of Evelina and other heroines of her childhood friend Fanny Burney.

In most studies of present-day criminal procedure in England, the main attention is naturally given to the working of the Assize Courts and the King's Bench. But the administration of justice in the Petty Sessions, though much less prominent, comes more closely in touch with the daily life of the multitude, and equally deserves the notice of the sociologist if not of the professional lawyer. "A Middlesex Magistrate" has just written an unpretentious little book, entitled "The Justice of the Peace and His Functions" (London: J. M. Dent & Sons), which gives a valuable account of the part that these courts of summary jurisdiction play in the English system. Written in order to place at the disposal of new magistrates the results of several years' experience on the local bench, it is of interest to a much larger circle of readers. It makes no attempt to compete with formal legal treatises, but fills a gap in the existing literature of the subject by describing in a graphic, untechnical style the every-day duties of a modern J. P. in a populous district. After reminding us in his introduction that "in England, almost alone among civilized countries, the great bulk of minor judiciary work is done by amateurs, without cost to the state," the writer takes us to a Petty Sessional Court, and sets before us typical samples of the miscellaneous business that comes before the magistrates. We are told that the Home Office is more keenly alive than the magistrates themselves to the importance of using the principle of discrimination to check the spread of criminal tendencies. The local benches, it appears, neglect very largely to recognize their power of separating offenders of "fair" character into a separate division from those labelled "bad." Not the least useful sections of the book are those in which the author, travelling somewhat beyond his main purpose, comments critically on certain of the laws he is required to administer. For example, his experience has left him with grave doubts of the wisdom of the present method of settling matrimonial difficulties by the granting of "separation orders." "No part of a justice's work," he tells us, "gives him greater pain, causes more perplexity, or burdens his mind with sadder misgivings," and "try as he may, he can rarely convince himself that he has done more than a partial good, and that at the cost, very likely, of a fully counterbalancing harm."

Sidney Gillespie Ashmore, for thirty years professor of Latin at Union College, died last Monday, at the age of fifty-nine. He was a member of several learned societies, was the author of "The Classics and Modern Training," and had edited the comedies of Terence.

The death is reported of Prof. William Scharling, aged seventy-three, one of the leading economists of Denmark, and for a number of years finance minister. He was the author of several economic and financial works.

Prof. Hans Reidelbach, whose death in his sixty-fifth year is announced from Munich, wrote on the history of Bavaria and the Wittelsbachs.

Prof. Konrad Varrentrapp, an historian of note, died recently at Marburg, aged sixty-six. He was the author of a number of important works, among them: "Erzbischof Christian I von Mainz," "Hermann von Wied," and "Einleitung zu Sybels Vorträgen und Abhandlungen."

Science

Le Ciel et l'Atmosphère. By L. Houllevigue. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.

This little book, with a rather general title and without journalistic relief of style, conveys in its seven consecutive essays the substance of some of the most important conclusions of recent science. The author, a professor of physics in the French University, is already favorably known by a work of similar popularization, "L'Evolution des sciences." He chooses questions of actual interest as measured, not by material profits, but by the enlargement of scientific truth. First, the earth in the universe as now known shows the turning of science from the old idea of an "interplanetary void" to that of space filled with unceasing life, in which gravitation alone remains unexplained by any working hypothesis. Next follow the principles of meteorology; weather prevision; the flight of birds; the synthesis of light, explained like magnetism by electricity—*l'éther en acte*—with gravitation still outside the scientific harmony wrought by the labors of Clerk Maxwell and Hertz; wireless telegraphy; polar auroras; comets; shooting stars; and—how a world ends.

These last pages are of intense interest to those who, with Herbert Spencer, have accepted undoubtingly the mathematical conclusions of Clausius concern-

ing the dissipation of energy and the ultimate death of the universe, whole and entire, in a final condensation of its matter in an inert and cold uniformity without movement or difference of temperature or any life-giving electric current. Professor Houllevigne, for whom "doubt gnaws at faith, but nourishes science," claims "a right to distrust somewhat all such generalizations," appealing to the latest epoch-making work, "Thermodynamique et chimie" of Duhem; to Clerk Maxwell's demonstration that thermodynamics leads to absurd results when applied to atoms; and to the corresponding probability that its principles are equally non-applicable to the universe as a whole, for reasons which our minds cannot grasp since all our reasonings deal with more finite things. More germane still to science as now understood are certain newly discovered facts requiring some other theory as a working hypothesis: "The apparition of new stars, no matter what interpretation we give them, is one of these facts; we are forced to acknowledge that, at certain points of the universe, radiating centres of energy come into being; the universe grows old here only to grow young there—and it is possible that it endures so eternally." This conclusion is not vastly different from that of an ancient sage, with a more restricted vision of the universe, who judged from such facts as the "wind whirleth about continually and returneth again according to his circuits," that "the earth abideth for ever," and "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be."

Little, Brown & Co. are now publishing Lombroso's "Crime, its Causes and Remedies," the third volume in the modern criminal science series.

The Century Co. promises to have ready this month "Principles of Physics," a textbook for elementary classes, by Prof. William Francis Magie.

R. C. Punnett has revised his treatise on "Mendelism," which will be issued this week by Macmillan.

Samuel Scudder, who died suddenly at his home in Cambridge, on Wednesday of last week, was a naturalist of wide reputation. He was born in Boston in 1837; he graduated from Williams College in 1857, later receiving a degree from the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard. For two years he assisted Louis Agassiz; later he was assistant librarian of Harvard University, and was palæontologist of the United States Geological Survey. Among his most important works are those on butterflies.

Mrs. Williamina P. Fleming, famous astronomer and curator of astronomical records at Harvard, died last Sunday in a Boston hospital. She was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1857, and gained her reputation through the way in which she handled the astronomical photographs at Harvard. Several years ago she discovered the spectrum of a meteor. It appeared on a plate exposed at Arequipa on June 18, 1897, which was forwarded to Harvard. Mrs. Fleming found a second similar spectrum in 1902. She was an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society (London) and an honorary associate in astronomy at Wellesley College.

The death is reported of Robert Service of Dumfries, aged fifty-six one of the best-known ornithologists of Scotland.

Prof. Thomas Rupert Jones, who died recently, was a member of the English Geological Society, and has written nearly two hundred papers on geology and palæontology.

Drama

The multiplication of independent theatrical associations continues, but the sum of their artistic product is not great. The Pioneer Players of London have just given their first performance at the Kingsway Theatre, but do not appear to have achieved anything remarkable. Three pieces were played. In the first, "Jack and Jill and a Friend," by Cicely Hamilton, a husband and a wife, both secret contestants in the same literary competition, are introduced. The wife wins the prize and the husband, in his chagrin, makes a sad exhibition of himself. There is a pretty scene of reconciliation in which, after self-abasement, he is forgiven. In the second, "The First Actress," the author, Christopher St. John, with a fine disregard for dates, assigns the quarrel between Sir Charles Sedley and the actor Kynaston as the cause of the first appearance of an actress upon the English stage. To this actress is revealed a vision of her more or less illustrious successors, from Nell Gwynne to Mrs. Siddons, who, on this occasion, were impersonated by Ellen Terry and other popular actresses, whose appearance, of course, insured the success of the trifle. The third play, "In the Workhouse," by Margaret Wynne Nevinson, was supposed to occur in a maternity ward, where the regulations of the establishment are discussed by the patients who agree, apparently, that the illegitimate mothers have greater privilege than the married women. The dramatic value of all this is not clear.

At the recent annual meeting of the trustees and guardians of Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-upon-Avon, Sidney Lee, the chairman, said that the increase of public interest in the birthplace and the other possessions of the trustees in the last thirty years was startling. Thirty years ago 12,000 to 13,000 visitors annually were the utmost hoped for. In 1888 their predecessors thought they were rich beyond the dreams of avarice when the receipts amounted to £700. To-day the visitors numbered almost 50,000, and their fees totalled £2,500. The trustees never were in a better financial position than at present. Space had hitherto been lacking for an improved classification and distribution of their exhibits. They were about to provide in the reconstructed custodian's cottage not only a storehouse for rejected exhibits, but a strong-room for deeds and manuscripts, and a library and working room for students, whom, with due precaution, they wished to encourage to inspect their books and papers. The trustees had already approved plans for greatly enlarging the portions of the New Place premises devoted to public uses, and in due time they hoped to set up there a museum which should be instructive in local history, while satisfying those conditions of Shakespearean interest which their act imposed on them.

Herbert Trench has decided to begin his autumn season at the London Haymarket Theatre with a production of Ibsen's "The Pretenders." Meanwhile Rudolf Besier's comedy, "Lady Patricia," is still running successfully, after passing its fiftieth representation. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is said to be seen to peculiar advantage in this play.

Ethel Irving, who occupies a very high place among the younger English actresses, has started for Australia. She will make her first appearance there in Melbourne in June. Her plays include "The Witness for the Defence," Pinero's "His House in Order," Sir W. S. Gilbert's "Comedy and Tragedy," "Dame Nature," and "Lady Frederick."

There was a crowded audience in His Majesty's Theatre, London, to witness the farewell performance of "Hamlet," given by H. B. Irving on the eve of his departure for Australia. There is a general consensus among the critics that Mr. Irving's impersonation of the Prince is growing steadily in eloquence, variety, subtlety, and power. In a speech from the stage he said that Sir Herbert Tree had asked him to undertake the character of Richard III in the Shakespearean festival at His Majesty's Theatre, but that his engagements had prevented him from availing himself of the offer. F. R. Benson will be his substitute.

It is reported that Giovanni Grasso, the Sicilian actor, is studying English, with a view to the performance of the part of Othello in the language of Shakespeare. He has already in London played the character in Italian, but the critics there seemed to think that his impersonation was more remarkable for its physical prowess than for any subtle or noble quality.

Among the sensational pieces affected by the Grand Guignol in Paris was one called "Dichotomy," which seems to have been as full of malignant libels upon the medical profession as "The Doctor's Dilemma" of George Bernard Shaw. At all events, both surgeons and physicians resented it mightily. It represented physicians as conspiring with surgeons to bring about fatal operations in order to share the fees. A protest was sent to the management of the theatre without effect. Then all the medical men who attended officially the Grand Guignol resigned, and the Society of Theatre Doctors forbade any of its members to take their places. The point of this boycott is that the Paris police regulations will not permit theatrical representations to be given unless a properly certificated doctor is in attendance.

The Italian government has bought up the remainder of the collection of pictures and other objects relating to the history of the theatre, the formation of which was begun by Jules Sambon forty years ago, and which recently was offered for sale. According to the Paris *Temps*, the collection, which includes about 1,600 articles, many of which possess artistic as well as historical interest, is to form the nucleus of a mu-

scum that is to be installed in the Scala Theatre at Milan.

Music

WAGNER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Mein Leben. Von Richard Wagner Munich: F. Bruckmann; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

High-tide has set in again in the publication of Wagneriana. Glasenapp, the official biographer, has just completed his sixth and last volume. Of Wagner's letters to his publishers two volumes have been issued recently; a third is to follow; and on top of these comes the most important of all documents relating to him, his autobiography in two volumes, comprising 886 pages. It is by no means the first book in which he has taken the world into his full confidence. The first of the ten volumes of his prose writings and dramatic poems begins with a sketch of his life, written originally for a German magazine, and covering the first twenty-nine years of his life, up to 1842. In 1851 he issued an elaborate "Communication to My Friends" in which he gave further information regarding his career, personal and artistic. Several other papers in these ten volumes it was originally intended to incorporate in the final story of his life; and in addition to these there are about a dozen volumes of his letters to divers friends, in which he nearly always talks about himself and his projects—unlike his principal correspondent, Liszt, who, in his letters, usually (often rather provokingly) talks about other people and their affairs.

The great autobiography, to which the simple title "Mein Leben" has been given, was begun at the suggestion of the King of Bavaria, who wrote to Wagner, in 1865, after reading the autobiographic sketch already referred to:

> You would give men indescribable pleasure if you would prepare a detailed account of your mental development as well as of the external incidents of your life. May I hope that you will do me this favor?

In the following summer Wagner began to dictate the story of his life to his friend Cosima, the daughter of Liszt, who at that time was still married to Hans von Bülow. The divorce came in 1869, and the following year Cosima was married to Wagner. During four years leisure moments were devoted to the autobiography; in 1871 two volumes were printed at Basel; the third was put into type at Bayreuth. The printing of this manuscript was one of those extravagances which Wagner permitted himself at times when he happened to have money—sometimes also when he happened to have none. Only half-a-dozen copies were struck off, and these were given to intimate friends, on the understanding that the pages were strictly for their private perusal only. Republication for the world at large was not to come to pass till years after his death, "in case," as he says in the brief preface, "our descendants should still be interested in those things."

Inasmuch as some queer things have been done in Bayreuth in the way of editing Wagner documents, the fear has been repeatedly expressed that when these memoirs were at last given to the world they would be marred by omissions, or changes made by Wagner's widow; but the existence of the volumes printed forty years ago would have made any tampering easy of detection. It was doubtless at Frau Cosima's desire that little is said about herself. There is a great deal, on the other hand, about her predecessor, Minna Planer, whom Wagner very foolishly married in 1836. It has long been known that this pretty actress was a young woman of far from exemplary moral character, but the revelations made in these pages, with brutal frankness and amazing details, of her persistent misconduct both before and after marriage (she had an illegitimate child at the age of seventeen), make it quite incomprehensible why he ever wedded her, or why he refrained from getting a divorce. That it was hard to get along with him, he does not deny. Quarrels were of daily occurrence, during the courtship period as well as afterward. The most violent of these altercations, in which the two hurled the most offensive epithets at each other, occurred while they were waiting for the parson to tie the knot. Had he come a few minutes later, it would never have been tied, for they were on the point of separating forever. During the three years of starvation and disappointment in Paris they became really attached to each other, and their separation did not come till after her furious and entirely uncalled for outbursts of jealousy in the Wesendonck house—outbursts which now, after one has read the story of her career as an actress, seem the more extraordinary, but which Wagner, in these pages, seeks to palliate on the ground of morbid excitability due to her growing heart-trouble.

There is hardly a phase in his career, up to his departure for Munich to join his royal patron, on which a number of interesting new details are not given in these memoirs. They are fullest, perhaps, in regard to his childhood and youth, and some of the most amusing stories relate to his juvenile attempts to write poetry; an uncle, who at first encouraged him, was finally appalled at the results. His mother was distressed because over such pursuits he neglected his studies—once he did not enter the schoolhouse for six months. No less ludicrous than his poems were his first musical experiments—he gives some amusing instances. Oddly enough, he was the only member of the family who did not have piano lessons; so he tried to learn by himself, chiefly in order to be able to play the overture to the "Freischütz." Weber's romantic opera was the first deep impression of his life—an impression which decided his whole career. With Beethoven's music he first became acquainted on the day of that composer's death. He was urged, since he showed a preference for music, to choose an instrument and become a virtuoso; but he emphatically declared that he desired to be a composer, not a player.

Concerning his student days at the university we learn for the first time a number of surprising details. At one time he was booked for several duels with skilled swordsmen, for whom he was no match; but in each case an accident to his opponent came to his rescue. He took to gambling with the same energy and thoroughness that characterized all his doings. One night he had in his pocket his mother's pension money, all of which he lost; and although, with his own last thaler, he won it all back, the fright cured him, and he never gambled again. Like other students, he had his love affairs; about several of them he gives curious details which indicate that romantic love-making was not one of the arts included in his repertory.

The bulk of "Mein Leben" is devoted to a narrative of the ill-luck which pursued its author, through the greater part of his career, because of his unfortunate determination to be a composer. Spontini warned him against the folly of such an ambition, since he himself had virtually "exhausted all operatic possibilities"; but that was after Wagner had already perpetrated a few trifles like "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," and "Tannhäuser." Some of the most graphic pages in these volumes are devoted to a description of the four weeks' voyage on a sailing vessel from a little Prussian seaport to London. Had it not been for their Newfoundland dog, he and his wife would have taken the stage coach to Paris; so it is to Robber that the world is indebted for the marine color in the "Flying Dutchman," the music of which was at that time germinating in Wagner's mind. The theme of the sailors' chorus was suggested to him by the actual song of the mariners as echoed from the steep granite walls of a Norwegian fjord; and there are many other realistic details that were suggested on this stormy trip, on which shipwreck was more than once narrowly averted.

Vivid details, not a few of them new, are given of the wretched years spent in Paris in the hope of gaining a musical footing. One of the many devices to which Wagner resorted in order to earn money was the writing of arias to be inserted in Italian operas by popular singers. With one of these, intended for

"Norma" (and evidently lost), he called on Lablache, who praised it highly, but declared it would not do to sing it in an opera so familiar to the public. The eminent Pauline Viardot sang some of his own French songs for him—but not for the public. One point which Wagner's biographers have overlooked, but which he himself realized to his embarrassment on several occasions, was that he actually had little worth while to offer till toward the end of his sojourn in Paris, when he completed "Rienzi" and composed the "Flying Dutchman." By that time he had become thoroughly disillusioned, perceiving that the only hope for him lay in a return to Germany. Quite new to the experts in Wagnerian lore is the intimation that, contrary to their belief, Wagner's mind was not greatly influenced by what he heard and saw in the Parisian theatres. "I do not think that during the whole time of our sojourn in Paris I went to the Grand Opéra more than four times," he writes, adding that the Opéra Comique also had repelled him from the beginning; and when tickets were sent him for the Théâtre Français, he returned them, to his wife's great distress.

Sixty years ago, when Wagner went from Paris to Dresden, it took five days to make the trip. Matters operatic were nearly as primitive, and thus it happened that though he won a great triumph with "Rienzi," his subsequent, more Wagnerian, "Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser" were understood by few, partly because of inadequate performance. "Lohengrin" was altogether out of the question. The Dresdeners had no more conception of the greatness of the man they were harboring than the Leipzigers had had of Bach's importance, or the Viennese of Mozart's. The situation is more graphically described in "Mein Leben" than anywhere else, and the pages on the political uprising in which Wagner took part are really exciting, the story of how he escaped arrest and imprisonment being told here for the first time circumstantially and accurately. It was a very narrow escape—a fortunate accident—which his companions did not share.

The autobiography ceases with the year 1864, when King Ludwig became Wagner's generous protector. It is said that its continuation was one of his plans for the year in which he died. Possibly his widow has written about the last eighteen years of his life—the Nibelung treasures stored at Bayreuth seem to be inexhaustible. At all events, "Mein Leben," though a torso, takes its place at once among the world's great autobiographies. There are not a few dull pages in it, with details of no particular value to the world at large, but these are more than counterbalanced by many other pages of absorbing interest; and of one thing the reader may always feel sure—that no fiction is mixed with the truth. The author tells a plain tale, sparing himself no more than others when occasion for censure arrives. He gives glimpses into the workshop of his genius and throws a flood of light on the musical conditions of his time in most European countries; and finally, what many readers will relish most, there are many comments on great musicians who befriended or opposed him—Liszt, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Franz, Bülow, Saint-Saëns, and a host of others. Perhaps the most amusing of all the new details is that when he had parts of his "Meistersinger" score written out for a concert to be given in Vienna, one of the copyists was—Johannes Brahms!

MAHLER AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

Anton Seidl was forty-eight years old when he passed away, and on Friday of last week the cable brought the sad news that his pupil and successor, Gustav Mahler, has died only three years older. He was both a creator and a conductor, and it was this dual capacity, combined with his pronounced individuality, that put a special stamp on everything he did. Wagner said of Liszt that when he played he did not simply perform the music, but re-created it. In the same way, Mahler re-created whatever he interpreted. He made a Bach suite a sensation of the musical season; he conducted the "Flying Dutchman" overture so that one could smell the salt breezes of the stormy sea and hear the whistling of the wind in the masts; he made Beethoven's hackneyed symphonics seem new, and was the first conductor who revealed the full grandeur of the funeral march in the "Eroica"; and he brought out all that is best in the works of the contemporary German composers, notably his friend Richard Strauss.

It so happened that on the very day when Mahler died came the official announcement of the engagement of his successor. The situation was a peculiarly difficult one for the directors and sponsors of the Philharmonic Society. Up to the time when Mahler's illness assumed an acute form, it had been hoped that he would return for another year. The differences between him and those at the head of affairs have been grossly exaggerated; there were mistakes on both sides; he had been too much interfered with, but he also had done some very queer things in his nervous excitement; yet all that had been smoothed over and the contract was ready for him to sign. Now it must be remembered that when the Philharmonic was reorganized and made into the semblance of a "permanent" orchestra playing or rehearsing daily, the funds raised for covering the inevitably heavy deficits sufficed for three years only. What will happen after next season no one knows. It is inconceivable that in this wealthy city, where so much is done for music, the oldest and best orchestra should be allowed to disappear; but owing to the uncertainty referred to it was not possible to get one of the "star" conductors.

Under the circumstances, the Philharmonic directors doubtless acted wisely in engaging a young man who, while not yet named among what are facetiously called "prima donna conductors," nevertheless has made an honorable record for himself. Josef Stransky, a Bohemian of not quite forty years, is one of the best-known orchestral and operatic conductors in Berlin, and there are not a few who regard him as the coming conductor—an interpreter of the emotional Seidl-Mahler type. While he is unknown here, it must be borne in mind that Anton Seidl also was known to few when Edmund Stanton engaged him for the Metropolitan. If he has merits, they will be promptly recognized by the public; but he must be prepared to be violently assaulted by a certain journalistic faction—the faction which, in the interest of rival institutions, helped to undermine the health of both Seidl and Mahler by the persistent shooting of those poisoned arrows from which even such burly giants as Wagner and Liszt suffered agonies, and which hastened the death of the invalid Grieg.

Professor Britan of Bates College attempts to show the relation of music to the other arts, and to make a systematic analysis of the principles of musical æstbetics in a book to be published by the Longmans this month, under the title, "The Philosophy of Music."

Boston hopes to receive a visit from Debussy next season, when his "Pelléas et Mélisande" will be produced by Manager Russell. An attempt is being made also to obtain Mme. Carré for the part of Mélisande.

Humperdinck has finished the stage music to Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." It will have its first hearing in Vienna. In the meantime his "Königskinder" remains the favorite of the day in Germany, and he will soon be able to build himself another castle on the Rhine.

At this summer's Bayreuth Festival "Parsifal" will be performed with an entirely new setting. The decorations for Klingsor's flower garden have been designed by Siegfried Wagner, who, by the way, is the subject of a biography of above four hundred pages, recently written by Glasenapp, the official Bayreuth biographer.

Gustav Mahler, late conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, died in Vienna last Thursday, after an illness which had prostrated him for the past eight weeks. He was born in 1860 at Kalischt in Bohemia; was educated at the gymnasium at Iglau, at Prague, at the University of Vienna, and at the conservatory of that city. After holding a number of smaller positions, he became Seidl's successor at Prague in 1885. In 1886 he went to Leipzig as Ni-

klech's assistant; in 1888 he directed the opera at Pesth. For the six years following 1890 he was at Hamburg, going in 1897 to direct the Hofoper in Vienna, and to succeed Hans Richter as conductor of the Philharmonic concerts there. He remained in Vienna until 1907, when he came to New York, first as conductor of the Metropolitan Opera. In 1909-10 he became head of the Philharmonic Society. Gustav Mahler was equally well known as a composer.

Art

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 15.

The Royal Academy has opened with the usual ceremony and noise. Royalty has visited it. Society has inaugurated the season officially at its private view. Princes and ministers of state have gravely discoursed of national affairs at its annual banquet. And again one asks the usual "Why?" No event could be of less real importance, no exhibition of less real interest. Far more astonishing even than the seriousness with which it continues to be accepted, is its fidelity to its old standards. Within the last few years many Academicians of the older generation have died; many younger men the Academy long ignored have been elected. And yet there is no perceptible change in the character of the exhibition. One reason, no doubt, is the abominable hanging. Despite the example set by other galleries, the hanging committee persists in piling the pictures one above the other as high as they will go, without an inch of space between, and in grouping them so as to produce the most hopeless discord. But unintelligent hanging alone does not seem sufficient to account for the unvarying mediocrity of the collection and commonplace of the walls.

Since last year, John Lavery, C. H. Shannon, and Mark Fisher have become Associates—painters whose reputations have been made at the International and the New English Art Club, the two societies supposed to be the most "advanced" in the country. But this spring C. H. Shannon does not show at all, and the others, though they do show, succeed so poorly in making themselves felt as a new and fresh influence that, as most people agree, the Academy has seldom been so colorless and seldom contained so little work of distinction, if I except Sargent's Armageddon. Sargent always gives an impression of power and knowledge at the Academy, where rarely is there any one to compete with him, and this huge lunette is designed in heroic proportions and with a boldness and vigor of which the British painter of to-day seems incapable. Exactly where it is to go in the Boston Library I do not know, and before it is set up in the place for which it is intended, I should hesitate to pronounce an opinion. Hung like a picture at the Academy, the composition seems to lose in rhythm and harmony what it gains in force and movement. Men and horses, chariot and tripod, hurling through space, are painted with the mastery, the certainty that make it always a pleasure to turn to Sargent's work from the feeble fumblings and hesitations of most of the exhibitors. But these sprawling figures, violent in action and foreshortening, are without the repose, the serenity, essential in mural decoration; nor do the spots of red in the bloodstains and the crimson in the drapery explain themselves as part of the color scheme, though they may when the design is seen, not isolated as now, but as one of a series. A big exhibition is a test to which no such large decorative work should be submitted, in fairness to itself. Sargent, we have all heard, has decided to paint no more portraits; but this year he has broken away from his decision and sends one portrait, of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It does not, however, suggest enthusiasm as his reason for changing his mind. The archbishop sits in white official robes, a touch of red in the hood of his gown, in the background a few books with passages of gold in the bindings, beautifully indicated. It is almost needless to say, Sargent being the painter, that the head is solidly modelled and the plane of the face well expressed, and that there is at least a semblance of life. But the painter seems to have worked with a curious lack of interest that naturally fails to rouse interest in others. On the same walls Sargent has before now exhibited much more distinguished portraits. He shows, besides, a Waterfall, put down with dash and brilliancy, but little more than a sketch on an unnecessarily large scale, and a small Loggia, a good study which many painters could have done as well.

After Sargent, Lavery is the most conspicuous exhibitor, chiefly because his Amazon is painted on an immense stretch of canvas and hung at the end of the second room, where the visitor must see it at once on beginning the round of the galleries. The girl in wide-brimmed hat, holding a tall lance, and seated on a white horse, is the sole figure in a large empty landscape under a wide, clouded sky. Horse and rider make a sculpturesque silhouette against this simple background. But to the silhouette everything is sacrificed. Little character is in the figure, and little but paint in sky and landscape. When the world's great equestrian portraits are remembered, it seems merely a sensational bit of scene painting, though, to tell the truth, one which few other Academicians could have dared or accomplished, and it has the sense of design so wanting in Lavery's Pavlova now at the International. It is easy to foresee for it a successful passage through the big exhibitions of Europe, and no doubt America, and the ultimate fate of many more notable "pictures of the year." It enables Lavery to make a striking first appearance as Associate in a more than usually dull Academy.

If this huge picture can hardly be called a portrait, neither can many canvases that do not pretend to be anything else. Portraits of magnificently gowned women by Academicians like the President, Poynter, and Frank Dicksee, seem but tediously elaborated still-lifes. The camera would make as much of the personality of Admiral Lord Fisher or Kitchener of Khartum as Herkomer or John Collier, whose realism rises scarcely above the photographer's. Fashion seems to be gradually blinding J. J. Shannon to character in his sitters. Indeed, the only portraits that interested me at all are two by Orpen and one by G. A. Storey, an elderly Associate whose work does not often call for a second glance. But his small portrait of his father reading, which must have been done many years ago, either was his unexpected masterpiece, or else time has endeavored to turn it into one. Certainly, it has the dignity and tone and breadth for which the work of his generation of Academicians was not famous. Orpen's portraits probably gain from being seen at the Academy; in finer collections they might be passed by more readily. In both, the arrangement has evidently been of most importance to him, the model a mere excuse for it. His Man in Black, a three-quarter length, standing, in long dark overcoat and loose thick gloves, makes an amusing pattern on the canvas to which, rather than to any realization of character, the effect of animation is due. For that matter, in the face, character is exaggerated into caricature. But the amusing pose is the rare exception at the Academy, and so also is any sign of that pleasure in the mere handling of paint which Orpen apparently has taken in modelling the face and the hands in their loose thick gloves. In his other portrait, Claude E. S. Bishop, Esq., the figure, a full-length, is seated, the character is not so exaggerated, and the arrangement is less in line than in color—in the gray-green of coat and trousers against the silver-gray of the curtains. The only other portrait that tells at all on the overladen walls is one of the Abbé Pichot by Frank Craig, and it tells not so much because of its accomplishment as because the painter has fallen too obviously into the danger from which Orpen just escapes. Character in the spare, black-robed figure standing against a low-toned background and in the lean, sharp-featured face is emphasized until it seems nothing but caricature, which draws attention to it by its very exaggerations, and which the

seriousness, almost delicacy, of the treatment does not justify.

The large sentimental and allegorical anecdotes, of which the Academy as a rule is lavish, are in an unlooked-for minority. No "problem picture" this year gathers the crowd. That only the occasional foreigner breaks the British monotony is more in accordance with Academic tradition. Dagnan-Bouveret's Ophelia and a portrait by Laszlo are almost the only foreign contributions. Nor are there any large panels for decoration, such as Abbey sometimes sends, while Brangwyn, whose big designs and splotches of color are usually a brilliant oasis in the Academic desert of dulness, is also among the absent. The landscapes lose in distinction and interest in proportion to the size of the canvas they cover. The panoramic stretch of country by Alfred Parsons, the almost architectural compositions of Alfred East, the busy views of Maggiore by David Murray, seem artificial and labored when compared with smaller and quieter pastorals that have to be sought for in the mosaic of canvases. This, however, does not apply to Bertram Priestman's one landscape. It is on a large scale, but, his eyes opened by the beauty other men have revealed in their impressions of the modern world of work, he has learned that factories and railways may be to the artist to-day what tales of saints and miracles were to the early Italian. In his Outskirts of a Northern City, he gives not only the richness of the English country in the meadows of the foreground where cows are at pasture, but the drama of labor in the city beyond, with its forest of chimneys sending up their clouds of smoke and veiling the distance with mystery. He has never done anything at once so true, so dignified, and so dramatic. Arnesby Brown is another landscape man who has taken a distinct step in advance. On his canvas the procession of The Drove homeward, across the bare flat road under a big open sky, becomes almost epical; and he has managed to look for himself at the works of Battersea from the Chelsea shore on a breezy, brilliant March morning, though this view is one which few painters can look at now and forget Whistler and the night to which he consecrated it. That it is wise for painters to avoid the difficulties which night presents, even if Whistler has pointed out the way to conquer them, is proved by the failure of George Clausen's attempt to record an impression From My Windows in the Small Hours. He simply succeeds in missing the poetry and the mystery. This, a portrait of Harrison Townsend, and the head of a girl suggest that he is trying to break away from his old subjects. But it is when he keeps to them, as in Propping the Rick: a Stormy Day, that he is best. There is repetition in it—in the action of the men at work in the foreground, in the rolling country under a clouded sky, and the play of light and shadow over it—these are things he has done again and again—and repetition may lead to mannerism and barrenness: the reason perhaps for his experiments with other themes. Edward Stott returns to his Scriptural motives of the last few years, and his tranquil landscapes do not gain by it. His laborers and cottagers belonged to the fields and downs, the villages and lanes he loved to paint. But Hagar and Ishmael, as he tells their story, are scarcely more than a concession to public taste. The little figures, subordinated to the landscape, are indifferently realized and break in meaninglessly upon the solemnity of the sad gray wilderness under a sad sky from which the last gold is fading as the evening star rises above the horizon. It is the same with the picture he calls Her Thoughts Were Her Children, the composition borrowed from the old Italian groups of the Blessed Virgin, the Infant Jesus, and the little St. John. The figures in this case are more important than the landscape and fill the foreground, but the interest is really in the beautiful, tender pale sky.

Here and there a few other paintings may be noted. Adrian Stokes has felt, and shown, the color and splendor of the Alps in autumn. It has been left for a woman, Laura Knight, to attempt a big Salon subject on a fairly big Salon scale, and her Daughters of the Sun, nude or semi-nude figures on the seashore, is her tribute to Sorolla and other painters of open-air effects whom she has attentively studied, and a proof of her energy in tackling a large canvas such as the average woman painter cannot boast of. Val Havers, whose name is new to me, endeavors, on the contrary, to escape from exhibition standards and models by showing what he calls frankly Living Room Pictures: a group dancing or a little landscape in flat colors against a flat gray background; in which he seeks the repose that once, before the days of the big exhibition, was thought a desirable quality in a painting. The endeavor is to be commended, even if the achievement it promises is yet to come. A ring of little Cupids dancing around a Crab Apple Tree under a clear, luminous sky, by Charles Sims, is not without fantastic charm, and has also the merit of repose. But for this quality no other picture in the collection appealed to me so directly and delightfully as J. H. Lorimer's Room at Twilight. It is of the simplest: a corner of a room, with nothing in it save a small dinner-table on which one or two plates and two candles burning dimly under dim shades are set, a white parrot on a perch, a vague cat curled up on a window seat, and a window looking out upon an empty green lawn and line of blue water beyond, as dimly lit as the shadowy interior. But the spirit of the hour is in the effect of light, the harmony in gray and white is carried out with rare delicacy and charm, and, above all, the picture has the unity the old Dutch masters understood how to give to just such simple subjects.

In the water-color room at the Academy, I confess my courage deserts me. Small drawings fitted in on the wall as relentlessly, and piled up as high, are more depressing than big paintings, and I would not venture to speak of work which, under the conditions, I cannot see. Masterpieces may abound, but so long as they remain part of this bewildering mosaic, they are lost to the world. The black-and-white room is not so crowded, chiefly because most of the men who are doing the best work have long since ceased to send prints and drawings to an exhibition where they are so little appreciated. Frank Short, the newly elected Engraver Academician, has a mezzotint after Watts's portrait of Tennyson, and Cameron, the newly elected Engraver Associate, has two prints to which the chief centre is devoted. There is little else to say. It is not at Burlington House one learns anything about the movements and developments of the day. The sculpture is as colorless as the painting; it is hard to understand why the shadow of royalty hangs heavily over it and portraits of the late King and the present King and Queen are many. A few busts here and there, more particularly those by Derwent Wood, show a little character. But the large monuments and statues call for no special description and inspire no special enthusiasm. N. N.

Jacques Reich has issued a second etching of Lincoln, which, in our opinion, is not nearly so good as the first one. The head is not so well modelled, and there is less personality in the face. Both appear to be etched from photographs taken at the same time. The remarque in the new etching, formed of sketches of the heads of Lincoln's generals, and of some of his Cabinet, is not an improvement.

Frederick Porter Vinton, the portrait painter, died at his home in Boston last Sunday. He was born in Bangor, Me., sixty-five years ago. His skill as a painter became apparent when he was a mere boy. His first instruction in art was at the Lowell Institute, and in 1875 he went to Paris, where he worked for a year in the painting school of Léon Bonnat. Later he studied at Munich, and then returned again to Paris, where, in 1877, one of his paintings was admitted to the Salon. In 1879 he returned to Boston, where he opened a studio and began his career as a portrait painter. In 1882 Mr. Vinton was elected an associate of the National Academy, and nine years later was chosen academician. He was also a member of the Society of American Artists.

Etienne Joannon, who died recently at the age of fifty-three, was a member of the Société des Artistes Français, and was

a native of Lyons. He won medals at the Salon in 1892 and in 1900.

Finance

AFTER THE STANDARD OIL DECISION.

A wholly impartial witness of the public's reception of last week's news from Washington—the familiar Man from Mars, for instance—would have found some difficulty in piecing together his impressions. If acquainted with the older traditions of our race, he would possibly have assumed that the Standard Oil had been placed as a burnt-offering on the public altar, and that every one thereafter believed the angry god to be appeased.

Something of the perplexity of the Man from Mars has been reflected in the comment of casual observers on the stock market's action since the Supreme Court decision. The Standard Oil Company had been unequivocally declared illegal. The court had unanimously declared that the great industrial combination had been convicted of intended monopoly and restraint of trade. Its dissolution had been ordered. Yet Wall Street hailed the decision with the utmost enthusiasm. Prices advanced 2 to 6 per cent. in the next three days. Transactions on the Stock Exchange, which had fallen to 106,000 shares a day shortly before the court had announced its verdict, expanded to more than a million shares on the day after that announcement. Organs of the mercantile trade declared, at the end of the week, that "the Supreme Court decision has undoubtedly stimulated business confidence." Cable dispatches quoted even J. P. Morgan, the greatest of all promoters of industrial combinations, as saying in London that "the decision is very satisfactory to me." Most remarkable of all, Standard Oil stock itself, after declining 10 points on the market during the first day after the decision, advanced 30 points in the next four days, actually reaching the highest price since the middle of 1909.

For this somewhat curious sequel the Stock Exchange had its explanation ready. The value of a catching phrase was never better demonstrated than by last week's immense popularity of the explanation that the court had "written 'reasonableness' into the Anti-Trust law." It was not wholly clear just what this signified to the mind of those who used the phrase; but that did not seriously matter. Wall Street is not free from a certain amiable weakness of human nature, which consists in saying things which it does not exactly understand, and in saying them with the greater confidence because it believes that no one will ask it what they mean. There is etiquette in matters of this sort, which excludes as bad form the insistence, in the midst of a friendly conversation, on clear explanation of such mysterious phrases. The essential point in this case was that the market was going up.

Among those who endeavored to get beyond mere catch-words, there were some who asserted with great indefiniteness that the Chief Justice's Standard Oil opinion, by using such phrases as "determined by the light of reason" and "right to contract, when not unduly or improperly exercised," had somehow or other reversed all previous decisions. But there were others, not less qualified to judge, who retorted that those declarations merely reaffirmed in simple language what had been previously intimated, in general terms in the earlier Supreme Court judgments under the Act of 1890, and with great definiteness in such enunciations as Justice Brewer's Northern Securities opinion of 1904, the Circuit Court's decision of 1909 against the Standard Oil, and Attorney-General Wickersham's brief in the Tobacco case appeal of 1911. As arguments and counter-arguments were gradually sifted out, this second view of the matter seemed to meet general acceptance.

But if the Standard Oil decision reaffirmed the gist or tendency of previous decisions, then why, it may not improperly be asked, should the press, the Stock Exchange, and the business community at large, have hailed with so great enthusiasm these paragraphs of the court opinion? The answer is that a series of utterly wild and extravagant interpretations of the law—representing Congress and the courts as a sort of Juggernaut, and making out of sober judicial procedure a nightmare for timid souls—had suddenly lost their hold on the community. The corporation lawyer who brandished the statute in the face of the bewildered Philadelphia bankers at their banquet fifteen months ago, with the stentorian prediction that enforcement of the Sherman act as interpreted by the Government, "would cause a panic compared to which the 'Roosevelt panic' of 1907 would be as a zephyr to a cyclone," fairly embodied this sweet reasonableness of philosophic temper.

People of sense took those absurdities at their proper value; but the business community is not wholly made up of people of sense, and part of its membership is subject, quite as truly as any other collection of human beings, to the habit of believing whatever they hear, if it is only shouted at them loudly enough. The great break in prices during 1910 was not caused by those performances; there were a hundred other and better reasons for it; but certainly the extravagant talk about the Anti-Trust Law could not have helped the situation.

On the whole, it seems reasonably certain that the spell was broken by Monday's news and the market's reception of it, and that conclusion need not be impaired either by the fact that the fate of the Tobacco combination is not yet decided or by the entering of suit against the lumber combination or by the absence, thus far, of any perceptible revival in general trade. But such a supposition leaves the question open, whether we are to have a movement of trade activity later on, similar to what has occurred this week on the Stock Exchange. The answer may readily be in the affirmative, but with the reservation that an affirmative answer need not say how soon response will come or how emphatic it will be. The reason why it is hardly safe to be specific, in prediction on these points, is that the movement of general trade has other things to think of than decisions of the Supreme Court at Washington. After the "sentimental influence" on which finance and trade had been depending for reversal of an existing situation—an election, as in 1908; a treaty of peace, as in 1905; a tariff vote, as in 1909; a Supreme Court decision, as in 1911—come the plain and everyday practical influences. It is they which, favorably or unfavorably, determine the staying power of such recovery.

There is certainly this much to be said in the present instance—that the self-restraint which American markets (outside of cotton) have exhibited during the past few months is the most favorable omen which could have been desired. For such financial and industrial revival as has lately been witnessed in England, on the European Continent, and in Canada, there must be some cause, and it is impossible to suppose that the cause does not fundamentally apply to our own situation as to theirs. If, indeed, the American markets were confronted with a disordered international trade position, an inadequate bank reserve, a deadlocked bond market, a scale of commodity prices out of touch with the outside world, and with markets already raised on stilts by extravagant use of credit, it would be easy to see why the forward movement in other communities could not extend to ours. But the mere statement of these qualifications is enough to show what the present American position actually is, and what the legitimate basis is for confidence in the future.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, L. America in the Making. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $1.15.

Arber, E. A. N. The Natural History of Coal. Putnam.

Baedeker. The Mediterranean. Scribner. $3.60 net.

Bangs, J. K. Jack and the Check Book. Harper. $1 net.

Barnes, J. Naval Actions of the War of 1812. Harper. $2.

Barrett, J. The Pan-American Union. Washington, D. C.: Pan-American Union.

Bonar, J. Disturbing Elements in the Study and Teaching of Political Economy. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $1.
Butler, Sir William. Autobiography. Scribner. $1 net.
Capes, B. Gilead Balm: Knight-Errant. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.
Codman, Mrs. R. An Ardent American. Century. $1.20 net.
Comfort, W. L. She Buildeth Her House. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Craven, P. The Rose with a Thorn. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Crowe and Cavalcaselle's History of Painting in Italy. Vol. IV, Florentine Masters of the Fifteenth Century. Scribner. $6 net.
Derr, C. Z. The Uncaused Being and the Criterion of Truth. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Douglas, N. Siren Land. Dutton: $2 net.
Dove, P. E. The Theory of Human Progression. Abridged by J. A. Kellogg. I. H. Blanchard Co.
Elliott, F. P. The Haunted Pajamas. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Fairchild, H. P. Greek Immigration to the United States. New Haven: Yale University Press.
Ferber, E. Dawn O'Hara. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Fisher, H. A. L. The Republican Tradition in Europe. Lowell lectures, 1910. Putnam
Flandrau, C. M. Prejudices. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Fletcher, C. R. L. An Introductory History of England. 2 volumes. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Frank, H. Psychic Phenomena, Science and Immortality. Boston: Sherman, French. $2.25 net.
Gardner, M. M. Adam Mickiewicz, the National Poet of Poland. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Gordon, J. L. The Young Man and His Problems. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Grist, W. A. The Historic Christ in the Faith of To-day. Revell. $2.50 net.
Harper's Camping and Scouting: An Outdoor Guide for American Boys. Harper. $1.75.
Heckscher, R. V. Through Dust to Light: Poems from an Apprenticeship. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Hillis, N. D. The Contagion of Character. Revell. $1.20 net.
Hoffman, F. L. Insurance Science and Economics. Spectator Co. $3.
Hope, A. Mrs. Maxon Protests. Harper. $1.35 net.
Hudson-Fulton Celebration, 1909, Being the Fourth Annual Report of the Celebration Commission to the Legislature. 2 vols. New York: Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission.
Hyatt, S. P. The Law of the Bolo. Boston: Dana, Estes. $1.35 net.
Kingsley, R. G. In the Rhône Country. Dutton. $3 net.
Larson, C. D. Thinking for Results. Chicago: Progress Company.
Leaming, T. A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts. Holt.
Levy, H. Large and Small Holdings: A Study of English Agricultural Economics. Translated by Ruth Kenyon. Putnam.
Liddell, A. G. C. Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Lockwood, L. E., and Kelly, A. R. Letters That Live. Holt. $1.50 net.
Luther, M. L. The Sovereign Power. Macmillan. $1.30 net.
Lutz, G. L. H. Dawn of the Morning. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Macdonald, L. B. Life in the Making. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.
Matthews, B. A Study of Versification. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.
May, F. L. Lyrics from Lotus Lands. Boston: The Poet Lore Co.
Meyer, K. Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Mitchell, S. Weir. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Century. $1.20 net.
Moret, A. In the Time of the Pharaohs. Translated by Mme. Moret. Putnam.
New York State Museum Bulletin No. 146—Geology of the New York City Aqueduct, 1911. Albany: University of the State of New York.
Nietzsche, F. The Dionysian Spirit of the Age. Chicago: McClurg. 75 cents net.
Paterson, W. R. (Benjamin Swift). The Old Dance Master. Boston: Little, Brown, $1.25 net.
Porter, E. H. Miss Billy. Boston: Page.
Read, E. B. Devotional Poems for the Quiet Hour. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Roosevelt, T. Applied Ethics. Being one of the William Belden Noble lectures for 1910. Harvard University.
Scull, G. H. Lassoing Wild Animals in Africa. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Selden Society. Select Cases in the Star Chamber, vol. ii. (Vol. 25, 1910). London: Quaritch.
Songs from the Hill. University of Kansas.
Stevenson's Treasure Island. Edited, with notes, by F. W. C. Hersey. Boston: Ginn.
Troly-Curtin, M. Phrynette. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Van Dyke, J. S. Be of Good Cheer. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Wallin, J. E. W. Spelling Efficiency in Relation to Age, Grade, and Sex. Baltimore: Warwick & York.
Ward, Mrs. W. The Job Secretary. Longmans, Green. $1.20 net.
Watson, A. E. T. King Edward VII as a Sportsman. Longmans.
Wheeler, C. J. A Shorter Course in Woodworking. Putnam.
Winch, W. H. When Should a Child Begin School? Baltimore: Warwick & York.
Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, 1910. Washington.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1911.

The Week

"We took nothing out of this statute by the rule of reason. We gave to it a vivifying potentiality." These words of Chief Justice White, uttered Monday in announcing the decision of the Supreme Court against the Tobacco Trust, are the sufficient answer, taken in connection with the sweeping judgment, to the assertion that the opinion in the Standard Oil case emasculated the Anti-Trust act. This saying of Judge White's ought to be pasted in the hat of every promoter contemplating giant and oppressive mergers and monopolistic combinations, and fondly dreaming that the law and the courts cannot touch him. The Tobacco Trust decision, following that in the Standard Oil case two weeks ago, is both clarifying and invigorating. We now see that the Supreme Court, interpreting the law broadly in its spirit and intent, is able to bring within the scope of its decree many acts and contracts which a narrowly literal construction of the statute would remove from its reach. Those who were foolishly rejoicing in the hope that the word "reasonable" might be made to cover a multitude of corporation sins, must now see their error. The Supreme Court will, indeed, exercise its reason in determining whether there has been a violation of the Sherman law, exactly as a judge and jury will reasonably decide whether the evidence shows that grand larceny has been committed, but in the former case just as truly as in the latter, once the facts are established, the penalties will fall upon the guilty swiftly and surely. In affirming, as the Chief Justice does, that the Supreme Court will apply the Anti-Trust statute rigorously as a matter not only of law but of settled public policy, meeting every shift and device by the spirit and intent of the act, the whole matter has been cleared up and the law of the land shown to have wholesome vigor.

The Tobacco case was in many respects more intricate and difficult than the Standard Oil prosecution. It came before the Supreme Court on appeal from a divided court below, one of whose members did not conceal his opinion that the Sherman law could not be enforced without bringing all business to a standstill. Moreover, it was not an instance merely of a holding company, but of a series of corporations in actual and direct ownership of the property. The evidence, too, was an enormous and complicated mass. But the Supreme Court cut its way through resolutely, in such a manner as to justify the comment of the Attorney-General that "it is scarcely to be conceived that any more comprehensive and effective application of the statute to this vast combination could possibly have been decreed." Some objection has been made to the terms of the decision allowing the companies six months in which to reconstitute their organization lawfully. But when you begin with reason you must go on with reason. The Supreme Court has no power to confiscate property. It cannot outlaw property-rights; it can simply compel them to live within the law. This is what must now be done by the Tobacco corporations, to the satisfaction of the Circuit Court; and the decision adds that, in case of failure to comply with the mandate of the Court, they will be excluded by injunction from foreign and interstate commerce, or a receiver will be appointed to give effect to the requirement of the statute. The force of reason could no further go.

The action taken by the House in the matter of Arizona's Constitution opens the way to a logical solution of the problem. The people of Arizona are to be enabled to vote upon the recall of judges as a measure apart from the rest of the Constitution, and can thus go clearly on record. If it should appear that the people of Arizona still insist on the recall, the only wise thing is to let them have it and learn from experience. As we have said before, Arizona, once admitted into the Union, cannot be prevented from amending the recall into her Constitution if she so desires. There is such a thing as mistaken State pride which will refuse to have things forced down its throat. On the other hand, to leave the matter to the free choice of the people of the new State is all the wiser because we cannot believe that even the ardent natives of the Southwest can remain unaffected by the sharp opposition which the recall for judges has encountered among thoughtful men, from the President of the United States down.

The contrast pointedly drawn by Secretary MacVeagh, in his speech to the bankers at Kansas City last week, between the Aldrich of the banking reform plan and the Aldrich of the tariff bill of 1909, voiced the feelings of many other people. It is a matter of common knowledge that, at the outset, the entire work of the Monetary Commission was looked upon with reserve by the community at large, because of Mr. Aldrich's previous exploits in the field of tariff legislation. This misgiving has been pretty thoroughly removed by the frankness and open-mindedness which Mr. Aldrich has maintained in his attitude toward the banking plan. He has in particular, we believe, disarmed the most obvious and natural of the earlier suspicions, that his banking reorganization plan, like his tariff revision plans, was designed to play into the hands of selfish and unscrupulous capitalists. In no one identified with the controversy has there appeared a more practical judgment of the real nature of the banking problem, or more intelligent recognition of the dangers surrounding a hasty plan of reform, or greater willingness to change his own position when convinced that it had been taken unwisely. This transformation in personal qualities and methods is a very unusual thing in public life. We do not know whether Secretary MacVeagh spoke by the card in saying that he half suspects that Mr. Aldrich "does not entertain with quite his old enthusiasm the tariff views with which his name is so conspicuously associated." It is possible; for the man who approaches one subject open-mindedly and with public spirit will often have his dogmatism and prejudice toward other subjects shaken.

President Butler's explanation at Mohonk of the plans of the Carnegie Peace

Foundation reveals the serious study which has been given to them with the result of laying out a campaign of wide scope and promise. The work is to be divided into three departments. One will concern itself with international law, one with economics, and one with education. At the head of each is to be a recognized authority, who will seek co-operation from leading scholars and philanthropists throughout the world. On the legal side the effort will be to help to a clearer sense of the juristic relations of one country to another, and to hasten the establishment of international tribunals that will pass judicially upon disputes between nations. Prof. John B. Clark is admirably fitted to be in charge of the division of economics and history, and his labors, with those of his associates, will be directed to showing the vast and blundering waste of war purely on the material side. Taken as a whole, the methods proposed to make the Carnegie Peace Endowment practically fruitful seem well devised, and bid fair to do much to transform what has hastily been called a dream into a fact.

It is virtually certain that the United States Senate will not be much longer disgraced by the presence of Lorimer. If the case against him were now to be put to vote exactly as it stood in the last Congress, the strong probability is that his election would be declared void through bribery; and the new evidence that has come out in Illinois will make the decision against him inevitable. Even Senator Bailey is forced t admit that the whole aspect of the affair has changed, and concedes also that the Senate may have before been "grossly deceived" about Lorimer. No one did more to help on the deception than Bailey himself, but it is plain that he has now seen a great light. So universal in Washington is the conviction that Lorimer's seat will be vacated that the rumor of his resignation, in order to avoid expulsion, is not at all incredible. But it is added that one powerful motive with him, in case he does resign, will be the desire to protect from examination by a Senate committee those protectionist friends who put up the money to buy his election. They fear and he fears that too many secrets would be dragged into the light. The plan would be to modify the old phrase and make it read "Addition, division, and resignation."

Gov. Woodrow Wilson's speaking tour in the West, from which he has just returned, has undoubtedly given an impetus to his Presidential candidacy. Political observers in Washington report the keenest interest in Wilson on the part of the Democratic members of Congress. Not long ago, a newspaper correspondent took an informal poll of the Democratic Representatives, and something like four-fifths of those who were willing to express any opinion at all were found to be in favor of Gov. Wilson. Senator Gore of Oklahoma has just come out for him in a public letter. All these things, of course, are to be ranked at present only as political indications. We are still a year away from the national conventions, and meantime the situation may change radically. But the chances are that the causes which have led to Wilson's popularity and given him so great prominence in the counsels and hope of his party, will continue to operate. Much will depend, however, on his future course. His warmest admirers would, we think, be well pleased to see him avoid further stumping travels.

The ways of heresy trials are past finding out. In the Presbyterian General Assembly last week charges of unsound teaching were brought against two professors of theology. They are men who are supposed to choose their language with care, and some of their published words had at least a color of heterodoxy. But they were acquitted of doctrinal error—with good reason, we have no doubt. Harder was the lot of the Pennsylvania clergyman who was accused of heresy in certain sermons and articles contributed to newspapers. His defence was that he had used loose and picturesque and possibly startling expressions for the purpose of gaining attention and interesting his hearers and readers, but that he had no intention of departing from the doctrines of the church, in which he professed the heartiest faith. He, however, was found guilty and suspended from the ministry until he could make his peace with his own presbytery. This seems an extreme penalty for what appears to have been little more than a kind of sensationalism in the pulpit. Of that there is an over-supply just now, but to attack it on the ground of a breach of good taste is evidently harder than upon the score of a breach of orthodoxy.

There is something more than religiosity in the protest of the Presbyterian General Assembly against the presentation to the battleship Utah, by the State of that name, of a set of silver adorned with the head of Brigham Young and a picture of the Mormon Temple. The objection is, to be sure, on the ground of sentiment, but it is a sentiment which is sound. It is one thing to remember an unhappy past, it is another to glorify it. History has to record the deeds of the Mormons, but there is no need of commemorating them in a public way offensive to many. Utah has legally abolished polygamy, and now might well draw a veil over that past blot on her civilization.

National honors were paid on Monday of last week to the memory of Major Pierre L'Enfant, to whose artistic genius the national capital owes the street-design which is the fundamental element in its beauty, and will ultimately make it one of the most impressive as well as most attractive cities in the world. And behind the engineer and artist were the men who chose him as the right instrument for the plan, and gave him both encouragement and help in its execution. Consider the contrast between such a plan of city development and the desolate gridiron system that was inflicted on New York. No doubt the topography of Manhattan offered a great difficulty to such a development as should be pleasing to the eye and conducive to satisfactory ways of human living. The predestined centre of New York's greatest business activities was near one end of a long and narrow island; and the difference between a big city so constituted and one in which the business centre is the geometrical centre is simply appalling. An area of thirty square miles in the form of a strip two miles wide, with the business focus at one end, means a distance of fifteen miles from that focus to the outer margin; a circular city thirty square miles in area would mean a distance of barely more than three miles from centre to circumference. With this fundamental unkindness of nature New York has had to reconcile

itself as best it might; to this must, at bottom, be ascribed that deplorable over-development of the apartment-house mode of living which has so profoundly affected life not only in New York itself, but throughout the Union. Consciously or unconsciously, for better or worse, every city in the country is deeply influenced by the example of New York; and many a defect in American ways of living would have been less marked, many a pleasing feature more developed, if the site of the great Atlantic seaport had not happened to be a long and narrow island.

Lloyd George's workingmen's insurance scheme is, naturally enough, encountering objections from a number of different quarters, and objections highly dissimilar in character. Of these, it seems safe to say that that which would make a grievance of the contributory feature, as such, is bound to be dissipated by the mere logic of the facts. Even though the part contributed by the employers may be made, in many instances, to take the shape of a deduction from wages, the benefits to the workingman of a well-administered scheme of insurance against invalidism are almost sure to become convincingly apparent in the course of a reasonably brief experience of its working. A far more substantial reason for doubt as to the good result of a plan which imposes the duty of prudence from without, is that concerned with the effect of the Government scheme upon the friendly societies. These are looking forward with justified apprehension to the substitution of the paternalist method for that of voluntary provision by each individual for his own protection. It may be that the balance of good will be enormous, even if the friendly societies should be in large measure wiped out; but certainly no confident assertion can be made offhand on the subject. In a man's voluntary sacrifice of a part of his present ease or comfort for the sake of insuring future independence there is a moral element whose value cannot be estimated in any statistical analysis.

That the census of the population of England and Wales "shows the lowest rate of increase since enumeration was established in 1801" ought not to be regarded as surprising, in view of the fact that the density of population ten years ago was already 558 per square mile. It is, on the contrary, noteworthy that the percentage of increase from 1891 to 1901 does not fall very far short of what it was in the two preceding decades. The percentage for the ten years just ended is stated as 10.91, whereas from 1891 to 1901 it was 12.16, and from 1881 to 1891 the increase was only 11.65 per cent. The present density of the population of England and Wales is 619 per square mile, which is more than twenty times that of the United States, and almost exactly four times that of the North Atlantic group of States. Of course, this packing of a great population into the area of England and Wales can go much farther, but the keeping up of a constant ratio of increase is not to be looked for. Even at the latest decennial rate, of 10.91 per cent., the population would double in sixty-seven years, so that into an area only one-fifth greater than that of the State of New York would, at the end of this period, be crowded a population of 72,000,000 souls.

Ireland, of course, affords a very different picture; but the census figures just reported from that island, while again presenting the now familiar phenomenon of an actual decline in the population, show a smaller decrease than has taken place in any decade since the famine of 1846. The Irish population made the terrible drop from 8,175,000 in 1841 to 6,552,000 in 1851; and every decennial enumeration since then has shown a big cut in the numbers. The decline, which was three-quarters of a million from 1851 to 1861, averaged about 350,000 per decade for the four succeeding decades, to 1901, and never fell materially short of a quarter of a million in any one of those decades; so that the showing of a loss of 76,000 in the ten years just ended is a notable improvement, which may confidently be ascribed to the improved conditions in land tenure and otherwise. It may be remarked that the annual number of births (up to 1908, the latest year for which we have figures) in Ireland has been almost exactly constant for the decade, and has shown a good margin—usually about 25,000—above the number of deaths; so that the decline of the population, such as it is, must be ascribed to an excess of emigration—either to England or outside the United Kingdom—above the natural increase.

The outcome of the elections in Portugal was a foregone conclusion. With the machinery of election in the hands of the Republicans, and the army and navy behind them, it was inconceivable that the monarchists would venture to come out into the open. As a matter of fact, it is still to be demonstrated that monarchical sentiment survives among the Portuguese masses. If the Republican régime is to fall, it will be through its own mistakes; and for that there has not been time enough. Undoubtedly the provisional Government has had its difficulties in coping with the thousand and one problems that are let loose in a time of revolution; and the difficulties will persist. But the permanent Government that is about to be installed will have insured its existence if it succeeds in dealing with the one problem that dominates all others—the elimination of that system of non-partisan looting which went by the name of government in Portugal. It is hard to imagine that a nation could have remained quiet under an administration that was largely organized theft. It was a system of plunder by which very few politicians refused to profit, and which, in the end, brought destruction to throne and politicians alike.

The Russian Government has really decided at last to let American Jews enter that country on business errands "under certain restrictions," and the Taft Administration has won a notable triumph. So often have hopes been held out that Russia would do its plain duty in this matter that most Jews, we fancy, will believe this only when it is actually demonstrated. Russia has long excluded men of Hebrew descent, in violation of the comity of nations and of its treaty with the United States under which every Russian citizen has had the hospitality of this country. What Russia chooses to do in her own country about her Jewish citizens is primarily her own affair. It becomes a very different matter when American citizens are discriminated against because of their religious faith, and we have heartily sympathized with those who never let the Government at Washington forget this unworthy discrimination.

THE MORAL OF DIAZ.

On the pathetic and personal aspects of the fall of Porfirio Diaz, it is not necessary to dwell. The proud old man has had to drink a bitter cup of humiliation. There is almost the sound of a groan in his letter of resignation. It was forced from him by a country aflame with revolt; and to the national demand, which he protests that he cannot understand, he bows with an air of stoicism befitting his Indian blood, yet with evident anguish of spirit. He appeals to history for the final verdict on his extraordinary career, and no doubt it will, in the end, do him exact justice. But what we are most concerned about to-day is the immediate effect and the instant moral of the disappearance of the great figure which has bestridden Mexico for more than thirty years.

The sudden and pitiful collapse of his power would have been declared incredible six months ago. That he was disliked and even hated by many Mexicans was well known, but it was confidently believed that he was strong enough to crush any conceivable revolt. It has, indeed, been for at least twenty years a commonplace of comment on Mexican affairs that the completion of the railways and the existence of an efficient Federal army had forever put an end to the old era of revolution. But this theory has fallen in a heap. The Mexican army has proved a vain thing for safety. Made up partly of convicts, and of men whom some *jefe político* had found troublesome and had "put away" by condemning them to military service, it was impossible that it should have a fighting spirit; while the reports are probable which say that the funds nominally devoted to the equipment of the soldiers had been in good part stolen. But, of course, the break-down of the army would not have so much mattered if the mass of the people had been contented and loyal. Obviously, they were not. The thing that finally extorted Diaz's retirement was the fact that revolution became epidemic. In all parts of the country the forces that had so long been held in check burst forth with a roar. Diaz fell not merely because the army failed him, but because the great body of the Mexican people willed that he should fall. In no other way can the surprising and complete success of the movement begun by Madero, despicable as it seemed in its beginnings, be accounted for. Diaz boasted that he had made modern Mexico; but modern Mexico unmade him.

What is the general political significance of this fact? To our mind, it is not obscure. It is the inevitable failure of even benevolent tyranny. It is a solemn warning to all those who think to "impose" stable government. Diaz was of the very type of the "strong man" in whom Carlyle saw the world's only hope. He did in Mexico what Carlyle prayed that somebody might do in Ireland. He kept order. He set the wheels of industry whirring. He found work for the people and made them work. Fine-spun scruples about personal rights and Constitutional forms and guarantees he laughed to scorn and, with a firm grip on the realities, set the nation's feet in the only path to wealth and power. For long he seemed to have great success. No one will deny that in some important respects Mexico made a marked advance under his rule. But to-day all eyes can see that the glittering idol which we were called upon to fall down and worship as the embodiment of political wisdom had feet of clay.

Under republican forms, the government of Porfirio Diaz was in reality a military oligarchy. We need not dispute that it was a well-meaning régime —even patriotic in its way. But it was based on a sham and fraud. Pretending to derive its power from the free choice of the people, it actually forced itself upon Mexico, stifling free speech and denying the right of public discussion. But such a system cannot go on long without a vast amount of subservience and of ignorance on the part of the people. And here comes in the fatal weakness of a benevolent tyranny today. It cannot be indifferent to humane and civilized opinion. It cannot openly avow that it depends upon a slavish and superstitious spirit in the people. It must at least pretend to desire their education and elevation. But even such half-education as has been given the Mexicans comes to make a rule like that of Diaz impossible. When the repressed millions are able to read their own history and laws and to think about them and to know what the democratic movement is in the world outside, their demand for a share in their government can no more be chained than can their intellects. And the new generation which Diaz for very shame could not refuse to help create in Mexico has proved his undoing. Education, as John Morley has said, cannot deny its own children. If in Mexico or India or the Philippines we venture to open closed minds and teach to young men liberty and self-government, we must not be astonished if they apply the lessons, even to our own discomfort. That seems to us the chief moral of Diaz's catastrophe. It is one witness more before all the world to the indestructible instinct for free government.

A DISCORDANT VOICE.

A Boston correspondent has written to express his sense of "the untimeliness and gross impropriety" of Mr. Roosevelt's article in the *Outlook* objecting to the arbitration treaty with Great Britain. It is a slight exaggeration to say that the ex-President stands alone, "when the whole world besides is rejoicing in President Taft's great effort and praising him for it." There are some others in opposition. Certain professional Irishmen, under the aliases of various societies, have protested against the treaty as only one proof more of England's perfidy. And there are always a limited number of men ready to stand at Mr. Roosevelt's side and say with Moloch:

> My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,
> More unexpert, I boast not; them let those
> Contrive who need, or when they need; not now.

In general, however, it is true that Mr. Roosevelt has in this matter taken a position well-nigh of isolation, whether splendid or not. President Taft's announcement that he was ready to negotiate treaties providing for arbitration of all possible questions, including those of national honor, has, as President Butler truly said at the Mohonk Conference, "aroused the greatest enthusiasm on both sides of the Atlantic." The volume of applause, indeed, swells day by day. In London, there were expressions of approval as cordial and almost as impressive as those at the Guildhall meeting when the Archbishop of Canterbury joined Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour in making the heartiest response to President Taft's proposal. And the early notion that the intended arbitration agreement was with Great Britain exclusively, has been dissipated. France has already been approached, and shown herself ready to negotiate. Even the Ger-

man Government has assumed a "sympathetic" attitude toward Secretary Knox's plan to make all international disputes justiciable, and the Ambassador of Japan at Washington has stated that the subject is one which his country will carefully consider. There comes also from Tokio an official statement that Japan is ready to join in the movement for arbitration. Such a universal chorus of approval makes the one discordant voice the more notable. It is virtually a case of Roosevelt *contra mundum*.

He will not care a copper for that, conscious as he is that he speaks for righteousness which is better than peace. Nor will it trouble him that he is placing himself in open opposition to the President of his own choosing. He is a friend of Taft and a friend of peace, but a greater friend of the truth. This makes it all the greater pity that the truth is not revealed to Mr. Roosevelt in clearer form. His *Outlook* article is not without his characteristic ambiguities and hedgings. At one point he appears to be uncompromisingly if not ferociously against any treaty that should arbitrate questions involving national honor; yet a little further on he seems to consent to the English treaty provided it stated in a "preamble" that the two nations agree to arbitrate everything "only because certain things have now become unthinkable and impossible." Yet it is precisely these unthinkable and impossible things that Mr. Roosevelt adduces as the reason for never agreeing to arbitrate everything! Suppose, he says, that Great Britain should set up the old right of search "with its incidents of killing peaceful fishermen within the limits of New York harbor"—why, "this country would fight at the drop of the hat." In that case we should show less restraint and common sense than the English did when their peaceful fishermen were killed by the Russian ships at Dogger Bank. That affair was peacefully and honorably arbitrated. But Mr. Roosevelt takes up the killing of Americans by fire across the Mexican border. In ominous language which will make the country glad that he was not President at the time, he says that "we have chosen to submit to such invasions"; but he goes on imagining that "if it happened to be an English or a German or a Japanese fleet which, not once but again and again, fired into our coast towns, killing and wounding citizens"—what then? But why ask what would follow things plainly unthinkable and impossible? As well demand what Dr. Lyman Abbott would do if his contributing editor threw an inkstand at his head.

In spite of all his fierce vagueness, however, Mr. Roosevelt does, in a moment of unguarded frankness, commit himself to the definite proposition: "The United States ought never specifically to bind itself to arbitrate questions respecting its honor, independence, and integrity." That was the flat statement which encouraged the Clan-na-Gael and the physical-violence section among Irish agitators when they read it; which made the secret enemies of the proposed treaty in the Senate take hope, and brought dejection to its friends; and which was recognized on all sides in Washington as arraying Mr. Roosevelt against the President in what may prove to be the capital measure of Mr. Taft's Administration. The Washington correspondents, who at once perceived the *Outlook* article to be a direct blow at the President, sought an expression on it from the White House. They got nothing except the calm remark that President Taft was of the opinion that in this and all other matters every citizen was entitled to his own view. That is really all that there is to say about it. If Mr. Roosevelt likes to put himself out of touch with the best sentiment of his class and his party and his country and his time, then there is nothing for it but to let a wilful man have his way. But if he persists in denouncing what the whole civilized world applauds, he must know that the considerate judgment of mankind will come to feel that there is too much sober truth in what he said of himself jestingly to Ferrero: "Je suis un barbare."

BANK-WRECKING AND CLEMENCY.

No more trying duty confronts a President or a Governor than that which is thrust upon him by the possession of the pardoning power. In such a case as that of the bank-wrecker Walsh of Chicago, or Morse of New York, the pressure brought to bear upon the chief executive is almost overwhelming. In each of these cases, in addition to the number and influence of those who have urged the President to extend clemency to the guilty men, there has been a personal element which, to a man of his kindly and genial nature, must have been extremely hard to set aside—in Walsh's case the advanced age and the doubtful health of the prisoner, in the case of Morse the unwearied and pathetic devotion of his wife. But Mr. Taft has not allowed either those human elements or the specious pleas that have been presented in extenuation of the offences committed, to swerve him from the stern performance of a manifest duty. He has denied both the applications, and has accompanied this refusal with a statement of the principles actuating him, so clear and impressive as to constitute in itself a high public service. It is not too much to say that the banks and other fiduciary institutions of the country are to-day distinctly safer from abuse, and that thousands of men, young and old, throughout the country, are to-day more effectively protected against their own weak impulses, as a consequence of the President's action and of the convincing statement with which it was accompanied.

One of the most specious pleas made in such cases as those of Walsh and Morse is that the methods to which they resorted are common and usually go unpunished. That the first part of this statement is a gross exaggeration of the facts is only one, and not the most important one, of the objections to the plea; but it *is* a gross exaggeration. The unscrupulousness of a Walsh or of a Morse is no more typical of bank heads in general than the doings of the fast set at Newport are typical of the life of wealthy Americans in general. Certainly the abuse of financial trust has not made the faintest approach to being accepted as right or even excusable; and therefore the fact that it usually escapes punishment, if fact it be, is a reason not for abstaining from punishing it when you can, but for making particularly sure that, whenever the culprit does get caught in the meshes of the law, he shall not be permitted to escape. The more frequent his entire immunity, the more indispensable is his exemplary punishment in the rare cases when it can be inflicted. The great object of the punishment of a Morse or a Walsh is the deterrence of others from committing the crimes of which they have been guilty; and what

would the deterrence amount to if, in addition to the punishment being usually escaped by good luck, good nature stepped in to reduce it to insignificance when luck went wrong?

Nor is it possible to ignore a consideration of profound public importance which attaches to any application for clemency in behalf of a man who, having enjoyed wealth and high position, is able to bring to bear in his cause the influence of large numbers of friends prominent in political, business, and social circles. To yield to such appeals would, as the President says, "present a demoralizing difference between the punishment meted out to the ordinary criminal, whose circumstances have naturally led him into crime, and one whose position in society should have made for him the strongest restraint against violation of the law." In his earnest advocacy of a reform of our criminal procedure, so as to rid it of the enormous encumbrance of technicality and delay, Mr. Taft is doubtless moved largely by this consideration, as well as by the inherent merits of the case; for there is certainly a demoralizing contrast between the endless obstructions to the course of justice that can be set up by one who has command of all the resources of the law and the rough-and-ready treatment with which the common run of those charged with crime must rest content.

Of course, all these considerations would break down if the views of crime and punishment entertained by some humanitarians were accepted. If the sole justification of imprisonment were the reform of the criminal—if the only thing that we had a right to take into account in regard to a man confined in a penal institution were the question whether he had been "cured"—it is very possible that both Morse and Walsh ought to have been released within thirty days after their committal. A scientific diagnosis of their state of mind, corresponding to the medical diagnosis made in a hospital, might have resulted in an unhesitating judgment that there was no appreciable danger of their ever sinning again. But it is cases like these that expose the essential error of this theory of punishment. The notion that society and not the individual is responsible for crime, and the notion that reform and not deterrence must be regarded as the object of punishment, are equally discredited when the criminal has every advantage of education and wealth, and when the crime is one in regard to which every deterrence that the criminal law can provide is manifestly needed both for the protection of society and for the strengthening of the individual against temptation.

ENGLAND'S COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY.

"There is no sign of decadence in England. . . . She has bled herself too freely, and the heart now shows some signs of weakness. The rivalry of younger and more daring and strenuous peoples for the trade of the world is a severe test of her seasoned strength." It is thus that Mr. J. D. Whelpley sums up in the *Century* his views on the commercial supremacy of Great Britain. He sees a good many dark clouds on the horizon and he is convinced that the English trading of to-day is "individualism gone mad." The country, he says, has robbed itself of millions of its best citizens and fairly driven them oversea—replacing them with less desirable immigrants, most of whom live in the slums of London. While these Englishmen have gone to make Australia, South Africa, and other commonwealths great, the home lands have suffered for lack of proper tillage, and because of the high cost of production due to ancient methods and inefficiency, the wages have remained low. Yet for all that, it is evident that Mr. Whelpley does not think that any rival will soon overhaul Britannica. By pluck and industry she is likely to forge ahead. It is, on the whole, a sanguine view that Mr. Whelpley takes.

Nor does he make the mistake of the Joseph Chamberlain tariff reform school of thinking that the way out is a modicum of protection. It is easy enough, we know, for a superficial thinker to walk along the banks of the Tyne and count the closed establishments, some with "moved to Germany" on their walls, and then to say that free trade is doing this. We have frequently heard this, particularly with regard to the chemical industry, in which Germany has won such extraordinary successes. But it is perfectly obvious that there are plenty of other reasons for it than Germany's tariff wall. Thus, every student knows that nowhere else in the world have science and business been so yoked together as in the Kaiser's dominions. The new German chemical factories have also had all the advantages that come with a new business—freedom from harassing traditions, improvements in construction, method, etc. That this has meant much in all such industries, Mr. Whelpley realizes. He cites, moreover, an intelligent Englishman who had discovered that in many mills the difficulty was with the employers. The hard-headed sons of the founders of a business would send the third generation to the universities, and its members would return ill fitted to carry on the mills. As Mr. Whelpley's informant said, these men become protectionists because they do not know where the difficulty lies. As he put it:

> They now fail to see the necessity for capital expenditure; they do not realize that year by year the cost of production is being reduced, not by economy, but by liberal expenditure, and by heroic discarding of plant still apparently useful. The articles they manufacture are still the best in the world as to quality, but they find the Germans, for instance, excelling them in beauty of finish and design, and, what is more serious, they find the manufacturers of several other nations underbidding them in price in, to them, an inexplicable way.

This recalls also the Scottish mill upon whose closed doors during a tariff reform campaign somebody scrawled, "Free trade did this," whereupon a lover of truth wrote, "Whiskey did this." Nowhere in the world is there to-day such an opportunity for the new art of scientific management as in England. One of our own experts who recently returned from there was quite overwhelmed by the appalling need, as it seemed to him, of bringing English manufacturing up to date.

Curiously enough, upon the chief menace to British industry Mr. Whelpley does not touch at all—the domination of the trades-union. Here is the dead hand that paralyzes British enterprise and more than anything else prevents rapid readjustment to new economic conditions. When the time comes for the introduction of scientific management in England it will run against a stone wall of labor-union prejudice, just as it will in this country in a less degree. The old economic fallacy that the more jobs you can create in an industry the better off you are, has come to have the force of Scripture in Great Britain, and none of the mediæval restraints of labor is unknown, not even the old device of limiting the number of apprentices. So

firmly intrenched are the labor-union hosts there that Parliament itself is cowed and politicians and press are muzzled.

Upon one great truth Mr. Whelpley has hit. Anything, he says, which will "leaven the toiling mass of humanity, quicken the pulse and the intelligence, bring hope to the children of the hopeless, will do more to prolong England's hold upon the trade of the world than a hundred Imperial conferences." Her chief problem is "to devise means to keep her money and her men at home, and to give each an equal chance." It is this need which lies behind the reforms of Lloyd George. The demand for the breaking up of the great landed estates which deprive the ordinary Englishman of the opportunity for modern intensive farming or some new form of industrialism, is surely evidence that an awakening is at hand. The danger is that the remedies offered may not be the right ones. For instance, it is the relation of the trades-union to the unemployed that needs to be studied and discussed, as well as the question whether insurance against unemployment will not stimulate malingering and loafing and defeat its very object. If British industrialism is individualism run mad, there are surely signs that the political reaction is in danger of going far too rapidly from the teachings of the Manchester school of individualists to the other extreme. Mr. Whelpley's article shows that there is another way out of England's economic difficulties besides a lurch toward Socialism.

THE COUNTRY THEATRE.

It is not the fault of our great clothing advertisers if there are still young men in our villages who are unaware of their inalienable right to be just as well dressed as the young men on Fifth Avenue. Something of the same fierce belief in equality animates the writer of an article on the status of the "one-night stand," in the last number of the *American Magazine*. He mourns over the thousands of towns and cities which are deprived, by financial considerations, of seeing the best Broadway players in the best Broadway plays. Country audiences will pay nothing higher than $1.50 for a seat, and Mrs. Fiske will not play below the two-dollar standard; so the country theatre is given over to wretched performances by wretched second companies, and the young rural generation is deprived of this most important educational factor in modern life. "You give your children Shakespeare to read," complains the writer, "but never Shakespeare to see and hear on the stage. You have your public library, magazines, lectures, and even your occasional trip to New York, Boston, and Chicago. You insist on having Dickens and Stevenson for your children in the library, but you do not turn a hand to provide them with Barrie and Maeterlinck in the playhouse."

We need not enter into a detailed examination of the author's argument. The subject is too broad, and the writer, safe to say, is not always consistent. Now he thinks of the theatre as educational and now he speaks of it as recreative. Now he wants a plan to help the one-night stands and now he admits that it is impossible to help all the one-night stands. Now he wants the best Broadway company and now he admits that we shall have to get along with good "second" companies. What concerns us is the spirit of the complaint and the remedy. The one-night stand is at present deprived of its inborn right to see what Broadway has seen. It can vindicate that right, first, by paying Broadway prices, and, secondly, by organizing for the defence of its interests. Our author outlines an elaborate system of dramatic censorship and dramatic criticism to be carried out by the woman's clubs, a system which would reduce to subjection the local theatrical manager, the local newspaper reviewer, and the company's advance agent by virtually taking over the functions of all three.

But it is the spirit of the article that is most significant. We may define it as the spirit of the "uplift" manifesting itself in the two familiar ways: first, in the assumption that anything that is good is not too good for every one in the country, and, secondly, that anything we wish to obtain is obtainable through that magic instrument "organization." We organize against graft and tuberculosis, and in favor of subways and internal waterways, and we organize to bring the drama in its highest form to Great Barrington, Mass. It is a fine, unreasoning spirit which refuses to overlook the limitations of nature and circumstance. What a shame to give the village youth Dickens and Stevenson and to deprive him of Maeterlinck and Barrie! But why stop there, we wonder? What a shame to deprive Great Barrington or Kokomo of Caruso's voice, or Beethoven's Ninth Symphony as the Boston Orchestra plays it, or the New York Public Library, or Chicago's Horse Show!

Now, the simple fact is that town is town and country is country, and that each scheme of life has its pleasures and its failings and its compensations. No *à priori* principles of justice and human equality will do away with the fact that Dickens and Stevenson do not need a crowd, and that Shakespeare and Molière, in visible form, do. If men had never learned to build cities, we should never have developed a drama as we know it now. Those in the large cities have learned to do without the simple pleasures of country life and have built up a new system of social bonds. They have learned to do without the strawberry festival and the husking bee; they have lost the art of conversation as it is practised around the stove in the general store; they do not go in as seriously for debate and public oratory as the young men in the small town do. More than anything else, the church has ceased to be the great centre and forum of the social life of the community. Church, lyceum, and books the small town has because they are inherently appropriate to the structure of the community. There is every reason why the people in a town of two or three thousand inhabitants should enjoy the very choicest books as a regular thing. There is no reason why they should expect to see a good play well acted except as a very rare treat.

If only the one-night stands were content with seeing second-class actors in old plays! It is precisely because they are encouraged in the shoddy ideal that they must have Broadway that they get fourth-rate companies in musical comedy. If the theatre is to exercise an educational function in the small town it will not do so by inducing village folk to pay two dollars for an orchestra seat to see Mrs. Fiske in her newest play, but by building up decently-trained stock companies and presenting them on local circuits in the old répertoire, with an occasional addition from the newer stage.

THE NEW BRITANNICA—II.

A little ramble through one of the volumes of the new Britannica, with the ninth edition at our side, will serve to show the nature of the change undergone in the transition from the encyclopædia of 1875-1888 to that of 1911. Let us glance, for example, at the section comprised under the initial *In*. Between the captions Inchbald and Independents in the old Britannica we find just two lines, consisting of cross-references from Incubation to Birds, Reproduction, and Poultry (the last not justified). In the eleventh edition, nineteen pages have been introduced at this place. They include Inclinometer (instrument for measuring the dip of the magnetic needle), Income Tax, Incubation and Incubators (comprising Bird Incubation, Bacteriological Incubation, and Human Incubation), Incunabula, Independence (a small city of Missouri whose history is given in great detail), and Independence (Declaration of), besides several minor biographical, legal, and scientific articles. Index Librorum Prohibitorum has been rewritten and the information brought down to the doings of Pius X. The extensive article on India contributed to the ninth edition by W. W. Hunter, author of the monumental "Imperial Gazetteer of India," has been essentially retained in an abridged form, a section having been added on the costumes of the peoples of India. There is an article of six pages on Indian Architecture, a topic absent in the ninth edition, except in so far as it figures in the general treatise on architecture. Sir William Markby contributes a weighty article (12½ pages) on Indian Law, divided into two sections: Hindu Law and Mahommedan Law. What corresponds to this in the old Britannica is just one page on Hindu Law, under India. In place of the rather brief account of the Sepoy Mutiny given before under India, we have now a separate article, Indian Mutiny (4½ pages). To Indiana, which occupied less than two pages in the ninth edition (where the historical information terminated with the admission of the State into the Union), are accorded five and a half pages in the eleventh edition. Indians (North American) covers three times as much space as it did before, no less than thirty-one pages being devoted to the subject, which is treated in a remarkably comprehensive manner by Professor Chamberlain of Clark University. Among the many new topics that figure in the succeeding fifty pages are Indo-Aryan Languages, Indo-China (French), Induction Coil, Inebriety (Law of), Infallibility, Infancy, and Infantry. The last-named occupies sixteen pages, whereas in the ninth edition there was no such article, the subject having been relegated to the article War, where only three pages were devoted to it. The article Inquisition (9 pages), by P. D. Alphandéry, professor at the Sorbonne, has taken the place of a much shorter one. Prominence is given in the bibliography to the writings of Henry C. Lea, whom Prof. G. E. Woodberry has strangely overlooked among recent historians in his fine article on American Literature. Insanity (21 pages) has a new feature in the section on Hospital Treatment, contributed by Prof. Frederick Peterson of Columbia. Insectivora represents a topic not treated under its own head in the old Britannica. The article Instinct, contributed to the ninth edition by Romanes, has been supplanted by one from the pen of another authority on this baffling subject, Prof. C. L. Morgan, who has also an article on Intelligence in Animals, a new topic in the eleventh edition. Instrumentation (4½ pages) is only one among many new articles in the department of music. The subject of International Law is presented afresh by Sir Thomas Barclay, who asserts that the chief source of such law will "in all probability for the future be that 'Parliament of Mankind, the Hague Conferences.'" This article is followed by one on Private International Law, in regard to which subject the old Britannica was silent. Interpolation (4½ pages) illustrates the expansion of the mathematical department. Close upon this comes a strictly American topic, which did not admit of treatment in the ninth edition, Interstate Commerce, occupying three pages.

To take a single department by itself, a glance at the fresh historical contributions will give an idea of the splendid scale on which the work of remaking the Britannica has been executed. The history of England, France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary from the time where the record closed in the ninth edition occupies collectively seventy pages, which would make a duodecimo volume of about 350 pages. Sixteen pages are devoted to Egypt since the deposition of Ismail Pasha. The eventful past of Bohemia occupies nearly ten pages, where the old Britannica had barely a column. One of the weightiest contributions in this department is Caliphate (31 pages), from the pen of the eminent Arabic scholar, Jan de Goeje.

The editing of the eleventh edition under the conditions that governed its production was a Herculean task, and the undertaking has been successfully accomplished. This does not imply that the manifold problems that confront the editor of a great encyclopædia were everywhere successfully solved. The norms that have to be set in the execution of such a work are so numerous and so hard to establish, and the difficulty of getting contributors to execute their tasks in a way conformable to the system and requirements of the publication is so great, that even where seemingly boundless pecuniary resources have been placed at the command of the editor, the result will still be far from perfection. By the side of the most skilful constructive editorship there is need of a rectifying department, more or less destructive in its functions, that shall guard at every step against defects, incongruities, absurdities, mistakes, and blemishes, and shall not concern itself with anything else. The editors of encyclopædias have been loath to recognize this necessity, having no adequate conception of the pitfalls that beset them at every turn and not being prepared to encounter the delays, vexation, and expenditure entailed by a thorough system of rectification and verification, which indeed it is not an easy matter to install. Such super-editorship, imposed upon the constructive editorship, does not appear to have been part of the apparatus in the production of the magnificent work before us. As a matter of fact, it could hardly have been introduced in the required form under the stress involved in the feature of simultaneous publication. The following are examples of various kinds of shortcomings detected in turning the pages of the volumes before us.

The ninth edition contained under the title Dictionary a list of dictionaries of the principal languages of the world, occupying several closely-printed pages. It was an absurd performance. The place for such information is, of course, in the individual articles on the various languages. It was a great blunder to retain this useless compilation. But the worst of it is that it stands here but slightly altered, with its absurdities and mistakes reproduced. The places where the dictionaries were published are generally given in the form in which they appeared on the title-page or in the books from which this list was compiled, and frequently also in the English form. We have, therefore, Stockholm, Holm, Holmiae; Haag, La Haye, 's Gravenhage; Moskau, Moskva, Mosque; Bucharest, Bucuresci, Boucourest, Boucoureshti. The learned compiler made no effort, of course, to disentangle the names from their inflectional or postpositional endings. Budân (misprint for Budán) is the Magyar for "at Buda," and Kassan for "at Kassa (Kaschau)." The Gipsy and Albanian languages continue to figure here under the Ugrian tongues, although their Indo-European character has been well established. It is evident from the scholarly article on Gipsies by Rabbi Moses Gaster (6 pages) that there is no longer any doubt regarding the Indian (Hindu) origin of the Gipsy dialects. Under Dial we are told that "in the eighteenth century clocks and watches began to supersede sun-dials," a very misleading statement. In close proximity to this profound

treatise on a subject that will appeal to but very few, is the shallow article on Porfirio Diaz, in which the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo is spoken of as having transferred Texas to the United States, in place of New Mexico and California. The article Ink is so largely reproduced from the ninth edition that we have serious doubts as to its being up to date. It is certainly queer to see the following passage in the paragraph on Logwood Ink appear again after an interval of just thirty years: "It is affirmed by Viedt that this drawback may be overcome by the use of soda." The article on Eagle adduces the authority of Pallas for the statement that the *bergut*, a species used by the Kirghiz Tartars for the capture of antelopes, foxes, and wolves [!], is "valued at the price of two camels." The eminent naturalist here quoted as though he had just been writing on the subject died precisely one hundred years ago. Some one of the readers of the galleys who allowed this to pass ought at least to have been bold enough to excise from the article Eskimo the tribute paid to the voracity of this Hyperborean folk (a relic of the old Britannica), to the effect that "two will easily dispose of a seal at a sitting."

The article Aeronautics, occupying ten pages, devotes only a little more than a page to dirigible balloons, the construction of which is not adequately described; nor is the information up to date (although the illustrations are), as any one can tell by glancing over the table giving the performances of such balloons. The page of mathematical formulæ, etc., near the beginning of the article should have been placed under Flight and Flying. In the lengthy article on this latter subject, which is made up of Pettigrew's treatise on Flight in the ninth edition and a full and up-to-date account of what has been achieved in aviation, it is amazing to find entire passages about models of flying machines reproduced from the old article without any change of tense in statements made above thirty years ago—statements utterly valueless now—as, for example: "Pénaud calculates that one horse-power would elevate and support 85 lbs." This article is defective in containing no actual presentation of the theory of the aeroplane. In the table at the end the Wright brothers are not credited with the remarkable flights mentioned in the text as having been performed by them in 1904 and 1905, which made them the first successful aviators. Under the head of Gothic, we are told that it is "the term generally applied to mediæval architecture, and more especially to that in which the pointed arch appears." As though Byzantine architecture and Saracenic architecture were not mediæval. Then we read that some of the Goths "(the East Goths, or Ostrogoths), settled in the eastern portion of Europe, and others (the West Goths, or Visigoths), in the Asturias of Spain." The presence of such an egregious misstatement (tucked away in an unobtrusive little lexicographic article), which ought not to have escaped the eye of any reader of the proof having some knowledge of mediæval history, shows what flaws the editor of an encyclopædia may expect to creep into his work through the lack of ubiquitous oversight.

The spirited sketch of the events of the last thirty years in the article on Ireland takes seven pages. The history of the preceding eighty years, from the rebellion of 1798 to the establishment of the Irish Land League, reproduced from the ninth edition, occupies only about a page, so that the proportions of the article are badly distorted. A considerable section of the old article should, of course, have been recast and expanded from a very brief recital—in which, for example, the name of Gladstone does not occur—into a narrative sufficiently detailed not to be altogether incompatible with the section that has been appended. This subject opens up a broad vista in the intricacies of encyclopædia-editing. Bolgari, the capital of the northern Bulgarians, was not captured by Tamerlane early in the fourteenth century, but at its close. The Black Sea is not bounded on the east by Asia Minor, but by Transcaucasia. The biographer of Bismarck speaks of Hesse-Cassel and Hesse-Nassau as having been taken by Prussia after the war of 1866, where he should have said Hesse-Cassel and Nassau. In the article Electors, one of those contributions that evince the fulness with which mediæval institutions are treated in the Britannica, some mention should have been made of the fact that the ruler of Bohemia, one of the seven electors recognized in the Golden Bull of 1356, exercised his right to vote only for a short time after the publication of that instrument, so that the number of princes who participated in the election of the Holy Roman Emperor was actually reduced to six. There is no article on Embargo in United States history. In the biography of W. S. Hancock the electoral vote at the Presidential election should have been given.

The article Iceberg is too meagre, nothing being said about the dimensions of some of the huge floating islands of ice, the possibility (or impossibility) of detecting the presence of icebergs in a fog, etc. Again, under Glacier no mention is made of the size of such vast glaciers as the Muir or Humboldt. Ice-yachting, which is described in an article well up to date, and naturally devoted largely to the United States, contains an explanation of the paradox of sailing faster than the wind (taken from an article in the Badminton Library) which sounds strange to any one familiar with the first principles of dynamics. Having touched upon the subject of sport, in which field the new Britannica is as exhaustive as in every other, we cannot refrain from saying that in the article Golf the long list of successful British champions, male and female (brought down to 1910), is not in keeping with the dignity of this encyclopædia. Much more undignified still is the reproduction of some of our college yells in the article Cheering. In the excellent article on Lake Erie there is no mention made of Perry's victory in the naval encounter which has passed into history under the name of the Battle of Lake Erie. We fail to see why such thoroughly Austrian literary personages as Grillparzer (who has, however, a very good biography) and Gindely should be called German. The designation of Ebner-Eschenbach as an Austrian novelist shows in any case a lack of consistency. It is regrettable that the subject of Insectivorous Plants has been virtually eliminated as a separate topic, the reader being referred to the articles on the various plants to whose diet insects contribute. This interesting theme called emphatically for collective treatment, admitting of a general discussion, even at the cost of considerable repetition. In the biography of Gustavus Adolphus the date of the battle of Breitenfeld (Leipzig), in which the Swedish monarch vanquished Tilly (September 17, 1631), is given according to the new style (Gregorian calendar), and that of the battle of Lützen, in which he fell fighting Wallenstein (November 6, 1632), according to the old style.

The Spanish philosopher Balmes figures under the French form of his name, a grave accent, which does not exist in Spanish, being placed over the *e*. The article Giraffe, whose up-to-date character is attested by the mention of that recently discovered relative, the okapi, is singularly brief, even the height of this tallest of mammals not being stated. In the section of the article Hydraulics dealing with frictional resistance (Vol. XIV, pp. 58, 59), whole strings of figures are made a hundredfold too large through the displacement of the decimal point, an error brought over from the ninth edition. The subject of the homing instinct of animals, briefly discussed in the ninth edition in the article Instinct, does not appear to be dealt with anywhere in the work before us. A serious omission in the geographical department is that of the town of Cobalt, the centre of the rich silver-producing district of Canada. Amarillo, the metropolis of the Texan Panhandle, and the bustling town of Globe, in the copper district of Arizona, have likewise been overlooked. There is no such caption as Colosseum (Coliseum).

The proof-sheets of the Britannica

have not been subjected to a sufficient scrutiny with reference to the elimination of ordinary misprints. The publication, therefore, lacks that distinguished character of being a monument of the printer's craft which belonged to the American Cyclopædia, whose pages were read and reread until every typographical blemish, it may almost be said, had been removed. Under Glass (stained), we find Toldeo for Toledo; under Granaries (in the topographical plan), Victorio Docks; under Indians, Alonkian for Algonkian; under Inquisition, Gius for Pius; under Gundulich (bibliography), "last cantos" for "lost cantos." Under Ireland, we find Poynings's Act (p. 773), and Poyning's law (pp. 779, 780). The titles of books in foreign languages, it must be said, are very correctly printed.

A singular exhibition of lack of judgment has introduced a blemish into the new Britannica which, to some of its readers, will be very irritating. An editorial ordinance appears to have gone forth to the effect that whenever reference is made in an article to a writer or a scientist his initials must be prefixed to his surname. Thus in the article Dynamics, Helmholtz has to figure as H. F. L. Helmholtz, and Lagrange as J. L. Lagrange. Under Hydrogen, we have to read of H. Cavendish and A. L. Lavoisier; under Entomology, of C. Darwin; under Huxley, of J. W. Goethe. Such introduction of the initials is calculated to have the effect of misleading the reader, who is apt to imagine that the person mentioned is other than the famous individual of the name. But what makes the whole thing vicious, in addition to its being ridiculous, is the fact that in the case of a great many European celebrities who have several Christian names, there is one particular name by which the personage is known and which alone usually accompanies the surname.

The ample bibliographies constitute a prominent feature of the new Britannica, but one which in our opinion is altogether overdone. The references, for example, appended to the biographies of mediæval rulers are largely of little practical value. Take, for example, the German sovereigns who bore the name of Conrad. Their history is the history of Germany, and the student in quest of authorities ought to know enough to consult the list of books on mediæval German history given in the article Germany.

The illustrations and maps in these volumes vary greatly in merit. It appears to us that the half-tone process might have been made to yield much better results.

It is an easy matter to pick flaws in a vast encyclopædic publication, however great may be its merits. Such pointing out of defects in the new Britannica is not meant to be taken as a serious disparagement of the character of the work. The Encyclopædia Britannica, in its latest form, is a monument to the learning of the Anglo-Saxon race such as no other people has ever reared to itself.

LOUIS HEILPRIN.

Correspondence

GERMANY AND THE PEACE OF EUROPE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *Audiatur et altera pars.* The German Chancellor's explanations about the practicability of a general disarmament and arbitration at the present time, which have met with general approval in Germany, except in the Social Democratic party, have been severely criticised in the *Nation*. Notwithstanding your own objections and those of your correspondent, Mr. Bernadotte E. Schmitt, I fail to find in Bethmann-Hollweg's speech any disregard for the realities of idealism or a word indicating that a proposition for a reduction of armaments, made by another government, would be declined by Germany. He simply called the attention of the Reichstag to the following points:

(1.) The times when wars were made by Cabinets are a matter of the past. In our times wars are caused by sentiments and animosities of the masses, who are sometimes easily influenced by an irresponsible press. (Consider the Boer war and our war with Spain.).

(2.) A statesman who makes proposals, not absolutely perspicuous, is likely to arouse discordance, and to create hostility instead of peace. If the leading Powers would make arrangements for a general international disarmament, they must first come to an agreement about their relative position. For instance, if Germany would reduce her army by 100,000 men, in what proportion should the armies of France, Russia, Austria, and Italy be reduced? At present the German army contains less than 1 per cent. of her population, whereas, the French army comes up to about 1½ per cent. Each nation would claim that position in the world which represents the total sum of all her strength present and prospective.

(3.) Suppose such a reduction at a certain proportion should be agreed upon, who is to control the various governments in order to ensure that none of them secretly increase its allotted strength?

Your Paris correspondent, "J.," states the real cause of all the trouble in these words: "The rebirth of the German empire in 1871, and its subsequent vigorous growth, have created a new weight for which no counterpoise has yet appeared." If the Germans were satisfied with the conditions of the early nineteenth century, so highly recommended by Mr. Bernadotte E. Schmitt they might be tolerated. But they refuse to be the footstool and the laughing-stock of the world (*cf.* Thackeray's description of the Dukedom of Pumpernickel), and insolently claim the same rights as other nations.

For forty years now Germany has proved to be the bulwark of peace, in spite of many provocations. If Germany had not been prepared for war the peace of Europe would have been shattered to splinters more than once. When republican France made an alliance with the most reactionary of Russian Czars, Alexander III, it was not done principally to get an ally for defensive purposes, but for a combined attack against Germany. Alexander III represented the pan-Slavonian element of Russia, which is not only the most reactionary and intolerant element of Russia, but also the greatest enemy of everything German. His heart was set on this war, but the fear of being defeated at the last moment induced him to keep the peace. Some years ago the same consideration caused the French to come to terms about Morocco, which they had set out to reduce to a French colony by virtue of an agreement with England as a compensation for England's occupation of Egypt. The same consideration of the German army brought about the peaceful solution of the Herzegovina trouble.

Thus the German army has done more than anything else to preserve peace in Europe. The Germans know it, and they know, too, that year by year they gain in strength more than their rivals and enemies. That Germany has few friends, but many enemies, is a hornbook story. That Germany cannot expect to be fairly criticised is a reality. The unpardonable and only crime of Germany and the German people is that they are alive and vigorous, and their so-called brutality consists in their readiness to apply a heavy blow to anybody who would attack them.

To argue against misrepresentations seems to be superfluous, but *le superflu est chose très nécessaire.* Why Mr. Schmitt fixes the date of Bismarck's atrocities from 1862-1871 is a conundrum. He probably means 1864-1871, for in 1864 the political status of Schleswig-Holstein was settled by war with Denmark. If Mr. Schmitt cares to call this act a spoliation of Denmark, he is welcome to his opinion. So much is certain, that Germany could not exist with a foreign Power controlling the mouth of the River Elbe.

As to the events of 1866, it is to be admitted that Prussia's war against Austria for German supremacy was a revolutionary act. It was absolutely necessary and wholesome for both parties. Never was a conquered enemy treated with greater generosity than was Austria. Never was such a revolution accomplished with less bloodshed. Austria had lost Venetia to Italy, but not a foot of her territory was taken from her by Prussia. Since that time Austria attends to her own affairs with better success than ever before, and the "brutality" displayed by Prussia in 1866 was the foundation of the solid alliance between those two Powers, which is so much regretted by all parties wishing to destroy Germany.

As to the war of 1870, it is useless to waste words. The real cause of this war was the attempt of France to prevent the unity of Germany. Had not Germany the right to defend herself?

The Kruger telegram has been played out so often that it becomes monotonous. What are the facts? The Boer republic, an independent state, had been attacked by a gang of misguided filibusters. They failed and were captured. If the Boer government had shot or hanged every one of those men, they would not have transgressed international law. The British government protested vigorously that they had nothing to do with this ruthless breach of international law. Why, under these circumstances, a telegram congratulating the Boer government on their successful suppression of

this filibustering expedition should be an insult to England is inconceivable.

France's colonial adventures at Fashoda, according to Mr. Schmitt, had been encouraged by Bismack. Since when have French statesmen consulted Bismarck or the German Foreign Office? I will not urge the point that at that time Bismarck lived in retirement at Friedrichsruhe as a private citizen, whose sole *divertissement* was to denounce everything undertaken by the Emperor and his Chancellor.

Now about Morocco. This sovereign state bordering on the French colony Algiers is inhabited by more or less fanatical Mohammedans, who decline to be Christianized or civilized. King Edward, the Peacemaker, was anxious to do away with every cause of rivalry between Great Britain and France, certainly a laudable desire. The principal difficulty was the British occupation of Egypt, where formerly French influence had been paramount. As a compensation Morocco was promised to the French, to be annexed by a so-called peaceful penetration. Of course, when England and France dispose of a country which is not theirs, it is well done. With Spain and Italy the French government made suitable arrangements. Germany, which enjoyed commercial treaty rights in Morocco equal to those of any other nation, was to be ousted without even a notice. That this meant war is evident, and for this very purpose the French-English agreement had been made. France and Russia were to do the fighting on land, while the noble task of destroying the German navy and merchant marine was left to England. But when it came to the test, the French concluded that the bigger risk was theirs, and the result was that Morocco has not been absorbed, and will be open to the commerce of all the world on equal terms, which is not the case in French colonies.

While people have so little consideration for Germany's rights as to denounce, for instance, the Bagdad Railway as an attack upon the legitimate interests of Great Britain, the advice given to Germany to disarm is an absurdity. The Bagdad Railway is an enterprise of Turkey to reopen a vast territory, which has been the cradle of civilization and is waiting for a resurrection. The task was first offered to British capitalists, but they refused. Then a new company was formed under the efficient leadership of the German Bank, largely supported by Swiss and French capital. The road has been under construction for more than twenty years. All along the line of the road immense improvements have been made, and land, which was a desert before, returns now great crops. It has afforded the Turkish government the means to keep order where formerly the outlaw was in control. Moreover, it has added to the military strength of Turkey. Both in Asia Minor and on the Balkan peninsula many foreign companies, Russian, British, American, and French, have acquired numerous charters for railways and other enterprises from the Turkish Government. The French are building as many railways in Turkey as the Germans. Nobody finds fault with them. But when Germans do the same thing, it is not to be tolerated.

To resume: Forty years have passed since the rebirth of political Germany. Of all the great Powers, Germany alone has kept peace and never interfered with the rights of other nations. As a result, Germans are the object of more envy, bitterness, vituperation, and insolence than ever before. Who can blame them if they rely only upon their own strength and wait for further developments.

E. SCHRADER, JR.

Macklin, Saskatchewan, May 14.

AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I trespass on your space to the extent of a few paragraphs of explanation, in reply to the courteous, if severe, letter of your correspondent "V"? It is disconcerting to have one's truisms received as paradoxes. Apparently we can never know what we have said, but only what we tried to say. I certainly never intended to plead for an "insulated national culture," or a "tariff wall against foreign scholarship." I was expressing the hope that our great universities would make it timely and possible for us henceforth in these matters to assume the attitude of Germany, France, and England, rather than that of Greece, Russia, or the South American states. It is not the normal thing for professors of French, German, and English universities to receive their higher degrees abroad. And some time—why not now?—we must outgrow this provincial dependence. Much that I said may be matter of opinion. But it is a simple and easily verifiable fact that the doctorate of our leading universities is now for Americans harder to win than a German degree. It is not the stay-at-home who exhibits a "preference of shoddy to wool," but the man who returns from a minor German university to flourish an eighteen months' diploma in the face of his naïve classmates still struggling toward the goal.

By a national education, I meant an education given by American universities. A national culture must of course mean for us a culture associated with the language and literature that we share with England. It is surely permissible to repeat of Germany what so many of her own greatest writers have said, that her preponderant erudition has never known the control and check which the long traditions of literary culture in France and England impose on the slighter scholarship of those countries. That is a part of the price which Germany has paid for her scholastic and scientific leadership.

My concrete examples were, of course, merely illustrations. In themselves they prove nothing, unless they are, as I believe them to be, typical. I do not propose to add to my offence by extending the list here. But it is not from lack of material that I refrain. The word "inaccuracy," as the context showed, was used perhaps arbitrarily of a specific type of almost wilful error. Nothing can be more petty than to cavil on misprints, slips of the pen, lapses of memory, and other inadvertences "quas aut incuria fudit aut humana parum cavet natura." But it is another matter when error in the main line of the argument is systematically propagated by the elaboration of unverifiable hypothesis and the predetermined resolve to prove something. To err is human. To err through haste or levity may be French. But, *l'art de s'égarer avec méthode* is not metaphysics but the Germanized philology of the nineteenth century. This is not a question of personalities, but of two opposing schools and tendencies in philological and historical study. As Leslie Stephen somewhere says (I quote from memory), "Many people fancy that a sufficiently skilful logician might distill truth out of the most unsatisfactory materials; they measure his skill by the length of the chain of reasoning, and fail to see that the best logician is often the man who pronounces the material to be insufficient." That is the text from which I should discourse if this were the place to continue the discussion.

PAUL SHOREY.

University of Chicago, May 27.

THE TRAGEDY AT CYRENE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Meagre advices by cable brought the shocking news that on March 11 Herbert Fletcher DeCou was shot at Cyrene by Arabs and instantly killed. Full particulars of the tragedy have now been received by belated mail.

The staff in charge of the excavation consisted of the director, Richard Norton, Mr. DeCou, and Dr. Joseph Clark Hoppin. With these were associated a recent member of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, Mr. C. Densmore Curtis, and an English physician, Dr. Sladden; there was also an English camp servant. The work commenced in the latter part of October, 1910, and though greatly hindered by the difficulty of finding competent workmen and by stormy weather, had made good progress.

The attitude of the natives was at first hostile. They feared that the coming of the foreigner would hinder their free access to the spring which furnished water to the ancient city and still flows with a copious stream, and that they should be disturbed in their "squatter rights" to land on which excavations were to be conducted. It was also evident that false reports had been spread about the character and purpose of the expedition. Nevertheless, fair dealing and the exercise of forbearance won over the local sheikhs; by the end of February friendly relations had been established with all of them, and a satisfactory understanding had been reached in respect to the supply of laborers and their compensation. The attitude of the Ottoman authorities was from the beginning friendly. The resident commissioner sent to represent the Government in the inspection of the excavations was courteous and took an interest in the work. Of the guard of Turkish soldiers detailed to protect the staff and the camp, varying in number at times from a dozen to half a hundred, there seemed no occasion to complain except that they were tardy in going up from camp to the excavations in the morning, and were sometimes lax in other matters; the officers were men of good spirit and intentions.

For several nights Mr. Norton had slept but little, because he was taking care of Dr. Sladden, who was seriously ill with fever. In the evening of March 10 he talked with Mr. DeCou about the work and plans. They agreed that, as the staff were now on good terms with the sheikhs of the region, and the problem of labor was being rapidly solved, the work would hereafter go on more smoothly. It was arranged that Mr. Norton should rest the next morning, and that Mr. DeCou should start the workmen.

Just before eight o'clock in the morning

Mr. Norton was aroused and informed that shots had been heard in the direction of the Acropolis, above the camp. Proceeding hastily thither, he found his friend already dead. Mr. DeCou had started for the place of digging on the Acropolis, the workmen straggling along after him. About halfway up the slope he fell, pierced by two bullets fired by Arabs concealed behind a wall barely seventy feet away. The assassins, three in number, mounted horse and rode swiftly inland. Owing to the inaccessibility of the site, arrangements were made for burial near the camp. The rude coffin was wrapped in an American flag. The service was read by Mr. Norton. The grave looks out from the face of the Plateau of Cyrene westward, toward the home land.

The motives for the crime were not personal; the assassins were from a distant tribe. There is reason to suppose that the purpose was to thwart the undertaking by driving the Americans from the country. The Turkish government acted promptly in ordering the arrest of the assassins, who, according to the latest reports, are still at large. The results of certain investigations must be awaited before further statement can be made.

Mr. Norton and his associates showed great courage and steadiness of judgment. Conference was had with the local sheikhs, as well as the military authorities. After full deliberation, the staff were unanimous in the decision that the digging should be immediately resumed. From the archæological point of view, the results of the season's work amply justify the excavation, but of these no account can be given here. The Turkish guard has been increased, strict military regulations are enforced, and hereafter the danger will be reduced to a minimum.

Herbert Fletcher DeCou was born at Good Harbor in northern Michigan, June 10, 1868. He was taught by his mother until he was twelve years of age; the family then moved to Kendall, Mich., afterward to Detroit. In the Detroit Central High School young DeCou came under the instruction of H. J. Sherrard, who, as a teacher of preparatory Greek, has had few equals. Entering the University of Michigan he soon distinguished himself in classics. After graduation, in 1889, he was appointed to the Elisha Jones classical fellowship.

From the autumn of 1890 until his death Mr. DeCou spent the greater part of his time abroad, first as a student, upon fellowships at Athens, or in Germany, then as secretary and lecturer in the American schools in Athens and Rome. He twice returned to the University of Michigan to fill vacancies in the classical department; an offer of a permanent position, starting with the rank of junior professor, he declined because of his devotion to the school in Rome. The year 1909-10 he spent in Munich, working upon collections for Mr. James Loeb. He was eagerly sought for the staff at Cyrene, because of the accuracy of his observation and working methods, and the range of his knowledge of archæological detail, in which he was surpassed by no living scholar of his years. Of his contributions to scholarship the best known is his monograph upon the bronzes found in the excavation of the Argive Heræum; yet unpublished is an extensive manuscript upon the collection from Boscoreale in the Field Museum of Chicago, which was prepared while he was in this country for a time on account of ill health.

FRANCIS W. KELSEY.

Ann Arbor, Mich., May 11.

PROTECTION AND THE CONSTITUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the comments on the recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals involving the Workmen's Compensation Law, no mention appears to be made of the light that this decision throws upon the legal status of protection. The opinion of the court declares that a law which substitutes a system of compensation for a system of liability is unconstitutional, on the ground that it involves the taking of property without due process of law. Is there not here a significant suggestion of analogy between the principle of compensation and the principle of protection? About the constitutionality of law which embodies a system of revenue as such, there is no more doubt than about that of a law which embodies a system of liability; but when we come to laws the deliberate purposes of which are to compensate one class of citizens and to protect another—these are horses of quite a different color. If the taking of money from the coffer of an employer in order to put it into the pocket of an employee be without process of law, what is to be said of the process of law which extorts money from an importer for the purpose of thereby lining the wallet of a manufacturer?

Were the protective tariff not hallowed by American birth and a long line of American ancestors—if it had just arrived on our shores by way of the old World—there is no room for doubt that our courts would be quick to relegate it, together with the foreign-born idea of compensation, to the limbo of unconstitutionality.

S. R. TABER.

Bellagio, Italy, May 8.

THE NEW YORK LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note in your issue of yesterday your remarks on the "opening of the New York Public Library." Evidently recalling the old saw, *De Gustibus*, etc., and discreetly avoiding "artistic controversy" as to the "architecture of the library," you nevertheless make the most, in behalf of the stately edifice, of the effect on it of "varying conditions of light and weather." You are justified in considering the "softening effect of time" on the library, as on all huge buildings. But as for me, I do not find an apologetic attitude in behalf of the library's façades at all necessary. To my mind, the ensemble of the structure's main lines, masses, and salient features redounds greatly to the credit of the designer, and in due degree to such others as, by honest cooperation, indoors and outdoors, have helped him.

But nothing in your observations should more interest art lovers and enlist civic pride than your calling attention to the fact, obvious to all old New Yorkers familiar with past real estate dealings, "that nearly all the buildings adjoining the library east and west and north will soon give way to new structures, making for it a more harmonious approach and setting." Leaving the east and west approaches out of the question for the nonce, I should like, as a member of the architectural staff of the Central Park in its earlier years, to recall to the current generation the fact that it was a subject of not infrequent discussion in that staff, whether provision should not be made to reserve the whole eastern line of the park bordering on Fifth Avenue for public buildings devoted to municipal functions and to art and science, and all of the highest architectural character. This possibility had a certain influence in the selection and assignment of its site to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A line of such buildings on the west side of Fifth Avenue from the museum to Fifty-ninth Street would go a long way toward a "harmonious approach" to the library from the north. I have been connected more or less with several societies of public import which might well have claimed a place in such a series of notable structures, and the National Academy of Design, as every art lover knows, has for years been seeking a standing place for native art output in the first and richest city of this hemisphere and the third in the world. A year or two ago it had to find hanging space for its current exhibition in a small town never before heard of outside of its neighborhood.

A. J. BLOOR.

Stonington, Conn., May 26.

BAUDELAIRE AND LONGFELLOW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That Baudelaire was familiar with English literature, and more especially with English poetry, is well known from his interest in Poe. But that such poets as Longfellow and Gray should interest him may be surprising to those who have accepted the current estimate of him as an immoral searcher for strange sensations. Yet, in addition to the translation from "Hiawatha" (page 208 of Calmann-Lévy's *édition définitive* of "Les Fleurs du Mal"), which doubtless attracted Baudelaire as an experiment in metre, there appears in the early part of "Spleen et Idéal" a little poem, "Le Guignon," which is merely an adaptation of parts of two English poems, one by Longfellow and one by Gray. "Le Guignon" reads:

> Pour soulever un poids si lourd,
> Sisyphe, il faudrait ton courage!
> Bien qu'on ait du cœur à l'ouvrage,
> L'Art est long et le Temps est court.
>
> Loin des sépultures célèbres,
> Vers un cimitière isolé,
> Mon coeur, comme un tambour voilé,
> Va battant des marches funèbres.
>
> Maint joyau dort enseveli
> Dans les ténèbres et l'oubli,
> Bien loin des pioches et des sondes;
>
> Mainte fleur épanche à regret
> Son parfum doux comme un secret
> Dans les solitudes profondes.

Compare the above with Longfellow's stanza,

> Art is long and time is fleeting, . . .

and with Gray's,

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene.

A comparison of the metres of the originals and the French translation, and a study of what might be called the embroidery

added by Baudelaire, might serve as the starting-point for a dissertation on the different intellectual processes of the Englishman, the American, and the Frenchman.

D. R. BATTLES.

Quincy, Mass., May 25.

Literature

SOURCES OF ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

The French Renaissance in England. An Account of the Literary Relations of England and France in the Sixteenth Century. By Sidney Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

It was pretty certain that the appearance of this book would be something of an event in scholarship. Mr. Lee's long, expert acquaintance with the period made one look forward to his first large generalizations with eagerness. He has not betrayed the expectation. To his special qualifications, he has added certain bigger capacities which turn his work into a study not merely of literature, but of culture, too. He has, for one thing, a graphic feeling for the man behind the book—an interest quickened no doubt by his editorship of the Dictionary of National Biography. He knows the philosophy, the architecture, the science of the century; and has sharpened his survey by a definite thesis. He himself terms his work "a tentative contribution to a comparative study of literature," with a proper dread of the excesses in which this sort of study may involve one. From them he is not entirely free; but in general the book is a praiseworthy example of what devotion to comparative literature should produce—there is a splendid union of scholarly precision and revolutionary deduction.

Those to whom the Elizabethan period in England has stood out as one of the most amazing in the whole range of human expression, will be somewhat aghast at the amount of indebtedness to France which has here been gathered. It has been known that lines and themes and whole plots were imported, from France and elsewhere, but it was supposed that in assimilating the borrowings England showed a rare, compensating originality. The lead of France has never before been worked out so thoroughly and so subtly. The ins and outs of literary fashions in France, the processes by which metrical and typal variety was achieved, the control of literature by larger movements of thought, are seen to anticipate and almost to cover all the stages of literary consciousness in England. Even in many instances where England was thought to have turned for suggestion directly to Italy, it was France, it seems, which passed the impulse on to her, and, in general, Englishmen looked at Italy through France to almost as great an extent as the early Renaissance saw Greece through Rome. Mr. Lee's studies require of the student a readjusted attitude. Englishmen of the first rank in the period and of nearly the first rank—Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, Marlowe—remain, for the most part, with originality still transcendent; but among the rest, though there was much excellent workmanship, it was highly imitative.

A portion of Mr. Lee's results—that dealing with the shorter poems—he had fully foreshadowed in his "William Shakespeare" and in the introduction to the two-volume edition of the Elizabethan sonnets. Yet in the present book, it is not merely rehashed; his conclusions have broadened and taken on interest. Most striking is his treatment of lyric echoes in English verse; of the manner in which French cadences and shades of meaning and color have passed into some of our most cherished English lines. The genius of Ronsard—which was moulded largely by his intense love of Greek verse—in giving the proper instant's poise to many an overdone theme of contemporary Italians, his pagan sensitiveness to a moment's spell of beauty, and his true grasp of the power of metre gave incalculable hints to English writers. Ronsard knew the secret of emphasis and of suggestion, which are everything to the lyric. Just those prettinesses of a lady's pout or momentary rebellion; of a nosegay seen through lovers' eyes; of amorous pantheism, which have made the lighter verse of Elizabethan England seem instinctive, Ronsard was expert in. Such poems as Lyly's Anacreontics, and such passages as Spenser's floral pageant, beginning,

> Bring hither the pink and purple columbine,

and Shakepeare's sweet picture:

> When daisies pied and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver-white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight,

are shown to be precisely in the French manner, without which they would scarcely be what they are. That the vocabulary of the Pléiade and its methods of epithet-building also enriched English poetry, Mr. Lee makes equally clear. The lark "that tirra-lirra chants" learned to do so from the lark of Ronsard.

There never has been doubt in any one's mind that French prose of the sixteenth century was far superior to contemporary prose in England, nor that English owed much to it. Mr. Lee summarizes reasonably:

> From Calvin the Elizabethans drew precision in expounding theological doctrine, and the habit of discussing the dark mysteries of the faith in domestic language. From Amyot came the briskly balanced period, and the enthusiasm for biographical detail. From Montaigne came pointed fluency and a cheerful habit of reflecting detachedly on life. . . . If Elizabethan fiction sought sustenance further afield in Italy or Spain, France taught Elizabethan prose most of that bold vivacity and freedom which Elizabethans acknowledged to be a distinguishing trait of the French language.

To this portion of his subject Mr. Lee contributes few new facts, yet lends it freshness by wide reading in treatises even remotely connected with it. Bibliographical notes reveal the close interrelations of English and French publishers, and the latters' scholarly prestige. In Paris the first French press was set up by the professors of the Sorbonne early in 1470, and the craft was practised within the precincts of the university; this was more than a century before printing was begun at Oxford, and, in any systematic way, at Cambridge. Of the great quartet of French prose writers, Calvin and Amyot exerted the greatest effect upon England. Before the end of the century "The Institution of Christian Religion" went through at least five English editions. Other scholars had worked out North's debt to Amyot, but English readers will be glad for the estimate of Amyot's bequest to Montaigne, and thence indirectly to England. Rabelais did not take, in England, until late in the century, when Thomas Nashe made use of comical scurrility in pamphlets and admitted discipleship to the Frenchman formally. Mr. Lee is wise not to press Shakespeare's alleged indebtedness to Montaigne, and to leave the point to emerge from skilful parallels. These, together with his sketch of Montaigne's outlook, reveal in the two writers attitudes which at times are strikingly alike, especially their high regard, in searching a situation, for "modest doubt the beacon of the wise." In these chapters the author gives prominence to two recent discoveries. He prints for the first time the letter in which Montaigne's neighbor, Pierre de Brach, announced the essayist's death to Anthony Bacon, Francis Bacon's brother; and he works out the suggestion made by Professor Lefranc that Rabelais adapted a part of More's "Utopia."

One of the best parts of the book summarizes the impression made upon English thought by certain Huguenot scientists and philosophers. The method may be illustrated by the author's treatment of the tragic figure, Pierre de la Ramée. There is a lively account of Ramée's struggle in France to put philosophy upon new foundations, of his versatility, of his heroic comfort from learning; within the compass of a few pages his career is vividly caught. What it meant to England is then en-

forced with a splendid variety of examples: the use of his grammar and geometry in English schools and colleges, and of his philosophical treatises at Cambridge; how Roger Ascham corresponded with him on educational methods; how Gabriel Harvey, Sidney, and Spenser were fired by his genius; the impulse he gave to Bacon's attack on Aristotelian logic; Richard Hakluyt's desire that a public lectureship in mathematics be founded at Oxford after the manner of that established by "Petrus Ramus, one of the most famous clerks of Europe"; and finally, Marlowe's picture of his death in "The Massacre at Paris."

The last section of the book deals with the drama. Mr. Lee makes it abundantly clear that here also literature in the two countries was amazingly parallel. He shows by many examples, what students of the English side have not taken sufficiently into account, that romantic tragedy and tragi-comedy had almost as great a run in France as in England, and that the classical form of French tragedy, like that of Racine, gained supremacy only after a huge struggle with the less formal sort. Shakespeare, he points out, might easily have taken his description of the mixture of dramatic types from theatrical programmes of Paris, where he could have read: "Tragédies morales, tragédies allégoriques, tragi-comédies, pastorales, tragi-pastorales, fables bocagères, bergeries, histoires tragiques, journées en tragédie, tragédies sans distinction d'actes ni de scènes, martyres de saints et saintes." In particular, plays like "Bradamante," whose plot was drawn from Ariosto, "Le Guysien," "La Soltane," plays on the subject of adultery, especially that of a man-servant with his mistress, are shown upon analysis to resemble closely and to anticipate that mass of spectacular, romantic plays which were so popular in England. The general thesis in respect to the drama Mr. Lee has well established, but in pressing special points, he does not escape pitfalls. Thus in urging Shakespeare's acquaintance with Larivey's expansive adaptation of Pasqualigo's "Il Fedele," he ignores the fact that no printed edition of Larivey's version is recorded which Shakespeare could have used. This naturally vitiates the force of the really striking verbal resemblances. In short, the individual cases of indebtedness which Mr. Lee attempts to confirm are not wholly convincing; on the other hand, he has created such an enormous general similarity of dramatic stuff and development as to make a very considerable amount of French guidance—much more than had been supposed—perfectly certain.

CURRENT FICTION.

Members of the Family. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Co.

In his pleasant Preface to this collection of tales, Mr. Wister recounts the fact that his first story of the West was written some twenty years ago—a fact which leads him to indulge himself in this "preamble of gossip, of retrospection." His memory of the Wyoming of twenty years ago has become tinged with elegiac sentiment. He frankly regrets the old days and the old ways, the life of the cowboy and the atmosphere of the real frontier. This series, as a series, is an after-gleaning from that period. It has the relative thinness of most after-gleanings. Mr. Wister has, he tells us, ample notes and ideas for another volume. We shall be glad to see it when it appears, but shall open it with no lively expectation of finding anything as good as the original stories about the Virginian and his cronies.

By "the family" Mr. Wister means precisely that group of notables. The Virginian himself makes an appearance from time to time in these pages, but not in the foreground. The hero of most of them is Scipio Le Moyne, that cheerful and casual gentleman of fortune, a person of distinction according to the code of his place and time. The author figures as the Tenderfoot, without whom no ranch tale would be complete. Nor is the Eastern school-marm absent from the scene. On the whole, the stories strengthen an old impression. It seems to be true that a life which shifts and vanishes so rapidly as that of our rough West is best painted in a few bold strokes. Added touches only tend to dim the outline. Bret Harte spent vain years trying to improve upon his first marvellous Californian sketches. Hamlin Garland has had no better fortune with the Middle West: and there is small chance that Mr. Wister will produce another "Virginian" or even another "Em'ly."

The End of a Song. By Jeannette Marks. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Charmingly related and infallibly genuine, this little tale conveys the color of life in a diminutive Welsh village, not as the tourist glimpses it, but as it looks to a friendly and accustomed eye. The lighting is very tender, so mild we should call it sentiment if that term did not imply a lack of clarity. The writer's powers of observation and narration are of the peculiar kind that, even when highly cultivated, retain the virtue of spontaneity and so are bound to be praised as natural gifts, rather than attainments. One realizes how much the present volume owes to this "free grace" of the story-teller's instinct: without that there would have been merely the all too usual literary portfolio of desultory sketches to acquaint us with the tiny hamlet perched on the slopes about the junction of two precipitous mountain streamlets; its periodic inundations, momentary in fury and disastrous in domestic consequences; its community burden of twelve little Morrises, motherless, and stupidly fathered; its love of songs and singing; its sweet-natured little old lady, whose voice at sixty-five was still "the finest in all those hills"; its rich man whose natural kindliness had been sadly constricted by life-long habits of petty thrift; its "Mrs. Jenkins, the Inn," who ruled the village "as a potentate might have done, the men running before her and the women behind," and many another episode and character of fine local flavor.

Half Loaves. By Helen Mackay. New York: Duffield & Co.

That talent for omission which Stevenson tells us might make Iliads of daily newspapers is most detrimentally absent from this novel. Unfortunately, and unfairly, as it happens, the lack of it takes possession of the perceptions, the feelings, and at last of the nerves. Nature itself cannot endure so many flowers, groves, hills, and atmospheric effects. It is the same with word, epithet, and phrase; with moods and intensities. Wearisome is the number of times that Florida, the heroine, is called by Mary, "You poor little thing"; wearisome the number of times that Mary is on and off with fainting attacks, always calling upon Florida not to care about her, always adding that she was so glad Florida did. Exasperating are the reiterations of Florida's woes, and particularly of her feelings about them, and the ceaseless change of focus in the ever-recurring phrases, "She was later to remember this moment," "She was afterwards to look back to this," and so on, in an artificial way of serving cold chills. It is only patches that are not purple in this vast welter of words.

And all this pother does real injustice to a forcible and interesting story. It concerns chiefly two women who, after trials and tribulations with their husbands, assert the hackneyed doctrine of "their right to happiness"; the one by disappearing into temporary bliss with the man Illsboro, who "came"; the other by retiring to a childhood's haunt in Italy and playing good genius to a hill-town under the guidance of an Italian ministering angel (male). The moral law being inflexible, the experiments end in failure—irretrievable in one case, in the other not too late for a return to the "half loaves" which are humanity's portion. There is an absence of exaggeration in the substance of the story which is curiously opposed to its magnified and multiplied manner. In the Italian chapters there survives from the general plethora of scenery and emo-

tions a quite extraordinarily vivid picture of life in a town of the Ligurian hills. The Italian note is sounded with marvellous clarity—its tendernesses, violences, and, beneath all, its superstitions, which are an integral element in the story. In characterization, too, the author has the genuinely personifying touch. All the figures stand forth in the round, even those which are neither prominent in the story nor probable in themselves. We must think that among the three principal men of the story, for all their shortcomings, there was a remarkable absence of malice and self-assertiveness and of the brutal qualities which might still further have complicated affairs. Whereas the women, though generous and capable of long-enduring affection, were sad self-analysts and were greatly pampered in that respect by the author.

Prince or Chauffeur? By Lawrence Perry. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A story of Newport with a Russian prince and an American naval officer, plus society, would be sure to win readers even if the characters only motored, dined, and danced. But there is much more. The prince has diplomatic, not to say burglarious, designs on a torpedo newly invented by the lieutenant. The lieutenant knows it and acts accordingly, with the brain, brawn, and accomplishments that belong to young fiction heroes. He can motor, invent, teach jiu-jitsu, and probably play on the grand piano. And the girl whom both adore is sufficiently torn between her European habits and American blood to play in both yards alternately until the decisive moment is reached. There are exciting scenes at sea when the torpedo is tested, and on land when the lost magnetic control is passing secretly from hand to hand. There are character scenes when arrived social climbers are manipulating their forces and reasoning with their offspring. And Mr. Perry has a knack of making a live person out of his each least important actor. A spirit-level might profitably have been applied to the wording of the book. The girl who says "You'd better believe you may come here" does not seem the girl of whom with her partner the author affirms that their "bodies and minds were one in the interpretation of the science of rhythmic motion." Out of a brisk United States style there rises with a choking effect this cloud of words: "Temperamental proclivities are better for their absence among the component elements of a diplomat's mental equipment." The four illustrations in color by J. V. McFall are pleasing in themselves and bear witness to the happily growing tendency on the part of illustrators to read the text.

GETTYSBURG.

Gettysburg: The Pivotal Battle of the Civil War. By Capt. R. K. Beecham of the First Brigade, First Division, First Corps, Army of the Potomac. With illustrations and map. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.75 net.

Mr. Beecham's book is a combination of personal views acquired on the scene of action by a minor officer, and the inadequate consideration of the evidence now open to all students of military history. On page 20 the author says that the powder used by the Union infantry was of the poorest quality, dirty, and void of strength, while the Confederate powder invariably had a high explosive power. The fact is, of course, well known that the Whitworth shells supplied to the Confederates by England often failed to explode, and were found to be filled with sand. The story that Longstreet's scout, Harrison, brought the first news to Lee of Hooker's crossing of the Potomac is repeated, though that fiction had been exposed by Confederate authority. Of the concentration at Gettysburg July 1, the author says: "Hancock has reported to Meade his approval of the position then being held for the continuation of the battle; Meade has accepted Hancock's report as final; has ordered his whole army to concentrate at Gettysburg." This is one of the author's many misconceptions of the battle. Hancock's report to Meade was as follows: "I think we can retire; if not, we can fight here, as the ground appears not unfavorable." Hancock also said that the troops then held a position at the cemetery which could not well be taken, but which could easily be turned, and that when night came they could tell better what had best be done. But Meade did not wait for Hancock's report. At half-past four he sent orders to Sedgwick to march. The other corps were ordered up by him, and Hancock was informed by Meade that a battle at Gettysburg was now a necessity. Nothing, therefore, could be more inaccurate than the author's assertion, on page 131, that Meade delegated to Hancock the authority of commander-in-chief, leaving it to him to say whether or not to retreat from Gettysburg to Pipe Creek. Again the author is hopelessly in error in saying that Hancock was not in command when Meade sent him to the field. After Reynolds's death, Meade sent Hancock to the front to take command. Halleck had told Meade he would be supported in any changes made among his subordinates. The author has apparently never read Gen. Hancock's articles printed many years ago in the *Galaxy Magazine*, in which Gen. Howard's claims are finally disposed of. The placing of Howard under Hancock's orders was only one of several instances during the battle in which Meade advanced junior officers, and it is to be said that Meade's personal selections were amply justified. The best soldiers in the army, Hancock, Reynolds, Warren, Humphreys, Sedgwick, were the men on whom Meade placed special responsibility then and afterwards.

The author errs, too, in stating that Howard commanded Slocum's Corps when it arrived on the field. When Slocum reached Gettysburg, it was he who was in temporary command. The statement concerning the salient position occupied by Sickles is befogged with misapprehension. The facts bearing on the extension of Meade's line from the cemetery southward to Little Round Top are plainly set forth in the official reports. When Slocum's corps arrived at Gettysburg about sunset of July 1, two brigades of Geary's division were by Hancock's orders sent to the extreme left, and Geary posted two regiments on Little Round Top. The reports of Col. Candy, commanding Geary's First Brigade, and Col. Patrick, commanding the Fifty-fifth Ohio and One Hundred and Forty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiments, show that these regiments held the hill during the night of July 1. The report of Gen. Birney, commanding the First Division of Sickles's corps, says that, at 7 A. M. of July 2, he relieved Geary's troops and formed a line resting its left on Little Round Top, and the right thrown in a direct line towards the cemetery, connecting on the right, with the second division of Sickles's corps.

This early occupation in force of the final battle line was done in pursuance of Meade's morning instructions to Sickles that the Third Corps was to hold the line from Hancock's left to Little Round Top, relieving Geary, who had orders from Meade to rejoin his corps when Sickles relieved him. Furthermore, Geary sent to Sickles a staff officer with instructions to explain the position and its importance. Twice before seven o'clock in the morning Meade had sent staff officers to Sickles, urging him to get into position. Again at eleven o'clock Meade told Sickles that his right was to be Hancock's left and his left on Round Top, which Meade pointed out to him. In the light of such an array of facts easily ascertainable, Mr. Beecham's treatment of the matter can only be attributed to wilful perversity.

The numerous illustrations usually have the merit of fidelity, though the picture of Gen. Hancock is a caricature.

The Broad Stone of Empire: Problems of Crown Colony Administration. By Sir Charles Bruce. Two volumes. With maps. New York: The Macmillan Co. $9 net.

The literature on British colonies easily groups itself into three classes—books by students who have had no ac-

tive connection with any of the British over sea possessions; autobiographies and memoirs of politicians and statesmen of the Dominions, with representative and responsible government; and books by governors and administrators of colonies, chiefly of the class now described as crown colonies. Since Sir Francis Bond Head, who was Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada during the disturbed period from 1835 to 1837, published the narrative of his experiences in what is now the Province of Ontario, there has been a gradually accumulating library of books of this third class. All of them are of more or less value to students of British colonial history; but from this point of view Sir Charles Bruce's work outranks them all by reason of its carefulness and comprehensiveness, and also the statesmanlike spirit in which it is written. It is one of the most considerable contributions of recent years to this phase of British history. There is an actuality about it that is mostly lacking in books written by students who have not had colonial experience; and it is much broader in its conception and scope, more systematic in the presentation of its data, more characterized by detail that is worth while than most of the other contributions to the literature of colonial economy written by men in service in over-sea possessions.

All Sir Charles Bruce's experience was concerned with the crown colonies —with such outlying possessions as Ceylon, Mauritius, and British Guiana; for since representative and responsible government began to be conceded to what are now the Dominions—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa —men with whom colonial service is a life-long career have seldom served as governors-general in the Dominions. These highly paid officials, who at most do little more than serve as links between the Dominions and Great Britain, and who need social tact rather than trained capacity as administrators, have now for many years been drawn from peers who have established some claim on either the Conservative or the Liberal party, but who are not in the front rank at Westminster; while the men of the permanent colonial service have had their sphere of usefulness pretty rigidly confined to the crown colonies, for which the Colonial Office in London is in the final resort responsible. Such has been the experience of Sir Charles Bruce; and it naturally follows that in "The Broad Stone of Empire" he has mainly confined himself to the crown colonies—to their political and civil administration, their material development, and their value to the British Empire.

While Sir Charles Bruce thus confines himself as to detail to the crown colonies, at least one-third of the first volume is devoted to a survey of the policies of Great Britain toward colonial possessions in general from the Treaty of Paris of 1815 to the development of the present-day attitude, which he dates from the establishment of the Royal Colonial Institute in 1868. The three stages of British colonial policy are described as (1) the stage when the possessions were held to be politically and commercially necessary; (2) the stage at which colonies were held to be politically mischievous and commercially useless; and (3) the present stage, at which they are again held to be of first importance to Great Britain in politics and commerce. The second of these stages extended from the Treaty of Paris of 1815 to 1868—the period during which the Whig and Liberal cry of peace, retrenchment, and reform dominated popular interest in English politics; and in which for the first time the condition of England began to get the attention of the governing classes and of Parliament. For generations before 1832, when the governing classes were absolutely supreme, social conditions were worse than at any time in the history of England. They were so appallingly bad that Disraeli in 1837 asserted that there was then more serfdom in England than at any time since the conquest.

There are students of British colonial history who date the present-day Imperialism from the first jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887. There are others who date it from the time when larger over-sea dominions—in particular Canada and Australia—demonstrated to England and the world at large that with responsible and representative government they had succeeded, and were developing a nationality of their own. Sir Charles Bruce goes further back than either of these demonstrations, and dates the new Imperialism from the establishment of the Colonial Institute in 1868, which latter was largely prompted by the territorial expansion of the United States that came with the purchase of Alaska, and the overtures from Washington for the purchase of the Danish West Indies. The aim of the founders of the Colonial Institute was to arouse England from the indifference with which in the sixties it was still treating colonial subjects, and by spreading a knowledge of the value and importance of the Colonial Empire to the United Kingdom to "dispel the erroneous notion that pervaded some minds that England would be as great without her colonies as with them." The new Imperialism gradually came into being, and with it a need for a new colonial policy. The logical consequence of Lord John Russell's policy of preparation for a time when the colonies might with propriety be severed from England and formed into separate and distinct states in alliance offensive and defensive with England—the policy that was first embodied in the Act for the United Provinces of Ontario and Quebec in 1840—was that it was the duty of the Colonial Office to provide each of the colonies with an adequate political equipment, and to help to train them to a capacity for self-government. The new Imperialism required, however, a modification of this policy. A distinction had to be drawn and maintained between colonies with representative and responsible government, and the crown colonies where representative and responsible government of the types in service in the Dominions was for the present impracticable. This distinction made needful a complete reorganization of the Colonial Office—first in its relations to the self-governing colonies as virtually independent states, and, secondly, in its relations to the crown colonies, for each of which an appropriate political, social, and industrial equipment had to be provided.

It is with this second part of the newer colonial policy that Sir Charles Bruce is exclusively concerned in the latter half of his first volume and in the whole of the second volume; and he has so exhaustively accomplished his task that it is not possible to name a phase of crown colony economy which has escaped his attention. The general policy of the Colonial Office toward the crown colonies, the local administrations and local legislatures, the laws in force, the position of the various churches, the fiscal systems and educational systems, labor and transport problems, are all treated by a man who has learned by doing.

Notes

The list of the Putnams' announcements includes: "Mystics of the Renaissance," by Dr. Rudolph Steiner, translated by Bertram Keightly; "Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage," by Carrie Adell Strahorn, a narrative of Western life; Federico Garlanda's "The New Italy," translated by Miss M. E. Wood.

As agents for the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce: "Hamlet," edited by A. W. Verity; "The Ground Plan of the English Parish Church," by A. Hamilton Thompson, and "The Method of Teaching Modern Languages in Germany," by Mary Brebner.

"The Two Apaches of Paris," by Alice and Claude Askew, and "Penillion," a book of poems by Harold Emery Jones, will soon be published by William Rickey & Co. of New York.

For June 3 Henry Holt & Co. promise "The Empresses of Rome," by Dr. Joseph McCabe; "Introduction to German," a grammar by Prof. Eduard Prokosch; "Gramatica Castellana," by Profs. E. W. Olmsted and Arthur Gordon, and "Life of Vasari," by Robert W. Carden.

Houghton Mifflin Company issues the following books this week: "My First Sum-

mer in the Sierra," by John Muir; "California Under Spain and Mexico," by Irving B. Richman; "The Origin and Growth of the American Constitution," by Hannis Taylor; "The Life and Letters of Martin Luther," by Preserved Smith; "The Corner of Harley Street," a volume of anonymous letters of a genial physician; "The Hope of Immortality," by the Rev. Charles F. Dole, and "The Constitution of the United States of America," in a Riverside Press edition, limited to 440 copies.

"Thorpe's Way" is the title of a new novel by Morley Roberts, which is announced by the Century Company.

"The Immigration Problem," by Jeremiah W. Jenks and W. Jett Lauck, chief examiner of the United States Tariff Board, will be brought out in the autumn by Funk & Wagnalls.

The same house has in hand: "The Bible and Modern Life," by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, and "The Teacher's Practical Philosophy," by Prof. George Trumbull Ladd.

W. L. Griffith, secretary to the office of the high commissioner for Canada, is publishing through Isaac Pitman & Sons "The Dominion of Canada." It is included in the All Red series.

Frederic Harrison contributes to the *Positivist Review*, beginning with the June number, a series of papers on the social aspects of various forms of religion.

A. S. Barnes & Co. of New York have in preparation "Tom L. Johnson—A Man of the People," by Carl Lorenz.

So far there have been very few subscriptions to the fund providing a permanent home for the club for young men and women established by Dr. Furnivall. As the club was one of Dr. Furnivall's main interests for many years, and the object of his deepest solicitude as he approached his end, a second appeal has been made on both sides of the water, in the hope that the relatively small sum (£800) may be speedily provided. To Americans the appeal is signed by Professors Kittredge and Manly, to either of whom subscriptions may be sent, and, however small they may be, we are assured that they will be welcome. Or they may be sent to L. A. Magnus, esq., No. 9 Gray's Inn Square, London, W. C.

The proposal to commemorate the promised visit of the King-Emperor to India this year by the foundation of a Mohammedan university at Aligarh is a significant fact in the educational history of the country. The suggestion was made at the Nagpur Education Conference some months ago by the Aga Khan, the recognized political leader of the great Mohammedan community. A considerable sum was pledged at that time, and since then a large part of the necessary funds has been raised. The university will be modelled on those at Oxford and Berlin, and so will differ materially from the other five Indian universities, which are almost exclusively examining and not teaching bodies. The scheme, it is interesting to note, is the natural development of the opening thirty-six years ago at Aligarh of the Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental College on Queen Victoria's birthday.

The most interesting fact recorded in the fifty-ninth annual report of the Boston Public Library, just issued, is that there is no part of the city "where the hunger for books is so keen and so universal as among the crowded tenements of the North End, where the children of twenty different nations are being made into American men and women." The library, including its twenty-eight branches, now contains 987,268 volumes, and the home circulation for the year was 1,671,327 volumes. Considerable space is given to the consideration of the retirement on pensions of aged employees.

On any standard of sheer usefulness Baedeker's "Mediterranean," the new English version of which is imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, deserves to be called the book of the season. Many of the routes are more fully covered in Baedeker's handbooks for Spain, Southern France, Italy, Greece, and Egypt, but the material for Turkey and the Holy Land is new in English, while much of the African section is wholly new. The book has more than the usual plenitude of maps, city plans, etc., and the geographical sketch of the Mediterranean basin by the late Prof. Theobald Fischer is an interesting feature. We may note that the editor favors independent travel, rather than the conventional steamship tour. For linguists the former course is preferable. For people of one tongue the excursion *de luxe* has its obvious advantages.

A new edition, somewhat revised and enlarged, of J. H. A. Günther's "English Synonyms" has been issued by J. B. Wolters of Groningen.

The location of the Royal Historical Society, in Gray's Inn, once the legal home of Sir Francis Bacon, furnished the text for the presidential address which Dr. William Cunningham delivered before that body in February, 1910. This address, with other papers, is now published in the Transactions of the society for that year. It is an attempt to discuss the aims with which historical study is now pursued, and to consider how far those aims accord with Bacon's views on the writing of history. Stating that Bacon's idea was to know as fully as possible what the past was like and to follow the course of events, confining its range to public life and affairs of state, Dr. Cunningham shows that present-day writers, though adhering to Bacon's dictum in principle, have a wider human interest, and do not deem the humbler activities of men beneath the dignity of history. He quotes from Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" the further dictum that it is no part of the historian's duty to comment on the story of the past, and demonstrates that Bacon was not always true to his own principle. Yet Dr. Cunningham accounts Bacon a good historical writer, having a perfectly clear idea as to the purpose and function of history and presenting an extraordinarily vivid picture of the reign of Henry VII. He concludes by showing that Bacon, though the founder of a great system of empirical philosophy, had no sympathy with an attempt, such as that of Comte, to formulate laws of human development or to trace the influence of social and economic forces. Though not approving of the narrow interpretation which Bacon put upon history, Dr. Cunningham is inclined to find in his attitude a corrective of overmuch generalization such as characterizes some of the historical writing of the present day.

Timed nicely to the season, "The Book of Love" (Macmillan) has now appeared. It is an ingathering of nearly one hundred and fifty moments of love, expressed in verse and prose and ranging from the writings of Anacreon to scarce-heard-of moderns. Love is grouped in twelve moods or situations, including love-letters; but so as not to give the impression that here is an attempt by sheer division to solve love's secret. Madison Cawein in an introduction says many things: that "Love is a mystery," and "What subject is more intimate to the soul? . . . only Religion—and what is Religion but love?" and "The overworked girl, the hollow-eyed clerk, in the intervals of labor, may 'loaf and invite their souls' to a place apart, . . . a world more real than that of looms and ledgers." If there had to be an introduction, we suppose that there was little else to say. Although the selection offers a great variety and shows a certain system, it omits at times criminally. Why, for instance, is there nothing from Sappho, Propertius, Petrarch? The drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda are uneven, but are always decorative.

The history of the Congo Free State is still to be written. Its most recent summary—that in the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica—is no more free from partiality than was Frederick Starr's "Truth About the Congo." Nor will it be easy for the future historian to measure the extent of the atrocities in equatorial Africa committed in the name of humanity, and to fix the degree of blame that must attach to Leopold II, King of the Belgians—that astute founder of the Free State, whose statesmanship was eulogized by both Disraeli and Gladstone, as well as by so fair-minded a historiographer of colonization as Paul Leroy-Beaulieu. Meauwhile it was to be expected that the unsavory private life of that monarch would be considered legitimate prey by some purveyor of those now fashionable revelations concerning the follies and vices and martyrdoms of kings and queens. "Leopold the Second, King of the Belgians" (Sturgis & Walton), in spite of the historical information which it furnishes—ill-written and ill-digested—rises but little above the level of books of this class. It has, however, at least the negative merit of not being anonymous or pseudonymous. Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport is willing to stand sponsor for the trash dished up in the *pièces de résistance* of the volume—the chapters devoted to Leopold's love affairs and his treatment of wife and children. Evidently the time has not yet come when such appeals to low intelligence and lower taste meet with a deaf ear on the part of publishers.

"The New Dictionary of Statistics," edited by Augustus D. Webb, and published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co., is intended as a complement to the fourth edition of Mulhall's standard work. Within the compass of 680 quarto pages a great mass of figures can naturally be included; but access to details has been made easy by the alphabetical arrangement of topics in conjunction with a very complete index. Furthermore, such broad topics as Agriculture, Commerce, etc., lead off with a topical analysis, which permits of almost instantaneous reference to any desired set of figures. But what the non-specialist in statistics will most appreciate, perhaps, is

the plentiful notes attached to almost every table in the nature of an intepretation, or, better still, a warning against misinterpretation. The science of statistics is a perilous one to the innocent; as under Accidents, where a table giving the number of accidents among factory men, miners, quarry men, seamen, railway men, etc. is supplemented by this caution:

The numbers given in this table for one class of workers are not comparable with the numbers for other classes, owing to differences in the requirements of the statutes respecting the notification of accidents in the various industries affected.

Interest in Emanuel Swedenborg has been revived during the last few years; it was particularly manifest on the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Kungl. Vetenskapssocieteten in Upsala, of which he was one of the most active members. The memorial volume issued by the society on that occasion contains, besides an historical discourse by N. Dunér, a facsimile of Swedenborg's "Dædalus Hyperboræus," and in the volume dedicated to the society by the University of Upsala is found a study by Martin Ramström, entitled "Emanuel Swedenborg's investigations in natural science and the basis for his statements concerning the functions of the brain." The university issued also, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Swedenborg Society of London, a collection called "Emanuelis Swedenborgii Opera Poetica," and containing fourteen pieces, two of which are printed from manuscripts in the Linköping library, while the others are here reprinted from the original pamphlet issues. "The mortal remains of Emanuel Swedenborg" is the title of a monograph by J. V. Hultkrantz, issued as a part of the Upsala Society's Nova Acta, in which the author gives an account of historical and anatomical investigations made by a committee of which he was a member. Swedenborg's skull was stolen in 1816 from his coffin in the Swedish church in London, but restored in 1823. When Swedenborg's remains, in 1908, were removed from London to the Cathedral in Upsala, it was thought well to have the question settled as to whether the skull which was placed in Swedenborg's coffin in 1823 was genuine. Professor Hultkrantz comes to the conclusion that

as to the question whether the cranium placed in the coffin in 1823 was the genuine one or a substitute, the historical statements are insufficient to render a decision. The possibility of an exchange—intentional or unintentional—cannot with certainty be excluded by means of the recorded facts, but these seem rather to argue that the genuine skull was restored than that the opposite is true. The skull which now lies in Emanuel Swedenborg's coffin may, with the greatest degree of probability, be regarded as genuine.

"Agnes Bernauer" is unquestionably that one of Hebbel's dramas which ought to be read first, and it is perhaps the one in which Hebbel's view of the essential tragedy of human life appears most distinctly. The edition (Frowde) by Prof. Camillo von Klenze is excellently adapted to the purpose of arousing interest in Hebbel and of facilitating comprehension of the play in hand. In not more than half a dozen places does it appear that the editor might have been more generous in his Notes. These, and his Introduction, are distinguished for wise restraint on the part of a scholar with a broad outlook. We should mention the essay on Körner and Kleist among the documents of fundamental importance for an understanding of Hebbel's theory of the drama, and we should have been tempted to adduce more illustrative material from the diaries and letters than Von Klenze has cited. Moreover, we think Zinkernagel a better guide than Scheunert for the beginner in the study of Hebbel. But this is a matter of opinion. Wütschke's convenient "Hebbel-Bibliographie" (Berlin, 1910) probably reached the editor too late to be referred to in this work.

Dr. Edward O. Sisson, professor of education in the University of Washington, has published through the Macmillan Company a book on "The Essentials of Character," which aims to help parents and teachers in the training of youth. Although the author is clearly acquainted with the latter-day fads in child education, he wisely avoids them; and although he divides his subject with strict regard for psychology, he frankly admits that the study of a human being is no exact science with simple definite laws; he frequently enlivens his book with such sheer common sense as the following:

Make way, then, for child joy; let the house and garden, and all who encompass the little one, conspire and labor to brighten every moment, for every bright moment adds fibre to the tissue, happy and healthy disposition. Take a lesson from the mother cat rolling and scuffling with her delighted kittens, and then see how far the child, even of a year old, surpasses the lower creatures in his rich comprehension and exuberant joy in play.

This, it should be added, is not a plea for pampering or for withholding needful truths from children for fear of clouding for a single instant their sunshine. Readers will find several perplexing matters ingeniously and helpfully discussed.

The Oxford University Press has issued a half-dozen new texts: An unattractively bound "Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," and "Tempest," in one volume; pleasant editions of "Robinson Crusoe," Macaulay's "Clive," Carlyle's "Heroes," Tennyson's "Princess," and Kinglake's "Eothen." In the Lake English Classics, Scott, Foresman & Co. have published three more volumes: Lamb's "Elia," Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," and Stevenson's "Inland Voyage and Travels with a Donkey."

In "A Practical Guide to Accurate German Pronunciation" (New York, published by the author), E. A. Grossmann has deftly described the sounds of German and developed a system of transliteration in our current alphabet. Only the sound of guttural *ch* seems insufficiently described as that of *ch* in the Scotch pronunciation of *loch*. By whispering *coo* we can easily produce this sound. The little book can be used to advantage by teachers, and an intelligent person could probably learn from it without a teacher how to pronounce German correctly.

Mrs. Mary Platt Parmele, widow of Theodore W. Parmele, died last Friday of injuries received when she was struck by a motorcycle as she was crossing Sixth Avenue. She was born in 1843, and had been an extensive contributor to reviews and magazines since 1892. She was the author of a series of short histories of France, England, United States, Germany, Spain, Russia, Rome, and Italy; "The Kingdom of the Invisible," and "Answered in the Negative."

Richard Henry Clarke, who died last week in his eighty-fourth year, was one of the oldest members of the New York bar and the author of the following books: "Illustrated History of the Catholic Church in the United States," "Lives of the American Catholic Bishops," "Old and New Lights on Columbus," "Life of Pope Leo XIII," and "France's Aid to America in the War of Independence."

The death is reported from Paris of Roger Allou, aged fifty-five, who was a lawyer and mayor of the eighth arrondissement, and the author of several books. In collaboration with M. Chenu, he wrote "Grands Avocats du siècle," which was crowned by the Academy. He was also an artist.

Science

Incidents of My Life, Professional, Literary, Social, with Services in the Cause of Ireland. By Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6 net.

Dr. Emmet has been one of the busiest of Americans in the best sense of that much abused word. He began as a poor man, and yet during his busy life as a surgeon many hours of whose day were taken up with his hospital patients, he spent nearly half a million of dollars on a collection of documents relating to American history, so that he is counted among the great autograph collectors of the modern time. In the midst of his busy life he wrote a textbook on "Women's Diseases," that became a standard, was translated into three languages, and made his name known throughout the medical world. He was one of the first of our American surgeons whose merit came to be acknowledged in Europe. That should seem to be enough for one lifetime, yet in addition Dr. Emmet, as befitted the grandnephew of the martyred Robert Emmet, occupied himself much with Irish affairs in America, was looked upon as prominently connected with the secession movement, and was a believer in States' rights, ready to fight for the cause. Dr. Emmet was born in the South, but he has lived in the heart of New York life, and has been in long and close contact with all classes, the poor and the rich; he spent his summers in Narragansett for many years, when "the Pier" was one of the first and most prominent of our summering places—probably no one has touched American life at so many points; and here he tells the story of it. And he writes well. As he might say himself, if Henry Grady had not said it before him, he comes naturally by a power of expression, for his father

was an Irishman and his mother was—a woman.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the book is the power of the man to do work. He himself tells the story of how he succeeded with his textbook. Friends had been urging him to write it. Many a distinguished professor in Europe had inquired when he was to embody his experience in book form. He tried to write, but constantly fell asleep on his chair from fatigue, and, being naturally a good sleeper, would not wake up until the milkman came in the morning. Such sleep was unrefreshing, and he was about to give up his writing in despair when a great foreign medical visitor, to whom he confided his difficulty, told him of a particular kind of writing-bench invented for this very purpose. Dr. Emmet made one according to his directions. It was only some twenty inches long and some twelve inches wide; it had neither back nor arms; to go to sleep on it meant surely to fall off. By the help of it, Dr. Emmet finished his textbook. The bench is still with him, and even in these later years he might often be seen hard at work on it. He is now in his eighty-fourth year, a living proof that it is not work that kills.

There were serious incidents that might have been expected to wear out his vitality early. In the early fifties he nursed the immigrants to this country through two epidemics of typhus or ship fever, catching the disease himself each time. He was the visiting physician at the immigrants' hospital on Ward's Island during the awful epidemic of cholera in 1854, and twice when he went to his ward he found that since his visit of the day before every patient and nurse had died. There are many of these incidents of his medical life told with a vivid realism. The same style is applied to other events in his life. On the last train that went South before the war Dr. Emmet was a passenger. He had procured his passage on the last steamer that was to have sailed, but within an hour of sailing the vessel was held up by the government. He thought he owed his services to his State, and he went to Virginia to offer them. When he found that Virginia had seceded, he offered his services to President Davis, who advised him to go back to his wife and family, as the Confederates had more doctors than they knew what to do with. It was months before he got back, and he was a marked man. His story of the draft riots in New York and of the dangers which he himself went through during these perilous times makes scenes live that present New Yorkers can scarcely realize.

Houghton Mifflin Co. brings out this week "Trees and Shrubs," Vol. II, part iii, by Prof. Charles S. Sargent.

C. Ainsworth Mitchell, a Scotland Yard expert, is the author of "Science and the Criminal," which is announced for immediate publication by Little, Brown & Co.

Holt will shortly issue Prof. J. Arthur Thomson's "Biology of the Seasons."

Petermann's Mittheilungen has notably increased its usefulness since its recent absorption of the *Globus* and two other geographical publications. The monthly record of events is fuller, and much more space is given to the reviews of books and notices of articles in the journals and of the proceedings of societies. In the March number there is an abstract of the United States census with four original charts, two of which show the increase since 1900 of the urban and rural population. The principal subject treated in the military department is the proposed railways of Persia. The facts, together with a very useful map, were contributed by the head of the Persian Post Office.

"Mentally Deficient Children, Their Treatment and Training" (T. Blakiston's Son & Co.) is the third edition of a small book which first appeared about fifteen years ago. In this last revision the original editor, Dr. G. E. Shuttleworth, has the coöperation of Dr. W. A. Potts, another English physician of considerable experience in dealing with the feeble-minded. The text has grown a good deal, that of the last edition containing rather more than half again as much as that of the second edition of ten years ago. This is in part due to the addition of a new chapter on the examination of children requiring special instruction, as it may be conducted under the British regulations. There are also many other less extensive additions, and the illustrations are more than doubled. The most interesting of the new plates shows the later progress of two sporadic cretins now under continuous treatment with thyroid extracts for a period of over ten years. Taken altogether, the book continues to be an exceedingly good, brief presentation of the subject, with many special references to British conditions, a circumstance which does not detract in any serious degree from its general usefulness. The language is simple and easily understood by intelligent laymen interested in the questions under discussion, although the authors have primarily the physician in mind.

Solomon Woolf, formerly professor of drawing and descriptive geometry in the College of the City of New York, and since 1901 professor emeritus, died on Saturday of last week, aged seventy.

Dr. Stanford Emerson Chaillé, for more than fifty years connected with the faculty of Tulane University, died at his house in New Orleans on Saturday in his eighty-first year. For more than twenty-five years he had been dean of the Medical School of Tulane. He was born at Natchez, Miss. He became one of the best-known physicians in the South, and he attended Jefferson Davis in his last illness. Dr. Chaillé held many important positions. He was a member of the International Medical Congress, which met in Philadelphia in 1876, and his address on medical jurisprudence was highly complimented by the president and his fellow-members. He was appointed by Congress one of the twelve experts to investigate the great yellow fever epidemic of 1878, and was chosen secretary of the board, 1878-1879; and he was later appointed by the National Board of Health to be one of four members of the Havana Yellow Fever Commission, and its president in 1879. He was selected by the National Board of Health its "executive agent" at New Orleans with the title of supervising inspector of the National Board of Health, March, 1881, to October, 1882; was commissioned by President Arthur one of the seven civilian members of the National Board of Health in January, 1885, and so continued until the board was abolished in 1893.

Drama and Music

"The Droeshout Portrait of William Shakespeare," an experiment in identification with 31 illustrations, by William Stone Booth, is in the hands of W. A. Butterfield, Boston.

There are some interesting and significant facts in a study of the commercial recreations in New York city prepared by Michael M. Davis, jr., secretary of the committee on recreation and amusements of the New York Child Welfare Committee, and published by the department of child hygiene of the Russell Sage Foundation. Mr. Davis was assisted in his investigations by a number of persons well known in literary, theatrical, charitable, and social reform work. According to this report:

The weekly audiences at the low-priced theatres and moving-picture shows of Manhattan include, during the winter season, an average of about half a million children under sixteen, constituting 20 to 25 per cent. of the total attendance. The boys outnumber the girls two to one, and, among the adults, the men exceed the women by about the same ratio. Contrasting these figures with those of the high-priced theatres, we find that the weekly attendance of children, at the latter, is about 8,000, or only 5 per cent. of the total.

Of all the forms of entertainment in the lower-priced theatres, the report denounces the "burlesques" as the most pernicious. Five-sixths of these performances are described as "demoralizing," and the remaining one-sixth as "lowering." Of current vaudeville shows, one-fifth are said to be "lowering" in their tendency, while only 5 per cent. of them are allowed to have any positive value. Three-fourths of them are rated as "not objectionable." It is rather surprising to find that the moving-picture shows are placed in a much higher category. One-half of these are said to possess some positive value, while the other half are "not objectionable." The burlesque comes in for wholesale condemnation, and it is noted that it is very largely supported by boys of from sixteen to eighteen years.

Vaudeville, it seems, has proved a fatal rival to the various foreign national theatres in this city. The report says:

Jew and Italian, Bohemian and Chinese, have each had, or have, their play-houses where the foreign tongue, instead of English, is the stage language, and at which the plays keep alive the sense of national or race unity. The vigorous Bohemian colony is making earnest effort to preserve in a worthy way the elements of its traditions, and the "National Hall," on East Seventy-third Street, is the most distinctive and interesting place of its kind in the city. The Jewish East Side has developed its dis-

tinctive drama, its playwrights, its actors; products of its conditions and reflectors of it spiritual life. Alas! vaudeville (to a less extent the moving-picture) in recent years has almost driven the serious Yiddish drama from the boards. Three years ago one might enjoy three Italian marionette-shows, two downtown, the third in the up-town Italian quarter. Nothing more replete with local color, more naïvely mediæval, or more sincere as an expression of folk-life, could be seen in New York. Now only one remains, and it is time to make haste to see it. The Chinese Theatre of Doyers Street, that Bedlam of smoke and sing-song, costumes and cacophonies, was finally swallowed by the ogre of vaudeville.

Signor Grasso has been playing Othello again in London, in specially selected scenes from the tragedy. The London *Times* says:

Signor Grasso's Othello has been seen and warmly admired in London already. It is an intensely emotional performance. The great speech which ends "Othello's occupation's gone" is given in a voice broken and shrill with tears. Signor Grasso, to use a schoolboy term, fairly "blubs" over it. And this is typical of the whole performance. One feels inclined to speak of it as Otello, not Othello—in the Italian form, not the English. For deeply as we are moved by the tremendous passions of the man—passions which no English actor in our remembrance has expressed so forcibly—we still miss something of that sheer greatness which Shakespeare's character never loses, a kind of immense simplicity which makes the torture he endures at once more tragic and more pitiful. Signor Grasso is tragic enough; he scarcely moves our pity.

Evidently the critics who have mentioned Salvini in connection with Grasso never saw the former in his altogether matchless impersonation of the Moor.

The following is the programme, as finally approved by King George of the coronation gala performance to be given on Tuesday, June 27, at His Majesty's Theatre, in London: Prologue, written by Owen Seaman, spoken by Forbes Robertson; scene from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Mrs. Kendal, Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Charles Calvert; the second act of "David Garrick," with Sir Charles Wyndham, Edward Terry, Weedon Grossmith, and Mary Moore; the forum scene from "Julius Cæsar," with Sir Herbert Tree and E. S. Willard; "The Critic," with George Alexander, Arthur Bourchier, Cyril Maude, Charles Hawtrey, Oscar Asche, Gerald du Maurier, Laurence Irving, Lady Tree, Winifred Emery, Marie Tempest, Gertie Millar, Lily Elsie, and Violet Vanbrugh; Ben Jonson's Masque, "The Vision of Delight," with Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Lena Ashwell, Ellis Jeffreys, Evelyn Millard, Gertrude Kingston, Marie Löhr, Eva Moore, Lillian Braithwaite, Evelyn D'Alroy, Lillah McCarthy, Mabel Hackney, and Constance Collier. The national anthem will be sung by Clara Butt.

A writer in London *Truth* says, very pertinently:

The modern tendency is to try to make people natural on the stage at the expense of acting, and those who do so wilfully blind themselves to the fact that to seem natural on the stage is not to be natural, but is the highest art requiring the most skilled acting. In fact, the more natural an actor or actress may appear the greater is his or her art, and yet modern producers will urge people to be just themselves and talk as they would in a drawing room.

The association between Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Arthur Bourchier, begun in "Henry VIII" at His Majesty's Theatre, London, is to continue until the end of the present year. Mr. Bourchier will play Brutus in "Julius Cæsar," Sir Toby Belch in "Twelfth Night," and Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." When, in September next, Sir Herbert gives "Macbeth," Mr. Bourchier will be the Macduff; he is also to have a strong part in Israel Zangwill's new play, "The God of War," which follows Shakespeare's tragedy. Early in the new year he will resume management at the Garrick, where he will present plays by English, American, and French authors.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore have abandoned their intention of appearing in a revival of "Rosemary" at the London Criterion Theatre during the present season.

Lillah McCarthy has revived Mr. Masefield's tragic play "Nan" at the Little Theatre in London, and has renewed her former success in the character of the heroine.

At the close of the run of "Master of Mrs. Chilvers" at the London Royalty Theatre, Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie will produce a three-act farce entitled "Half-a-Crown," by Frank Howel Evans. With this will also be played "The Cat and the Cherub," by C. B. Fernald, which has not been seen in London for more than a decade.

London is to have a Yiddish Theatre. This is the result of a movement started by Zigmund Feinman, a well-known Yiddish artist. The institution will have its home in a new house now rising in the Commercial Road, and will be run by the Yiddish People's Theatre Company.

Sir William Schwenck Gilbert, playwright and librettist, died suddenly of heart disease on Monday last, while swimming in the lake on his grounds at Harrow, England. He was born in London, November 18, 1836; was educated privately at Great Ealing and at King's College, London. He obtained, by competitive examination, an assistant clerkship in the Education Department of the Privy Council Office, where he spent four years. Coming unexpectedly into possession of £300, he sent in his resignation. With £100 he obtained his call to the bar; with another £100 he obtained access to a conveyancer's chambers, and with the third £100 furnished a set of chambers and began life afresh as a barrister-at-law. In 1861 *Fun* was started, and he began his career as a writer. He contributed hundreds of columns to this periodical, and incidentally laid the foundation of his future fame in the "Bab" ballads, which quickly attained an extraordinary popularity. It was Tom Robertson who suggested that he should write for the stage, and Miss Herbert gave him his first chance. This resulted in a burlesque on "L'Elisir d'Amore," called "Dulcamara, or The Little Duck and the Great Quack." "Dulcamara" was followed by a burlesque on "La Figlia del Reggimento," called "La Vivandière," which was produced at what was then the Queen's Theatre, in Long Acre, and played by J. L. Toole, Lionel Brough, Miss Hodson, Miss M. Simpson, Miss Everard (the original Little Buttercup of "H. M. S. Pinafore"), and Miss Fanny Addison. "La Vivandière" ran for 120 nights, and was followed at the Royalty Theatre by the "Merry Zingara," a burlesque on the "Bohemian Girl," in which Miss M. Oliver, Miss Charlotte Saunders, and F. Dewar appeared. This also ran 120 nights, but it suffered from comparison with F. C. Burnand's "Black-Eyed Susan," which it immediately followed, and which had achieved the most remarkable success recorded in the annals of burlesque. Next he wrote "The Palace of Truth," "Pygmalion and Galatea," and "The Happy Land," for the London Haymarket, and these and other dramatic successes led to his coöperation with Arthur Sullivan in those immortal operettas which made the Gaiety Theatre famous, and himself and partner vastly rich. These began with "Trial by Jury," which was followed by "The Sorcerer," "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Ruddigore," "The Yeomen of the Guard," and many others. He was also the author of "Dan'l Druce," "Engaged," "Tom Cobb," "Broken Hearts," "Tragedy and Comedy," and other comedies and dramas. He was one of the brightest ornaments of the Victorian stage, and was still writing at the time of his death.

The Kneisel Quartet announces that its regular subscription series of Tuesday evening concerts will be given during the season of 1911-1912 at the Hotel Astor, in the large hall. This news will be of interest to many who have been unable to obtain seats, owing to the limited capacity of Mendelssohn Hall, where the concerts have been given for years. Mr. Kneisel, feeling that the acoustics would suffer, would never permit the doors to be opened into a room adjoining the hall. In a larger hall, with increased floor capacity and boxes, the growing audience will find room. The dates are; October 31, December 12, January 16, February 13, March 12, April 9.

The New York Philharmonic Society, the oldest orchestral organization in the country, and the one which has had the most interesting career, will begin its seventieth season on the second of November next, the subscription sale beginning on October 15. There will be sixteen Thursday night concerts (an innovation, in place of the Tuesday nights), sixteen Friday afternoon concerts, and eight on Sunday afternoons. Each of these series covers the whole season up to March, and each can be subscribed for separately. There are the most sweeping reductions to subscribers, the usual seats in the parquet, *e. g.*, costing only $1.25, while balcony seats are as low as 63 and 38 cents.

The International Musical Congress is now in session in the buildings of the University of London, South Kensington.

"An epoch-making work" is the title given by some enthusiasts to Debussy's music for D'Annunzio's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." What makes it so, it seems, is that the composer has changed the equilibrium of the orchestra, in that the wind instruments and harp predominate, while there is a total absence of leading motives. How extraordinarily revolutionary, progressive, and original! This remarkable work is to be done in concert form next season in Boston.

Rafael Joseffy's knowledge of the world's treasures of piano music is probably unexcelled; one may doubt if there are a dozen pieces in Eschmann's "Wegweiser durch die Klavierliteratur" (383 pp.) which he does not know. He is particularly at home among Liszt's compositions, and the edition of them which he is preparing for G. Schirmer is one of the greatest achievements of modern musical scholarship. As a pupil of Carl Tausig, who had the real

Liszt traditions, he is a trustworthy guide in all doubtful points.

Art

SCHOOL DECORATION BY ART STUDENTS.

CHICAGO, May 18, 1911.

I was taken vast distances in an automobile the other day, to see the decorative paintings which have been placed in some of the public school buildings here by the advanced students of the Art Institute. These paintings cost the city no money, and it is asked to give nothing but its permission. I understand that even this was difficult to obtain at first, but that it is gladly granted now. The pupils in each school are allowed to give one entertainment a year and to use the proceeds for any purpose they think advantageous to the school, and it is becoming more and more common to use them for the decoration of the building with mural paintings. The paintings are executed for little more than the actual cost of the work, the students of the institute expecting to make their profit in experience and study rather than in cash. The work is done under the general direction of one of the teachers of the institute, but each painting is the work of an individual student, from the first sketch to the finally completed picture. The subjects are sometimes dictated by the school officials, sometimes chosen by the artists, but there is, of course, a tendency to choose historical or modern themes, and to make the work pictorial rather than strictly decorative in character. Thus in the Technical High School the principal panel represents a sort of primitive bronze foundry, while the other decorations deal with modern industrial subjects, the building of a sky-scraper, the loading of a steamboat, etc. The member of the institute's staff who has the work in charge is a pupil of Brangyn, and the influence of that artist is perceptible in the treatment of these themes. In a primary school, where among fifteen hundred pupils all but some twenty are Russian or Polish Jews, there is a series of historical paintings dealing with subjects from the history of America, and especially of the Northwest Territory, from the days of Columbus to those of Abraham Lincoln, the best of them being, perhaps, the Landing at Jamestown. The presence in Jackson Park of the caravels from the World's Fair has made the sailing from Palos a favorite subject, which has been treated more than once.

As for the paintings themselves, while they are not masterpieces, or even accomplished and thorough pieces of workmanship, they are, I confess, much better than I expected or should have thought possible. They are rather of the nature of great sketches than of finished pictures, their authors having neither the knowledge nor the opportunity for sufficient study to carry them out with all desirable completeness. But as sketches they are often surprisingly good, being effective in arrangement and color and in the presentation of the story. By their sheer audacity and by the light-hearted enthusiasm with which tasks of vast difficulty are undertaken and carried through somehow, well or ill, they take one's breath away. It is perhaps because these young men and women do not know how difficult their tasks are that nothing seems to frighten them and that they dash at obstacles like hurdle riders, attempting with their slender equipment what the genius and knowledge of a Veronese might suffice to bring to a really happy conclusion. At the present moment one of these students is beginning a composition twenty-six feet long and containing about thirty figures, representing the Canterbury pilgrims, while half a dozen other canvases of smaller dimensions are nearing completion.

But I am less interested in the faults and merits of the paintings themselves than in the results of the experiment in the schools where the paintings are placed, and in the effect of the work as a part of the training afforded the students of the Institute. I gather that the result in the schools is excellent. Both teachers and pupils become interested in the decorations and take great pride in them, and for many of these children such paintings must be the only manifestation of art that has any place in their experience. It is doubtful if photographic reproductions of the greatest masterpieces could ever have the same effect upon them, or ever give them the same sense of art as a thing actually existing and related to themselves. These are not documents concerning pictures which exist somewhere else, under conditions and in surroundings only vaguely surmised—these are actual pictures, existing for them, a part of their daily lives, and they have helped to pay for them. And the teachers find these pictures an invaluable aid in the teaching of history. They hang their lessons, as much as possible, upon the peg of these paintings, and one can imagine how greatly such paintings must aid the swarming Jewish children on the South Side to realize the meaning of the history and the institutions of their adopted country. The architecture of the school-houses is extremely utilitarian, and the pictures, though more illustrative than decorative, certainly relieve the baldness and ugliness of the rooms, while their very illustrative nature renders them more interesting to the small public for which they are created.

Any one who knows what the education of an artist is in our time must be aware how little the student ever learns in the schools that concerns the actual production of a work of art. His whole time and strength are concentrated on the problem of imitation—of making as good a copy as he can, in form and color, of an object or a model posed before him—and many a young artist leaves the school entirely bewildered as to what to do next, and with no notion how he is to go to work to produce anything but more studies, differing but little from those he has already made. He has had no training in self-expression and has often no idea that there is anything other to express than the appearance of nature. He knows and cares little about composition, has no notion of how to translate a sketch or to make a study for a particular purpose, and, often enough, does not even know how to "square up" a drawing. When the painting of these decorations was first attempted in the Institute it was found that the students themselves were apt to think such work a waste of time, as taking from the hours which might be given to their regular tasks. It was only when it was seen that the students who had thus "wasted time" were very apt to take the highest prizes for their regular school work, that the student body became really interested.

For counteracting this tendency to look upon art as no more than imitation, nothing better could be devised than the production of mural paintings. Students might and not infrequently do produce something that passes for a picture and is even accepted as such by our exhibitions, without getting far from this student point of view. But in the production of a mural painting they must get away from it. Here is a piece of real work which must be undertaken under the conditions of real work and in the spirit of real work. Here are a given space which must be filled and given surroundings which must be considered. Here is either a given subject or the necessity of finding one that shall satisfy those whose interest is mainly in the subject and not in the drawing and the painting of the details. One is confronted at once with the necessity of telling one's story clearly and intelligibly; with the necessity of composing interestingly and elegantly; with the necessity of drawing expressively, not merely accurately, and coloring beautifully, not merely truthfully. The mere change from the making of a study of the posed model in the life class to the making of a study in which one must find the attitude that will express one's thought, is a revolution. To go back to the life class, after such a study, is to go back with an entirely new sense of the meaning of one's task there. It is to work, perhaps for the first time, with one's brains as well as with one's hands and eyes, and to attempt to master the figure, not merely to copy it.

It is impossible to imagine one of the students who has gone through this work coming out into the world with that lack of any conception of the purpose of his education or of any precise notion of what he is to do with it which characterizes the first years of independent effort of so many young artists. He has found out what art is for, and he has probably found out some of the gaps in his education and some of the limitations of his knowledge, and knows where effort must be applied to fill the gaps and push back the limitations.

But will he sufficiently realize his limitations? Is there not some danger that, finding he can produce a certain effect with his small knowledge—that he can actually paint a decoration regarded as worthy of a place in a public building—he will be content to go on producing without trying very hard to amend his faults? Is there not some danger that both the public and the young artist will be too easily satisfied? For there is no disguising the fact that these decorative paintings, though they are showy and even pleasing, are built upon very insecure foundations; that the education of the students who have painted them is far from complete; that their general effect is much better than their actual drawing and painting.

There is good and bad in everything, and this danger is perhaps to be feared. But I am inclined to think that the good, in this case, outweighs the bad. As regards the public the evil will tend to cure itself. The presence in the public schools of works of art of any sort will lead surely to the demand for better works of art, just as the buying of poor pictures leads the individual to the buying of better ones, until a great collection is formed and the collector has educated himself by his own blunders. Better and better decorations will be asked for, until the work of masters takes the place of the work of students. When that time comes, perhaps the masters will have so much need of assistance that the students can gain necessary experience without the premature exploitation of their crude invention. In the meantime, I doubt if the young men and women who are doing this work will be more conceited or more self-satisfied than are other art students. Their experience of real work can hardly fail to open their eyes to the qualities of better work than their own, and they are, perhaps, less likely to be contented with what they can do than are those students who have not even attained to any conception of the purpose of art. It will be the business of their master, while encouraging their efforts, to see that they do not take themselves too seriously.

It is, at any rate, a very interesting experiment which is being tried, and it has had at least one very definite result: In the competitions for the scholarship in mural painting given by the American Academy in Rome, the Art Institute has furnished by far the largest number of properly equipped contestants; while, of late years, New York has furnished scarcely any.

KENYON COX.

The board of directors of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts announces the award of prizes to the following persons: John Storrs, Mary Steen, Mary Gable, Blum H. Rosenbaum, Gertrude Monaghan, David Finkelgreen, Charles Weishaupt, Gertrude Lambert, Ed. Ulreich, Earl L. Poole, Nancy M. Ferguson, Fred. N. Donaldson, Juliet M. White, and Edward Trego.

In the winter of 1909 the editors of the Russian art magazine, *Staryc Gody,* brought together at St. Petersburg some four hundred unexhibited paintings by old masters. By an inexplicable bit of administrative tyranny, permission to light the galleries was refused, and the pictures were visible only for a few hours of the day during a single week. Some compensation for this undeserved fiasco is obtained in the fine quarto, "Les Anciennes Ecoles de peinture dans les palais et collections privées Russes représentées à St. Pétersbourg en 1909 par la Revue d'Art Ancien 'Staryc Gody'" (Brussels: G. van Oest & Cie). In this volume are presented more than one hundred reproductions of pictures, mostly inedited, with a critical text by such scholars as P. P. Weiner, E. de Liphart, James Schmidt, and others. All schools, including the Russian, are exemplified, and we can mention only pictures of exceptional interest. The Italian list includes an admirable predella fragment by Filippo Lippi, a fine Cima, a Titian portrait, besides enigmatic and charming pieces ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci and Piero di Cosimo. We may note at this point that the inscription ANTON. LAET. on the fanciful portrait attributed to Lotto is the signature, possibly forged, of Antonio Allegri, better known as Correggio. Gothic painting of the North presents little of moment. The Dutch school of the seventeenth century is the strongest class with two magnificent de Hooghes, several Maeses, a whole group of rare Rembrandt followers, and four canvases ascribed to Rembrandt himself. Of these the two splendid portraits in the Youssoupoff collection belong to a type in which Hals and Rembrandt are almost indistinguishable. Unless we are misled by the cuts, these should be not Rembrandts, but very fine Halses of the latest period. Among the many curiosities in the exhibition may be noted only the portrait group of a Polish family, dated 1659, by Daniel Schulz, an imitator of Rembrandt. The types are Mongolian, and the picture is both of documentary and artistic importance. Three Claudes and two Watteaus are the most attractive features of the French group. The editors and publisher of this book deserve gratitude for making so many interesting works for the first time accessible.

Henri E. A. E. Haro, whose death, in his fifty-seventh year, is reported from Paris, was an expert under whom important sales have been held, and was an artist, having exhibited portraits and flower pictures at the Salon.

Finance

DISAPPOINTED EXPECTATIONS.

It has not needed any very long time to show that one prediction of the past few weeks has gone amiss. In all the more or less condescending counsel, proffered to the Supreme Court by Wall Street brokers and kindred philosophers, none was more pointed than the assurance that only delay in the anti-Trust decision stood in the way of an instantaneous trade boom. It was not exactly that Trade had burrowed into some obscure retreat through fear of the thunderbolt. The picture was rather that of a high-strung athlete, ready to be off at a dash—on the drop of the hat, as Mr. Roosevelt would say.

It is now more than two weeks since the Supreme Court dropped the hat, and here is Trade still lingering in front of the spectators' bench, apparently without the slightest interest in the proceedings. One cannot be surprised that the stock market, having led the way in its vigorous rise of a fortnight ago, should have halted and begun to retrace its steps when it found that industrial markets were not following.

Yet, even supposing Chief Justice White's opinion to have been the single necessary stimulus for prosperity—and there are obstinate souls who refuse to concede even that—nobody seriously imagined that Mr. Borden would rush to Fall River by the early train to buy up all the print cloth on the market, or that the 20,000 tons of unsold copper, piled up since December 31, would be instantly taken by the mills, or that the Union Pacific, the Erie, and the Southern Railway would be jostling each other to arrive first at the booking-office of the rail mills. What every such potential buyer would do would be to watch, first his own customers and next his competitors, in order to discover their frame of mind. Then he would feel the market—all the more cautiously, if he thought it likely to run away from him at his initial bids. Then he would probably visit his bank, make some conditional arrangements, do a little figuring with his cashier, and read very carefully the harvest dispatches in the afternoon paper. It is in such a way as this that trade revival begins, and it is necessarily a slow way.

All this the financial markets might have come to recognize; but when, toward the close of last week, the announcement suddenly came that one of the most powerful competitors of the United States Steel Corporation had suddenly cut the price of steel three or four dollars per ton, that an "open market" in the trade was impending, in which prices might go to any basis, and that even steel rails, unchanged in price since 1901, might share in the re-

adjustment, a feeling of consternation began to prevail. This was a direct assault on a policy which has been promulgated by the Steel Corporation's management ever since 1907—that steel prices must not go down because of trade depression. "The mere fact that the demand is greater than the supply," the chairman of that company's board declared in April, 1908, "does not justify an increase in price, nor does the fact that the demand is less than the supply, furnish an argument for lowering the price." And this position has ever since been resolutely maintained by the management, except in the brief period of 1909 when the Steel Corporation lost control of things. It is the doctrine which has been repeatedly impressed on independent steel manufacturers, at the dinners and conferences to which they have frequently been summoned at New York.

Whatever, therefore, is to be the longer result of this new outbreak of price reductions in the steel trade; at all events, the episode forces into fresh consideration the economic theories of which the Steel Corporation has become the exponent. This is the day, if not of new economic theories, at least of new interpretation of the old ones. When principles of government which had been accepted as immutable are uprooted by constitutional experiments in as widely-separate fields as England and Arizona, when science and philosophy are daily discovering new axioms, and when even medical and religious controversy is largely given up to questioning whether the world has not been completely mistaken in all its fundamental assumptions, it is not in the spirit of the time to toss aside arguments which reject supply and demand as legitimate influences on prices. If the Steel Corporation's theories are right, their correctness is not in the least impaired by the fact that guerillas in the outside trade refuse to recognize them. The real question is, are they right?

Economists who have looked on them with a friendly eye, have presented two sets of arguments in their favor. Reduction of prices at a time of industrial depression is futile, because no one who is not buying now will be induced to buy because of lower prices. Either he has not the purchase money, even at the lower price; or else the opportunity for profitable and immediate use of his purchased steel is too small to make concessions in price an object; or else (this is a very familiar argument) the saving to the purchaser, through a cut of two or three dollars a ton on structural material, for instance, is so slight as to be negligible in a ten or twenty-story building. That is the first line of reasoning. The second is that a cut in prices, at a time of trade reaction, is not fair to consumers who bought before the cut—that it will upset the business plans of such purchasers, will probably induce them to withhold further intended purchases until they are sure that prices have touched bottom, and will thus defeat its own purpose.

Now the obvious comment on these two arguments is, that they are mutually destructive. If nobody will buy more on such occasions with prices low than with prices high, and if there is no advantage in buying at the reduction, and if the margin between the higher and lower prices is in any case a matter of indifference—then how is the purchaser wronged who bought at the higher price, and why should he wait for the lower? The stand-pat theorist impales himself on the horns of his own dilemma.

The truth is, all past experience of every trade proves that new buyers will be attracted by a cut in prices; that foresighted business men do find inducement to accumulate supplies on a falling market, and that nothing is more absolutely characteristic of successful enterprise in the twentieth century than careful observance of economies in cost. Since the beginning of commerce, every trader in possession of the senses has been aware that the way to stimulate a reluctant market is to mark down the price of goods. That a dominant influence in any trade, which should be used to restrain the excesses of rising prices in a "boom" and the sometimes equally mischievous excesses of "cut-throat competition," is a most useful and salutary thing, is a principle recognized a thousand years before the Steel Corporation.

But the industrial machinery which undertakes to go very far beyond those laudable achievements will be wiser in reconstructing human nature first. No doubt it is familiarity with these aspects of human nature which has suggested, to some impartial observers of the industrial situation, that the collapse of the "standpat policy" in the steel trade may remove the most formidable of all obstacles to trade revival. It certainly seemed to perform exactly that useful function in the revival of 1909.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Absolute Life on Trial. Chicago: The Absolute Press.

Apcar, D. A. In His Name. Yokohama: Japan Gazette Press.

Barbour, R. H. The House in the Hedge. Moffat, Yard. $1.10 net.

Bell, J. J. A Kingdom of Dreams. Cassell. $1.20 net.

Bingham, T. A. The Girl that Disappears: The Real Facts about the White-Slave Traffic. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

Bower, F. O. Plant-Life on Land. Putnam.

Boyce, R. W. Yellow Fever and Its Prevention: a Manual for Medical Students and Practitioners. Dutton. $3.50 net.

Britan, H. H. The Philosophy of Music. Longmans.

Brittain, H. L., and Harris, J. G. Selections from American Orations. American Book Co. 75 cents.

Dennen, G. A. The Dawn Meadow. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

Dudley, C. B. Life and Life-Work. 1842-1909.

Egerton, H. E. Federations and Unions Within the British Empire. Frowde. $2.90.

Fay, I. W. The Chemistry of the Coal-Tar Dyes. Van Nostrand. $4 net.

Fifth Avenue, New York, from Start to Finish. Welles & Co.

French, A. How to Grow Vegetables and Garden Herbs. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Garner, S. Essentials of Spanish Grammar. American Book Co. $1.

Garshin, V. A Red Flower. Philadelphia: Brown Bros. 25 cents net.

Gostling, F. M. Auvergne and Its People. Macmillan. $3 net.

Greene, F. V. The Revolutionary War and the Military Policy of the U. S. Scribner. $2.50 net.

Halleck, R. P. History of American Literature. American Book Co. $1.25.

Hancock, J. L. Nature Sketches in Temperate America. Chicago: McClurg. $2.75 net.

Hansbrough, H. C. The Second Amendment. Minneapolis: Hudson Pub. Co. $1.40.

Hilditch, T. P. A Concise History of Chemistry. Van Nostrand. $1.25 net.

Howard, L. O. The House-Fly. Stokes. $1.60 net.

Howard, W. L. Confidential Chats with Girls. Edward J. Clode. $1 net each.

Howarth, O. J. R. A Geography of Ireland. Frowde. 60 cents.

Hubbard, S. A. The Soul in a Flower. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.

International Year Book for 1910. Dodd, Mead. $5.

James, W. Some Problems of Philosophy. Longmans.

Koontz, F. L. The Dial of Destiny: A Novel. Boston: Roxburghe Pub. Co. $1.50.

Laurie, A. P. The Materials of the Painter's Craft in Europe and Egypt. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Lynde, F. The Price. Scribner. $1.30 net.

Marden, O. S. The Optimistic Life: The Young Man Entering Business. Crowell. $1 net, each.

Meyer, A., Jelliffe, S. E., Hoch, A. Dementia Præcox. Boston: Badger. $2 net.

Mill's The Subjection of Women. Foreword by Carrie C. Catt. Stokes. 60 cents net.

Montgomery, L. M. The Story Girl. Boston: Page & Co. $1.50.

Morris, W. Collected Works. Vols. V to VIII, inclusive. Longmans.

Neese, G. M. Three Years in the Confederate Horse Artillery. Neale Pub. Co. $2 net.

Nietzsche, F. The Case Against Wagner. Trans. by A. M. Ludovici. Second edition. London: T. N. Foulis.

Older, Mrs. F. Esther Damon. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Persons, C. E., Parton, M., and Moses, M. Labor Laws and Their Enforcement: Studies in Economic Relations of Women. II. Longmans. $2 net.

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Washington's Farewell Address and Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration. Edited by F. W. Pine. American Book Co. 30 cents.
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Wedekind's The Grisley Suitor; Rabbi Ezra, and The Victim. Trans. from the German by F. J. Ziegler. Philadelphia: Brown Bros. 25 cents net each.
Westrup, M. (Mrs. W. S. Stacey). Phyllis in Middlewych. Lane. $1.50.
Whiting, L. Boston Days. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1911.

The Week

"Bitter resentment" is said to be now filling the breasts of anti-reciprocity Senators at Washington in consequence of President Taft's speech on Saturday at Chicago. But it is not hard to create what already exists. The Senators referred to have all along been angry with Taft. It is true that their wrath may be a degree or two hotter after the President's frank statements at Chicago, but that fact does not essentially alter either their attitude or the prospects of the reciprocity bill when the vote comes finally to be taken. What interests the country is not the question whether there is rage in the celestial minds of Senators, but whether they are able to break the force of Mr. Taft's presentation of the case. He made the broad assertion that opposition to the agreement with Canada, except for certain misunderstandings and unfounded fears about it, was due to the activities of the Lumber Trust and of the manufacturers of print paper. The whole speech was weighty, and, it is already apparent, has made a deep impression upon public opinion. For Senators simply to make faces at it is of no use. Unless they can challenge its facts and answer its arguments, their fuming and railing will only bring ridicule upon them.

To the Spartan band of anti-reciprocity Senators, the American Woollen Company, and other defenders of hearth and home we offer a bit of cheering news from across the seas. In Berlin they have been hissing American opera singers because of the sharp foreign competition to which the domestic artist has been subjected. At the same time, the German spirit is greatly vexed because foreign opera is to be boycotted at Covent Garden during the Coronation season. In Paris, there has been a great deal of grumbling about the favoritism shown to foreign plays. Who was it that first propounded the dogma that Art knows no frontiers? Bosh! The instinct to Protect is implanted in the heart of every patriot, and no self-respecting nation will allow the importation of alien pauper art to be carried beyond a certain point. Here we have been awaiting American grand opera for years and are only beginning to get it, whereas the sensible thing would have been thirty years ago to clap a whacking *ad valorem* duty on Wagner, Bizet, and Puccini. This lesson from Europe Mr. Cannon should be able to use with terrific effect in Congress, provided it is compatible with Protection principles to use a lesson from Europe.

The Senate in the Lorimer case has voted not for a reinvestigation, but a real investigation, and this fact gives the accused Senator and his friends their forebodings. No one thought a few weeks ago, when Senator La Follette denounced his colleagues for their action in refusing to unseat the Illinois Senator, that even the new Senate would be unanimous in ordering a reopening of the matter, but its differences have been merely over the method of procedure. It is now settled that the Committee on Privileges and Elections shall name a special committee of eight, equally divided between Republicans and Democrats, and also between those previously favoring the seating of Lorimer and those opposing it, with all the power and authority of the Senate itself for compelling the attendance and testifying of witnesses. The most impressive element in the change is the revelation that the Senate itself is not so immune to public opinion as men, both within and without it, were inclined to believe.

Senator O'Gorman's statement of the case against the recall of judges, in his address to the New York Legislature last week, was compact but forcible. He showed how the recall would strike at the very highest qualities in a judge—independence and courage. Learning and industry are essential on the bench, but the great thing to be desired there is a high sense of duty, impelling a judge to make decisions which he believes to be just even if he knows that they are unpopular. It would be a calamity, indeed, if a system were set up under which a judge in an important case would have to consider seriously the effect on his own position of a righteous judgment against which a popular clamor could be raised. Senator O'Gorman was well within the truth in declaring that such a state of affairs in the judiciary would be "intolerable," and that the recall would be "absolutely destructive of a stable judicial system."

In its closing hours the Ohio Legislature did all it could to add to the prestige of the Governor whom so many of its members cordially hate. The Senate led in opposition to keeping party pledges, and the House joined it in overriding the Governor's veto of a bill providing for the immediate payment of the legislators' salaries for next year. Seemingly they are uncertain how many of them will be left when the bribery investigation is over. This is the first veto of Gov. Harmon to be so treated. In other matters the House, fearing lest the Senate should defeat the proposed legislation entirely, accepted amendments weakening it. Thus the municipal initiative and referendum bill is rendered of doubtful value by the doubling of the percentages required on petitions. Attempts in the same direction were made by amendments to the corrupt-practices measure, but, as they are in the form of separate bills, Gov. Harmon can veto them individually. Such action, it is thought, will leave one of the strongest laws of the kind in the country, and certainly one that Ohio much needs. The Senate salved its pride if not its conscience by adopting the report of its investigating committee exonerating Senators from the bribery charges, but was finally induced to vote $5,000 for the expenses of the grand-jury investigation. The disgraceful scenes marking the conclusion of the session were a fit accompaniment to the threats of political death for the man who alone had made a Democratic Legislature possible.

A letter to the New York *Tribune* deals with the recent atrocious case of wholesale lynching in northern Florida. It reinforces the point made in these columns recently concerning the premeditated and cold-blooded design that really underlies most outrages of the sort. Passion is no legal excuse for

murder, yet even the passions of a mob may bear some shadow of palliation. But what shall be said of lynching bees that are entered upon in the spirit of a huge picnic or else carried out as an ordinary bit of business? In Alabama the mob, after parleying with the sheriff, retired to a restaurant for refreshments. In Florida the murder was carried out by a party of men in three automobiles. This is mob-murder modernized and made more horrible. We can easily see how all that is decent in the public life of the State of Florida should have risen in protest against this latest atrocity. The Legislature has voted a reward of $5,000 for the punishment of the murderers. No community could let such a hideous act go unpunished without giving a pledge to its own infamy.

Even the business of saving souls cannot afford to dispense with business methods. Appropriately enough, it is a gentleman from Pittsburgh who is to preside over the committee that has for its slogan, "A million dollars for foreign missions and 25,000 souls saved." From Pittsburgh we thus learn that the standard quotation on souls is forty dollars, a bit of information which is sure to fire the flagging zeal of every contributor to foreign missions. No playing here with vague generalities, no allusion to the countless millions of the East, or the heathen sitting in darkness and unenumerated by the census-man. After this, every man knows what he gets; he pays down his forty dollars and he gets one soul saved. That the contributions will now pour in there can be no doubt.

In the latest addition to the list of prohibited books, we get an interesting glimpse into the workings of the mind of the Sacred Congregation of the Index. As the cable dispatches recently informed us, the last novel of Fogazzaro, together with "all the dramatic works" of D'Annunzio, as well as his collected prose-writings and romances, has been put upon the Index. Some people hastily inferred that this decree was broad enough to cover D'Annunzio's forthcoming play, "San Sebastiano," about which there has been much protesting outcry in advance. But even infallibility is unequal to condemning what it has not seen: all that the Congregation is ready as yet to say about that work is that it is "looked upon with suspicion." More surprise has been caused by the inclusion of "Leila," Fogazzaro's last book. His submission to the Church in the case of "Il Santo," and his general profession of hearty belief in Catholic doctrine, had led his friends to hope that his final romance would escape an adverse verdict. In explaining this, a high ecclesiastic is quoted by the Vatican correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera* to the following effect: "As is well known, a decree of the Index does not necessarily imply that a book is heterodox; it may signify merely that it is suspected. In Fogazzaro's book there is not a trace of Modernist doctrine, but in its characterization of churchly persons there is a certain latent hostility to the hierarchy; while the characters that avow liberal ideas are presented more sympathetically. This is enough to account for the condemnation of 'Leila.'" Evidently, Pascal's Monsieur Distinguo has left successors.

President Taft says of the endorsement written by Col. Garrard upon the application for examination as an officer made by an enlisted man who is a Jew and whose father is a tailor, that it is difficult for him to refer to it "with patience and without condemnatory words that had better not be written." In this feeling, right-minded persons generally will share. The objection made by Col. Garrard to young Bloom seems to be about equally compounded of the fact that his family is Jewish, that his and their associations "have been with enlisted men and their families," and that his father makes his living as a tailor. It would be interesting to know the precise state of mind in which this colonel was when he was writing his singular statement of position. Not to speak of the matter of religious connection, would it be the idea of Col. Garrard that only such enlisted men should be admitted to examinations for promotion as had eschewed the society of their comrades and had had social intercourse with the families of officers or men in high civil station? And would he further require a certificate on the part of the candidate that, while he was receiving the pay of a private, his father was engaged in some pursuit of unexceptionable elegance? Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Andrew Johnson, who, as President of the United States, was commander-in-chief of the army, had himself been a tailor—the Constitution of the United States being lamentably deficient in providing against such contingencies.

Chicago is rejoicing over the signal honor that has come to that city in connection with the Coronation. The mother country may be able to furnish its own monarchs, and New York may swell with gratification over the rows of peeresses that will represent her in the Abbey, but the man who is to render it safe to attempt such a ceremony at all has been found in the Western metropolis. Winston Churchill, rendered wise by his brief but memorable experience at the siege of Stepney, has determined to reinforce Scotland Yard by the addition of a Chicago man who knows American thieves like a book, and whose acquaintance with the "aristocracy of the world of crime" will be a powerful deterrent to their ambitious designs. It is said that the invitation to the famous detective came from the recommendation of no less a personage than the head of the London Metropolitan Police, and is the result of such exploits as the recovery of the stolen Gainsborough, after it had been lost for a quarter of a century. Thus, if we take rare paintings and books with one hand, we guard for England what is left with the other.

It is pleasing to note that a movement is on foot in Philadelphia to commemorate in a fitting manner the life and work of the late Prof. Angelo Heilprin. The project has taken the form of an endowed lectureship, to be known as the "Heilprin Memorial Lectures of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia." Professor Heilprin was the founder of that society, and it was at Philadelphia that he carried on his labors, apart from those of geological and geographical exploration, during nearly the whole of his scientific career. It is not only as a scientist that his memory is cherished, but equally as a man of rare and high qualities of character, and of exceptional traits of personal attractiveness. To the general public he was chiefly known through his daring ascent and study of Mont Pelée immediately after the great Martinique disaster, and for his activities in connection with

Arctic exploration, in reference to which Admiral Peary has said: "To him was due primarily the renewal of interest in Arctic work in this country." These, however, were but incidents in a life of ideal devotion to science.

To awaken universal interest in the æsthetic side of parks is one of the many functions of the school gardens which are everywhere multiplying. In this country the practice of having gardens attached to schools dates back little more than a decade. In England, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland the custom is much older, and it is largely for this reason that in those countries one sees so many of the window gardens which do much to beautify the cities. In New York one may walk a dozen blocks in the arid residence sections without seeing a single flower pot. To add gardening to the already overcrowded curriculum will seem to many a hardship, but it in reality is a recreation. "When gardens come to be a part of the school curriculum, a very large percentage of the nature study now done indoors will be done outdoors," writes Dr. M. L. Greene, in her valuable book, "Among School Gardens." "Everywhere that the garden has been introduced in connection with the school, the universal testimony is that it stimulates the child to better intellectual grasp of his studies."

The moral gain is equally great. Once the interest of the children in flowers and vegetables is aroused, they will devote to them hours that would otherwise be spent on the streets, often amid demoralizing surroundings. Observers have noted that there are fewer failures among men who, as boys, had to do garden or farm "chores" than among others. In Carleton County, Canada, we are informed, 71 per cent. of the children from schools with gardens passed their high-school examinations, while from the schools without gardens only 49 per cent. passed. American teachers also report "growth in mental alertness, in the sense of responsibility for school property and appearance, and less disorder and naughtiness from the exuberance of animal spirits which now find a safe vent in gardening." For the forming of character it is of the utmost importance that as much of the work as possible, from the spading and raking of the soil to the planting of the seeds and the gathering of the flowers or vegetables, should be done by the children themselves. This not only enhances their pleasure and their eagerness to do the work, but gives them a sense of personal responsibility which toughens the moral fibre. It also develops the sense of private ownership.

With the approval of the Declaration of London by the Imperial Conference there comes to an end all danger of a failure of its ratification by Parliament. The adoption by England of the principles of maritime international law embraced in it will go far toward placing that country in the position for which the United States has steadily contended as to the immunity of private property from capture at sea in time of war. Under the Declaration, this protection is secured under all circumstances for large classes of goods, while other most important classes—foodstuffs, clothing, fuel, etc.—are to be regarded as contraband only when intended for the direct use of the enemy's forces. Although this does not go the full length of the historic contention of this country, our representatives felt it to be sufficiently near that position to justify their assent, and the British Ministry has thoroughly committed itself to the agreement. But it is a marked departure from British policy in the past, and has met with strong opposition, especially from representatives of the extreme navy spirit. Postponement of Parliamentary action until the views of the colonial premiers could be obtained, at their meeting in the Imperial Conference, has proved a happy stroke on the part of the Government, which now has on its side not only the daily growing weight of sentiment in favor of all humane projects bearing on the question of war, but also the express support of the authorized representatives of colonial sentiment.

United Italy will signalize the beginning of the second half-century of her national existence with a sweeping change in her electoral system. It is assumed that the government's suffrage bill will become law without serious modification. In that event universal suffrage will be substituted for the present system based on an educational and property qualification. Secondly, voting will be made obligatory, and the electorate will thus be swelled by the entire mass of Catholic voters who now boycott the polls. Out of nearly nine million males over the age of twenty-one, less than three million are now inscribed on the electoral lists. Under the new law, it is estimated that in the next parliamentary elections nearly nine million votes will be cast—an enormous increase on the face of it. Out of the nine millions, nearly three and a half millions will be illiterates, and a million and three-quarters semi-illiterates—voters, that is, who are able to read only. Furthermore, it is estimated that in northern Italy the vote will be doubled, in central Italy trebled, in Rome and Naples increased fourfold, and in Sicily and Sardinia increased fivefold, thus emphasizing the present predominance of the south Italians. The consequences must be far-reaching. The total enfranchisement of women in the United States or Great Britain would not work so great a change in the political complexion of the respective countries.

Victor Emmanuel II, to whom United Italy has just dedicated the imposing and extraordinary monument on the slope of the Capitoline, is a victim of the injustice that history deals out to constitutional kings. The maxim that a constitutional king reigns but does not govern is pressed to the illogical conclusion that a constitutional king by definition can have nothing to do with events that shape themselves under his reign. The welding together of Italy, for instance, history assigns primarily to Cavour; and correctly. But for some years before Cavour came into power, Victor Emmanuel had given evidences of a capacity to reign. He was a rough-hewn, soldierly figure, with no taste for intellectual pursuits. He fought with splendid courage against the Austrians, and, when his father's abdication after the disaster at Novara made him King (in March, 1849), he succeeded in saving something from the ruins. It was one of Austria's demands that the constitution of the Kingdom of Sardinia should be done away with. Victor Emmanuel refused, and gained his point, winning for himself the title of *re-galantuomo* and the confidence of all Italy.

THE TOBACCO DECISION.

Naturally, the Supreme Court decision against the American Tobacco Company was received with less intensity of interest by Congress, the public, the corporations, and the markets, than was the Standard Oil decision of May 15. That earlier decision, in the large principles of law and judicial interpretation laid down by it, pointed out broadly the lines on which other cases under the Anti-Trust act would be decided. The question whether these principles would apply to the Tobacco company was doubtless made more interesting by the lower court's decision. Mr. Justice Lacombe's opinion of 1908, in deciding the case against the company in the Circuit Court, had held that the Sherman Act prohibited, to the minutest particular, all contracts, including partnerships, which restrained an existing trade or competition. But it also held, as summarized in the Government's statement on appeal, that in the Tobacco case "the evidence fails to show that defendants have practised unfair, wicked, or oppressive trade methods," and it intimated that "they have not in fact injured commerce." From this followed the lately prevalent idea that the law of 1890 forbade pretty much all trade contracts and agreements, large or small.

The Standard Oil decision swept away the lower court's construction of the law; the Tobacco decision reverses its interpretation of the facts. The Supreme Court finds the Tobacco Trust unlawful, "not alone because of the dominion and control over the tobacco trade which actually exists," but because "the conclusion of wrongful purposes and illegal combination is overwhelmingly established" by the undisputed facts of the testimony.

The chief expectation, however, in this second opinion, touched the court's further elucidation of what has been popularly styled its "theory of reasonableness." And this expectation has not been disappointed. It should be observed, to begin with, that neither the Standard Oil nor the Tobacco opinion uses or defines the expression "reasonable restraint of trade." The keynote of the Standard Oil decision was the Chief Justice's declaration that the application of the Anti-Trust Act, in the intention of its authors, was "to be determined by the light of reason, guided by the principles of law." The keynote of the Tobacco decision is its declaration that although—giving to the statute a reasonable construction—"the words restraint of trade did not embrace all those normal and usual contracts essential to individual freedom," nevertheless the real purpose of the law is so plain that it cannot be frustrated or evaded "by resorting to any disguise or subterfuge of form."

"Determining in the light of reason" and "resort to reason" have been widely described as an innovation in Supreme Court procedure, or as "writing something into the law." It is highly important that this misconception (for such we regard it) should be removed from the popular mind. The current number of *Bench and Bar* adduces some illuminating instances of previous and habitual application of this rule by courts. A famous case under the Bolognian law, providing that "whoever drew blood in the streets should be punished with the utmost severity," was promptly limited by the courts to exclude a surgeon who opened the veins of a person fallen in a fit, and the judgment was concurred in by the commentators. The analogy is not so remote from the present controversy as might be supposed. To come down from old to recent law, in the very next year after the Trans-Missouri decision, a Supreme Court opinion, written by the very judge (Mr. Justice Peckham) who wrote the Trans-Missouri decision, and involving, as did that decision also, the Anti-Trust law of 1890, declared that "the act of Congress *must have a reasonable construction*, or else there would be scarcely left an agreement or contract among business men that could not be said to have, indirectly or remotely, some bearing on interstate commerce and possibly to restrain it." "We have no idea," pursued the opinion in that case of Hopkins vs. United States (concurred in by the majority of the court), "that the act covers or was intended to cover such kinds of agreements."

In yet another case the court excluded from the scope of the contract labor law of 1885 the case of a clergyman engaged in England for the service of an American congregation. "The act of the corporation," Justice Brewer wrote in his opinion, "is within the letter of this section." But he went on:

> It is a familiar rule that a thing may be within the letter of the statute and yet not within the statute, because not within the spirit nor within the intention of its makers. . . . This is not the substitution of the will of a judge for that of the legislator, for frequently words of general meaning are used in a statute—words broad enough to include an act in question—and yet a consideration of the whole legislation, or of the circumstances surrounding its enactment, or of the absurd results which follow from giving such broad meaning to the words, makes it unreasonable to believe that the legislators intended to include the particular act.

An interesting fact about that opinion is that the court was unanimous in the decision, and that Justice Harlan concurred.

In other words, the so-called "rule of reason" is not only not an innovation, but is merely the application of the rule of common sense which must guide alike the conclusions of the private individual and of the court of last appeal. If great stress has been laid upon the rule in the Chief Justice's Anti-Trust Law opinions, and if people at large have generally received the rule as something new, this, to our mind, is the obvious result of a lower-court opinion which failed to recognize the time-honored principle of jurisprudence, and of the public's mental confusion as a consequence of that opinion. As for the argument that "resort to reason," in future application of the law, will throw all business undertakings into uncertainty and confusion, we see nothing in this at all. The court has already laid down principles so broad and clear that it will not be easy hereafter for the right-minded business man to misunderstand their scope. To assume that this, with such leading cases as will follow, is an unsettling alternative as compared with the sweeping and rigid application of the purposely broad and indefinite declaration against "contracts in restraint of trade," is beyond our power of imagination.

GOVERNMENT-FIXED PRICES.

Judge Gary of the Steel Corporation and Mr. Roosevelt are again in agreement. They were of consenting minds in 1907, when Judge Gary went to the President to ask permission to absorb the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. The fortunate (for the Steel Corporation) outcome of that visit seems to be in Judge Gary's mind when he now says: "I wish we could go to some re-

sponsible governmental source and say: 'Here are our facts, here is our business, here is our property and our cost of production,' and could be told just what prices we could charge and just what we could do." This is virtually the position taken by Mr. Roosevelt in his Osawatomie speech, and in his article in last week's *Outlook* on "The Standard Oil Decision—And After." He has as small patience as Judge Gary with "intermittent law-suits" and the archaic Anti-Trust act, and would have the Government regulate all corporations doing an interstate business just as completely as it does railways. That means, of course, fixing the prices they may charge.

It will be observed that, in this particular instance, the proposal is to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen. The corporation begging the Government to tell it how much it may charge is one that has already effected its combinations and watered its stock. That capital stock it now doubtless regards as the "property" to which Judge Gary referred, and upon which a benevolent Government would not deny it a reasonable return. We can hardly imagine him or any of the promoters of the original Steel Corporation anxious to go to some "responsible" government official, even if it were one as easily misled as President Roosevelt was in 1907, and ask how much stock might be issued on the merged properties. That kind of Government regulation would be awkward; but it is a very different affair if you can go to Washington as a combination that is an accomplished fact, a fact which the responsible governmental source will not question, and get help in maintaining prices at a given level.

What Judge Gary chooses to forget is that independent manufacturers of iron and steel—indeed, the great body of industrial corporations—are not in the peculiar situation of his company. That is, they are not haunted by the fear that they have violated the Sherman law, they are—to say the least—more conservatively capitalized, they are not in mortal terror of competition, they are anxious to take advantage of skill and invention and natural opportunity and to try their powers against their rivals, and would never think of asking the Government to determine upon a uniform, or a maximum and minimum, price for their product. The point we make is that in the original organization of a manufacturing concern, where capital has to be sought and the hope of profits appealed to, this theory of government-fixed prices would not be invoked at all; and if it were compulsorily put into operation, it would have the inevitable effect of discouraging investment and chilling enterprise. Money simply would not be forthcoming under those circumstances. The case is naturally different after you have once got your money and inflated your stock and would like to have a "reasonable" rate of profit on the vast total guaranteed by the Government.

Judge Gary's statement leaves one thing very much to seek: who is to guarantee the guarantors? Who is to furnish that governmental omniscience in which Judge Gary so trustingly confides? Again go back to 1907. At that time we had in office a President who admitted his own infallibility. Yet he was egregiously deceived by the men who came to him as a fountain of justice to get him to decide on the legality of buying up a competitor. On this point it is enough to refer to the report of the Senate Judiciary Committee in 1909. "The President was misled," stated a Senator of his own party, Mr. Nelson. But if Judge Gary's responsible governmental source could go wrong in so comparatively simple a matter as that, what assurance could we have of justice or finality in the immensely more complicated and difficult task of deciding by government fiat what should be the price of steel products and—very soon after—all other products entering into interstate commerce? To say nothing of the Socialism which lurks in the whole scheme, it would heap up an administrative burden greater than any back could bear.

A marked fellowship of kindred minds appears in Mr. Roosevelt and Judge Gary as respects the recent decisions of the Supreme Court. These have been accepted by the country as a mighty contribution to the problem of dealing with monopolies. Two great combinations have been dissolved. But to Mr. Roosevelt the law thus declared by the Supreme Court is "radically and vitally defective"; while Judge Gary calls it "unable to deal with the modern situation" because "we do not know just what we have a right to do." But it is something to know what we have *not* the right to do. The Supreme Court decisions did not, indeed, write, as some foolishly expected them to do, the "Ten Commandments of the Trusts," but they did sharply indicate some things which cannot be done. Espionage upon a competitor's business through the corruption of his employees; the deliberate cutting under of market prices in order to ruin an independent company; the purchase of properties for the direct purpose of dismantling them and preventing competition; the attempt to obtain a monopoly—these are all forbidden and are plain sign-posts showing the road in which the wayfaring Trust magnate, though a fool, need not any longer err. Far from having left the whole matter "up in the air," as Judge Gary intimates, the Supreme Court has put it firmly on solid ground, as President Taft said in Chicago Saturday of last week; and the big corporation managers would do much better to conform to the law as it is now interpreted than to begin to talk about getting the Government to fix the price of commodities.

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE WOOL SCHEDULE.

The House Democratic caucus on Thursday of last week administered to Mr. Bryan the sharpest and most conspicuous defeat that he has yet experienced at the hands of any representative body of the country's Democrats. He had thrown down the gauntlet, and the challenge was accepted with a cheerful readiness that has been more than justified by the event. In response to his assumption of the right to declare any Democrat differing with him on a special, though important, question of tariff policy a traitor to the principles of the party, the caucus unanimously adopted the proposition branded by him as traitorous, although, prior to his pronunciamento, it had been opposed by a considerable minority. Mr. Underwood had counted on a two-thirds majority in favor of his bill; Mr. Bryan's arrogation of the right of dictatorial censorship converted the two-thirds vote into a unanimous one. The dissenting Democrats, unable to work themselves into that frenzy over free wool which had so suddenly taken possession of Mr. Bryan, felt it more important to make it clear to the country

that the party was not under the Nebraska man's domination than to protest against the deliberate judgment of the majority on the particular question whether the duty on raw wool should be cut in half or abolished altogether.

Apart from its bearing on the political status of Mr. Bryan, the result of the caucus is of great political significance as one more manifestation of the ability of the Democrats at Washington to stand together on a well-considered line of action. There was much to be said on both sides of the free-wool question as a matter of party policy; Mr. Underwood and those siding with him may or may not have been right in holding that the revenue aspect of the case should decide the question in favor of a moderate duty. But there is no ground whatever for questioning his sincerity. The general principles which he laid down several months ago, and long before the present Congress assembled, as expressing his views of a proper revision of the tariff, would call for just such a bill as he has drawn. The retention of a 20 per cent. duty on raw wool provides an estimated revenue almost sufficient to balance the loss of revenue produced by the cutting down of the duties on manufactures of wool. As a whole, one of the greatest recommendations of the bill as part of a programme of party policy is that, while affording a large measure of relief to consumers, it will be a difficult one for the Republicans to make capital out of. A tariff that leaves a 20 per cent. duty on wool, and gives to the manufacturers a protective tax ranging from 25 to 45 per cent., may give rise to a great howl among the tariff-fed interests, but will hardly be looked upon by the people at large as a cruel injustice to anybody.

Like the Wilson tariff bill of 1894, the Underwood bill puts all the duties on woollen goods upon an *ad valorem* basis. It is in the woollen schedule that the iniquities of protectionism have reached their highest point of perfection; it was the woollen schedule of the Payne-Aldrich act, taken over from the Dingley act, that President Taft stigmatized as utterly unjustifiable, even when he was most anxious to defend the tariff record of the Congress which he had convened in extra session at the beginning of his Administration, and to whose tariff bill he had given the sanction of his official approval. "No part of the tariff," says Professor Taussig in his Tariff History of the United States, speaking of the task undertaken by William L. Wilson, "was more intricate; in none was it more difficult to ascertain the real degree of net protection finally given to manufacturers; in none were the duties higher." The same state of things exists to-day; but the statement given out by Chairman Underwood, comparing the proposed straight *ad valorem* duties with the existing duties reduced to an *ad valorem* basis ought to do something to enlighten the public on the subject.

Most people will experience little difficulty, for instance, in deciding that a penalty of 103 per cent. on the importation of "women's and children's dress goods and similar goods" is too great a price to exact from the people of the country for the privilege of maintaining the home manufacturers of those commodities, and that the 45 per cent. which the Underwood bill proposes is as much as can reasonably be demanded. Not many persons, we venture to think, would have the face deliberately to defend a tax of 95 per cent. on woollen blankets, especially when they reflect that real woollen blankets, one of the genuine comforts of life and safeguards of health, are as scarce as hens' teeth among the masses of the people. Few persons other than carpet manufacturers could, with a straight face, insist that the cost of carpets ought to be increased by two-thirds at the custom house, or could cry out against the fearful injustice of giving the home manufacturer of these things an advantage of only 30 or 35 per cent. in the shape of a penalty on importation. And so we might go on through the list—it tells just what the woollens tariff has really been doing, and what it is proposed that it shall do in the future.

On this exhibit the Democratic party can well afford to go before the country, and demand its verdict. No vague and general profession of readiness to amend the tariff in such particular features as may be unjust will serve as an answer. Neither will it do to attempt to smother the whole question by an appeal to the comfortable doctrino of "difference of cost of production," which for a time was welcomed by Republican spokesmen as a universal solvent for all tariff difficulties. If the principle of difference of cost of production calls for a 100 per cent. tax on clothing or blankets, so much the worse for the principle. The people may be willing enough to accept that principle as setting an upper limit beyond which protective taxes must not be allowed to go; but they will not accept it as a command to submit to the taxes it would prescribe, however exorbitant and oppressive these may prove to be. Not the least of the benefits to be looked for from the declaration of the Democratic programme at this time is the clean-cut and specific basis it will furnish for the challenging of the latest protectionist formula in the next Presidential campaign.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.

Although the Imperial Conference in London is to continue its sittings until the Coronation, the largest matters to come before it have now been considered. These are the question of Imperial Preference in fiscal legislation; Imperial Defence; and some sort of Grand Council or Federation to pass upon all great issues affecting the Empire. In none of these affairs has any advance been made. Resolutions concerning them have been discussed, but nothing has been determined. Imperial Preference is dead—or, at least, in a state of suspended animation from which nobody but another Joseph Chamberlain could rouse it, and no such man is in sight. The Colonies know that England has three times voted decisively against protection within the past five years, and without protection there can be no Imperial Preference. Nor has any progress been made in the matter of an Imperial army and navy. The general position of the Colonies remains unchanged, and is very much as Sir Wilfrid Laurier defined it less than a year ago: "It is not advisable for Canada to mix in the armaments of the Empire. We should stand on our own policy of being masters in our own house." This does not, of course, exclude coöperation in case of war, but it rules out the ambitious schemes of those who have been preaching about a truly Imperial Defence. And Imperial Federation appears even further away than it seemed in 1902, when even Mr. Chamberlain was nearly hopeless about that "dream," which he held to be merely "within the limits of possibility."

From all this it would be hasty to

conclude that the Imperial Conference has been a failure. Its action on the questions which we have mentioned was fully discounted in advance. Their discussion, it was known, would be purely tentative. But there is much else that has been and will be laid before the Conference which is of great interest and usefulness. Indeed, the very change of name given to the gathering is significant of the spirit of helpful consultation and coöperation which animates it. Formerly it was called the Colonial Conference. That implied a certain dependence which the self-governing nations that prefer to call themselves Dominions rather than Colonies are no longer asked to admit. What they enter now is a true conference where matters concerning the Empire are freely debated as between equals. The mother invites her children to come to the old home once in four years to talk over the large interests of the family. There is a new considerateness in this attitude which is worth more, we are sure, in promoting loyalty among the Colonies than any number of "preferential" taxes on Colonial wheat or mutton. The action of the Government in laying the Declaration of London before the Conference was a fine example at once of thoughtful deference and political tact. By it the strong opposition to the Declaration got a setback, the Colonial Premiers were complimented, and Mr. Asquith's Ministry strengthened—all at the same time.

Included in the detailed work to be attended to by the Conference—work which is not sensational but highly important—is discussion of the means by which cable communication between England and the Dominions may be cheapened. Several resolutions on this subject will come up for debate. Another question, Imperial in every sense of the word, which the home Government will raise, relates to the treatment of Hindus throughout the British Dominions. This is a delicate matter, as the indifference, not to say dislike, shown to India by Australia and South Africa, has long been a reproach, sometimes, as at the time of the Boer war, amounting to a scandal. It has been suggested that the Colonies be asked to furnish a few regiments of the garrison in India, as a means of stimulating their pride in that great possession. Such a step, however, appears improbable. The colonials will presumably fall back on their plea that the troops which they raise and equip must be for their own use, except in the event of a war endangering the Empire.

Looking at the Imperial Conference all round, its course must be said to be reassuring and gratifying. Begun as a grandiose and somewhat unsettling Imperial project, the Conference has settled down to a useful and steadying rôle. There is no longer any fear of English domination over the Colonies. Their sense of nationality is becoming more intense every year. The Premier of Canada has no more surely than the Premier of New Zealand the air of a representative of a proud and self-governing nation which will not acquiesce in coercion of any kind on the part of England. The spirit of "colonial nationalism" is making its way into foreign affairs, Canada asserting or receiving the right to a much freer hand in treaties. So, too, South Africa has entered into a treaty with Portugal, relating to Delagoa Bay, and though the British Government assented to this, it was not a party to it. This illustrates the way in which British Imperialism seeks to bind the colonies to the empire by ever larger grants of self-government.

PROBLEMS OF THE AIR.

The great aeroplane flights from Paris to Madrid and to Rome have been replete with incidents that justify nearly every adjective in the late P. T. Barnum's advertising vocabulary. Thrilling, stupendous, marvellous, unrivalled, epoch-making, adventurous, dramatic, romantic—every one of these terms can be used in almost a literal sense of the achievements of Vedrine, Conneau-Beaumont, and Garros. People's minds have been seized by the picture of the Pyrenean eagle giving battle to this enormous new invader of the air. Others have discerned a certain dramatic significance in the fact that the successor of the Pope who warred with Galileo should be scanning the horizon through one of Galileo's telescopes for the advent of the first aerial passenger out of the north. But one incident as impressive as any derives its effect from the very business of flight itself. It is reported that as one of the competitors was passing over Lyons without being aware of the fact, two aviators at the checking station jumped upon their machines, soared into the air, and overtaking the errant airman, brought him back to the judge's stand. In that instantaneous saddling of the machine for a leap into the air is most strikingly exemplified the point of development attained by the aeroplane.

One of the gratifying features of both international flights has been their freedom from fatal accident. Vicissitudes there have been in plenty. Aviators have fallen repeatedly, but in nearly every case only to rise again. This shows once more that most of the fatalities for which the aeroplane is responsible have been occasioned by the recklessness of aviators in the course of public exhibitions. In a way, of course, every daring circus feat serves its purpose in advancing the solution of one of the thousand problems that the science of aerial navigation has still to cope with. But lives might be saved without hindering the progress of the flying art, if such problems were dealt with as they came up in the course of actual long-distance flying. In any case, it is to be noted that only two or three years ago cross-country flying was much more hazardous than aerodrome flying. To-day, the situation would seem to be completely reversed; and the reason is apparently in the greater amount of care and forethought exercised by the long-distance performer.

It is in its ready ability to rise after falling that the aeroplane demonstrates its steady approach toward practicability. In this, too, consists its great superiority to the dirigible balloon. To-day the aviator is no longer in need of great flat spaces of ground to soar from and land upon. This would be shown by the experiences of nearly all the men in the Madrid and Rome competitions. They were compelled to descend in out-of-the-way places, but, provided fuel and repair facilities were at hand, they seem to have had no difficulty in taking the air again. What are the rules for a successful long-distance flight? In the first place, the aviator prefers to travel at a high altitude, not only for the purpose of avoiding hostile air currents, but for greater safety. Waldemar Kaempffert, in his book "The New Art of Flying," points out that in case of motor stoppage the airman is safer two

thousand feet up in the air than fifty feet. In the first situation, he can almost invariably come to earth on a long glide. In the second case, a crash is unavoidable. In case of total motor collapse like that experienced by two French army aviators a few weeks ago, there is little choice between a fifty-foot fall and one from two thousand feet. Flying, then, at a safe height, and sure of a landing on the first piece of meadow, the aviator has only to be assured of a ready supply of fuel and substitute machine-parts in order to cover distances that may now be estimated in thousands of miles.

The wonder is that the aeroplane should have accomplished as much as it has by methods largely empirical. Something has been done, of course, by pioneers of the Langley and Lilienthal type in laying down scientific principles of stability and equilibrium in the air. Something has been done in the gathering of meteorological statistics for the use of airmen. But in neither field have sufficient data been accumulated to constitute the basis for rigid scientific deduction. Before aerial navigation can become a well-established art, three basic problems will have to be dealt with: (1) a thorough investigation of the behavior of moving "planes" in the air, whether flat or curved; (2) the mapping of the air regions over the principal countries of the world or at least along the principal air-lines; and (3) the perfecting of automatic control within the aeroplane itself. At present the aviator ascends into the air on a machine that he has built largely by rule of thumb, and controls almost entirely by muscular agility, and he travels through a medium that he must traverse much after the fashion of a man making his way through a dark room. The mapping of the air is a tremendous but a most necessary undertaking. Mr. Kaempffert emphasizes the difficult geography of the atmosphere, its currents and counter-currents, its air-walls and air-precipices. Glenn Curtiss encountered them all on his flight down the Hudson Valley. "The men who crossed the English Channel," says Mr. Kaempffert, "found that against the chalk cliffs of Dover a vast invisible surf of air beats as furiously as the roaring visible surf in the Channel below."

Toward the solution of these problems, France is doing more to-day than any other nation. This is not due to the fact merely that she was one of the earliest in the field. Nor need we say that mastery of the air is a task that appeals to French bravura. The fact is that natural conditions are more favorable to air-flight in France than in any other European country. Her more equable climate, her greater amount of sunlight as compared with Germany or England, must be taken into consideration. In the rather random speculation regarding the possibilities of war in the air, little attention has been paid to this advantage which one country may enjoy over another. In England, with its rain and fog, the military air-ship of the future can count only so many days' activity during the year. In Germany the range is probably wider. In France it is wider still.

THE WESTERN ECONOMIC SOCIETY.

CHICAGO, June 4.

The Society, recently organized by university and business men of Chicago to promote intelligent discussion of the economic issues of the day, held its first conference in that city on June 3, and devoted a full day to consideration of the proposed reciprocity agreement with Canada.

Popular interest on this occasion centred in the appearance of President Taft, who made the trip from Washington in order to state, at the final evening meeting, his reasons for urging the passage of the reciprocity legislation now before the Senate. The substance of the President's speech has been made known through the daily press, and may be studied at leisure. Its immediate effect was to create a most favorable impression on the large audience which heard it. Mr. Taft showed himself an earnest and outspoken advocate without a suggestion of disingenuousness, and was able in large measure to combine a reasonable analysis of his problem with an appealing presentation of his case.

But the Western Economic Society was not devised primarily to provide a rostrum for distinguished figures in political life; and its purpose in arranging the conference is best indicated by the programmes of the earlier meetings. "Canadian Reciprocity and the Farmer" was the central topic of the first session. Prof. E. V. Robinson of the University of Minnesota approached this subject from the standpoint of an economist interested in agricultural problems and favorable to the proposed reciprocity. Rodney B. Swift, an Illinois farmer, earnestly opposed reciprocity, though he failed to bring the decline of farming which he pictured into convincing connection with conditions of international trade. Further opposition was voiced by George C. White of Nevada, Ia., and by the representative of the American Protective Tariff League, P. V. Collins of Minneapolis, editor of the *Northwestern Agriculturist*, and an organizer of anti-reciprocity sentiment among the farmers of the Northwest. Ex-Gov. Hoard of Wisconsin, who enjoys high authority as a farmer and farmers' advocate, was represented by a letter in which he favored reciprocity, to the manifest discomfiture of the agricultural partisans present. In the afternoon other aspects of reciprocity were emphasized. Robert Fullerton of Des Moines read a temperate paper on "Reciprocity and the Lumber Trade." Prof. W. A. Scott of the University of Wisconsin endeavored within the limits of a brief address to explain the bearing of reciprocity upon the cost of living. Prof. F. W. Taussig of Harvard University interpreted the proposed treaty as a means of introducing neighborly common-sense into border relations, and deprecated the credulity which anticipates in consequence of the treaty either wholesale loss or universal benefit. Prof. David Kinley of the University of Illinois opened a spirited general discussion. At the evening meeting, previous to Mr. Taft's speech, short addresses were made by Prof. Shailer Mathews, president of the Society; Prof. L. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago, and H. A. Wheeler, president of the Chicago Association of Commerce.

A significant feature of the proceedings was the prevalent opinion that reciprocal tariff concessions in the case of Canada would lead logically to a general readjustment of our tariff relations, with the effect of freer trade. The first speaker of the day, Prof. H. P. Willis of George Washington University, pointed out that the most-favored-nation clauses appearing in our several commercial treaties would, if this Government maintains its established though anomalous position on the interpretation of such provisions, almost inevitably operate to extend to all the nations concerned the same reciprocal privileges which we propose granting to Canada. In Professor Willis's estimate this promise of a larger liberation of trade is the chief merit of the proposed Canadian treaty. Speakers who opposed reciprocity in the interest of agriculture repeatedly implied, or even directly stated, that the farmer protests, not against thoroughgoing free trade, but against the specific reduction of duties on agricultural products, while for other products a high protective system is maintained. In fact, despite the efforts of some participants in the debate to accredit themselves as protectionists in good and regular standing, there were many evi-

dences during the day of the strength of sentiment in favor of systematic tariff reduction.

In arranging for its conferences the Western Economic Society has hoped that by bringing together men of academic training and men experienced in affairs it may furnish occasion for such give-and-take of opinions as shall both broaden and clarify public thinking on economic questions. This first conference attested alike the importance and the difficulty of accomplishing such a result. For the papers that were read fell unmistakably into two groups: those which favored reciprocity on general economic principles, and those which protested on account of a special interest or privilege conceived to be put in jeopardy. Between these two points of view is a gulf difficult to bridge. However much the manufacturer may have exploited the farmer under the protective system, the attempt of the farmer in his turn to procure a parasitic benefit at the sacrifice of the community at large is repugnant to all who judge our trade relations with Canada by their effects on the general welfare. The trained economist, moreover, cares little for arguments which ignore the fact that high-priced land is by implication highly advantageous land, and which appeal to a scale of protective duties based on the inane principle of a precise offset of differences in production-cost—a principle which, rigorously applied, would put an end to all trade.

But, on the other hand, the economist has difficulty in commending his scientific method to the bare self-interest of the man of affairs. His very effort to rise above narrow issues makes him seem amusingly remote from the motives of business. For such reasons as these it remains to be seen whether any revision of judgments already formed is to result from this discussion of reciprocity. But at least new attention has been aroused; and a beginning has been made in establishing in the Middle West a forum to which the public in search of economic information may regularly turn, with confidence that all sides are to have a hearing, and with increasing hope of enlightenment.

JAMES A. FIELD.

LIBRARIANS IN CALIFORNIA.

PASADENA, May 27.

Twenty years after its first visit to California, when Pasadena was but sage-brush and a village, and had collected scarcely one of the thirty-five thousand volumes in its library, the American Library Association opened its thirty-third annual convention here, with five hundred delegates, one-fourth of whom came from the far-away East. A week was devoted to addresses, reports, and discussions which elicited many opinions in regard to library extension and usefulness, but which gave the usual evidence also of those who emphasize the details of library administration, approaching the numbering of a book, for example, with a mystery and awe quite inexplicable to the more benighted but practical layman. This painful diligence challenged the attention of one speaker in particular, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, who, while paying a high tribute to the profession generally, told the convention how differently he regarded the ideal librarian. He had fond memories, he said, of a librarian who used to arrange his books according to the colors of their covers and the size of the labels on their backs; for whatever else his merits or demerits, that librarian loved his books, and caressed and fondled them. Doubtless Dr. Wheeler's amusing logic convinced a few of his auditors, but it certainly sent others away in a temper. President Wheeler was not the only one who dared to criticise. Dr. James A. B. Scherer, president of the Throop Institute (who has recently waged a spirited contest against the Leland Stanford and the California Universities for a third university charter), Lincoln Steffens, and George Wharton James, all spoke their mind plainly. Dr. Scherer set out to speak on "Books and the Efficient Life," and made a strong plea for more standard selection in libraries, and for reading "just for fun." "Everybody is in favor of efficiency except Gilbert K. Chesterton, that strange quadrangular contemporary reincarnation of Samuel Johnson, Thomas Carlyle, Protagoras, and Thomas à Kempis," he said; "for this Jovian sophist preaches that nothing so fails as success." We democrats are a nervous people, never satisfied to leave ourselves alone, and the librarian partakes of the public nervousness, and does not sufficiently serve to correct it. Dr. Scherer admitted he was old-fashioned enough to believe that a man should make friends with Shakespeare, Goethe, and others who used to do a deal of the world's thinking, and also to read and study the Bible; he held that this was a matter no longer set forth with emphasis by many libraries in the land. Lincoln Steffens rubbed his hands together characteristically as he told the convention that their business was merely to serve—to give the public anything it wanted, and certainly not to lose sleep as to whether the books were good or not.

Among the leading papers presented at the convention may be mentioned those of the president, J. I. Wyer, jr., of the New York State Library (who was most unfortunately detained at Albany by the recent fire), A. E. Bostwick, the new librarian at St. Louis, and Demarchus C. Brown of the Indiana State Library. President Wyer took for granted that the place of the public library in the social order is now pretty definitely fixed, but thought the public did not yet realize that it owes to the library carefully-chosen and sympathetic trustees, open-mindedness, a modicum of patience, reasonable pecuniary support, and better understanding of its work and requirements. Mr. Bostwick said that the idea of the public library as a force in the community is gradually but surely gaining ground; but along with it there are tendencies to exploit it for purposes not always legitimate. He drew a distinction, therefore, between the proper and improper use of the public library in giving publicity to various matters. President Brown of the National Association of State Libraries contended that the State library should not be a mere law library, as in some cases known in America; that it should be the centre for historical research and preservation, and that it should become the workshop and storehouse for any voluntary historical society. All public documents, reports, manuscripts, and records no longer in current use, ought to be organized, catalogued, and stored there. One of the suggestive addresses was made by Miss Harriet G. Eddy, county library-organizer of the California State Library, who argued for the county free library as the only means of serving the remote and scattered regions of the extreme West: the municipal library could never render the same service, nor would the travelling library, good as it is, meet the needs.

In connection with the general convention, a meeting of the American Association of Law Librarians was also held here, at which addresses were made by the president, G. S. Godard; A. J. Small of the Iowa State Library; O. J. Field of the Department of Justice, of Washington; C. H. Hastings of the Library of Congress; E. A. Feazel of the Cleveland Law Library, and G. E. Wire of Worcester, Mass. The two themes most frequently touched upon in this meeting were the necessity of preventing such disasters as those of the fires at Jefferson, Mo., and Albany, N. Y., and the independence from politics and all political interference with such libraries. The Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh made an exhibit, pleading for the exclusion of the colored comic supplements of Sunday newspapers from public libraries.

The officers chosen for the ensuing year are as follows: President, Mrs. H. L. Elmendorf (the first woman ever chosen by the convention to this office) of the Buffalo Public Library; first vice-president, Henry E. Legler of Chicago; second vice-president, Mary E. Plummer of the Pratt Institute, New York.

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AN ASSOCIATION FOR SCANDINAVIAN STUDIES.

CHICAGO, May 28.

This occasion is unique in that it brings together for the first time in America men of various nationalities who are drawn together by their common interest in Scandinavian culture. It is unique also in that those who are engaged in this field of educational pursuit in our colleges and universities here for the first time meet together in the interests of the cause which they represent.

With these appropriate words Prof. G. T. Flom opened his address on "Scandinavian Studies in American Universities" at a meeting held in Hitchcock Hall of the University of Chicago on May 26. The twofold purpose of the new association is to further the study of Scandinavian languages and literatures in American universities, colleges, and schools, and to be, as one speaker expressed it, an intermediary between the American public and Scandinavian culture. As long ago as in 1858 a professorship in Scandinavian languages and literatures was founded at New York University, Paul G. Sinding being the incumbent; but this seems to have been the result of personal effort rather than of a really felt or existing demand, for when Sinding, in 1861, returned to Denmark the courses were discontinued. Permanent professorships in these studies were established in 1869 both at the University of Wisconsin and at Cornell University, but it was not until the eighties that they were followed by others. At present there are Scandinavian professorships or lectureships at upwards of a score of higher institutions of learning in this country, in many cases held by men of non-Scandinavian descent.

The meeting at Chicago lasted two days, Friday and Saturday, the 26th and 27th of May, and on the first day the following papers were read, besides the one by Professor Flom already mentioned: "Försoningen i Tegnér's 'Frithiofs Saga,'" by A. M. Sturtevant; "The Chronology of the 'Fornaldarsogur,'" by L. M. Hollander; "Traces of Old Norse Paganism in Swedish Christmas Customs of To-day," by Jules Mauritzon; "Recent Attacks on the Historical Reliability of the Vinland Sagas," by Julius E. Olson; and "The Geats in 'Beowulf,'" by Prof. Gudmund Schuette of the University of Copenhagen. The last-named paper, which is the first chapter of a new work on "Beowulf," was read by Dr. H. G. Leach of Harvard, to whom it had been sent by the author to be presented on this occasion. In it he considers the epical horizon of the poem, the geography of the countries described in it, the ethnical significance of the names of persons, and reaches the conclusion that the Geats were not Swedes or "Götar," but inhabitants of Jutland. The personal names of the Geats, for instance, show the same elements as those of the Anglo-Danish zone, which are, on the other hand, quite different from the names of the Swedes and the "Götar," which, in their turn, show elements in common with the Saxon and the German names. Professor Olson was particularly concerned with Frithiof Nansen's criticism of the sagas, as presented in a series of lectures before Videnskabs-Selskabet in Christiania, which are now being printed in Nansen's new book, "I Taakeheimen." "When this man of action," Mr. Olson said, "this practical explorer, this modern investigator in the realm of natural and applied science, undertakes to enlighten the world on saga literature, to pass unerring opinion on what is good history and what is fictional therein, undertakes, in a word, to play the rôle of a P. A. Munch or a Gustav Storm in this very difficult field, then he goes too far." The speaker was quite willing, however, to concede to Nansen the right and ability, based on wide and varied experience, to make some "clever and original observations" on the subject.

On Friday evening the members of the new society were the guests of the University of Chicago at a dinner and smoker. Prof. John M. Manly greeted the assemblage on behalf of President Judson; in his capacity of representative of the English studies at the university he expressed his appreciation of the influence which the Scandinavian literatures, especially the older literature, had exercised on the literature of mediæval and modern Europe; the same sentiment was voiced by Prof. Starr W. Cutting, representing the German studies, and Prof. W. A. Nitze for the Romance. W. N. C. Carlton, the Newberry librarian, in his genial "smoke-talk," voiced the wish of many who are deeply interested in Scandinavian literature and culture, but lay no claim to being specialists, that a name might be selected that would be inclusive of all the interests concerned. He also pointed out the possibilities that were open to the new organization as a unifier of many warring interests. At the Saturday session the meeting was given up to a discussion of the need of translations from the sagas and of modern masterpieces; and it was voted that the executive council should appoint a committee to make plans for a series of such translations. The discussion over the best name for the new organization was particularly lively. The meeting had been called to form "The Scandinavian Philological Society," and while the claims of the spokesmen for that name were conceded, namely, that the word philology might well be used in its widest and original meaning, many felt that such a name would not be understood by all those whom the new society wished to reach, and suggested as an alternative "Association for the Advancement of Scandinavian Studies," which may be somewhat long, but which seems to express exactly what the society stands for. The choice between these two names was left to the executive council. This council was afterwards elected as follows: President, Julius E. Olson; vice-president, Jules Mauritzon; secretary-treasurer, G. T. Flom; members of the advisory committee, A. L. Elmquist, W. H. Schofield, G. Gothne, E. W. Olson, A. A. Stomberg, C. N. Gould. The society has already more than seventy members.

AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The privately printed "Catalogue of Some of the more important Books, Manuscripts, and Drawings in the library of Harry Elkins Widener" is one of the most interesting and instructive volumes of this kind ever issued. In style and make-up it can be compared only with the larger catalogues of the Morgan and Church collections in this country, and Thomas J. Wise's Catalogue in England. The Widener Catalogue is a quarto of two hundred and thirty-three pages besides inserted reproductions. One hundred copies have been printed on Whatman paper and two copies on vellum.

A selection only, a little more than two hundred titles, is included, ranging from the pamphlet of a few pages to the great Daly extra-illustrated "Story of Nell Gwyn" in four volumes, large folio. Every lot is a notable one, and, as the library is constantly receiving additions, the catalogue by no means exhibits the wealth of the collection. Indeed, Mr. Widener's library is, perhaps, for its size, the richest in "association copies" and collector's rarities generally ever brought together in the short time which he has spent upon it.

The set of Four Folios of Shakespeare is one of the best in existence, the First being the Locker-Van Antwerp copy, one of the finest to come upon the market in recent years. The Second Folio is the rare form with the Smethwick imprint, and the Fourth is an exceedingly tall copy in the original calf binding. The "Poems" of 1640 is an unusually fine copy in the original binding.

Among other early English books described in the catalogue are Holinshed's "Chronicles" (1577); Ben Jonson's "Works" (1616-1640); Spenser's "Faerie Queene" (1590-96)), and "Colin Clout's Come Home Again" (1595); Beaumont and Fletcher (1647); Phineas Fletcher's "Purple Island" (1633), the dedication copy on large paper; Montaigne's "Essayes" (1603); and Anne Killigrew's "Poems" (1686), on large paper. In this class also belongs the choicest association volume in a library remarkable for its association books. This is no less than the Countess of Pembroke's own copy of the "Areadia." It is the edition of 1613 in an elaborate binding of the period, the sides bearing the entwined arms of the houses of Sidney and Montgomery. The book's *provenance* is shown by the inscription on the title-page in the autograph of Sir Robert Ker, the first Earl of Ancrum: "This was ye Countess of Pembrokes owne booke given

me by ye Countesse of Montgomery her daughter, 1625." The signature in the facsimile seems to be plainly "Ancram" and it is so given in the text, but it should be "Anerum," according to the Dictionary of National Biography.

But the Widener library is, perhaps, most notable for the large number of presentation copies and association books of the nineteenth century English authors. Dickens is represented in this catalogue by thirty-two items, including "Pickwick" in parts, with the correct covers for the first three parts (that of part iii being particularly rare), as well as a presentation copy to William Harrison Ainsworth. We may remark also that since the catalogue was printed a second and more important presentation copy has been added to the library, being the "dedication copy," the identical book given by Dickens to Thomas Noon Talfourd, to whom "Pickwick" was dedicated.

Among Thackeray items described in the catalogue we may note "Vanity Fair" in parts, with one of the drawings by Thackeray, a portion (36 pages) of the autograph manuscript of "Pendennis," and "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," all being from the collection of the late George C. Thomas.

Although Mr. Widener's Stevenson collection is, without much doubt, the finest ever brought together, only one Stevenson item is described in this catalogue. This is the autograph manuscript, "Memoirs of Himself by Robert Louis Stevenson, Book I, Childhood," written in San Francisco in 1880. This interesting history of his own childhood by the author of "A Child's Garden of Verses" has never been published, though a few short extracts appear in Balfour's "Life of Stevenson."

The great extra-illustrated books in the Widener library, such as Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn," Genest's "Some Account of the English Stage," Larwood's "Old London Illustrated," and Timb's "Club Life in London," are the famous sets made up by Augustin Daly and afterwards in the library of Clarence S. Bement.

Correspondence

ELLIS ISLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On the editorial page of the New York *Evening Journal* for May 24 there appears an article headed "Brutality at Ellis Island," which contains a most virulent attack on the administration of the New York Immigrant Station, and in particular on Mr. Williams, the present commissioner. This is typical of a class of newspaper articles which appear at intervals. One of them, a signed letter on the editorial page of a recent issue of the New York *Times*, was answered in the next day's issue by Mr. Williams. The distinguishing feature of these contributions is the shocking ignorance of the writers.

I have very little personal knowledge of Mr. Williams or his individual character, having met him only once. That single occasion, however, was sufficient to convince me of the utter falsity of the charges which accuse him of carelessness or superficiality in his handling of cases. I sat for nearly an hour in his private office listening to his judgment upon a series of cases which had proved too hard for the regular inspectors. No one who has not had a similar experience can have any conception of the extreme complexity and difficulty of some of these cases; and the painstaking care with which Mr. Williams individualized each case, and sought to determine its real merits, is something which I shall not forget.

However little I know of Mr. Williams personally, I nevertheless know enough of the administration of the immigration laws to realize how misleading such an article as that in the *Journal* is. A single sentence, quoted verbatim, will suffice to illustrate its careless or malicious inaccuracy: "What right have pinhead officials to decide without appeal or a fair hearing that such and such an immigrant may become a charge upon the community?" In the process of inspection, those immigrants who are not clearly and beyond a doubt entitled to enter are turned aside for examination by a board of special inquiry. But the decision of this board is final only when based upon a certificate of the examining medical officer that the alien is diseased, or is suffering from some mental or physical disability. In all other cases, including those likely to become a public charge (unless because of mental or physical disability), there is the right of appeal through the commissioner of immigration of the port, and the commissioner-general of immigration, to the secretary of commerce and labor. Such appeals are constantly being made. Furthermore, it is not only the right of the inspectors to decide whether an alien may become a public charge, but it is their duty, imposed upon them by the legislative representatives of the people of the United States. One of the chief fallacies which beset the critics of Mr. Williams is the assumption that he has a free hand to do as he likes with the immigrants. This is far from the case. The commissioners in charge of the various immigrant stations in this country are public servants, charged with executing one of the most complex and delicate sets of laws on our statute books. These laws, and the regulations which accompany them, are very definite and explicit, and make up a good-sized pamphlet of 87 pages. It would be interesting to know how many of the assailants of the administration have ever taken the trouble to read this document.

Now such articles, however misleading, malicious, and inaccurate they may be, have, nevertheless, the power to mould public opinion to a certain extent. Ellis Island is a public institution. Any citizen of the United States may visit and see for himself how affairs are administered. Looking back over a number of visits to the station, I cannot recall that I have seen a single case of cruelty. But most people prefer to get their information from the newspapers, rather than by personal inspection. It is one of the serious indictments against our "free press" that ignorant, careless, or vicious writers can successfully defame the character, and perhaps accomplish the ruin, of conscientious officials, who are doing their best to fill faithfully, difficult positions of public trust.

Henry P. Fairchild.

Yale University, May 29.

THE ILLITERACY OF ACADEMICIANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A correspondent of the *Nation* (May 4) recently brought forward two citations from an educational review, one crudely ungrammatical, the other uncoiling one of those labyrinthine and interminable periods which were once handed from textbook to textbook as proofs of the benightedness of our forefathers. The offender in these cases was a university professor, and the fact is symptomatic of a widespread lowering of the standards of correctness in the speech of the authorized defenders of these standards. By a paradoxical or ironic nemesis, bad English cleaves to its nominal prosecutors, like unchastity to monks, or disregard of health to physicians. There is a successful head of the department of rhetoric in a great university whose invariable substitution of "will" for "shall" in certain oft-recurring collocations is received with calmness by his unconscious or despairing associates. Not long since a noted magazine published a number of attestations on the part of teachers of English to its effectiveness in the classroom. The exhibit was decisive on two points: the usefulness of the magazine and the incapacity of its endorsers to write English. A publishing house recently drew upon the same sources for testimonies to the merits of a new history of English literature. The want of ease, of resourcefulness, of natural vigor, in these comments would have been noteworthy if it had not been eclipsed by the abundance of syntactical errors.

It is not hard to explain, at least in part, the existence of these unfortunate conditions. The cheapness and the prevalence of education in America have opened the path of academic preferment to the children of the alien and the toiler, and, under the convoy of energy and ability, inherited or implanted solecisms may traverse every step of the long but unobstructed road which conducts to the university professorship. The very thoroughness of the candidate's studies often conspires with ancestral or infantine habit to corrupt the soundness of his English. As theology sometimes disintegrates faith, philology may likewise be subversive of grammar. The scholar thinks, with some justice, that good English is merely the preference of a minority, often a baseless, often a hesitating, often a temporary preference, and the stanch old-fashioned right and wrong appear as insubstantial shadows. This influence is seconded by the fact that relaxation in every field, from religion to posture, is the order of the day, and the professor of English shares the universal anxiety to throw off the signs of an antiquated rigor. An abstinence from slang would be little short of unprofessional. The social premium upon informality more than outweighs the social stigma upon incorrectness, and men hasten to renounce dignity in their eagerness to discard pretension. The teacher of English finds himself in the midst of an easy-going, brotherly, indulgent world whose laxities it is easier to imitate than to combat.

These things would count for little if bad English were a barrier to success; but it may be doubted if the practice of solecism is often visited by the only effectual rebuke—the retrenchment or refusal of rank and pay. The English of an instructor in English is naturally the last thing to be

tested. That sound English is the last thing in the world to be viewed as a tag or adjunct to other gifts, that it is quite separable not only from teaching ability and executive force, from scholarship and intellectual power, but even from other merits in language itself, from abundance, ease, emphasis, and grace, are facts that have not yet penetrated the committees and administrators who pass on candidates for academic posts. For this phase of the difficulty, the remedy is manifest. The ascertainment of the candidate's mastery of the language he desires to teach should be made the ground of a specific and separate inquiry, and should precede and control the examination of other credentials. Such a course might involve for the moment the appearance of disaster, exacting perhaps the temporary sacrifice of the wiser, shrewder, brisker man; but let the rejection of power in favor of equipment once make it clear that want of equipment is an economic blunder, and power will make haste to conform to requirements.

The true difficulty, however, lies in the apathy of the community. Between the social trunk and its members, between the practice of specialists and the appetites of the public, there is an inevitable and significant correspondence; and no society can get itself efficiently taught in subjects that it does not honestly value. We do not possess in America a defined, compact, and powerful social class which makes correctness in language a qualification for membership. The reverence for language has shared the fate of our other dissolving venerations, and the priests are negligent, because the people are unbelievers. Nothing can shape or save a language but a people, and the hope of English in America lies in its reëstablishment as a national ideal. O. W. Firkins.

The University of Minnesota, May 29.

SUMMER SCHOOL AT FLORENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: This year, when an unusually large number of Americans are going to Italy to attend the expositions at Rome and Turin, some of your readers may be glad to know that there will be a Summer University at Florence from August 1 to September 15. This summer session, which will be held for the fifth year, is open to *all foreigners*. The courses offered include thirteen lectures each on Dante, Italian literature from Dante to the nineteenth century, and on contemporary writers; eight lectures on Florentine history, and eighteen on the Risorgimento; a course in Italian grammar and style; another in pronunciation; three courses in the fine arts; and a special course in seismology, a subject which recent earthquakes have made timely.

In addition to the regular instruction there will be visits to the monuments and galleries of Florence, excursions to the environs, trips to S. Gimignano and to Siena—that to Siena being timed for the Palio—and to Prato, Pistoja, and Pisa. A longer trip, at reduced rates, to Rome is also promised. The lectures will be held every morning on week days, and at the end of the session there will be examinations, for those who desire to take them. The courses will be conducted by Professors Gargano, Caprin, Perini, Sorani, Traversari, Tarchiani, and Padre Alfani.

The fee for matriculation, with right to attend lectures and participate in excursions, is only 45 lire ($9), with a special fee of 6 lire for the course in seismology. The Marchesa Adele Alfieri di Sostegno, Cavour's grandniece, and patroness of the Summer University, offers four prizes of 200 lire each for the students who pass with greatest credit the courses in literature, grammar, history, and fine arts. By consent of the Ministry of Public Instruction, all members of this university will enjoy free admission to the galleries and museums of Florence. For further information the Segretario della Università Estiva, Via Tornabuoni, 4, Florence, Italy, should be addressed.

Foreign travellers have never before had such an opportunity to combine sightseeing with profitable instruction during the summer at Florence.

William Roscoe Thayer.

Cambridge, Mass., May 26.

THE ANNUAL REGISTER AND WEEMS'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The indebtedness of Weems's Life of Washington to Dodsley's Annual Register has never been commented on, I believe, and is complicated by the fact that such early American historians as William Gordon and David Ramsay—as well as a round dozen of their English brethren—used the Annual Register as a great storehouse from which they thought material might be taken without acknowledgment. Their extensive plagiarisms have been discussed by Professor Libby in the Report of the American Historical Association for 1899 and in other places, but without mentioning the smaller debt incurred by Weems himself.

Considerable remains of the Register, however, are to be found in Weems's curious work, although, as its author was familiar with both Gordon's and Ramsay's accounts, as well as with perhaps some other books where the Register had been a source, it is often hard to say whether he was drawing his material through them or directly from the Register. In such accounts as he gives, however, of the battle of Lexington, the death of Col. Ferguson at King's Mountain, and the details of the supplies sent to the British army during the siege of Boston, there are similarities between his work and the Register which are not to be found in either Gordon or Ramsay.

The difficulty of making positive statements in regard to these accounts is illustrated by the narrative of the conduct of the Americans at the battle of Monmouth. Here the Annual Register used as its chief source the letter from Washington to the President of Congress, and made due acknowledgment. The later historians give a very similar account, but, as they mention no sources of their information, it is impossible to say whether they drew from Washington directly or through the Register.

Some parts of Weems's book are so similar to Gordon's that it is clear he knew and used Gordon. This is evident, for instance, in his rendering of Franklin's advice to the Americans to light the candles of Industry and Economy and to marry and raise up children as fast as they can, thus securing men enough to oppose with force a repetition of such measures as the Stamp Act.

Considering the wandering life Weems led and the miscellaneous reading which his work as a travelling bookseller made possible, it is probable that he at one time used an odd volume of Gordon, supplementing it with such volumes of the Register as he found at hand, and filling in gaps with whatever was available.

In conclusion, I wish to call attention to the passage in his book which recounts Washington's first fight—and first defeat—at Fort Necessity. This, which in style and method sounds surprisingly like the Annual Register, is really from the sketch of the life of Washington prefixed to "A Poetical Epistle to his Excellency General Washington, Esq., Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, from an inhabitant of Maryland." Both John Bell, the writer of the sketch, and Charles Henry Wharton, the author of the "Poetical Epistle," were Marylanders, like Weems, and distantly related to him, and at other places in his biography he shows traces of having seen and used their work. In spite of the similarity of the passage to the Annual Register, I have been unable to find it in any of the volumes of that work.

Walter B. Norris.

U. S. Naval Academy, April 22.

Literature

SEWARD AND DOUGLAS.

William H. Seward. By Edward Everett Hale, jr. American Crisis Biographies. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Stephen A. Douglas. By Henry Parker Willis. The same.

"The faults of great men drop out in history," said Seward. And he and his filial assistant and Boswell so made up the record. After the end of Seward's political and even physical activities he dictated an autobiography to the end of his State Senatorship, 1834. This fragment was used by Frederick W. Seward in his three-volume "Life and Letters." Baker's "Biography of Seward" was prepared for the expected demands of the campaign of 1860, which Lincoln's nomination disappointed. Mr. Lothrop, who wrote the "Seward" in the American Statesmen Series, followed the lead of the Sewards, and was unsuspecting and uncritical.

Nicolay and Hay's "Lincoln" disclosed many startling facts in Seward's career and did his fame irreparable damage. Unlike Gideon Welles much earlier, in magazine articles and in "Lincoln and Seward," Nicolay and Hay supplied the needed documentary evidence. The fourth volume of Pierce's "Life of Sumner" still further damaged Seward's prestige, for Sumner was strongest where Seward was weakest—in sincer-

ity, in consistent opposition to slavery, and in knowledge of international law. It is understood that Mr. Bancroft was an enthusiastic admirer of Seward when he began his biography, but he found much to criticise before he finished it. Gen. Charles Francis Adams's biography of his father almost cruelly disappointed the expectation that he would agree with the elder Charles Francis Adams's eulogy of Seward, which was a return compliment to Seward's eulogy of John Quincy Adams.

Thus there are two antagonistic schools of writers about Seward: one displaying the virtues, leaving out the faults and largely ignoring those who describe them; the other insisting all the more on the faults, and consequently having less room to do full justice to the virtues. This condition offered an excellent opportunity to review Seward's whole career in a concise and vivid manner, and to give a puzzling great man his true setting. Instead of doing this, Professor Hale has written a rather plain and disproportionate tale of Seward's career, omitting most of the faults. The difference between his hero and that of the other school is almost as great as the difference between the well-known early portrait of Seward with smiling, regular features, in full dress, ruffled shirt, velvet waistcoat, white gloves and shining beaver, and the realistic photograph of the veteran Secretary with wrinkled face, scrawny hair, large ears, careless cravat, and loose every-day coat. Unable either to accept or to refute the conclusions of the critical school, Professor Hale passes by on the other side. He is a rather timid closet-historian, unacquainted with the tricks, trades, and equivocations of politics. To him a Governor or a Secretary seems too sacred a personage to be capable of such things. Consequently, Seward's poses, martyrdoms, and self-illusions, so common in his letters to Mrs. Seward, are all taken seriously.

But let us be concrete. Seward may be said to have begun his political career by a scathing attack upon the caucus and the spoils systems of the Albany Regency. Was he sincere? Are the unanimous written opinions of the members of the political firm of Weed, Seward, and Greeley, in its palmiest days, worth considering when they mention spoils? In three months Gov. Seward cut off 1,500 political heads and filled offices, as he himself said, at the rate of "one hundred a week, and fifty each executive day"; Weed confessed that, but for the Presidential question, "the appointments would tear us to pieces"; and Greeley wished that "Seward might begin his life as Governor once more," and "deal frankly with all men, and never give a promise or encouragement of office until he had resolved to fulfil the expectation." (Bancroft, I, 81-84). What says Professor Hale about these and kindred matters? Nothing.

To win the foreign, especially the Irish, vote and gain a political advantage, Seward also, when Governor, proposed that children in public schools should be taught by teachers speaking their languages and having their creeds. The plan, if adopted, would have undermined, if it did not destroy, the still inchoate public school system. But it was a fiasco and became an indelible stain on his record. Professor Hale can neither overlook these facts nor successfully explain them. Yet he protests against the criticisms, and seems to think he has made a point when he assures us that Seward "saw that an educated workman was the great need of the country as a whole" (p. 372), and that "his general principles in education are now taken for granted" (p. 154). No one has ever denied either that there was need of an educated workman or that Seward's general principles were sufficiently proper. The criticism was and must continue to be—for the record stands—that Seward's special aims and means were unsuitable and would have been gravely injurious. Seward was searching for some magic scheme that would outwit the opposition leaders. Possibly he believed that he could create a new and better system. It is certain that he elicited no support and that others remedied the evils in a logical and proper manner.

During the first year of the war Seward had charge of the political prisoners and did some things that were inexcusably tyrannical. Mr. Bancroft devotes a chapter of twenty-five pages to the subject. The words *political prisoners* are not in the index of Professor Hale's volume; if they occur even once in the text, they have escaped our notice in two readings of this volume.

Even Professor Hale admits that it was a little strange for Seward to propose, as he did on April 1, 1861, that Lincoln should make him dictator; that a foreign war should be sought in order to compel union at home; that debates should cease and Lincoln and all the Cabinet should "agree and abide" by the dictator's lead. Professor Hale makes this suggestion:

> Perhaps Seward, who had seen several weak Presidents and strong Secretaries of State, thought it really was his duty to take up the reins of government and to direct affairs as he himself had begun to direct them under Taylor (p. 276).

Of course Seward thought it his duty, but does anybody now hold that the thought was wise? "Granted the idea of a united South and North," Professor Hale observes, "it is doubtful if a defensive war against these two foreign countries [France and Spain] would have been worse than a war between the States." But no one can grant that idea, for it was absurd. And how would a foreign war in any way have settled the slavery question, the main cause of all the trouble?

All who have read closely either Nicolay and Hay's "Lincoln" or Bancroft's "Seward" will recollect how Seward, by placing before Lincoln orders which he signed in a perfunctory manner, because he had ten thousand cares and was new to nearly all of them, secretly organized part of the Fort Pickens expedition. When the Fort Sumter and the Fort Pickens expeditions were ready to start, and Mercer, by the orders of the Secretary of the Navy, was in command of the Powhatan as the flagship of the Fort Sumter expedition, Porter appeared and presented the orders prepared by Seward and signed by Lincoln, directing him to take the Powhatan as the flagship of the Fort Pickens expedition. When it was suggested that the orders of the President took precedence of those of the Secretary of the Navy, Mercer gave way to Porter. When Secretary Welles appealed to Lincoln, Lincoln requested Seward immediately to telegraph to Porter to restore the Powhatan to Mercer. This Seward did, but instead of signing the President's name—which was obviously necessary to correct the error—he signed "Seward." Consequently, Porter, properly reasoning as before, held that an order signed "Seward" could not override the previous order signed "Lincoln"; and so he proceeded on his way, precisely as Seward had all along intended. Yet why bother with facts or details if they damage your hero? Thus Professor Hale:

> But there was some confusion, arising from Lincoln's and Seward's doing things very much by themselves, often without consulting the Navy Department and sometimes without consulting each other. The plans were not entirely carried out, and much of the aid meant for Sumter went to Pickens (p. 277).

There are many other serious blemishes, but these should suffice to show the risks of letting "the faults of great men drop out in history."

Just the desirable qualities, so lacking in Professor Hale's "Seward," are conspicuously present in Mr. Willis's "Douglas." There was not much room for originality with either subject, but Mr. Willis, with true insight, equalled only by his skill in execution, saw what was needed—an incisive study of a great American politician in action. He cares no more whether his hero goes up or down than Douglas himself cared whether slavery was "voted up or voted down." We see the bold, raw youth pulling hard with the political flood-tide, foreseeing opportunities and difficulties, and consequently advancing with surprising rapidity. Mr. Willis uses to good advantage his knowledge of politics in Washington. Again and again he enlivens his

pages with a contrast or an appropriate illustration, a modern instance, from real life and actual conditions. Instead of fancying, as children and closet-historians do, that politics in the past tense is a field where patriots satisfy their burning desires to do something for their country's good, he knows that it is a most exciting game whose stakes are notoriety, applause, office, and power. To attain these, politicians usually prefer to employ good means, when these are helpful, but otherwise they do not hesitate to use bad means, and try to conceal the difference by sophistry and cant.

Douglas played the game as audaciously as any except a few in our history; he was a political soldier of fortune—an opportunist who picked his way toward the goal of personal advancement, according to the changing conditions in his constituency, and the more difficult and uncertain conditions in the larger field, where he often used political grand strategy. Even the word *moral* was not in his political lexicon. The conditions involved in each of the eight or ten critical games of which his political career was composed are carefully set forth by Mr. Willis. In each contest we are enabled to follow Douglas step by step to what is either a dramatic success or a dramatic failure. The good and the bad motives and methods are described with equal composure and without waste of words. Nowhere is there any sentimentalizing, not even near the end, where it is so common to use the last few months of political virtue as a cloak to cover a multitude of political sins in former years. Nor is there any desire to send Douglas to everlasting historical punishment, but only to let the facts show his real qualities.

Mainly for these reasons this book is an exceedingly valuable contribution to an important, but much neglected field of American history—realistic historical politics and political psychology. Whoever will compare Mr. Willis's account of the Lincoln and Douglas debates with any other that has been written and will reread those debates, will at once see the value of his method. He gives the important faults as conspicuous a place as the important virtues, because they are as important. This makes a correct impression and leaves out the traditions, sentimentalities, and special pleas which are the curse of our historical writing as well as of our politics.

Not the least of our author's pleasing qualities is his free use and generous acknowledgment of previous biographies of Douglas. It is altogether fitting; and it also gives the reader much desirable information that could not well be put in the brief but excellent bibliography at the end of the volume.

CURRENT FICTION.

Queed. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Born with an impulse for isolation and work" and "a deep instinct for the printed word," suckled on a stray copy of the New York *Evening Post*, nourished through his growing years upon the juiceless tomes of the Astor Library, Queed, at twenty-five, had developed into a confirmed evolutionary sociologist of the most abstruse literary type, and was reduced to a mere walking schedule. His social life had never been robust. At the opening of our story, four weeks after his arrival in Richmond, it hung by the slenderest thread—consisting, specifically, of three cryptic communications from an anonymous father and one unpaid board-bill. How few men date their usefulness from an unpaid board-bill! Yet at the instant when the business agent of the unappeased landlady faced him, "a faintly heightened color in her cheeks," hope dawned for Queed. This collector's eyes "were the clearest lapis lazuli, heavily fringed with lashes which were blacker than Egypt's night. Her chin was finely and strongly cut; almost a masculine chin, but unmasculinely softened by the sweetness of her mouth." Noting his symptoms with a practised lapis lazuli eye, Miss Sharlee Weyland (such was the collector's lovely name) prescribed employment in the shape of editorial writing. Queed tried it, obtained instant pecuniary relief, and, straightway, at the advice of all and sundry, submitted to a thorough course of popular therapeutics, including "Klinker's exercises for all parts of the body"; adhesive applications of unsought friendship for the stimulation of altruistic impulses, put upon him by the wistful, consumptive schoolgirl Fifi, and crabbed Professor Nicolovius; caustic home truths to burn some of the "ego" out of his "cosmos," administered by the firm, white hand of Miss Sharlee; and large doses from the complete editorial writings of Col. Cowles, the "military political economist," for the correction of journalistic inaptitude. Under treatment he expanded physically from "a little, small, dried young man" to the proportions of a demi-god ("Never he moved but muscle flowed and rippled under the shining skin; he raised his right hand to scratch his left ear and the hard blue bicep leaped out like a live thing"), and became an expert editorial performer. And as for proof of his spiritual development, is he not bound firmly hand and foot by the wiles of a Mephistophelean father and subjected to severe tests for professional bravery, filial duty, financial honor, and emotional capacity? Behold him, then, emerging from the toils, completely socialized—a reconstructed man even to his name, thrice happy heir to Col. Cowles's editorial mantle, founder of a philanthropic joint institution, and affianced lord of Miss Sharlee.

Readers of "Captivating Mary Carstairs," published earlier in the season under a different surname, will have little hesitation in attributing that fiasco and "Queed" to the same pen. At least if the two novels are not by the same writer, they show a remarkable coincidence in style and design. But "Queed" itself is far from being a fiasco. In spite of an incorrigibly knowing air in regard to matters sartorial, social, and journalistic, and notwithstanding a superabundance of those qualities that make the patent medicine testimonial and the hygiene monthly such pleasant reading, it is not only an incomparable advance on the first tale, but a distinct "arrival." By a method of portrayal exceptionally individual and strong, the author has put a real city and a host of real people between the covers of this book. His comprehension of the Southern city as a growing organism, not merely a decorative background, is admirable; his apotheosis of the newspaper as the mainspring of civic life is at least arresting. Not since Mark Twain has there arisen a novelist so racily indigenous, so animated by the sense of joyous participation, one whose style, even in its bad qualities, is so eloquent of its origin in the life with which it deals. When he shall have relinquished the unreasonable wish to see the harmless necessary American father in the villain's part, we may expect from him such a picture of American community life as we have long hoped to see.

An Old Maid's Vengeance. By Frances Powell. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Doubtless a sillier book might be written, but doubtless it seldom has been. An ancient and wealthy American spinster living in Southern France, half-sought for her money, then scorned, by a captivating Hungarian, summons a poor but beguiling kinswoman to fascinate the renegade and then to disclose her prohibitive poverty, all in return for board and lodging. The girl, recently impoverished and more recently jilted, joins her relative, ignorant of the services required, and finds herself in a pretty tangle. Rapacious Hungarians and admiring English now swarm, and the scene is enriched by the meanderings of a ghostly monk and by motiveless echoes in a ghostly apartment. The gambling rooms at Monte Carlo, carnival-time at Ville-de-Plaisir, are the background for dark and sinister Hungarian attempts. Elinor is rescued at the carnival by masks, and in her continued scrapes in the monastery gardens by timely black monks. The rascal's power over the old maid and his habits of staring and of playing the flute are

explained by his turning out to be a gypsy. The American jilt reappears in monk's clothes, only to be slain. The excellent American lawyer arrives at the right moment; some unutterably unreal menials and children perform their parts, and the hodge-podge concludes with greed foiled and the prospect of a wedding. Let us hope that the old maid and the ghost may there dance merrily.

Princess Katharine. By Katharine Tynan. New York: Duffield & Co.

The title suggests uncrowned royalty with youth of the period to the rescue. The book turns out to be a gently ambling, rambling Irish tale. Not even several death-beds, an attempt at self-drowning, nor an old lady with a leaning to drink can make it lurid. An Irish take-it-easy divinity presides over its destinies and sheds upon its shudders a cheering ray. Miss Tynan's Irish folk have a humor quite distinct from the familiar caricature. They differ totally from that and from one another. Both her pictures and her portraits testify to a real Ireland which is neither of the shillelah nor of the fairy folk. Her story carries one along among rich and poor, kindly and only occasionally slightly less kindly, among lost and found relations, diverted fortunes, filial devotion, true love, rescues from rampagious cattle. There is a time when one almost believes that the lost will is not going to be found. But the shock of so daring an innovation is averted at the end, the very end. One might easily spend a worse hour than in this amicably Celtic atmosphere.

The Man With an Honest Face. By Paul Wells. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A young man living in bachelor quarters in Washington Square receives a package with instructions to guard it with his life and surrender it only to one who shall pronounce the countersign, "Vive Olivia." There follows a series of mysterious assaults and strange adventures, ending with the return of the fateful package—along with the young man's heart, of course—to the lovely and much persecuted owner. An audacious Wall Street financier and an exiled European queen furnish much of the malice and mystery. The story is tolerably interesting, and would be more interesting, if it were not for the gradual change, under our very eyes, so to speak, of the roaring financial villain into a kind of toothless lion, of the strong-arm man into a genial Irishman, and of the seductive foreign queen into a disguised benefactress. In a detective, or semi-detective, story one likes to feel that the crime is real and potent.

ROSSETTI'S CIRCLE.

Memories and Impressions: A Study in Atmospheres. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.60 net.

Mr. Hueffer makes no boast of accuracy, and even prints in one of his chapters a good story which, in the Dedication, he cheerfully acknowledges to be false. He has no objection to contradicting himself flatly; his geography is sometimes queer, and such little slips as "venial" for "venal" worry him not at all. "But," he says to the "kids" to whom the book is addressed, "if one of you can discover in it any single impression that can be demonstrably proved not sincere on my part, I will draw a check, etc." It is, in fact, a book of impressions and anecdotes, and reproduces the very atmosphere of the Pre-Raphaelite days more vividly than any other of the many books on that subject which the present reviewer, at least, has read.

The author is the grandson of the artist, Ford Madox Brown, who, corporeally, dwelt in the great, melancholy house in Fitzroy Square which Thackeray made the scene of so much joy and sorrow for Colonel and Clive Newcome, and who, spiritually, stood at the very heart of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. The author's father was a German exile of enormous learning, who for a number of years was musical critic of the *Times*. The author himself, whose literary works are too popular to need enumeration, was born in 1873, although he writes as if a whole world had passed between his youth and his present. And much, indeed, from a literary point of view has changed. He was brought up in the shadow of the great Victorians, Ruskin and Rossetti and Carlyle and Browning, whose greatness he was expected to emulate, and whose overshadowing genius made life for lesser men scarcely worth living. That was for London the great Bohemian time and society of the nineteenth century, a circle that radiated in every direction from Rossetti and that might be said to have had its Vatican at Rossetti's large Tudor mansion in Cheyne Walk. Is not Whistler reported to have said on his death-bed: "You must not say anything against Rossetti; Rossetti was a king"? Of the life in Cheyne Walk, Mr. Hueffer has nothing very significant or important to say, though he tells one rather amusing story of Meredith and a pair of boots, which recalls the poverty of Dr. Johnsou at Oxford. But, away from Cheyne Walk, the stories grow thick and furious—so numerous that we are embarrassed in selecting examples. Perhaps the account of the meetings in Fitzroy Square, when all Grub Street gathered to hear some minor poet or poetess read, is most characteristic of the high Bohemian enthusiasm of the day; but it is too long to quote. Another page on Henley gives some notion of the gusto and bravado of the men:

> Henley, who presented the appearance of a huge, mountainous, scaly, rough-clothed individual, with his pipe always in his hand and his drink always at his elbow, once damned my eyes up hill and down dale for half an hour because I sustained the argument that "Il Principe" was written, not by Aretino, but by Machiavelli. Henley had suffered from some slip of the tongue, and, although he must have been perfectly aware of it in the next second, he chose to stand to his guns, and, as I have said, swore at me for quite a long time.

Another page gives a pathetic picture of Oscar Wilde in Paris, now broken down and maudlin. "On the afternoon when the sentence against Wilde had been pronounced," says Mr. Hueffer, "I met Dr. Garnett on the steps of the British Museum. He said gravely: 'This is the death-blow to English poetry.' I looked at him in amazement, and he continued: 'The only poets we have are the Pre-Raphaelites, and this will cast so much odium upon them that the habit of reading poetry will die out in England.'" Mr. Hueffer, quite properly, does not acknowledge Wilde as belonging to the true fold, and thinks the great change came with the Boer war. Before that time the bourgeoisie admired art, though they may have despised the artist. Since then art and artist have been swallowed in the great wave of political reform and in the spread of a raucous commercialism—so, at least, holds our annalist. Curiously enough, Mr. Hueffer began apparently with the intention of showing the gloom that surrounded the days of Rossetti in comparison with the light and freedom of the present, but he ends in a kind of wail for the rough, imperious Bohemianism of his youth.

Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit. By Archibald Henderson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

Mr. Henderson chooses as representatives of the modern spirit three Celts, Meredith, Wilde, and Shaw; a Belgian, Maeterlinck; and a Dane, Ibsen. His attitude is friendly and admirative toward them all—the subtle-fibred optimist, the idle æsthete of an empty day, the jesting fanatic, the will-o'-the-wisp of the romantic twilight, and the sullen social doctor. George Meredith, in an interesting photogravure, has the place of honor before this group united in the strict and brotherly bond of modernity—how beautifully Ibsen and Oscar Wilde would have hit it off on a desert island! Mr. Henderson's treatment of his five "interpreters" is in general bright and shallow. It is bright because he has been in clever company and has learned the clever language of wits. It is shallow because, apparently, he cares for no

other company; has learned no other language; and has no points of comparison.

Speaking, for example, of Oscar Wilde, he ripples brightly along from sentence to sentence in this plausible fashion:

> Art was an ivory tower in which dwelt the long-haired seraph of the sunflower The drama was merely a platform for the *flair* of the *flaneur*. All the world was a stage for the wearer of the green carnation.

But presently he shows the sandy bottom of his criticism in his comment on Wilde's "Duchess of Padua," "a play laid in the *sixteenth century* [correct]—century of Paolo and Francesca, of Dante and Malatesta—century of tears and terror, of poetry and passion, of madness and blood. *Though of the age of Dante, it is far from being written in the Dantesque style*" (our italics). Having thus timely warned us against the natural error of supposing that a prose drama of the nineteenth century laid in the sixteenth was written in the style of a fourteenth-century religious epic, Mr. Henderson proceeds to inform us in what style it *was* written. Wilde, it seems, was "in his cowl *à la* Balzac," and he was "studying Victor Hugo instead [of Dante]." Besides, he put into his play "not a little" of the "bombast, fustian, and balderdash of Webster and Tourneur." Moreover, it "reeks with souvenirs of Shakespeare." These the reader will detect in "its mechanical, conversational by-play, its lines from the 'Merchant of Venice' and 'Macbeth,' its rhetoric, exaggeration, and top-loftical strain." The total effect, barring the "strong" curtain, Mr. Henderson assures us, is "in every other respect . . . in pure externals . . . so faithful in its reproduction of the Elizabethan style as to seem but one remove from refined caricature."

This, we submit, is funny without being vulgar—as Oscar Wilde once remarked of a famous actor's representation of Hamlet. After this really superb confusion of the styles and ages of Dante, Wilde, and Shakespeare, we know how much weight to attach to the declaration that "Salomé" is "unapproached as an individual and unique creation in the literature of the world"; that Maeterlinck "heralds the dawn of a spiritual renascence"; that "through and beyond" the framework of Maeterlinck's dramas "we gaze into the depths of the human soul"; that "the nineteenth century brought forth a man [Ibsen] who boldly declared that we are no longer living in the time of Shakespeare"; that "we no longer boast, with Shakespeare, of Man: 'noble in reason, infinite in faculty, in form and moving express and admirable, in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god,' for we realize the sad botch he has made of the actual affairs of life"! This last declaration strikes us as perhaps the most impudent piece of misrepresentation with which we have met. Has Mr. Henderson ever chanced to look into the once popular play from which he misquotes? Or has he been misled by G. B. Shaw and other distinguished modernists into the supposition that Shakespeare is not merely obsolete but out of print and inaccessible?

Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1727-1734, 1736-1740. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Richmond: Virginia State Library.

The first session of the Assembly of 1727-34, the first since Gooch became Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony, lasted from February 1, 1727, to March 30, 1728, and was occupied chiefly with measures to repair the battery of Point Comfort, to erect a lighthouse on Cape Henry, and to discover means for the prevention of delays in the courts of justice. In the second session, May 21 to July 9, 1730; the Governor announced that, peace having been made between Great Britain and Spain, "the time was propitious for enacting wise laws regulating the trade of the colony, especially the tobacco trade." It was decided that an appointment to the office of sheriff terminated for the time being one's membership of the House, and similarly an act was passed exempting members from appointment as sheriffs. German Protestants in the county of Stafford were relieved from the payment of parish levies, since they maintained a minister of their own nationality; this measure of toleration was not extended to other dissenters until the Revolutionary War. The last two sessions of this Assembly (May 18-July 1, 1732, and August 22-October 4, 1734) both tinkered with the tobacco law, and the second disclosed some irregularities in the accounts of John Halloway, speaker and treasurer, who, having given up his entire fortune, was not prosecuted; he was succeeded by Sir John Randolph. An act was passed offering better support and encouragement to William and Mary College.

The following Assembly convened on August 5, 1736, and lasted until August 28, 1740. The first session closed on September 22, 1736, with Sir John Randolph, Speaker. The Governor announced that the King had given his assent to the "Act for the better support and encouragement of the College of William and Mary," and to an "Act for amending the act entitled, An act for settling the titles and bounds of lands." There was discussion over the condition of the militia, and the practice of importing liquors by land from Maryland and North Carolina, on which no duty could be collected. An act was passed for laying a duty on liquors imported by land, and one for the better obtaining of the duty upon slaves. The perennial tinkering with the tobacco law was renewed, and a law was passed for preventing frauds in His Majesty's customs, and one for preventing fraudulent conveyances of land, in order to multiply votes at elections. Also, a tobacco inspector was charged with refusing to pass certain tobacco, unless its owner voted as he wished. Lord Fairfax would not recede from certain claims set up by him in reference to land, hence the Assembly took the settlement of the question into its own hands, and the King allowed this law. The Assembly admitted, at its second session (November 1-December 21, 1738) the newly elected burgess from the borough of Norfolk, which brought the number of burgesses up to seventy-two. Sir John Randolph having died the preceding year, John Robinson was elected Speaker, and later treasurer also. The Governor favored the continuance of the tobacco law. Laws were passed to ensure the safety of the inhabitants on the frontiers, and to encourage settlements; also to erect new counties and parishes, as a result of which Frederick and Augusta Counties were established. Some twenty-five acts in all, public and private, were passed at this session. The thanks of the House were returned on November 13 to Rev. Chicheley Tucker for his "excellent sermon," preached the day before, and one thousand copies were ordered printed. Also, the attempt was made to change the seat of government, but no agreement was reached as to a new place.

During the third session of this Assembly, which lasted from May 22 through June 11, 1740, England was engaged in the war with Spain, and most of the time was spent in concerting measures for putting the colony in a better position for defence should an attack be made on it, and for enlisting soldiers to serve from Virginia in the expedition contemplated against the Spanish possessions in America. The magistrates of the counties impressed "able-bodied persons fit to serve his Majesty, who follow no lawful calling or employment," but no one "who had a vote in the election of a member of the House of Burgesses, and no indentured or bought servant, might be thus impressed." The act for making more effectual provision against invasions and insurrections, first made in 1727 and revived in 1738, would expire in 1741, hence it was continued for three years. The money was to be raised by laying an additional duty on slaves for four years. An act was passed by the House to dissolve the vestries and elect new ones, but it was defeated in the Council.

The fourth session was prorogued from June 16 to August 21, 1740, and the following session lasted but eight days; the bill granting the supply was the sole one offered, the only reason for the Assembly's convening being for payment of the expenses of the col-

ony's quota of troops for the expedition fitting out against the Spanish possessions. The supply was quickly granted, and the bill was entitled, "An act for giving to his Majesty the sum of five thousand pounds, towards defraying the expense of victualling and transporting the soldiers, raised in this Colony, to serve his Majesty on an intended expedition against the Spaniards in the West Indies." These expenses were to be borne only until the troops assembled at Port Royal in Jamaica, after which all expenses were to be met by the crown. The money appropriated was to be borrowed on the security of the revenues arising from the taxes laid by the General Assembly at the preceding session on the liquors and slaves imported. The Assembly was prorogued to the last Thursday in December. On the death of Gov. Spotswood, Gov. Gooch succeeded to the command, and soon left for Port Royal. On his return he called a new Assembly.

World Literature and Its Place in General Culture. By Richard G. Moulton. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

It is very natural and to many it may seem proper for one to treat the subject of world literature in something like a cosmic style. Even a single world figure, like Shakespeare or Homer, has tempted critics into language not to be understood by most mortals. What must be the temptation when one decides to write of all world figures of literature together!

Not that certain dangers of his subject were not seen in advance by Professor Moulton. He has narrowed its range by viewing it in the perspective created by a national standpoint—that of America in the twentieth century—and has confined himself to a few masterpieces which are supposed to reflect and typify concretely what he calls "the unity of all literature.'" For the main body of the book five "Literary Bibles" suffice him: The Holy Bible; Classical Epic and Tragedy; Shakespeare; Dante and Milton; and Versions of the Story of Faust. The selection in itself is happy. Each topic embraces examples of literature of sufficient compass to illustrate the chief tendencies of an age, and if rightly treated to reveal the manifold dependence of one age upon another. The fault, to our mind, is that the topics are not further divided, and that the comparative point of view is largely abandoned. Except for ideas sketched in introductory chapters and for a few instances to the contrary in the main text, a topic is discussed in general terms and with reference to those nations only which it directly concerns. The study of literature that results is not comparative, but multiple. To illustrate: When the author turns to the second part of the second topic, he says, "All I can do at this point is to offer some remarks upon Greek tragedy in general." Considering the great impulse which this drama gave to succeeding ages in Europe, the statement seems to admit the futility of the comparative method. We must surmise that Professor Moulton has aimed in his book at a popular audience in whom he desires to create right general notions concerning the growth of literature and for the rest to stimulate them to a love of works that are truly great.

Certain instances, as we have hinted, show that the author was momentarily capable of a more scholarly, significant method. He is both precise and suggestive in touching upon the literary echoes in "Paradise Lost" and, in an outlying chapter, upon the similarities between Bacon's "Essays" and the "Book of Ecclesiasticus." Comparative literature, if it is not to fall into illrepute, must in the first place be truly comparative, and above all must divide a subject in such a way that its meaning shall not be clouded by the great sweeps of time which are often involved. We are led into these remarks not only by "World Literature," but by a "History of Comparative Literature," by Frédéric Loliée, the only other work of such compass which has come out in recent years. The proper plan and devices for study of this nature have yet to be thoroughly applied. Severe scholars will scoff just so long as books of comparative studies on a large scale are chiefly "inspirational" in tone.

What is needed at present is not so much broad cross-sections of a given age, that is, so-called summaries of the spirit of the time, as narrow, perpendicular sections—the following of an idea, where it is easily recognizable, from Greek and Hebrew days down. In part, the plan has been employed in specialized treatises, as, for instance, in histories of the novel, of the pastoral, of the epic. But it is a question of still further narrowing the subject by skilful selection. Instead of attempting to give a full account of a European type one might study instructively a certain theme or situation within the type, as treated by men in various periods: the plight of Phædra at the hands of Euripides, Seneca, and Racine; the lower world as pictured by Homer, Virgil, Dante, Spenser, Milton; the treatment, by representative poets, of the few subjects which are common to the lyric of all ages. Or, again, an idea might be followed without reference to the literary types which embody it: Plato's conception of love and Aristotle's theory of imitation, and what they meant to the great literary times of subsequent Europe. These are only suggestions, but we are convinced that not until they or similar devices are adopted will a history of comparative literature become wieldy; strictly speaking, it will not be a history at all, but a series of exact illustrative studies.

Notes

The Putnams will soon publish "An Artillery Officer in the Mexican War," being the letters of Robert Anderson, captain Third Artillery, U. S. A., with a prefatory note by his daughter, Eba Anderson Lawton.

Mark A. DeWolfe Howe is engaged upon a life of Bishop Hare, apostle to the Sioux, which will be issued in the autumn by Sturgis & Walton.

The same house announces "The Likable Chap," a story of preparatory school life, by Henry McHarg Davenport.

Prof. Hartmann Grisar's "History of Rome and the Popes during the Middle Ages" will be brought out in an English translation by Kegan Paul.

In "The Principles of Scientific Management," Frederick W. Taylor has embodied the substance of his articles on the subject recently published in the *American Magazine*, and already commented upon on different occasions in the *Nation*.

Baedeker's "London and Its Environs" comes to us from Scribners in the sixteenth revised edition.

The Oxford University Press has brought out a new edition of Cary's "Vision of Dante," with the biography of Dante and the notes, and with clear impressions of Flaxman's illustrations. The book is printed in two styles, on ordinary and on India paper. A good plea might be made for this as still the most readable of all the English versions of the "Divina Commedia."

Henry Holt & Co. have added two new volumes to their attractive series of anthologies. One is a "Garland of Childhood," a collection of poems and prose extracts, compiled by Percy Withers, "for all lovers of children." The arrangement is by subjects, and the principle of selection is wide enough to include the solemnity of Wordsworth's "Intimations" and the jingle of Jane Taylor's "Dirty Jim." The other anthology is called "Letters That Live," and is compiled by Laura E. Lockwood and Amy R. Kelly. The selection seems to us extraordinarily incompetent. There are five letters from George Eliot, and not one from Byron or Thomas Carlyle or Horace Walpole. And in case of the authors included, for instance Huxley, some of the letters chosen are utterly trivial and dull.

The English version of Fogazzaro's last novel, "Leila" (Doran) is by Mrs. Mary P. Agnetti, who translated "The Saint" and its predecessors. Mrs. Agnetti succeeds in making a readable translation, but there is in Fogazzaro's prose a vibrant quality which eludes her and other translators. As "Leila" has been placed on the "Index" its circle of readers will probably widen.

The *New International Year Book* for 1910 is the fourth volume in the new annual series put forth by Dodd, Mead & Co. In the matter of scope, comprehensiveness of treatment, attractiveness of make-up, and

adaptation for ready reference, the *International* is, without doubt, the best publication of its class in this country. The editors and publishers are to be commended for their courage in marketing a 1910 annual five months into 1911, instead of appearing on December 31 with a good portion of the year 1910 left hanging in the air. We still find the most valuable feature of the book in its summaries of the political and legislative history of the different States, a class of information that is as difficult to get at as it is useful.

The Connecticut Historical Society has recently published in its Collections the second volume of the Law papers, the first of which was issued in 1908, and noticed in the *Nation* for February 20 of that year. The present instalment is largely made up of correspondence regarding the defence of Louisburg, the proposed expedition against Crown Point, and the frontier war against the Indians. We see the end of the Intestacy case, and meet with but few references to the counterfeiting of the colony's bills. Indications show that the Mohegan controversy was still a live issue, and that the colony was greatly agitated lest Parliament should pass an act forbidding bills of credit. A hint in one of the letters suggests that the colony had not entirely lost apprehension of an attack on its charter, a fear that was not dispelled before 1750. The letters of chief interest from without the colony are those of Clinton, Shirley, Pepperrell, and Warren; from within the colony, those of Law, Wolcott, and Saltonstall. Even among the leaders the contrast in literacy is markedly in favor of the outside correspondents, while the letters of the lesser lights within the colony are not only badly written and badly spelled, but betray great limitations in knowledge and interest. As showing with exactness the part played by Connecticut in the military activities of the time, this volume is invaluable. After the military correspondence, the most important single paper is the "Short Hints" sent to the agent, Eliakim Palmer, in London, defining the attitude of the colony toward paper currency. The publication of subsidiary papers of this character is of particular importance for the history of Connecticut, since the regular proceedings of council and assembly seem to be entirely missing from this time to the Revolution.

The idea underlying "Ethical Obligations of the Lawyer" (Little, Brown & Co.), by Gleason L. Archer, insists that there is a broad distinction between the ethical obligations of lawyers and of other classes of the community:

> The old custom of leaving professional ethics to the untutored ethical instincts of the individual lawyer must now give place to a definite and positive codification of ethics. Legal ethics include not only an intelligent watchfulness to do right, but also a knowledge of long-established customs and traditions of the profession. Hence, good intentions and high moral ideas do not always safeguard the lawyer against violation of legal ethics.

To put such a gulf between the lawyer and layman seems to us unnecessary and false. The lawyer's duty "to keep locked in his own bosom a secret confided to him by a client" is the duty, likewise, of every decent business man. And on what ground can it be said that this obligation exists because he is "no longer the irresponsible layman who can betray a secret at will or gossip away the reputation of some unfortunate individual who has confided in him"? The violation of such a duty may meet with more severe punishment when it is committed by a lawyer, but from an ethical point of view the offence is the same, no matter by whom it is committed. The same reasoning applies when a lawyer's relation with clients, with his opponents, and with the courts is discussed. He must be fair and honest toward them, not because he is a lawyer, but because he is a man. And any attempt to put these fundamental duties in the same class with purely artificial and conventional restraints, varying according to the social organization of each community, as is done in many of the codifications which the author refers to, must result in a confusion of ideas and defeat the very objects it is sought to attain. A lawyer in Oklahoma or Nevada is, humanly speaking, under the same obligations toward his client and the courts as a barrister of Lincoln Inn; but their conduct will vary according to their education and in spite of the "long-established customs and traditions of the bar." Under our system of legal education, by which thousands of young men from the comparatively uneducated classes are admitted to the bar after two years' study, often without any liberal education whatever, it is impossible to expect from the profession, as a whole, that same fine sense of decorum, of professional etiquette, which exists in England, which existed here when the law was a learned profession, and was not commercialized. In our democratic society the lawyer is nearer to the people than he ever was in aristocratic England, but we cannot close our eyes to the fact that such an advantage is necessarily purchased by a loss in professional prestige and decorum, and that this cannot be repaired by the adoption of any artificial code of ethics.

In their preface to a "Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers" (Funk & Wagnalls), Robert Scott and William C. Stiles quote the judgment of "a well-known clergyman" that "A book of fresh illustrations should be made as often, at least, as once in ten years." Rather these ministerial mother goose books should never be made at all. We find in fact in the present collection a choice rhyme in the style of the kindergarten classic to illustrate the duty of sending missionaries. Little Jack Horner finds ingredients from all the missionary countries in his pie, and thus moralizes:

> "Now," thought little Jack,
> "What shall I send back,
> To these lands for their presents to me?
> The Bible, indeed,
> Is what they all need,
> So that shall go over the sea."

Bishop Greer will doubtless cull this gem for one of the missionary sermons to be preached in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Or possibly Dr. Jowett, when he preaches on the Judgment Day, will be pleased to find in this Cyclopedia the narrative of the ancient African who thus explained the report that some citizens of the metropolis favored the practice of cremation: "I kinder calculate they is a lot of them New York people that doan' wanter be found on that mornin'." Inclusion of this volume among the best ministerial sellers would justify the most alarming reports as to diminishing church attendance. Imagine the intellectual poverty of a clergyman who should turn to such a hodge-podge of anecdotes for material to fill up his thirty minutes a week!

That pleasantly garrulous octogenarian, Lady Dorothy Nevill, has brought out a sequel to her Recollections, entitled "Under Five Reigns" (John Lane). It is full of stories, rather mildly interesting, of English high life from the days of William the Fourth. Read consecutively, it confirms the impression made by other similar work, that the English Victorian aristocracy were, collectively, rather dull; that is, though many of them, as individuals, were men of mark, when they came together socially they instinctively shut themselves up in their several shells. They had pheasants and horses and consols and the last drawing-room or scandal for topics—what more did they need? No wonder that Dizzy amazed such a *milieu* by his wit and effrontery and disregard of conventions! Happily, the charmed circle was being constantly replenished by commoners who had made their way, and some of the most entertaining of Lady Dorothy's pages are devoted to the literary men, artists, and successful civilians who never were even knighted. Among her unexpected acquaintances are persons as far apart as Darwin, Cobden, Ouida, and Joseph Chamberlain. Besides its gossip and store of opinions the book has value as a social document, being saturated, without the author's suspecting it, with the prepossessions of caste. You perceive that she felt that when she asked Darwin to sign his name in her birthday book she supposed she was conferring a favor upon him, or that when Lord X invited Thackeray to dinner, his lordship was really displaying astonishing condescension. This gives the book a true flavor, and Lady Dorothy's wide range of acquaintance, not less than her worldly wisdom, free from cynicism, makes it readable. There are several entertaining illustrations, including drawings by Doyle, an early portrait of Disraeli, and a photograph of Lady Dorothy herself and Mr. John Burns at the opening of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Two publications of the Historical Manuscripts Commission of Great Britain have recently appeared, the sixth volume of the "Calendar of the Manuscripts of the Marquess of Ormond preserved at Kilkenny Castle," and the first volume of the "Report on the Manuscripts of Lord Polwarth preserved at Mertoun House, Berwickshire." In the earlier instalments of the Ormond correspondence, the calendar had been brought forward to the spring of 1681, with Ormond still lord-lieutenant of Ireland. In the present volume, the great duke, having remained for a time in Ireland, returns to London to recover, after much slighting and affront from the Ministry, his place of influence at the Court of Charles II. The intrigues to supplant him fail of effect, and the old man, now seventy-one years of age, bears down his opponents with the weight of his popularity with the people of England, and by means of lavish display and entertainment in his capacity as the Lord Steward rises again on the flood tide of royal favor. He maintained a princely establishment, as the records of the controller of the household attest, and probably sapped his own great resources, if we

may judge from his proposal to borrow £9,000 from Sir Stephen Fox, the paymaster of the forces. Politically, the period was characterized by the Tory reaction that set in after Oates's plot, and the letters abound, almost to weariness, with accounts of plots and counterplots, and of conspirators and informers. Much admirable material is furnished for a study of the leading personalities of the day, and an occasional reference is given to matters of Colonial interest. The volume closes with March, 1683. The Polwarth volume concerns almost entirely the diplomatic mission of Lord Polwarth to Denmark, 1716-1725, and contains the text of many original letters and papers dealing with the mission and with the general European situation, which was a complicated one. Among the letters are many from the grandson of the Duke of Ormond, the second Duke, who, though an able man, never succeeded in achieving the greatness of his grandfather.

In "Heroines of Genoa and the Rivieras" (Scribner), Edgcumbe Staley, who has recently made several books on Florence and Venice, has the advantage of exploring a comparatively new field. Although Genoa was once a rival of Venice for control of the Mediterranean, she never has taken hold of the imagination of travellers or of historians. She produced no great literature, and no great art; and yet she played a conspicuous part in European affairs, and her merchant princes accumulated paintings of rare value. Mr. Staley essays to tell the story of her doges and conspiracies, of her fair women and haughty men, of her superstitions, customs, and daily life. He has collected much miscellaneous material, which he presents in a style which resembles that of the "Duchess"—if any one still remembers the fiction of that rhetorically bedizened writer. He is not always accurate, his Italian is often barbarous, and his flamboyance is amazing; but those who can discount these defects will find compensation in much of his information, which is not easily accessible in English.

In Volume II of Traube's "Vorlesungen und Abhandlungen" (Munich: Beck), we find the same rare quality as in Volume I, already reviewed in these columns. The subject, "Einleitung in die lateinische Philologie des Mittelalters," is treated in Traube's way, not with what is called system, but with the intent of arousing the learner's interest and concentrating it on typical aspects; it is a *liber protrepticus*, not a manual, and shows at every turn its author's genius and his universality. But further, as the editor, Dr. Lehmann, has brought up to date the bibliographical notes with which well-nigh every page is provided, the book performs an important function of the manual as well. The topics into which "mediæval Latin philology" falls, according to the subdivisions of the book, are literature, palæography, language, grammar, metric and rhythmic in both verse and prose, textual criticism, and transmission of ancient texts, though there are incidental references to other matters. Comparing this undertaking with the current formulation of classical philology, we find certain subjects omitted to which, in Müller's "Handbuch der klassischen Altertumswissenschaft," separate volumes are devoted. But it is too soon to expect an elaborated science of mediæval philology, nor did Traube intend such. Though master of a definite and searching method, he approached his subject less as a science than as an art.

Students of Virgil have long felt the lack of a special lexicon or index from which they could learn the exact facts with regard to any Virgilian usage. This lack has now been supplied in an "Index Verborum Vergilianus," by Prof. M. N. Wetmore of Williams College (Yale University Press). Professor Wetmore had originally intended to prepare a Lexicon Vergilianum, but, owing to the recent announcement of a similar work by Merguet, he has contented himself with this index. In preparing it he has used the edition of Ribbeck as a basis, but has added not merely manuscript variations, but also the readings of the chief modern editions, except the Oxford text. The value of the book has been greatly enhanced by subdivisions according to usage under the conjunctions, but more could have been done in this direction without serious labor. Thus, under the conjunction *cum* we might have been informed how many of the examples were those of *cum inversum*, and under *si* it would have been worth while to state how many of the past subjunctive tenses were contrary to fact. It would not have been difficult to subdivide the usages of the prepositions and to add information with regard to the different pronominal uses. As it is, however, the book is of great value. We now have complete indices of all the Latin authors to the close of the Augustan age, except Livy, Ovid, and Plautus, and it is thus possible to determine with great precision the development of the Latin language during this period.

Prof. Mark Bailey, who, up to 1905, was an instructor in elocution at Yale, a position he had occupied for fifty years, died last Sunday at New Haven, aged eighty-four years. Professor Bailey coached Lincoln during his debates with Stephen A. Douglas. He rode in Lincoln's carriage, and usually preceded Lincoln and Douglas with a preliminary speech.

Dr. Arthur Tappan Pierson, Presbyterian clergyman, and one of the leading authorities on foreign missions, died on Saturday of last week at the age of seventy-four. He was editor of the *Missionary Review of the World*, and was the author of many books on religious subjects.

The Rev. Lawrence Henry Schwab, canon of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, died suddenly last week at the age of fifty-three. Among his published works are: "The Kingdom of God," ten Bohlen Lectures for 1897, and translations and condensations of "Nippold's History of the Papacy." For some months before his death he had been engaged on a biography of the late Bishop Henry C. Potter.

Gen. Roeliff B. Brinkerhoff, statesman and prison reformer, who died last Sunday at his home in Mansfield, O., aged eighty-four, was the author of "The Volunteer Quartermaster," and "Recollections of a Lifetime."

The death is reported from Rome, in his fifty-first year, of Dr. Albert Zacher, the Rome correspondent of the *Frankfurter-Zeitung*, and an authority on the political and intellectual life of modern Italy, and on questions connected with the Vatican. His works include: "Römische Augenblicksbilder," "Aus Quirinal und Vatican," "Was die Campagna erzählt," and "Rom als Kunststätte."

Dr. Francesco Bonatelli, who died recently at Padua, was professor of theoretic philosophy at the university of that town, and for a while co-editor with Professor Mariani of the journal *La Filosofia delle scuole italiane*.

Science

The volume of the "Astronomischer Jahresbericht," for 1910, will be published shortly.

Ernest Ingersoll has placed his "Animal Competitors: Profit and Loss from the Wild Four-footed Creatures of the Farm," with Sturgis & Walton Co.

The zoölogical division of the Bureau of Animal Industry and the veterinary department of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute have conducted a series of investigations upon the life history of the tick, its habits, and the manner in which it is affected by climatic and other environmental conditions; and the data which they have gathered have just been published by the Department of Agriculture as Bureau of Animal Industry Bulletin No. 130.

Louis Durand's "Book of Roses," published in the series of Handbooks of Practical Gardening (Lane), contains in small space the gist of rose culture. The little volume may be recommended to our readers with the usual warning that the English cultural directions must be adapted to our climate. To dwellers in the Northern States they will be entirely misleading.

A useful book, meant for a definite circle of readers, is "The Practical Country Gentleman" (McClurg), by Edward K. Parkinson. By explaining, perhaps too briefly, modern methods of equipment, cropping, and stock-raising, it aims to rescue the owner of a country estate from the usual carelessness and waste. We hope that the book will find its public. When our men of means, neglecting a little their money-getting in the city, make their country places examples of thrift as well as of beauty, they will do a great service not merely to themselves, but also to their neighborhoods and the country at large.

"Hygiene for Mother and Child" (Harper), by Dr. Francis H. MacCarthy, is a good book of nearly three hundred pages. The advice needed by a prospective mother is given in simple language without any attempt to encourage futile activity when the doctor is really needed. In many matters relating to the training of little children, the directions are particularly sane and helpful. The title page notes the author as of the service of a homœopathic hospital, but the book has no other indication of peculiar doctrines.

"Woman and Marriage" (Stokes), by Margaret Stephens, is a book of moderate size, containing a good deal of advice to others of her sex. Except in a couple of chapters about the general health and the causes of disease, the advice deals with various problems of the matrimonial state and the care of very young children. Mrs. Stephens avoids the extreme position of some writers on these topics, and has rational opinions. In some parts there is

almost too much embellishment with poetical quotations, and also perhaps a too liberal use of other quotations of little value as a reinforcement of the views presented. The doctrine of the prenatal influence of states of mind seems to be accepted with great liberalness, and its practical application quite freely advocated. The book has a brief and rather reserved commendation from Dr. Mary Scharlieb and an introduction by Mrs. S. A. Barnett.

"Bibliographie géographique annuelle—1909" (Paris: A. Colin—5 francs) appears, for the nineteenth year, in the *Annales de Géographie*, under the direction of Louis Raveneau. It seems very complete and satisfactory in its methods and classifications. The general part takes separately the history of geography and historical geography; mathematical geography and terrestrial physics; natural geography (meteorology, geology, orography, oceans, lakes, rivers, botany, zoology); human geography (political, economic, colonization); miscellaneous (congresses, bibliographies, methods, etc.). The regional part, besides the particular divisions of the earth's continents, deals separately with the polar regions. The number of publications noted may be gathered from the index of authors, printed three columns to a page and occupying seventeen of the octavo pages. This represents 1,153 separate publications in different languages; and these, besides the bibliographical indications, are analyzed according to their relative importance by specialists, sixty-three in number.

"Géographie—la France" (Paris: A. Colin. 500 pages, 18mo, 3.75 francs), by P. Vidal de La Blache and P. Camena d'Almeida, while intended for students, is an excellent compendium for reference and for the general reader. M. Vidal de La Blache, who is a veteran geographer of worldwide renown, gives an interesting introduction on the fundamental divisions of the French soil; and its formation, relief, climate, and hydrography are treated before the separate regions. The means of communication; military organization; agriculture, industry, and commerce; and population have their sections. French colonies (Africa, Indian Ocean, Asia, Oceanica, America) have 100 pages. Where occasion offers there are "readings" from writers of authority. The book is handy, very readable, scientific, and excellent in typography.

Judging from the immense number of books now appearing on the subject of food, there was never a time when people concentrated their attention so exclusively on their digestive apparatus. Most of these books are written in advocacy of some food fad from which the author believes himself to have benefited, and of those which assume a more objective position and profess to be scientific but few are based upon the best experimental evidence available. We still hear too much about Alexis St. Martin, and too little about Pavlov. But the Canadian voyageur has dictated the digestion of two generations, and it is time that his stomach had a rest. Prof. Henry C. Sherman's "Chemistry of Food and Nutrition" (Macmillan) is distinguished from the multitude of its contemporaries in this field by being neither partisan, antiquated, nor superficial. It is a compact compendium of information based upon the most recent researches. How completely the subject has been revolutionized is shown by the fact that in the bibliographies appended to each chapter almost all the references bear a twentieth century date. Though intended as a college text-book, it may be consulted with profit by any one who is interested in the subject, and that seems to include a large proportion of our population. We are often told, for example, that some new mode of cooking, mastication, or selection will greatly increase the digestibility of food, but a glance at the table on page 76 shows that ordinarily we digest 92 per cent. of the protein, 95 per cent. of the fat, and 98 per cent. of the carbohydrates that we eat, so that there is not much to be gained on that point. And on page 145 we learn that Mr. "H. F," the most eloquent and enticing of the advocates of less eating, was found on being put into the calorimeter for three days to use as much food as the ordinary man of his age.

The extent to which specialization in chemical research is now carried is shown by N. V. Sidgwick's "Organic Chemistry of Nitrogen" (Frowde). This large volume is devoted to a single element, nitrogen, and of all its compounds, considers only those which contain in the molecule also the element, carbon. Still its 400 pages are inadequate, even to specify all of the known compounds of these two elements, and the author is obliged to confine his attention to a few representatives of each class and to the most important reactions. These are discussed in admirable style, and with thorough mastery of the vast literature of the subject. The many disputed questions are presented fairly, and the author seems to have escaped the faults, to which nitrogen chemists are peculiarly prone, of making a hobby of some theory, and so trying to unlock all doors with one key. The advanced student who wishes to take a comprehensive survey of the field will find no other volume or volumes so useful to him as this. Even the layman may think it worth while to dip into it. He may be interested, for example, in the recent progress toward that yet far distant goal, the preparation of the proteins which form the physical basis of life. Here is the high-water mark of organic synthesis, a molecule whose weight is 1213, and whose name is l-leucyl-triglycyl-l-leucyl - triglycyl-l-leucyl-octoglycl-glycine. Really, of course, such names are not words, but verbal formulas, like a-square-minus-two-a-b-plus-b-square. The constitution of this compound is known, because it has been built up from eighteen smaller molecules. But, complex as it is, it is simply one of the decomposition products of the protein molecule which is more than ten times its size.

A recent volume within the field of applied geography, and one which for some time has been awaited with interest, is Prof. Edward Van Dyke Robinson's "Commercial Geography" (Rand, McNally & Co.). The purpose of commercial geography, the author asserts, is to explain, in terms of all the factors involved, the geographic division of labor. To some, this announcement of the limitation of the field may seem to be a considerable departure from the beaten path; while to others who probably constitute the greater majority the real nature of commercial or economic geography is too vague a conception for delineation. It certainly is a matter of regret that writers on commercial geography are not better agreed as to their exact field; but, in all probability, the comparative newness of the subject is largely accountable for this unfortunate situation. A commendable feature of the more recent books which makes for advancement, and one which has been followed by the writer of the present volume, is an earnest and consistent attempt to interpret, wherever possible, the leading data presented, rather than to give a mere statement of more or less related facts. The book bears evidence of having been designed primarily for high school, rather than for college, use; the numerous maps, diagrams, and pictures give undisputed evidence on this point. The volume is well written; the text is largely free from statistical data, which, happily, have been relegated to an appendix; and in many respects the work, as a whole, is a distinct advance over previous elementary works in commercial geography.

William Russell Dudley, sixty-two years old, emeritus professor of systematic botany in Leland Stanford Junior University, has died at Palo Alto. For sixteen years he was a member of the Cornell faculty.

The death is reported in his eighty-eighth year of Nevil Story-Maskelyne, who was for many years keeper of minerals at the British Museum, and professor of mineralogy at Oxford. He wrote a "Treatise on the Morphology of Crystals."

Drama

THE WORK OF W. S. GILBERT.

The death of William S. Gilbert removes a notable figure from the theatrical world and puts a dramatic end to a singularly full, successful, and beneficent career. His renown had been so closely associated with that of his musical associate, Arthur Sullivan, that comparatively few persons, perhaps, realize the full scope of his ability, the breadth of his ideals, or the steadfastness of his purpose. The immense popularity of the operettas of which he was the inventor and the librettist, diverted general attention—in recent years at all events—from the wide variety and uncommon excellence of his other theatrical work. It is useless, of course, to speculate to what heights he might have risen as a dramatist pure and simple, if fate had not prepared for him that ideal musical partnership which brought him fortune while virtually confining him to one line of endeavor; but it should not be forgotten that the librettos, by which he is most widely known, formed only about one-fourth of his whole dramatic and literary output.

He was not a great dramatist, but he possessed many of the essential qualifications of one. No man had a quicker sense of theatrical situation, either comic or serious. He had the construc-

tive faculty, plenty of imagination and invention, experience of life and knowledge of human nature, both kindly and caustic wit, quick and humorous perception, and a mastery of language which manifested itself in sound and pregnant pose and fluent, musical verse. There are in his writings many pretty strokes of poetic fancy and bits of genuine pathos and passion, while some of his lightest productions are freighted with a pointed moral and philosophic observation. The delicious "Bab Ballads" are not all nonsense. Such works as "The Palace of Truth" and "The Wicked World," with their mingled delicacy of fancy and sharp satire; "Pygmalion and Galatea," with its pathos and humor; "Charity," with its vigorous assault on social hypocrisies; "Broken Hearts," with its pathetic study of the dwarf Mousta, and such exhilarating comedies as "Tom Cobb" and "Engaged" exhibit a very wide range of power and versatility. None of them is quite so perfect a work of art in its way as is "Pinafore," or "Patience," or "The Mikado," but in bulk they represent a capacity of an exceedingly high order.

And although in one form or another he dealt with life in many phases, and often in robust fashion, he never condescended to pander to low tastes by the use of vulgar or demoralizing methods. There is not an objectionable line to be found in all his publications. Beginning to write at a time when the British stage was largely abandoned to crude sensation or the veiled improprieties of adaptations from the French, he set himself to prove that audiences could be attracted without any sacrifice of decency, and that it was possible even to handle pitch without defilement. When he entered into his partnership with Sullivan—to quote his own words—"we resolved that our plots, however ridiculous, should be coherent, that our dialogue should be void of offence, that, on artistic principles, no man should play a woman's part, and no woman a man's. Finally, we agreed that no lady of the company should be required to wear a dress that she could not wear with absolute propriety at a private fancy ball." To this agreement they faithfully adhered, with results that are known to the whole civilized world. What becomes of our modern "musical comedy" when judged by this standard?

Of course, Gilbert, who was the more potent spirit in the illustrious firm, did not win the public and fortune by the mere exclusion of vulgarity and nudity from his stage. He furnished better and more certain attractions instead of them. He took care also that every performer in his company should be able not only to sing, but to act. A consummate stage manager, he drilled the members of his company until he was assured that every line of the text and bar of the music should have their legitimate effect. The consequence was that the representations at the Savoy assumed an artistic dignity worthy of grand opera itself, and were attended by a prosperity undreamed of before in London, for operetta, and never attained since.

Neither Sullivans nor Gilberts, unfortunately, are to be found every day. But the lesson which they taught is plain enough for such of their successors as choose to profit by it. Empty, vulgar, glittering frivolity may draw the crowd for a brief season, but only the entertainment that appeals to intelligence and good taste is sure of lasting public support. Gilbert and Sullivan died full of riches and honor. Of modern musical comedies a very small proportion, it is said, are profitable. There is ground for hope in that reflection.

"Rust," a play in four acts, by Algernon Tassin (Broadway Publishing Co.), is a somewhat ambitious and not altogether incapable effort to illustrate the perils that beset the modern society woman debarred by custom and prejudice from the legitimate exercise of her best faculties. It exhibits some knowledge of human nature, a sense of theatrical situation, and a capacity for writing entertaining dialogue, but is extravagant in its details and inconclusive in its outcome. There is considerable truth in the drawing of the group of rich and idle women who figure in the story, but the conduct of the heroine, the wife of a doting multi-millionaire, who is willing to indulge her every wish except her desire to engage in business, is in a high degree selfish, dishonorable, and inconsistent. In order to gratify her business instincts, she enters into secret speculation with a most unlikely confederate, and not only stoops on his account to rob a personal friend, under peculiarly outrageous circumstances, but narrowly escapes the sacrifice of her conjugal honor. At the last, she makes full confession to her husband—who magnanimously admits his responsibility for a great part of the mischief—and is forgiven. Thus the usual happy ending is contrived, by an utter disregard of probability and the professed object of the fiction. Good dramatic material is wasted by insincere and unskilful treatment.

Liebler & Company have taken possession of what was formerly the New Theatre, and is hereafter to be known as the Century. They announce that a brief revival of "The Blue Bird" will precede their production of "The Garden of Allah."

The Shakespearean season of Robert Arthur at the London Coronet Theatre was so successful that he will continue his representations at the Savoy, where he proposes also to make some Dickens revivals, beginning probably with "Dombey & Son."

The American rights of Cosmo Hamilton's comedy, "Mrs. Skeffington," which has been renamed "The Indiscreet Mrs. Thynne," have been acquired by Miss Rose Dupree.

John Galsworthy is writing a society play for Lillah McCarthy, one of the most prominent of the younger English actresses. Granville Barker (her husband) is also at work upon a piece in which she will play the leading feminine part.

It seems doubtful whether good fortune will attend Laurence Irving's attempt to revive early Victorian melodrama in his production of "Margaret Catchpole," at the Duke of York's Theatre, in London. Margaret was an actual personage, who was chosen as the heroine of a story by the Rev. Richard Cobbold, which was widely read in its day, and this is not the first time that she has made her appearance on the stage. She was a servant girl who stole a horse to rejoin her smuggler lover, and was condemned to death, but escaped execution, to make a happy marriage afterward in Australia. This tale Mr. Irving presents in old-fashioned form, with story-book smugglers, a villain of the old transpontine order, and scenes of lurid coloring. The play seems to be somewhat childish stuff, but is worth notice, on account of its introduction of the kinematograph as a dramatic accessory. Thus Margaret's desperate night ride and other adventures are exhibited in living pictures between the acted scenes. Laurence Irving appears to have made a most picturesque villain of the antique type, while Mabel Hackney, sometimes in male disguise, was seen in all manner of strange experiences as Margaret. Critics of the advanced school treat the piece with contumely. Whether the public will take to it remains to be seen. It does not necessarily follow, of course, that a piece of old-fashioned melodrama must be destitute of all artistic value.

Liverpool is to have the first repertory theatre in England owned by the public. This is the Star Theatre, an excellent building, in a good situation, which has just been acquired by the promoters of the repertory movement. It will be known hereafter as the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, and the prospectus of the limited liability company will be issued immediately. Eight hundred persons have already applied for shares, which are $5 each. Mr. Basil Dean, a manager of approved experience and good fortune, is to be in control of the institution. A number of well-known men are on the board of directors. This appears to be an experiment from which practical results of real value may be looked for.

Art

WHISTLER AND GREAVES.

London, May 25.

Nothing more extraordinary has happened in London for a long while than the sensation over the show of pictures and prints by Walter Greaves, "Pupil of Whistler," at the Goupil Gallery. By chance, I went to the exhibition on Private View day at the usually crowded hour, that is, if there is a crowd at all. Eight people were in the gallery, and one of these eight was Greaves, one an art critic. The next morning, Friday, the *Times* came out with a long article in large type, pro-

claiming Greaves a master, comparing his naïveté to Whistler's "cosmopolitan cleverness," and calling upon the Chantrey Bequest to secure one of the masterpieces. That afternoon the gallery was so crowded it was almost impossible to see anything; many of the pictures were sold, disputed for by collectors, artists, and critics; the whole town was talking of the "unknown master"; the authorities were tumbling over each other in their haste to praise the long neglected genius and to belittle Whistler in the process.

At first, the whole affair seemed to me too preposterous to be taken seriously. But the very rumor to which I have just referred shows that it must be taken seriously, and that the facts must be made plain. Everybody knows how difficult it is for the most scientific of scientific critics to decide upon the authorship of pictures painted two or three centuries ago. If the statement that Whistler owed everything to Greaves, that many Whistlers were painted by Greaves, is allowed to go uncontradicted while contemporaries of Whistler are still living, the hopeless confusion in the present, to say nothing of the future, can scarcely be imagined. The critic of the *Morning Post*—who, with the critics of the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Globe*, has managed to keep his head in the midst of the mad hubbub—gave as heading to his notice of the show, "The New Amico of Sandro"; and it was appropriate.

What are the facts? The fabric of nonsense is based largely on a letter from Greaves to the director of the gallery, published in the catalogue. It is full of ignorance or misstatements, and the only charitable explanation is that the old man's memory is completely gone. The most important of the misstatements relates to a picture called Passing Under Old Battersea Bridge, obviously derived from Whistler, though the distant sky and water were undoubtedly painted by him, as any one can see, but at a much later date, and some of the reflections in the river were also put in by Whistler. Of this picture Greaves writes:

> It was exhibited during the great Exhibition of 1862 in Alan Cole's room in the Cromwell Road building—the room containing Whistler's pictures.

"W. Greaves, 62," in very staring letters and figures, is written at the top of the canvas, and it is almost the only picture in the exhibition that is dated. Upon this date the critics have jumped as proof that Greaves is the originator of Whistler's nocturnes, since Whistler did not show a nocturne until several years later. But the statement in the catalogue is absolutely false. Government documents at South Kensington have been supplied to me proving that Walter Greaves did not show this picture, or any other pictures, in the International ("great") Exhibition of 1862; that Whistler showed no pictures there, either; that it was not until 1873 that Walter Greaves exhibited a picture in an exhibition at South Kensington, while Alan Cole, C.B., could have had no room in 1862, as he was then a boy of fourteen. The foundation thus gone, the elaborate structure of misstatements and misrepresentations tumbles to pieces, and nobody of sense can again believe implicitly any statements made by Greaves in his letters or on his pictures, however prepared British critics may be to swallow them wholesale.

And the obscurity of Walter Greaves is purely a myth. From 1873, he exhibited publicly. He has for years been a conspicuous figure in Chelsea, where his work has been shown and sold. In 1890, he and his brother had the sort of chance that made the fame of the old Italian masters, and that most British artists seek to-day in vain; they were commissioned to decorate Streatham Town Hall, and they worked three solid years on the decoration, producing about a hundred pictures, dated 1891, 1892, and 1893, and signed "H. and W. Greaves. Pupils of Whistler." The pictures which remain are pure Greaves, the uttermost rubbish and banality, though several are copied from Whistler, the designs of whose frames even are stolen. Critics who have been down to Streatham to see them, appalled by this further "discovery," have got out of the difficulty by attributing the worst of the series to Harry Greaves, who is dead and cannot deny it. That the brothers should have signed themselves "Pupils of Whistler" in any of their work is made a reproach against Whistler. But they were his pupils, and he had been trained in France where the younger man holds it a privilege to exhibit as the pupil. Even in England, there have been artists who gloried in calling themselves pupils of Whistler and in the position they knew it gave them.

But it seems useless to go into these details in the face of the paintings and prints now on the walls of the Goupil Gallery. They are the complete refutation of critics bent, as of old, upon the downfall of Whistler. The work done by Greaves when not under Whistler's influence is commonplace, clumsy, undistinguished. It is impossible that the man who did it could, of himself, have developed the methods and manner of the nocturnes. The work done under Whistler's influence is an echo of Whistler, and in certain instances it is evident that the master worked on the pupil's canvas or copper, as Greaves says. There is one plate that is at least half done by Whistler and must be added to his work. And among the paintings there are a portrait of Greaves and a nocturne from Whistler's window that look like canvases which Whistler, dissatisfied, had thrown away, only that their fate should be to have Greaves take them up and ruin them. It must be explained, however, that Greaves is no fool. In some ways he was an apt pupil. A painting, published as the frontispiece of the Metropolitan Museum catalogue of the Whistler Exhibition last year, owned by Charles L. Freer, and one day possibly to pass into the Washington National Gallery, has every appearance, to judge from the reproduction, of being by Walter Greaves.

I know that already the *Times* has, positively and without giving any reason, refused to publish a letter exposing Greaves's misstatements, though the *Times* is responsible for the sensation based upon them. The worst of it is, the *Times* is but one of a large number of London and provincial papers more or less under the same control. Besides, it is said that the proprietor has purchased one of the pictures; a critic on a large London daily has bought a second; and a third has been acquired by a notorious dealer, who has hung a repudiated Whistler in the Dublin National Gallery which he started. It really seems as if the old enmity against which Whistler struggled had sprung up again. He used to say that the British critics hated him because he was an American, and that, if he had not had the constitution of a government mule, they would have killed him long ago. Whistler was a man to whom nothing happened as to other men, but of the extraordinary incidents that filled his career this is the most extraordinary of all. N. N.

The Book of Decorative Furniture: Its Form, Colour, and History. By Edwin Foley. In two volumes. Volume I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50.

A number of finely illustrated quartos and folios on the furniture of other days have appeared in the past dozen years, by Molinier, Macquoid, Lady Dilke, Guy Laking, Luke Vincent Lockwood, Frederick Roe, Esther Singleton, and others. These are devoted more especially to the furniture of a particular nation or period, or to a particular article of furniture. The present work is a general survey of the whole field, and in that comprehensiveness lies its chief value. It is a suggestive review, an introductory survey, intended for the general reader and amateur rather than for the specializing connoisseur or for the student in search of a structural or decorative detail of a special period. The style is straightforward, with only occasional lapses into fine writing. A certain lightness of treatment may add to the effectiveness of such a book, but the author's humorous and other sallies, discursions and divagations, aimed, possibly, at a particular brand of connois-

seur indigenous to the "tight little island," are not always the "pardonable diversions" which he accounts them to be. They usually take up space that might have been utilized to better effect, particularly as Mr. Foley himself speaks of the difficulty of compressing so much history within the limits allowed. He executes some figures also on the alluring but slippery skating ground of analogy. Wendel Dietterlin is "a Poe in ornament" on page 81, and "the Du Cerceau of the German Renaissance" on page 78, while Grinling Gibbon (whose work is appreciatively and understandingly characterized) is labelled "that Paganini in pear-tree and other soft woods." On the other hand, the author interestingly describes the influence of surroundings, as evidenced, say, in the indebtedness of woodwork to architecture, the encouragement of the use of walnut (more easily worked than oak) through the vogue of barocco with its curves, the "response to the time-spirit," as in the "sturdy national growth traceable through . . . Britain's crude but vigorous adaptation of the ornament of the Italian Renaissance." Or he notes the development of certain forms, as the result of particular needs; for instance, the use of the trestle table as an outcome of the life of the mediæval hall, or the change of form of the hearth brought about through the introduction of coal, which necessitated the use of narrow flues and of grates. The emphasis on the dignity and worth of the arts of which he writes, as compared with the attitude which finds "high art" only in painting and sculpture, is refreshing, and as noteworthy as his references to the necessity of recognizing the limits of the material in which a work of art is to be produced.

The author's drawings (there are to be 100 color plates and 1,000 text illustrations in the completed work) are helpful in a general way; details, particularly in the small text-illustrations, are not always clear. The color plates usually show examples "with contemporary accessories and environment," a plan remarkably well illustrated in the exhibition on the occasion of the opening of the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum, which included rooms decorated and furnished each with examples of a particular period. Another useful feature is the color reproduction of the characteristic grain markings of 36 constructional and decorative woods. Errors appear to be surprisingly few. On p. 27 is found Sevigué, on p. 27 Leuchterweibschen, p. 116 Del Andrea Sarto; the reference to p. 49 on p. 54 should be to 59. It is to be hoped that the usefulness of this work will be increased by an index, covering both text and illustrations, in the forthcoming second volume.

Constant Mayer, who died recently in Paris, won a name for himself at the Salon forty years ago by his two pictures, La Reneontre; épisode de la guerre d'Amérique en 1863, and Femme iroquoise de l'Amérique du Nord.

Lars Gustaf Sellstedt, the artist, died at his home in Buffalo on Sunday last, at the age of ninety-two. He was born in Sweden and came to this country as a boy. The Albright Art Gallery, in Buffalo, contains several of his works, among them being a portrait of himself. He painted Grover Cleveland and other prominent men. He was the author of "From Forecastle to Academy," an autobiography.

Finance

RETROSPECT.

The so-called "Steel Trust inquiry committee" of the House of Representatives has been variously classed as an effort to complete the Culberson committee's inquiry into the Tennessee Coal affair of 1907; as an attempt to force the Department of Justice's hand in prosecution under the Sherman law; as a counter-movement against the "stand-pat" policy on prices; as a Machiavellian intrigue by Wall Street "bears." Nobody described it as a disinterested project to delve into financial history. Yet this is the principal office which it is probably destined to perform.

When the committee was appointed, the principal comment on the market was, that nothing was left to be found out about the Steel Trust or about the chapters of Wall Street history surrounding it. But facts may be known about an historical event, without knowledge of what the facts really signify. Lapse of time will often change the perspective. Some of these new points of view are being elicited at Washington.

John W. Gates, who opened the testimony, retold some episodes of the Steel Trust's organization in 1901. Mr. Carnegie got that year, for his interest in the Carnegie properties, just twice what he had offered to take for it in 1899—$320,000,000, as against $160,000,000. The "billion-dollar merger" was a recourse, not to stop ruinous conditions in the trade—for steel prices had risen rapidly after the summer of 1900—but solely to prevent the building of competitive steel tube works. Yet Carnegie had tried just such competition in the wire trade, and had sold out for half a million dollars a plant which cost him a full million. One experimental steel combination, whose own common stock had lately been down to 20, was valued at 125 for exchange in the merger, and $50,000,000 was thereupon added to the holding company's obligations. Thus Mr. Gates.

Some time the question will be more vigorously discussed, what made Carnegie's property worth $160,000,000 more in 1901 than it was worth in 1899? When such discussion comes, there will be various theories. Mr. Carnegie may have undervalued it on the one occasion. Mr. Morgan may have overvalued it on the other. Its actual earning capacity may have doubled. The promoters may have hit on a moment when all values were imaginary. Within its first two years of history, the Stock Exchange valuation of the Steel Corporation's stock fell from $785,000,000 to $350,000,000. Therefore, even in Wall Street, the matter is in the realm of theory.

The one sure inference from the history of the period is, that what Wall Street still remembers as the "big time" of 1901 resulted from the coincidence of plans of previously unimaginable scope with a psychological moment in the world's finance. The Steel Trust flotation was the typical exploit of that interesting period. It could not have succeeded a few months before April, 1901, or a few months afterward. A billion-dollar steel merger was openly proposed in the spring of 1899; its only effect was to bring about frightened liquidation in the rest of the market. The much less extensive shipping merger, which the same promoters undertook in immediate sequel to the Steel promotion, was a still-born failure.

The fact was, that experienced and observant financiers saw by instinct, at the start, what was the situation in the spring of 1901, and saw it coolly and correctly. It was the general public which then indulged in wild delusions. But a very few weeks sufficed to bring into public view a different state of things. The great promoters, capitalists, and bankers, who had begun by trading shrewdly on the frenzy of the public, presently found their own ideas departing from the habitual balance. A little longer, and the maddest of all the groups concerned in American finance was the group of great financial leaders. Bankers previously noted for conservatism seized on the belief that they had discovered some sort of philosopher's stone, which turned things of no intrinsic worth into things of enormous actual value. The craziest of financial principles were openly professed by eminent financiers. Credit which was supposed to be raised only on expectation of the commercial movement of the year, was made the absolute basis for the rashest promoting speculations. The exploits of the Steel Corporation's president at Monte Carlo were nothing more or less than a picturesque epitome of the Wall Street exploits of that whole group of financiers. A few months more, and the episode was over.

As in all such periods, however, the financial organizations constructed in the excitement of the day, remained; and the question of their final position in the financial world is not yet settled. Sometimes, in the aftermath of a

South Sea Bubble or an 1836 or an 1856, the courts of insolvency take charge of them. It was the country's good fortune, rather than the good judgment of the promoting community of 1901, which prevented this from happening in sequel to that period. Some great combinations have gone to wreck since 1901, and so have many great private fortunes and great financial reputations. What seems chiefly to be happening now, as an immediate consequence of a decade ago, is firm and relentless progress in the work of limiting the power for mischief of the huge industrial combinations constructed in those crazy days.

The task was begun, it is true, rather late in the day and after the mischief of overcapitalization, overspeculation, and overdisturbance of the economic equilibrium had been largely done. This fact has emphasized public interest and curiosity in the question, what the eventual upshot of the opposing policies of expansion and restriction in the field of capital exploitation is hereafter to be. In this direction also, the House committee inquiry has elicited some new and startling points of view. That the chairman of the Steel Corporation should have coolly proposed that prices in the trade be fixed at Washington is hardly a sequel to have been expected from the events of 1901. Yet Judge Gary's profession of economic faith is in reality less surprising than people may imagine. When any one begins by repudiating economic principles whose foundation rests on all previous trade experience, it is never possible to say at what position he will eventually arrive. But it is none the less an extraordinary thing, and a novelty even in this era of surprises, that the management of the so-called "billion-dollar Steel Trust"—itself the consummation of the ambitions and activities of the period's most inveterate individualists—should be hinting broadly that a paternal government should take the job off their hands. But Judge Gary did not couple his suggestion with the proposal that the government, after looking into cost of production and basis of capitalization, should also dictate dividends.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annual Library Index, 1910. Publishers' Weekly. $5.

Baedeker's London and Its Environs, 1911. Scribner. $1.80 net.

Baker, E. The Rose Door. Chicago: Kerr.

Bierce, A. Works—Vol. VI. Neale Pub. Co.

Boissière, A. The Man Without a Face. Dillingham. $1.25 net.

Bragg, E. M. Marine Engine Design. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Bunnell, S. H. Cost-Keeping for Manufacturing Plants. Appleton. $3 net.

Carslaw, W. H. The Early Christian Apologists. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Carter, T. L. Out of Africa: a Book of Short Stories. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50.

Clark, C. H. Marine Gas Engines. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.

Coolidge, A. C. The Scoundrel of Militarism. Worcester, Mass.: The Author.

Cooney, D. T. A Study in Ebony. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50.

Danto's Divina Commedia. Vol. II, Purgatorio. Edited by C. H. Grandgent. Boston: Heath. $1.25.

Duggar, B. M. Plant Physiology. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

Duncan, N. The Measure of a Man. Revell.

Earle, Mrs. C. W. Memoirs and Memories. London: Smith, Elder.

Fergusson, W. N. Adventure, Sport, and Travel on the Tibetan Steppes. Scribner. $4 net.

Ginzberg, L. The Legends of the Jews. Trans. from the German. Vol. III, Moses in the Wilderness. Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society.

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There is nothing quite so hard to follow as military manœuvres. "For every battle of the warrior," as Scripture says, "is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood"; and most of the descriptions are likewise. Not so Capt. Beecham's account. He has a concise, lucid style, and his presentation abounds with quaint anecdotes and comments shrewd and naïve. One may not quite agree with his criticisms upon the strategy, and especially the tactics, of the various commanders. Lee might be apportioned a little less blame, and Meade accorded a little more praise; and yet, in the main, what Capt. Beecham says about Lee's singular tactics and Meade's lack of initiative is largely justified.

In the battle of Chancellorsville the transcendent genius of Lee and of Jackson was at its full flood. For at least a part of that campaign, Hooker proved no unworthy antagonist for the other two. Contrasted with that marvelous campaign the battle of Gettysburg was a rather blundering, pitiable sort of contest, full of bloody and most desperate fighting, but not illuminated by that fine intellectual play of gigantic war fencing, which makes Chancellorsville, though less important, much more memorable. If Lee had had Jackson at Gettysburg, the fight would not have been prolonged for three days, and Meade would probably have been beaten. Certainly Pickett's spectacular but utterly futile and wasteful charge would not have been attempted. On the other hand, had Hooker been left in command instead of Meade, and had Lee been without Jackson as he was, we believe that Lee would have had great difficulty in getting back to Virginia; for Hooker, in spite of his temperamental defects, was a much better offensive fighter than Meade, and would almost certainly have prevented Lee's retiring down the Hagerstown Road to Virginia, after the defeat.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1911

The Week

Despite the more than two-thirds majority by which the Constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of Senators was adopted by the Senate on Monday, all is not clear sailing before that important measure. As passed, the bill contains a clause, carried only by the casting vote of the Vice-President, retaining for the Federal government the power to supervise Senatorial elections. A similar provision was voted down in the House when the amendment was before it. The result will be to send the bill to conference, with the possibility that it may fail for this session entirely. So powerful, however, is the popular movement in favor of the measure that the chances are for some form of agreement. One would say that the House, in view of its own previous action and the tie vote in the Senate, would be disposed to insist upon the form of the bill which it had accepted. The Senate may eventually recede. Or a satisfactory compromise may be hit upon in conference. It ought to be possible to work one out.

There is no reason for being bitter in criticism of the Senate for its long resistance. That is what a second chamber is for: to refuse to be swept away by what may be only a temporary gust of passion; to scrutinize closely every proposed measure of organic change in order to discover whether it truly is, as it professes to be, within the great democratic tradition and movement. This the Senate has properly done in connection with the plan to elect Senators directly. And it is evident now that the opposition was quietly crumbling long before we saw it collapse. The delay was not wholly time wasted. Senators began to see that they must yield. More and more of their number arrived at the conviction that the innovation was desirable. Doubtless, too, the final decision was helped on by the powerful argument of fact. The scandals of deadlocked Legislatures and elections tainted with bribery had their effect. It is true also that the Senate seemed to come to a feeling that it was, in a way, on trial, and that something had to be done to recover a fuller degree of popular confidence. Wiser than the House of Lords, it conceded something in order not to be compelled to surrender more. Far from having weakened the two-chamber principle, we think the action of the Senate will be found to have strengthened it. This is irrespective of what the future may show as to the wisdom or unwisdom of the change in the method of electing Senators. The particular cause for satisfaction just now is the demonstration that the Senate, too, is eventually responsive to public opinion. A Second Chamber that is cautious, that insists upon due consideration and upon looking before and after, yet which will not oppose itself to the deliberate will of the people—such is the kind of Senate which the framers of the Constitution intended to give this country.

A laugh has often been raised by the story of the professor of theology who said to his students: "This Biblical text is almost certainly spurious, but we must not give it up without a hard fight." Yet do we not see the same principle, if such it can be called, exemplified in politics? There, too, men will say: "Well, we are going to be beaten, but we'll fight to the last ditch." Just now in Washington, for example, the battle against reciprocity is declared by all to be absolutely hopeless. Even those who are waging it are conscious that defeat awaits them. But are they willing to shorten the dilatory proceedings by a day, to leave one speech undelivered, one hostile motion unoffered? Not at all. These hard-headed and intensely practical statesmen say they are going to hold Congress in session far into the summer heats and spin out every thread of verbose debating to its thinnest—all to be overwhelmed in the end. The theological professor was a miracle of wisdom compared with this.

The speech of Representative Redfield of Brooklyn in the House on Monday was a really effective assault upon the high-protection system. It derives unusual weight from the circumstance that Mr. Redfield is himself a manufacturer of machinery on a large scale, and, besides knowing the situation here and abroad through his experience in the export trade in his own line of production, has studied foreign conditions in the course of extensive travel. Upon the question of difference of cost of production, he boldly declared that it is impossible to determine such difference, and that the results obtained by the tariff board will be worthless for this purpose unless the board is empowered to call for the cost sheets of the factories engaged in the line of manufacture it is studying. He asserted, what has been declared before by many economists and practical men, that, per unit of product, American labor is the cheapest in the world; and, while this is of course not true in all lines, there can be no doubt of its truth in many important fields. In a recent interview Mr. Redfield had made an extremely interesting statement on this head. In visiting Japan, he had been struck by the fact that American locomotives were sold in that country, in competition with big Japanese locomotive works at which the workmen got only one-fifth of the wages that are paid in the United States. Upon investigation his conclusion was that the actual labor cost in the Japanese locomotive works was three times that in the American, in spite of the low wages.

From Washington we are promised a bill for publicity of campaign expenditure much wider in scope than we have had reason to expect; but we are asked to be patient. It is true that the wide diversity of primary systems, which are to be included as well as election campaigns, makes it extremely difficult to frame a general rule of procedure; yet just here is where the layman would wish to see applied to legislation something of the light of reason which courts find it so necessary to employ afterward. It should be easy enough to prescribe that no man shall be allowed to take his seat in Congress who shall not supply an accounting of every cent he has expended from the moment he set out to achieve office. The English law is even stricter than this. It counts a man's expenditure from the time popular opinion accepts

him as a candidate. That may be some time before the candidate himself has made up his mind to run, but the responsibility is his nevertheless. And the law includes the most indirect forms of influencing the voter's mind by undue means. Only a few days ago a Conservative M.P. was deprived of his seat on the ground that a lavish entertainment given to his constituents shortly before the election constituted bribery.

Brought at this particular juncture, the suit entered against the American Tobacco Company and others by the members of a firm of tobacco brokers which gave up business a few weeks ago, has unusual public interest. The plaintiffs claim damages of $500,000 under the Sherman Anti-Trust act, their charge being that they were driven out of a business which they had been conducting successfully for twenty-five years, by practices on the part of the defendants which are obnoxious to the prohibitions of the act. It is through the settlement, by the highest judicial tribunal, not only of cases instituted by the Government but also of cases arising out of the specific grievances of injured competitors, that the metes and bounds of the practical operation of the Anti-Trust act will, it may now be hoped, become more and more distinctly and effectively defined. It is not the friends, but the enemies, of anti-monopoly legislation who have insisted that the Sherman act forbids the most ordinary arrangements of modern business; under cover of that extreme interpretation, which carries with it its own destruction, they have claimed immunity for all the devices by which monopoly has built itself up. Whatever else the recent decisions have done, they have stripped away that defence, for good and all.

The partial report submitted to Gov. Dix by Messrs. Osborn and Van Kennen, whom he had appointed to investigate the Prison Department of New York State, makes it easy to understand why Superintendent Collins resigned. That able politician, who was Mr. Roosevelt's "right-hand man" in the great fight for reform at Saratoga last year, at first announced that he would never give up his position "under fire, and defied the investigators to do their worst. Later, however, he seemed to become aware that removal from office for cause would surely follow, and placed his resignation in the Governor's hands. That act probably saved him from more detailed condemnation than he gets in this first report on his conduct of the prisons, but enough that is damaging is brought out. In addition to finding that unbusinesslike methods and great laxity on the part of the Superintendent have prevailed, the commission reports that there has been direct violation of the law in the matter of the purchase of supplies. Indeed, so serious are the irregularities disclosed in the supply of coal to the prisons, that the commissioners request that the evidence relating thereto be laid before the Attorney-General. This means that there is believed to be ground for prosecution by the State. Officials grow careless even when they are not corrupt; and it is a wholesome thing for them to know that at any moment an authorized visitation may be made upon them, and a full account of their stewardship required.

In a somewhat different way we are seeing the same process illustrated at Washington as in Albany. The House has ordered a number of investigations into the work of various branches of the government, and into other matters. Some of them have already justified their existence. No one can deny, for example, that the inquiry into the Steel Corporation is serving a useful public purpose. But the main thing in all this business is, after all, not so much the definite results that may be reached—not the minor scandals and the petty graft, the official incompetence, or the insolence of office—as the restraining power exerted by the very knowledge that whatever is done may be one day investigated. What grand juries do, not only in sifting the evidence of crime and running down criminals, but in standing before the public as bodies vested with large inquisitorial powers to look into crooked transactions of all sorts, has its analogy in the work of committees of investigation armed with the authority of Congress.

The polo victory is another demonstration of what we can do when we try. To many of those who saw it, and to many of those who read about it, the match must have been a great tumult in which they knew only what the experts pointed out, but, for all that, it is a famous victory. In England the event has been watched with greater knowledge if less satisfaction, but it is the people of a more ancient civilization still that should have had the first draught from the cup. From India to America by way of England the game has proceeded its exotic way, to find in the least Oriental of all its surroundings a quartet of players worthy of its best exponents. It is in this very fact, however, that the danger lies for the future of American polo. Where would one look for another four capable of making even a respectable fight against this one or any first-class foreign group? If polo were merely a millionaire's game, we might confidently expect a long series of victories, but, as things are, the holders of the present trophy may go down in the annals of the sport as representative not so much of our interest in the game as of the American love of success.

The remorseless northward march of New York's business development is shown again in the loss of Madison Square Garden. Upon its narrow island, and with its almost unbroken gridiron street-system, the pressure of rapidly growing land values, which would in any case be tremendous in such a city as New York, becomes almost irresistible. Nevertheless, there might have been a possibility of saving this great asset for the community life of the metropolis were it not for that other characteristic of New York life, the enormous difficulty of arousing sentiment, upon matters of this kind, to the point of real effectiveness. For, after all, to say that in New York such a plot of land as that on which Madison Square Garden stands is tremendously costly is to present only one side of the case. To match the extraordinary cost of such a site, New York has command of wealth even more extraordinary, both as to the aggregate, and as to the number and the opulence of its wealthy inhabitants. The value of the Garden property per square foot presents no greater contrast to the notions of land value that were familiar half a century ago than does the existing scale of wealth and luxurious expenditure to what in those days seemed reasonable or possible.

Francisco I. Madero's triumphal progress from Juarez had its fitting culmination in what is described as an unprecedented outburst of popular enthusiasm in the Mexican capital. It would be idle to deny that many difficulties and perils still beset the work of reconstruction and pacification in Mexico. But at the same time we cannot overlook the solid basis of hope that is to be found in the zeal with which the body of the Mexican people has rallied to the support of Madero. Undoubtedly, a system like that built up by Diaz cannot be overthrown without leaving capacities for mischief behind it. Nor can a successful revolution be carried out without letting loose many rival personal ambitions, such as Mexico has suffered from before this. But the prestige of Francisco Madero towers so conspicuously above that of any other revolutionary leader that there can be no doubt of his making good his claims against all rivals if only the people of Mexico be left to work out their own destinies. That is what Mexico has a right to expect from our own government and people—that same forbearance which we displayed in the course of the fighting on our Southern frontier and which will constitute one of the most admirable achievements in the record of President Taft and of the American people during his Administration.

Just before the second reading of the Veto bill was voted in the House of Lords, the Archbishop of Canterbury made a plea for conciliation. He said that he would not think of intervening in any question of mere politics, but that when great Constitutional changes were imminent, and party divisions concerning them were violent, it seemed a fitting thing for the spokesmen of the Church to ask for a reasonable adjustment of the controversy through a meeting of the leaders in a spirit of compromise. The Lord Chancellor, however, replied to the Archbishop, and said that his appeal came too late. The Conservatives had their chance in 1909 with the budget, but deliberately threw it away. This response by the Chancellor was later described by Lord Rosebery as "a mailed fist shot out straight from the Woolsack to level the Primate and all his aspirations to the ground." But even Rosebery, in the course of his stirring speech, was able to suggest no way out for the Lords. He virtually advised them to submit to the bitter necessity forced upon them. They talked of appealing again to the electorate, but Lord Rosebery said, "to speak quite plainly," that he must tell them there was no possible hope of success in that. The rather lame conclusion of his vigorous oration was as follows: "We have muddled through worse situations than this. I think we shall muddle through this, even though we shall be compelled to bow the neck to the yoke and be prepared to see for the second time the Second Chamber depart out of our Constitutional arrangements."

One of the first steps in the formulation of a law of the air has been taken in Great Britain, where Mr. Churchill has introduced a bill "for the protection of the public against dangers arising from the navigation of air craft." The entrance of the airship within the domain of law has already been foreseen and discussed. But while the attention of legists has been directed toward the property aspects of the question, primarily in connection with the maxim that the owner of real estate holds title to the air above his lands, the police aspect of the matter has come rapidly to the front. Before the aeroplane has received consideration as a pleasure-vehicle or a common carrier, it claims our attention as a nuisance. Mr. Churchill's bill penalizes reckless or negligent driving in a flying machine. The maximum penalty is £500 or two years' imprisonment, or both. It also provides that in determining the question of danger to the public the amount of damage to persons or property likely to occur in case of a mishap is to be taken into consideration. The bill is admittedly a temporary measure. It is aimed at reckless performances by airmen at public exhibitions and spectacular navigation over great crowds, such, for instance, as now fill London for the coronation.

French opposition to the latest Spanish advance in Morocco has slight legal basis. In occupying Tetuan and preparing to occupy El-Arish or Larache, Spain is well within her rights under the Act of Algeciras. That compact, in providing for the maintenance of order in the Moroccan ports by an international police, assigned Tetuan and Larache to Spain. That the organization of the police force would remain a dead letter until it suited France or Spain to make use of its rights was probably well understood at Algeciras. Spain has decided that now is the time. Though her rights in the matter would seem to be plain, the wisdom of Spanish policy at this juncture can be seriously questioned. In the first place, little profit can come from antagonizing the French government at the present critical juncture. Spain's international situation is certainly not improved thereby, unless the country is prepared for a diplomatic revolution and is ready to make friends with Germany. But the internal situation in Spain would seem to be even more discouraging to a policy of adventure. The military reverses at Melilla two years ago nearly cost Alfonso XIII his throne. Since that day the republican movement in Spain has lost little of its strength, and another ill-managed campaign in Morocco might easily have still more alarming consequences.

Berlin, June 2.—The new zoölogical garden restaurant was opened in the presence of representatives of the government, the municipality, and a distinguished assembly of leading Berliners. Ten thousand persons can sit down simultaneously beneath its roof. Open-air terraces for use in summer will accommodate another 10,000 diners, and thus 20,000 will be able to take a meal at the same time.

That 20,000 persons can eat simultaneously at one restaurant may not at first seem to be a momentous matter, but there is an importance not easily exaggerated in the principle that underlies this opening of a vast and attractive resort where multitudes of people of moderate means in Berlin can at any time find rational and tranquil recreation. Our American failure to understand it is one of the standing puzzles of international psychology. With twice the population of Berlin, how many places are there in New York where not twenty thousand, nor ten thousand, but one thousand or one hundred persons can find similar satisfaction? Where can a man go with his wife and children, and spend an evening in the open air, with refreshment at prices to fit a modest purse, with good music, and without noise, garishness, or vulgarity? And New York in this is typical of our American cities.

THE "TENNESSEE COAL DEAL" AND THE PANIC OF 1907.

The testimony elicited by the House committee's inquiry into the Steel Corporation's origin and career will serve, we do not doubt, as an important part of the raw material for future histories of the period. But on one point people who are reading the testimony are already beginning to get perplexed. The part which the purchase of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the United States Steel Corporation played in the panic of 1907 appears to be involved in deeper mystery with the progress of the testimony at Washington and with the newspaper comment on that testimony.

The Tennessee Coal and Iron Company was a competitor of the Steel Corporation in some branches of its trade. It was capitalized for $50,000,000, and in 1907 it had been paying 4 per cent. annual dividends. Its control had been acquired, and its stock manipulated in glaring fashion, by a group of capitalists identified rather more closely with the Stock Exchange than with the iron industry. They had run up this 4 per cent. stock to 162, and in doing so had virtually cornered it in the hands of a syndicate, made up chiefly of the company's directors. The Stock Exchange firm which had borrowed the money for the operation, and which held the Tennessee Coal and Iron stock as collateral, got into serious trouble when the panic came. It would probably have failed if it could not have realized somehow on its cornered stock.

The harassed stock-brokers, as one of the firm declared to the Culberson committee, applied to the Steel Corporation to take the stock off their hands. Ten days after the outbreak of the panic on the Stock Exchange, the offer was made of Steel Corporation second mortgage bonds in exchange for the Tennessee Coal and Iron shares, on the valuation of 96 for the surrendered stock. The Steel Corporation officers, before closing the deal, went to Washington to submit the question to President Roosevelt, and the President, after hearing their report of what would happen if the deal should not go through, replied, according to Judge Gary's testimony, "that while he would not and could not legally make any binding promise or agreement, he did not hesitate to say, from all the circumstances as presented, that he certainly would not advise against the proposed purchase." The exchange of securities thereupon was made, and the brokers were able to raise, on collateral of the Steel Corporation bonds, the money which they had not been able to obtain or to retain on the security of the Tennessee Coal and Iron shares.

The Stanley committee apparently began its investigation, as did the Culberson committee of 1909, with a view to questioning the legality, under the Anti-Trust law, of this purchase of a competing property. But the inquiry has taken very much wider scope. The first point of controversy seems to be whether the terms on which the Steel Corporation bought were fair, or whether wicked advantage was taken of the necessities of the owners. That question is complicated by the known fact that the Tennessee stock was cornered and was apparently ruling at a fictitious price.

Mr. John W. Gates, who was one of the Tennessee Coal syndicate, described it two weeks ago as a "forced sale"; his "surmise" being that "the finding of a large amount of Tennessee Coal and Iron as collateral in one of the banks or trust companies" was the cause. Judge Gary, on the contrary, has testified that the counsel of the embarrassed brokers came personally to the Steel Corporation officers and told them that the banks "had called these loans, or insisted upon Moore & Schley taking up the Tennessee Coal and Iron stock, for the reason that it was not salable."

The second explanation is at least plausible, since the Stock Exchange records of the day show that the stock had no market at ruling prices, and since every one knows what banks were at that time compelled to do in self-protection. But the further question is pressed whether the granting of loans on Steel boud collateral, which were being refused on the Tennessee stock, may not have represented a Wall Street "hold-up." Judge Gary has testified that the Steel Corporation, which had $75,000,000 cash on deposit in banks throughout the country, would have preferred to pay in cash, but could not do so "without disturbing the financial conditions of these banks where our money was deposited." Here, too, is a plausible answer. The inference, to be sure, is left that the interests identified with the Steel bonds could and did command supplies of credit which the interests identified with the Tennessee shares could not. Yet such situations always exist in panic times, when personal confidence counts for more than confidence in values.

The other question, whether the "Tennessee deal" was or was not an absolutely necessary expedient to check the panic, is more difficult to answer. It is a matter of opinion; proof is, in the nature of the case, impossible. On the one hand, it is certain that the purchase did not stop the panic; the run on the trust companies was ended only by the banding together of the affiliated institutions to guarantee their payments. But, on the other hand, the failure of Moore & Schley would undoubtedly have precipitated catastrophes in Wall Street which did not happen with that firm's solvency maintained.

It is entirely probable, at any rate, that panic would have ended in due course, with or without the Tennessee Coal transaction. Judge Gary quotes Mr. Morgan as saying, at the time, that if the Steel Corporation "does not buy the stock, or unless it or some one else furnishes relief at this particular time, there is not any man on earth can say what the result will be in financial circles." The prediction was undoubtedly correct; but "some one else" was about to bring the relief which always comes at exactly that stage of a financial panic. The concerted guarantee, by powerful institutions, of the assets of the embarrassed trust companies, and the enormous import of gold from Europe in response to our market's sale of securities and commodities at a heavy discount, were factors in the eventual return of financial equilibrium, compared with which the "Tennessee deal" must sink into insignificance.

CURRENTS IN AMERICAN SOCIALISM.

Since the days of the late Henry Demarest Lloyd, New Zealand has been the great exemplar of advanced democracy. Whenever Socialists have fallen into the capitalist habit of pointing with pride, it is to New Zealand they have pointed; not perhaps as an example of the model socialistic state, but as a community justifying the claim that the way toward the abolition of poverty is through the transfer of economic functions from private individuals to

the state. But now comes Charles Edward Russell, who was the Socialist candidate for Governor of New York last autumn, and declares that progressive New Zealand, as the Socialists have called it, or socialistic New Zealand, as the conservatives have called it, is as badly off as we are. Long ago we learned that this "country without strikes" has had some very severe strikes. Mr. Russell now assures us that New Zealand also has poverty, slums, monopolies, landlordism, and a government subservient to class interests. Faster than government can take over private business, private business keeps up opening new channels of enterprise. And in those lines of industry where government competes with private initiative, government competition is but a farce.

The implications of Mr. Russell's statement are interesting. It places him with the revolutionary wing of American Socialists, with those who distrust the methods of gradual political conquest, those who, in the last resort, may be said to distrust the efficacy of political methods altogether. It is at first sight anomalous that one of the leading men in the Socialist movement should assume this position just when the Socialists have begun to win political victories and have given evidence that they must be reckoned with in the alignment of political parties. By the conservative press the charge has been made that the Socialist administration in Milwaukee is a failure. What Mr. Russell is now asserting is virtually that the Socialist administration in Milwaukee is bound to be a failure. For New Zealand has gone far beyond the Milwaukee Socialists in socializing industry and government, and New Zealand is a failure.

This situation means only that Socialism in this country is passing through the same evolution it has experienced in France, Great Britain, and Italy, and is now experiencing in Germany. It is easy enough for a party to be fiercely revolutionary when it is a hopeless minority with no chance of attaining office. The temptation comes with the first taste of power. Comes also the inevitable cleavage between those who are willing to take what they can get in expectation of better things to come, and those who see in compromise the wiles of the devil. Victory, on the whole, inclines to the moderates. In France, the revolutionary Socialists can point to men like Millerand, Viviani, and Briand, to prove the impossibility of a Socialist's joining hands with a "bourgeois" Ministry and remaining true to his faith. But that, after all, is judging from the revolutionary standpoint. The men in question may have ceased to be good Socialists in the very act of tingeing the whole French government a Socialist red. In any case, repeatedly disillusioned, the French Socialists are always supplying the Government with recruits from their ranks. In Great Britain, the socialistic element in the Labor party is acting in harmony with the Liberals. Italy has witnessed the unusual phenomenon of an ultra-revolutionist like Enrico Ferri rallying, not only to the Government, but to the monarchy. Germany has been the classic instance of no-compromise Socialism. For decades, the Socialists in the Reichstag have abstained from voting with the Government on any measure. But in Germany, too, the revisionist or moderate element is growing from year to year and has already sensibly modified the policy of the party in the non-Prussian states.

What does the revolutionary Socialist offer as a programme alternative to compromise? It is well enough to wait in solemn silence till you have won over a majority of all the voters in the country, and then start in and make a clean sweep of things. But even the revolutionist is aware of the danger of such a course. Nothing worse could happen to Socialism than that it should all at once be called upon to take over the reins of government. And even if Socialist leaders were willing to take the chance, it would be quite impossible to keep their followers inactive during the long years of waiting. Only Prussian discipline could make some three million Socialist voters content to sit tight and do nothing; and even in Prussia the Socialist voter's patience is coming to an end. Realizing, therefore, that something must be done to train the Socialist masses for the ultimate triumph and at the same time to keep their minds from wandering to the fleshpots of office and partial success, Mr. Russell proposes coöperation. While waiting for their ranks to swell, while waiting for the iniquitous system of capitalist production to complete its own inevitable suicide, Socialists may begin preparing on a partial scale for that new coöperative system of production which is ultimately to become universal.

But to advocate coöperation is only to argue in a circle. What reason has Mr. Russell for believing that the gradual introduction of Socialism in the economic sphere will be any more successful than the gradual introduction of Socialism into politics? In New Zealand, for instance, government ownership is not a success, because government landlordship is opposed by private land trusts, and government oil fields must compete with private oil monopolies. If the New Zealand government cannot compete with private enterprise, what chance has private coöperative enterprise in this country to make its way against the all-powerful Trusts? Hence the revolutionary course of action and reasoning would be somewhat as follows: We distrust partial political victories; we cannot wait for the ultimate political victory without doing something; we will initiate coöperative industry; it fails; it fails because private effort can do nothing against the Trusts; the Trusts must be taken over by the government; to do that we must have a majority of the voters on our side. And the circle is completed.

If New Zealand is indeed a failure, it is a most discouraging thing for Socialism. There is the New Zealand method of reconstituting society and there is revolution. The tendency among Socialists the world over is away from revolution as an impossible method toward the New Zealand method. But if Mr. Russell is right, this means only changing a policy that is impossible for a policy that is destined to fail.

INSURANCE AND DEMOCRACY.

The address delivered by Mr. Brandeis before the National Congress of Charities and Correction at Boston bears the title "Workingmen's Insurance — The Road to Social Efficiency." The sub-title, however, points to but one of the two parts into which the address is sharply divided. It is only after an eloquent introduction, dealing with the relation between the reform he advocates and the fundamental presuppositions of democratic government, that he takes up the question of the financial possibilities of workingmen's insurance and the results

in the form of social and individual welfare which are to be expected from it. That his exposition is forcible, on both heads, goes without saying. A distinctive feature of it is the comparison he draws with the operation of an insurance system in an entirely different domain, that of the "factory mutuals" of New England. The way in which these associations have cut down the fire loss in the establishments to which they apply is well known; and Mr. Brandeis is right in saying that this has been accomplished "by recognizing that the purpose of these so-called fire insurance companies is not to pay losses but to prevent fires." And he argues that just as the immediate benefit realized in the shape of reduced insurance premiums has led to a development of methods of fire prevention which have cut down losses to a small fraction of what they formerly were, so similar results in the prevention of death and injury to human beings would be attained, if the cost of these evils were daily made plainly visible in the shape of insurance expenses.

The idea is suggestive, and worth serious consideration. That in the ardor of his reformatory zeal Mr. Brandeis enormously overrates the value of the analogy must, however, be clear upon a little reflection. What he is talking about is insurance not only against accident, but also against invalidity and old age. The calamities due to accident might be cut down, we believe, to a small fraction of their present number by the adoption of proper precautions; and the fact that these precautions could be instituted at a moderate expense, and that it would evidently pay to institute them, if compulsory compensation laws were in operation, is one of the strongest arguments for the enactment of such laws. It has been because of the evident practicability and profitableness of fire-prevention arrangements that the factory mutuals have accomplished their results. But in the matter of old age, and in a large measure of invalidity also, no such simple connection exists; and, what is more to the purpose, it is not clear—taking a cold-blooded view of the matter—that the cost of supporting people in their old age would be diminished at all by the improvement of conditions. According to Mr. Brandeis's figures, the cost of fire insurance in the Boston Manufacturers' Mutual Fire Insurance Companies was reduced in fifty years from $1.37 per $1,000 to 68 cents per $1,000; of course, nothing even in the remotest degree resembling such a result could be looked for in the field of human insurance. Incidentally, we may mention that a closer acquaintance with death-rate statistics would have prevented Mr. Brandeis from accepting at their face value the figures for the model factory village at Bourneville, near Birmingham, which he says show "how near at hand the remedy for high mortality lies." While the general death rate in England and Wales was 15.7, that at Bourneville was 6.3; but Mr. Brandeis should reflect that to suppose this latter rate normal and permanent would be to suppose for all born at that favored spot an average length of life which is simply ridiculous.

Whether Mr. Brandeis overrates the possibilities of workingmen's insurance or not, no one can dispute the great importance of the subject. But in what way progress in this field can best be brought about, and what are its relations to the functions of government in a democracy like ours, is a far deeper question. Mr. Brandeis boldly lays it down that without it our government is a false pretence. He does not say it in so many words, but that is the precise purport of his assertions. Our government, he says, imposes upon the citizen a duty that can be entrusted with safety only to free men, the duty of voting, but "men are not free while financially dependent upon the will of other individuals. Financial dependence is consistent with freedom only where claim to support rests upon right, and not upon favor." And again: "If the government permits conditions to exist which make large classes of citizens financially dependent, the great evil of dependence should at least be minimized by the state's assuming, or causing to be assumed by others, in some form the burden incident to its own shortcomings."

We venture to doubt whether Mr. Brandeis or the hundreds who will thoughtlessly accept his doctrine have any real conception of its significance. If "men are not free while financially dependent upon the will of other individuals," the little homœopathic dose of freedom which would be injected into them by any scheme of mere old-age and invalid pensions would be far from sufficient to redeem them from their servitude. If it is necessary, in order that a man hold his head erect and vote as a freeman, that his subsistence and comfort be assured, nothing short of a socialistic revolution of the most complete character can supply the need of our democracy. That a man shall merely be able to keep soul and body together cannot satisfy his demands upon life; and under existing conditions millions would, even under a scheme of pensions vastly more liberal than anything Mr. Brandeis has in mind, be dependent for anything beyond that upon persons and things not within their own control. As for real political independence, the homœopathic dose would not merely fail to give this, but would actually take it away. The history of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the history of the protected industries, furnish clear object lessons of the effect of a claim on government support. With millions of men taught that it is the duty of the government to support them, and not of them to support the government, everything except the degree of that support would sink into insignificance in their political calculations. If we are not to have downright economic equality, dependence on the decrees of the government for a dole of economic help—whether regarded as a right or not—is bound to reduce to an inferior political status those classes to whom it applies.

THE MALIGNED PAGAN.

Paganism stands in need of clear definition. When a baccalaureate orator, the other day, applied the term pagan to Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, Hauptmann, Ibsen, and Shaw, he obviously brought together birds of a different feather. Few people at first sight would deny the justice of the description as applied to the Italian, the Englishman, and the Norseman. But they would take exception to Maeterlinck, whose spirit and interests are not strikingly anti-Christian. And they would object to Hauptmann, whose career has been consistently one of service to the cause of beauty, no matter into what mystical vagaries he has latterly fallen. Neither in Maeterlinck nor in Hauptmann can we find that vigorous and intentional antagonism to established standards of ethics, social life, and religious faith which the other three men

have manifested, with decency by Ibsen and Shaw, with license by D'Annunzio. At bottom none of these five men is a pagan, and neither other people's calling him that nor his own calling himself that will make him so. Take the entire class of "modernists" in contemporary literature and the drama, and whatever else they are, they are not Greeks or Romans. They may be poor Christians, but they are still poorer pagans.

Three radical differences in character and temperament mark off the people of the classic world from the representatives of the "modern" spirit. The moderns are primarily and defiantly individualistic, and the ancients were not. Ibsen and Shaw and Wells and D'Annunzio are enormously self-conscious, and the ancients were not. Finally, the pagans were very good fighters, whereas Shaw and Wells and the others, first appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, are not. After cutting loose from conventional religion, conventional ethics, and conventional social arrangements, the modernists may formulate a system of their own, but they will find no model for their new institutions either at Athens or at Rome. Neither Solon nor Plato nor the Roman system knew anything of the sacred rights of the individual which Nietzsche, Ibsen, and Shaw have for their main fulcrum to topple over society. When these men assert the right of the person to live his own life in defiance of a worn-out Christian ecclesiasticism or a Christian system of ethics and family organization, they are warring against the great influence which first turned the centre of human interest from the state to the individual. It is quite certain that G. B. S. would never have enjoyed the liberty of speech or action under the Greek or Roman republics that he enjoys under Mrs. Grundy and George V.

The old pagans were not self-conscious. They were not always looking at their tongues in a mirror and feeling their pulse. They were not aware of their own bodies to the painful extent to which the modernists have carried their antipathy for clothes. They did not go about eternally fussing about the conflict between Duty and Beauty. Somehow they managed to keep the two in harmony, or, if they did not, they acted with fine innocence. They knew little of the parasitic theory of art from which Mr. Shaw finds it so difficult to get away. That is, they did not think it essential that, in order to create beauty, a man must be a scalawag, a dipsomaniac, and a law unto himself. Plato, to be sure, was aware of the vagaries of the poet, and had his doubts about his qualifications for citizenship. But Plato's remedy was not to turn society topsy-turvy, but to keep poets out of his republic. In general, these old pagans did not go about, as D'Annunzio does, saying to themselves, "Go to, I will create beauty. I cannot subscribe to the accepted laws of honor, because I must create beauty. I cannot and need not pay my debts or hold to my contracts, because I must create beauty." They created beauty as part of the normal day's work and without theorizing overmuch about it. To-day we theorize all the time about it and create good advertising copy.

The old pagans, like most normal men, could wage a good fight, whereas our moderns can only knock heads. To make a good fighter one must be essentially simple-hearted, whereas modernity is nothing if not complex. Ibsen, Shaw, Wells, and Galsworthy cannot fight, for the simple reason that they cannot pick a single issue to fight upon. The despised reforming Liberals of the Bentham, Mill, and John Bright type could fight because they had definite material ends in mind. The orthodox Socialists of the present day can fight because they, too, have definite material ends in view. A coöperative commonwealth, shorter hours, anti-militarism—these are fairly imaginable and mutually consistent issues. But Shaw, and Wells, and even Galsworthy, do not know what they want. They are Socialists who want the state to dominate, and individualists who assert the rights of the individual against society, and advocates of an income tax, workmen's insurance, and tenement-house reform, and mystics who believe in things not of this world, and poets, and several other things. In other words, they want to eat their cake and have it, an inconsistency of which the pagan mind was seldom guilty.

In justice, therefore, to the old pagans it should be pointed out that with all their defects they did build up a social organism and a civilization, and that under their institutions men worked and bartered and created beauty, married and gave in marriage, fought and made peace, and did all this unconsciously and consistently. What institutions the modern spirit, as revealed in the men we have been discussing, will develop, we find it impossible to imagine. The indications would seem to point to a system in which the state shall compel every one to do what he pleases.

THE ENGLISH COPYRIGHT BILL.

London, June 3.

That good intentions do not carry one far in drafting an adequate statute has been illustrated once more by the experiences of the copyright bill now under discussion. It was introduced into the House of Commons with a flourish of trumpets. On a second reading, the bill was carried without a division. Since then its details have been scrutinized by a standing committee of the House and by a host of newspaper correspondents outside, with the result of a general conviction that it must be made over again, and "made different."

The sections relating to music have given rise to an animated controversy. The most troublesome question relates to the mechanical means of performance—phonographs, piano players, and the like—that have come into such popularity during the last few years. The framers of the Copyright act of 1842 did not foresee this development, and therefore made no definition of the status of "records." Hitherto the composer has received nothing from the companies manufacturing these records, though they have paid thousands of pounds in royalties to Melba, Caruso, and other singers whose renderings they have reproduced. The present bill takes the position that a disk or cylinder or roll is as much a copy of a piece of music as is the sheet on which it is printed for use in ordinary piano-playing. But the mechanical music makers are now a powerful industry with large investments at stake. One company alone, as certified at Somerset House, has made more than a million dollars of profit during the last three years. The manufacturers are naturally using all their influence against the proposed change, and insist, in the words of the manager of the company just mentioned, that "the author plays a limited part, and often a very limited part, in the production of the finished record, and that he is not entitled to claim the record as his sole creation, and to enjoy without due regard to the interests of his fellow workers the exclusive benefit of mechanical reproduction."

On the artistic as well as the musical side of the bill a "joker" has been discovered. It seems that, if an engraving, photograph, or portrait is ordered by

some person and made for valuable consideration, the person who has ordered the work is to be the owner of the copyright. If, however, the order is for anything else—*e. g.*, a landscape painting or a statue—the copyright is to be held by the actual author. Thus, if a person orders a statue and then causes a photograph to be taken of it to distribute among his friends, he will become liable to an action for breach of copyright. Further, a clause provides that the sale of a picture or statue does not carry with it the transfer of copyright, unless such assignment is made in writing. Thus, unless the purchaser of a picture is forewarned of this risk, he may find that the seller still retains the copyright in it, and is making a good profit by the exclusive sale of reproductions. A novelty to British law is the proposal to give protection to architecture. This has been criticised as "copyright run mad," but it is in accordance with the Berlin convention, which has been agreed to by nearly all the great European nations.

The application of the bill to literature opens up a number of disputed questions, several of which closely concern the rights of the newspaper press. Take, for example, the problem of the reporting of lectures and speeches. Pleas were made by some of the Labor and Radical members of the House of Commons committee for the entire exclusion of lectures from the advantages of copyright, on the ground that their general dissemination through the press was for the public benefit. On the other hand, it was pointed out that many men earned almost their whole living by the delivery of lectures; and, if these lectures could be published *in extenso* in the press, they would suffer severe loss. Probably the case will be settled by simplifying the existing process, rather a roundabout one, of copyrighting a lecture, while allowing newspapers to publish a "reasonable summary." At the same time, one member of the committee argued that a distinction should be made between "speeches" and "lectures" for the purposes of this bill. He did not propose to take away the right of Lord Rosebery, for instance, to publish a collection of his speeches afterward, but it was important, in the interests of the public, that newspapers should be permitted to publish verbatim reports of them at the time of their delivery.

As regards books, the chief point at issue is the duration of copyright. At present the British law allows copyright for either (1) the author's life, plus seven years, or (2) forty-two years from the date of publication, according as the one period or the other turns out to be the longer. The new bill abolishes the variable term, substituting for it the uniform period of the author's life plus fifty years after his death. In favor of the uniform system the practical convenience is urged that all the works of an author should go out of copyright together, and that there should not be the need of discovering the date of publication of each several volume. This enlargement of the term is subject, however, to one important qualification. The bill provides that at the end of twenty-five years the controller-general of patents shall be empowered to issue licenses for the production of the book by other persons than the owner of the copyright if, in his judgment, the book is unduly withheld from the public, whether by the excessive price charged for copies, or by the undue limitation of the number of copies issued, or in any other manner.

The proposal for an extension of the term has been fiercely assailed in the name of democracy. The doctrine that "the fruits of genius"—in which seem to be included also the fruits of toil and research—belong to everybody who would like to share them has been preached by reputable persons in language that reads like a plagiarism from the exposition of the ethics of copyright given to Nicholas Nickleby by Mr. Gregsbury, M.P. One is thankful to Sir W. Robertson Nicoll for his direct, blunt acceptance of the challenge contained in this demand. "It is pleaded," he says, "that the copyright works of such authors as Tennyson cost some shillings to come by. So they should." As a matter of fact this assumption is far from valid. "Books are sold," says the Manchester *Guardian*, "according to the demand for them, and not according to their freedom from copyright, and the cheapest books of the day are copyright books. You can buy Mr. H. G. Wells's 'Tono-Bungay,' which is no more than two years old, for sevenpence. You can buy Walter Bagehot's 'English Constitution'—an older book, but still in copyright—for a shilling, and when the copyright finally falls in it is hardly likely that it will be possible to buy it for less."

In fact, the clauses relating to the term of copyright deserve criticism, not for their lengthening of the period, but for the serious risk of injustice through their provision for its limitation by the authority of the controller of patents. This means that as soon as an author has been dead for twenty-five years the holder of the copyright in his works may find its ownership a *damnosa hereditas*. During the second half of the fifty years' period repeated applications may be made to the controller for the issue of a license, and every time the application is resisted heavy expenses may be involved. As power is given to the controller to "award any party such costs as he may consider reasonable," the author's representatives may not only lose their property, but be heavily fined into the bargain. As a result of the discussion in the standing committee the bill is likely to be so amended as to give absolute copyright until twenty-five years after the author's death, to be followed by twenty-five years of limited copyright, during which it shall be open to any person to reproduce the book on condition of giving notice of his intention and paying the holder of the copyright royalties at the rate of 10 per cent. on all copies sold.

This summary has by no means exhausted the list of the debatable points in the Copyright bill of 1911. For example, the question of the relation of copyright in Great Britain to copyright in the self-governing dominions bristles with difficulties. Yet it is most desirable that the work of simplifying and revising the existing law shall be completed without much longer delay. At present the courts have to follow the guidance of twenty-four acts of Parliament and several orders in council, extending from 1734 to 1907. H. W. H.

L'ESPRIT DE LA NOUVELLE SORBONNE.

PARIS, May 31.

Writing over the signature "Agathon," two students at the University of Paris have published a vigorous attack on the decline of classical culture at the Sorbonne and the corresponding rise of methods characterized as excessively utilitarian. Agathon finds in the "palace" of the New Sorbonne no stronghold of traditional French culture, no intelligent interpretation of the seventeenth-century classics, no leaven of Greek and Roman thought for the modern world. On the contrary, he meets in every corridor a horde of Germanic, socialistic, pseudo-scientific influences, transforming the institution into an arid desert where nothing flourishes but the cactus of bibliography and the aloes of card-indexes. The subjects of study are split into an infinity of specialized chapters, so small and so narrow as to have no real educational value. It is merely "the dust of education." He cites the following subjects given out for compositions:

> Study the verb or the adjective on a certain page of Montaigne. Study the subjunctive in the following selection from Heine. Study the model auxiliary in this passage of Lenau.

This sort of work, says Agathon, drives the intelligent and imaginative student to despair. At the same time, it puts a premium on the temperament which can make an indefinite number of notes on cards, but which is totally incapable of forming a personal, original opinion. The Sorbonne is suffocating under a flood of index-cards, like the famous Penguin Islander, Fulgence Tapir. "Personal meditation . . . is proscribed as suspect and dangerous." The classics are studied as philological phenomena; notes, glossaries, compari-

sion of texts, the dry bones of erudition, taking precedence over the beauty of the flesh and the influence of the spirit. As for history, M. Seignobos, "one of the boldest protagonists of the scientific method," is quoted to the effect that "nothing in history is certain, but the truths of La Palice." The original truth of La Palice, it might be remarked parenthetically, is to be found in the verses, composed by his men-at-arms:

> Fifteen minutes before his death
> He was still alive.

M Seignobos will not admit the value of any fact less adamantine. In the matter of literature, a professor devotes a lesson to the following: Leconte de Lisle wrote a poem in which there was mention of a yellow-bellied lion. Very good. Appears a second edition in which yellow has turned to white. Discussion, followed by conclusion that the poet should have written yellow-and-white, since, in fact, the belly of the lion is white streaked with yellow.

Agathon is particularly severe with regard to the "scientific method" in the study of letters and history. The blame is laid at the door of M. Durkheim's objective doctrines. Durkheim, of Jewish extraction, is a professor of philosophy at the Sorbonne, whose course this year was on the "Science of Education." He is also a member of the Council of the University and of the Consulting Committee which supervises the appointments to chairs of higher education. His influence, therefore, is considerable. His system consists in the effacement of the individual. He speaks of society, of the Social Being, as something quite apart from the individual, having no connection with it. His scientific method takes no account of personalities or of imaginations. It knows only one thing: a fact, a solid, concrete, scientific fact, capable of demonstration. It being impossible to demonstrate the absolute value of a personal opinion, all such opinions are rejected. Everything is reduced to the baldest, the most level materialism. The Social Being is not endowed with talent or an imagination. Such things imply an undemocratic differentiation from the mass. When confronted by a scene from Molière or a page of La Bruyère, the Being's "esthetic reaction" is inappreciable. He is capable of a philological dissection of the passage in question; nothing more. Since, according to M. Durkheim, this rather pedestrian Social Being is all that exists in the world of democracy—or at least all that counts—everything must be arranged to suit his tastes and limitations; everything, even to the Faculty of Letters. He thrives on the scientific method; but on classicism, on appreciative or creative criticism, on general ideas, on disinterested human culture, he starves. Therefore, "the master no longer says to the pupil, 'Think; propose ideas for our discussion; little by little, we shall be able to disengage certain truths.' No, M. Durkheim's word of command is, 'You shall do this, and nothing else; you shall work in this way and no other; anything you obtain by other procedures will not be science.' "

There is no doubt that in the matter of examinations for degrees, there has been a marked lowering of the standard under the influence of this method. The theme in Latin has been abolished—too classical. Also the theme in French—too literary. Remains the exposition of Heine's subjunctives. Agathon cites an amusing manifestation of the "scientific superstition":

> At the Sorbonne there is a little room where the students meet to read and comment Montaigne, Corneille, Voltaire, the authors of the programme. Formerly such a place was called a *study*. But a name so modest would not suit the dignity of the work carried on there. At present it is called: *Laboratory of French Philology*. If by chance you are curious as to what goes on in this austere chamber and ask for some enlightenment on the subject, you will be told, "that is a workshop for scientific manipulations—of French texts." . . . But open the door and listen to this admonishing voice: "Gentlemen, you should clean your instruments before using them." Have you wandered into the department of chemistry? No, indeed, it is M. Seignobos, professor of history, criticising Fustel de Coulanges, in advising his students to utilize only unimpeachable texts.

Hand in hand with the progress of the scientific method goes the decline of good French. The "manipulators" in the "philological laboratories" seem deplorably lacking in the ability to express the results of their experiments in precise, correct, literary French. This phenomenon is recognized even by such defenders of the Sorbonne as M. Lanson and M. Lavisse. The serious papers of Paris comment on it frequently and at length. The *Temps* says, "At the Sorbonne, they speak German, English, Russian, Hungarian, Vlach, Manchu, without counting the jargon peculiar to sociologists; but, with rare exceptions, they no longer write French." The *Journal des Débats* is of the same opinion. M. Faguet, who knows, if any one does, what pure and brilliant French is like, goes even farther and says that in the future,

> There will be two languages: the one, French, written by a few people and understood by them and by some others, not many; the other, a language for which a name will be found, very imprecise, very vague, amorphous, confused, which no one, therefore, will understand very well, but which will serve, nevertheless, as the means of a somewhat rudimentary, somewhat barbarous communication between men, and which will have some distant connections, very nearly recognizable, with French.

Agathon's book takes a view of the situation perhaps a little too gloomy. In spite of M. Durkheim, there is probably still a good deal of "general culture" to be had at the Sorbonne. But, as regards the programme of studies for the degrees and in the matter of the "crise du français," making all due allowance for prejudices, the charges seem in the main to be true. The source of the trouble is apparently the "reform" of the secondary education brought about in 1902. This change consisted in dividing the lycée programmes into four groups or "cycles," which lead to diplomas equivalent in grade, but differing widely in the studies represented. These cycles are, respectively, Latin-Greek, Latin-Modern Languages, Latin-Science, and Science-Modern Languages. At the age of twelve or thirteen, the pupil chooses his group—a choice which determines in great measure the nature of his future education. Specialization has already begun. Following an altogether natural impulse to avoid what is, or looks as if it might be, difficult, a large proportion of the youth of the land turn their faces resolutely away from the group Latin-Greek, which represents the old classical ideal. But since the university must accept on equal terms students from all the cycles, even the Science-Languages, where those foregather who are "not especially endowed for the study of Latin," it naturally becomes necessary to abolish the university theme in Latin. Furthermore, within the cycles are found a vast number of subjects, each one more or less specialized. The inevitable result is superficiality. "Too many hours; not enough study." As the *Temps* said a few days ago, the lycées seem to have reversed a motto, which now reads *non multum sed multa*. As a result, the boy of eighteen, who takes his lycée degree, the *baccalauréat*, enters the university with a minimum of that humanizing culture which is supposed to be the especial gift of French secondary education. He is then immersed in the "scientific method," which may be very proper and necessary for the production of savants and technical scholars, but to which a certain amount of disinterested culture is prerequisite. As M. Faguet says, the scientific method, bibliography, annotation of texts, comparison of editions, should all come as the last step in higher education. They furnish the "instruments" for use in the "philological laboratories," but the student should first be provided with some material on which to work. This can only be had through the non-utilitarian secondary education, which should extend, according to M. Faguet, not only through the lycée, but even through the first two of the three years at the university.

In conclusion, it might be said that Agathon, in attacking the Sorbonne, perhaps mistakes an effect for a cause. The changes in the Sorbonne are the necessary result of the so-called reforms of 1902. These in their turn are simply the expression, in the department of educa-

tion, of the drift of power in the French Chamber toward the Extreme Left. The character of these changes has been ultra-democratic and socialistic. M. Lanson himself speaks of "lowering the standards of education" in order to spread it more broadly. He finds that French "classical culture, too refined, . . . goes over the heads of children from families where the newspaper is all that has been read, or ever will be read." At the university, after the theme in Latin, the theme in French is abolished because it is "beyond the powers of the majority." They should be taught, continues M. Lanson, "things which are coarsely and platitudinously exact, but which they can feel and grasp." This surely is debatable doctrine. Educate the people upward, or bend the education downward? The logical result of the second course, carried out completely, would be a programme, for primary, secondary, and higher education, consisting of the three R's. But it is not likely that this result is near; for, to return once more to the *Temps*, "professors, deans of faculties, economists, academicians, writers, engineers, denounce the faults of the programmes of secondary education elaborated in 1902"; what is needed, "to speak plainly, is less of the utilitarian fever and more of the human ideal."

HERBERT JONES.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the opening of Mrs. Gaskell's tragic story of the "Crooked Branch" there occurs a humorous account of Nathan Huntroyd's wooing. It is almost the only gleam of sunshine in that sombre picture. Nathan finds his old sweetheart in poor circumstances, and says:

> Hester, thou dost not mind me. I am Nathan as thy father turned off at a minute's notice, for thinking of thee for a wife, twenty years come Michaelmas next. I have not thought much upon matrimony since. But Uncle Ben has died, leaving me a small matter in the bank; and I have to see after it. Wilt like to come? *I'll not mislead thee. It's dairy and it might have been arable.* But arable takes more horses nor it suited me to buy, and I'd the offer of a tidy lot of kine. That's all. If thou'lt have me, I'll come for thee as soon as the hay is getten in.

The phrase italicized was suggested, as the Master of Peterhouse points out in the Knutsford edition, by one which Mrs. Gaskell had heard from a dear friend who occasionally made notes of the racy talk of the wives of the farmers and laborers with whom she came in contact. This lady's records, after being a source of amusement while in manuscript, were printed after her death, but without her name, in 1881, for private circulation, under the title of "Country Conversations."* This little volume is a very rare book. There is no copy in the British Museum, and the copy here noted, which came from the library of Dean Vaughan of Llandaff, was only obtained by a fortunate chance after twenty years of search. In the preface we are told that

> whatever interest these records may have arises from the fact that they are not the work of an inventive genius. The writer had a singularly accurate memory, a sense of quiet humor, and keen powers of observation; but of the faculty which creates she had no share. . . . She scrupulously avoided making any additions or changes, though she sometimes omitted trifling details, and recorded as little as possible of her own share in the dialogue.

An article by E. V. Lucas appeared in the *Monthly Review* of 1902, and a brief notice in the *Manchester Guardian* of that year, as well as an appreciative welcome in the *Academy* of 1881, shows how the quality of these sketches struck those who were lucky enough to see them. Gladstone, speaking to Mr. Grant Duff, praised "Country Conversations" in the same breath as Barrie's "Window in Thrums."

The "Crooked Branch" was written in 1859, and here is the actual conversation recorded in 1857:

> My son Tom, Miss G., has met with a disappointment about getting married. You know he's got that nice farm at Hallwood; so he met a young lady at a dance as he was very much took up with, and she seemed quite agreeable; so as he had heard she had five hundred he wrote next day to purshue the acquaintance, and her Father wrote and asked Tom to come over to Southwick. Eh, dear! poor fellow! he went off in such sperrits, and he looked so spruce in his best clothes, with a new tie and all. So next day when I heard him come to the gate, I ran out as pleased as could be; but I see in a moment he was sadly cast down. "Why, Tom, my lad," says I, "what is it?" "Why, Mother," says he, "she'd understood mine was a harable; and she *will not* marry to a dairy."

A comparison of the passages will show with what artistic skill Mrs. Gaskell has utilized the suggestion of her friend.

There are many other good things in the book, and if the writer had no creative faculty she had a genius for selection. Her farmer's wife stands out as distinctly as Mrs. Poyser. Then there is her daughter Mary, who decides that her future husband must combine piety and good "circumstances," and her son Tom, who goes to court one sister and gets engaged to the other, and then manages to extricate himself from this uncomfortable position. Then there is the laborer's wife, with her impressions of London Bridge: "Eh! dear, what a place it must be! They say the railway carriages, and carriages and cabs with horses, are all running together upon the rails, and it's nothing but them pints as keeps them from all being smashed together."

This is the same woman who, when she is ill, won't buy new clothes for fear of other people getting them after her death! There is the wife of a man who combines the avocations of gardener and astrologer and "always charges his glasses with a text before he looks in." Miss G., having told her that Mrs. B. has given birth to a son, asks, "Why did you turn round and look at the clock?" to which the astrologer's wife ingenuously answers: "Why, you see, ma'am, whenever I tell him of a child being born, he always asks me, 'What o'clock was it?' and he's very cross if I can't tell him, and you know I can scarce ever say for certain what o'clock it was when a child was born; so now I always say what o'clock it was when first I heard tell of it." Thus are our horoscopes ruled! The life of the authoress was, with the exception of a bad accident, the uneventful one of an English gentlewoman of the Victorian period, but one of intellectual tastes and given to good works.

It is really a pity that her vignettes from life should be doomed to the seclusion of a book printed only for private circulation. Perhaps in the future it may reach a wider audience. Meanwhile the booklover should keep a good lookout for any chance copy that may come in his way.

*This title of Miss Tollett's book, it is curious to note, was anticipated by a volume published in 1694—"Country Conversations: being an account of some discourses that happened on a visit to the country last summer on divers subjects, chiefly of the modern comedies, of drinking, of translated verse, of printing and printers, of poets and poetry," which, although anonymous, is regarded as the work of James Wright, an antiquary of that period.

Correspondence

PRIVATE PAPERS OF ANTHONY BUTLER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The University of Texas recently received, in a quantity of the private papers of Col. Anthony Butler, a gift of more than local historical interest. Butler was chargé d'affaires of the United States at Mexico, from 1829 to the end of 1835, and a considerable part of this collection consists of correspondence connected with his legation. There are dispatches from the State Department at Washington bearing the autograph signatures of Secretaries Van Buren, McLane, and Forsyth; duplicates of many of Butler's notes to the State Department and to the Mexican Foreign Office; a mass of private correspondence with Secretary Alaman; the usual letters from American citizens, urging this or that claim against the Mexican government; thirteen letters from Joel R. Poinsett; and twenty original letters from President Jackson to Butler. Copies of many of these documents are to be found both at Washington and in the records of the American Embassy at Mexico, and Butler's possession of the autograph dispatches from the State Department is to be accounted for by the practice that then prevailed of sending diplomatic agents duplicate, or even triplicate, dispatches by different routes, in the effort to circumvent the vagaries of the postal service. But some of the matter is unique, and should have remained in the embassy records.

The Jackson letters deal almost exclusively with the question of the purchase of Texas, which was, perhaps, the dearest wish of Jackson's Presidential career, and which was the chief aim of Butler's mission. Three of the letters are almost entirely in cipher, and have not been translated, but such as have been read do not materially increase our knowledge of Jackson's position.

A deal of new light, however, emanates from the unofficial papers. Not for a long time have historians had any illusions concerning the character of Colonel Butler. They have known that he was personally interested in the purchase of Texas, that he shrank from no means of accomplishing that object, that for six years he deceived President Jackson with the hope of approaching success when there was no hope, and that at the end Jackson acknowledged him "a scamp and a liar"; but so far no one seems to have suspected that a conflict between

his private interest and his official instructions may have operated to prolong his fruitless negotiation. He was instructed to offer a maximum of five million dollars for about two-thirds of the present State of Texas, but the President, wishing to avoid a repetition of the Florida land troubles, insisted that all colonization contracts and other grants in Texas whose conditions had not been fully complied with should be annulled previously to the sale. Now, these papers show that in two speculating concerns alone—the Arkansas and Texas Land Company and the Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company—Butler held scrip aggregating a million acres, and in case of a cession of Texas the value of this was contingent upon the recognition of their titles by the United States. The situation was further complicated by the fact that the Mexican government itself did not recognize the legality of these grants. From this one may begin to understand what difficult elements were involved in the undertaking of our representative in Mexico. He had first to persuade the Mexican government to legalize the grants in which he was interested—and he was very probably interested in more than the two which have been mentioned—then to procure their recognition by the United States, and finally to induce Mexico to sell the province. And each was an impossible task. Interest in the situation is heightened by the disclosure that when Butler returned to Mexico in the autumn of 1835, after a brief visit to Washington, he carried authority from one James Prentiss of New York, who represented, by his own account, the principal stock of the Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company, to buy the soil of Texas for the company for ten million dollars, while obtaining a transfer of political jurisdiction therein to the United States. How seriously Butler considered this bizarre proposal there is no evidence to show; but whatever may have been his moral deficiencies, he was not lacking in imagination and he probably gave it some thought. His plausibility equalled his imagination, and in reading his papers one gets the curious impression that he really believed himself possessed of many virtues.

Anthony Butler was born about 1787. He entered the war of 1812 as a lieutenant-colonel, and was honorably discharged a colonel, June 15, 1815. He served as a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and was once a candidate for Governor of that State. In 1829 he succeeded Poinsett as chargé d'affaires at Mexico, and in 1838 began a term in the third Congress of the Republic of Texas. At the beginning of the Mexican war he offered his services to Gen. Taylor in the belief, as he said, that his thorough knowledge of the country would be very useful, but they were courteously declined. When he died is uncertain.

EUGENE C. BARKER.

University of Texas, June 1.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the hope of counteracting slightly the misrepresentation which Admiral C. F. Goodrich makes in the *Nation* of May 18, I ask your leave to present the truth concerning the English administration in India as it appears to an Indian. Admiral Goodrich asserts that there is no Indian nation. True, it is admitted on all hands that India is inhabited by several races of people, and that there is a considerable lack of homogeneity in their religious and social ideas. That does not mean, however, that there is no Indian nation. About twenty-five years ago a number of political theorists used to hold that there could be no nationality without ethnic unity; but the experience of Austria-Hungary, the United States, and the Swiss Confederation have exploded this theory. The Indian nationality is as potent and dynamic as the Swiss or the American. It is founded on a geographical unit. It is based on common traditions, hopes, aspirations, and, above all, sufferings.

The responsible leaders of the Indian nation do not ask that England should leave India at once. They insist, however, that India must not be governed despotically by England for her own selfish interests. They ask for those elementary rights of men which are the inheritance of all civilized people. They demand that the people of India shall not be deprived, as virtually they have been, of the freedom of press, the right of trial by courts, the right of holding public meetings, and the right of having an effective voice in the management of their own affairs.

The English rule is characterized by Admiral Goodrich as "just and kindly." What of the $150,000,000 which India is annually made to pay England for so-called home charges, without any economic return whatsoever. The home charges, to mention only a few out of the many unjust impositions, include the cost of maintaining a vast English army in India for imperial exploitation; the expenses of keeping up the India office in London; and the payment of life-long pensions to the English officeholders who have a monopoly of fat government jobs. It may be noted that the English colonies, which are as much a part of the Empire as India is, pay neither for the maintenance of the Colonial Office in London, nor for the protection of their shores by the English navy. Of course, we are well aware of the fact that the English financial jugglers have no difficulty in explaining the home charges to the satisfaction of their own consciences; but let us reverse the situation for a moment. Put them in the place of the Indians. How long would they think this enormous annual drain to be "just and kindly," were it imposed upon England, for example by Germany?

Admiral Goodrich makes a good deal, too, of the alleged fighting of Indian famines by England. The famines in India are due to the inevitable results of the rack-renting English rule. Within the last quarter of a century there have been ten big famines which swept away from 15,000,000 to 26,000,000 people. And the most signficant thing about these terrible famines is that instead of becoming lighter and fewer with the continuance of English rule, they are returning upon us with unprecedented severity and frequency. The truth of the matter is that as long as the English keep on piling up taxes on the starving ryots, there will be in Hindustan a ceaseless repetition of "tax-created famine and poverty-created plague."

India has been under English rule for more than 150 years, yet India has no public schools. Not more than one man in ten and one woman in a hundred can read and write. Is the curse of ignorance also to be counted as "just and kindly"?

In comparison with the oppression from which India is groaning to-day, the tyrannies against which the American colonies rebelled a century and a third ago, were but insignificant indeed. Is it then too much to expect that all Americans who love fair-play, justice, and liberty, will give a sympathetic ear to the wrongs inflicted on a weaker people by a stronger?

SUDHINDRA BOSE.

State University of Iowa, May 25.

THE DESPOT OF MEXICO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Granted that the form of government established by Porfirio Diaz in Mexico was no genuine republic, the question remains whether on the whole it was not the form best suited to the stage of political evolution reached by the Mexican people. Are not we, *los sajones*, who have spent a thousand years in learning inch by inch how to govern ourselves, a little hasty in applying our political yardsticks to a people accustomed during that period to the rankest absolutism variegated with anarchy? And, down in the bottom of our hearts, are we all of us certain that our present unqualified universal suffrage system of government is really the concrete realization of the highest ideal?

Americans (not merely passing tourists or job writers for the daily press), who have lived in Mexico and have studied the problem, are firm in the belief that, for that people at that stage of their existence, Diaz's government was the best possible government. The indispensable requisite of any durable form of government is peace and order. When, as often happens with us in the States, there is a miniature insurrection under guise of labor troubles, when the submerged tenth has come to the top, and life and property are not safe, and all progress is at a standstill, the first thing for any ruler to do is to impose order and peace. When in such cases argument fails and appeals to reason are unavailable, the one thing to do is to use force, to crush down by brute strength the elements of disorder and barbarism. From the days of O'Donojú till Diaz's time, the history of Mexico is one long record of political, social, and economic anarchy. Diaz brought peace, order, and security; and Mexico leaped to the front rank of minor nations. But without universal suffrage or any proper representative government; and, Diaz frankly admitted, the reason for this lack of true representative, popular government in Mexico was that the Mexican people at that time were unfitted for such a regimen. Any fair-minded man who has ever had first-hand knowledge of Mexico will admit that Diaz was right.

The great social and economic problem for Mexico in the future is the creation and encouragement of a flourishing middle class. To-day there are but two classes: the *gente fina* (upper class) and the *gente baja* (the lower class). The former are mostly Europeans, and their descendants, who own vast tracts of land and live in patriarchal style; the latter—the original Indians, Aztecs,

Toltecs, Zapotecs, Mayas, etc. are industrious, naturally intelligent, reasonably peaceful folk: an asset that no nation can afford to waste or discourage. The economic salvation of the country will undoubtedly come through the breaking up of the immense feudal agricultural holdings of the untitled aristocracy, the encouragement of the small and independent farmer, the introduction of small industries managed by native small capitalists, and, finally, the inculcation, slow and laborious, of habits and instrumentalities of saving and thrift.

These are some of the problems of the next dictator of Mexico. But the supreme merit of Don Porfirio is that he has made it possible for his generation to know the meaning of peace, order, and security before plunging into the next vortex of political upheaval. So long as his health and strength lasted, Mexico was tranquil and prosperous, but as soon as the old lion became weak, the jackals began to howl. It is rare that a great man is appreciated by the mob, and popular ingratitude is no new thing in history—Christopher Columbus is a standard example.

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, June 5.

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note in the *Nation* of May 11 an editorial on "Some Aspects of Scientific Management." Please let me thank you for the admirable warning which you have given to possible users of the system. It is most desirable that men who are interested in this subject should understand that the introduction of the principles of this management must necessarily be slow, and must involve a large amount of patience and hard work. I feel sure that perhaps four out of five men who will undertake its introduction will find themselves disappointed, chiefly because they lack the patience to wait for results and the perseverance to make the change. FRED. W. TAYLOR.

Philadelphia, May 31.

THE COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Henry P. Fairchild's letter on Ellis Island (*Nation*, June 8) is an admirable statement regarding the work which Commissioner Williams is doing so successfully, and for doing which Mr. Williams is now being attacked in the most brutal and scandalous manner by the German newspapers, and by Mr. Hearst's *Journal*. It would be well for the country if we had many more men of the stamp of Mr. Williams in official positions.

I have had the satisfaction of knowing Mr. Williams for a good many years, and I know his work at Ellis Island well. As the result of numerous visits to the island I am convinced that, so far from being hard-hearted and unjust, Mr. Williams has shown the most remarkable tact and kindness in his treatment of the thousands of difficult and distressing cases with which he has had to deal. In fact, it has always seemed to me that the present commissioner has been almost painfully conscientious in the discharge of his duty. There are few government officials who occupy positions of such responsibility. And it is safe to say that there are very few to whom the American people owe a larger debt of gratitude. It is not difficult to discern the real motives which lie behind the present outrageous attacks on Mr. Williams. Such attacks, however unwarranted and however unjust they are, do, unfortunately, affect a certain body of public opinion. It is, therefore, the business of those who wish to see an honest official kept in a position which he is remarkably well qualified to fill to bestir themselves in this matter. I heartily endorse every word of Professor Fairchild's excellent letter. ROBERT DEC. WARD.

Harvard University, June 10.

Literature

BOOKS ON EGYPT.

England in the Sudan. By Yacoub Pasha Artin. Translated from the French by G. Robb. With 122 photographs and map. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

Egypt: Ancient Sites and Modern Scenes. By Sir Gaston Maspero. With 17 photographs. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $4.

Oriental Cairo: The City of the "Arabian Nights." By Douglas Sladen. With 63 photographs and map. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5 net.

On November 9, 1908, Artin Pasha left Cairo with Professor Sayce for a journey in the Egyptian Sudan. On January 15, 1909, he reached Cairo again, after spending twenty days in Khartum and ascending the Blue Nile to Rosaires and the White Nile to Gondokoro. This record of his impressions on that journey is a translation of the letters which he wrote daily to his wife in Cairo. It is not often that a traveller from the outside has gone down into the Sudan so well fitted by previous likings, environment, and study to see into the situations there and to grasp and state the problems. By heredity and through a long life connected with the administration of Egypt and especially with its education, he was able to bring to bear that mass of preparation and training and yet to look with fresh eyes on new scenes. And there were even closer links. At Sennaar he says: "One day, I may write what is known of the history of this unfortunate country in memory of a Fung negress who nursed me as a child, and who recounted to me the misfortunes of the king, her father, at the time of the conquest of Ismail Bey." But it was his position as former minister of education—and the best that Egypt has ever had—that helped him most. Again and again he met old pupils from the schools of Cairo who remembered and reverenced him as their former helper. This gave him points of access throughout the Sudan which were invaluable.

Scattered through these letters we find such subjects treated as the whole water question, not only the irrigation canals, but, what is equally important, the drainage canals and the problem of clearing the Delta of almost stagnant water and the upper Nile of its *sadd;* the question of education, primary and technical, and of the supply of teachers; the different races and their frictions, their ambitions and possibilities of development; the whole missionary problem, with its heavy handicap of the army system, viewed evidently from the outside, but very keenly and not without sympathy; the question of slavery, which is partly economic and partly one of Arabs *versus* negroes; the financial situation, with its difficulty of keeping up reform on a small budget and not moving too fast for the mass of the people to understand and follow. With all this goes a multitude of little descriptions, very vivid and yet simply expressed. The river scenery, the difference between the three Niles—the united stream and the Blue and the White; the riverside population; the traces and stories of recent history and notably of the rising of Abdal-Qadir; the last flare-up of Mahdiism, and how he and his like were viewed by the people; here close and suggestive parallels are cited between the negro tribes and the Germans as Tacitus knew them. Artin Pasha asks hopefully whether centuries of contact with our civilization may not bring these tribes up in the scale, as the Germans were brought up by contact with Rome. But for that parallel to be valid, they must learn how to hold their own and not suffer themselves to be exploited out of existence by a dominating race. Are Abyssinia and Uganda in this to play the part of the inaccessible forests and swamps of northern Germany? The photographs are very good, and the translation from Artin Pasha's French has been carefully and successfully done.

Sir Gaston Maspero's book is of a very different sort. It is journalism of a high class, impressions of modern Egypt, caught by a great Egyptologist on his official progresses up and down the river, and thrown into charming literary form. They appeared in the *Temps* and elsewhere from 1900 on. All begin with Egypt as it is, although always there lie behind intimations and glimpses of an Egypt which has vanished. We are led back from the fellahin to the Pharaohs, their fathers, as they are fond of calling them. Nowhere is the continuity of a race so continuous as here. So regularly and smoothly, in these essays, does the present slide back into the remotest past that if Sir Gaston were not one of the first Egyptologists alive, we might think that we were being played with by a daringly mendacious popularizer. But we are rather being taken by a very human path into the childhood of the world, and scenes of death and burial are made to yield up secrets of life.

Perhaps the most poignant of these touches comes in the last sketch, where we stand on the platform at Philæ and look with the despairing eyes of the last priests of Isis at the boats of the Blemmyes vanishing to the south, now the only worshippers of their goddess, their one safety against the rising Christian tide. Lighter are the legends and superstitions of Karnak and the tales which may be gathered there from the fellahs. These are common not only to Egypt, old and new, but to the world as well. Thus, some details of apparitions—a little dog trotting in and little figures dancing in the middle of a room—at Karnak (pp. 164 f.) are exactly the same as some narrated to the eccentric George Sinclar and published by him in his "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," as having been "seen in a dwelling house in Mary King's Closs, in Edinburgh" (reprint of 1871, pp. 245 f.). In telling of the afrites, who are the ghosts of men that have been murdered or accidentally killed, Sir Gaston does not mention that these afrites produce knockings to indicate their presence and tell their story exactly like the raps of modern spiritualism. Seldon Willmore, in his "Spoken Arabic of Egypt" (pp. 370 and 374) has given some interesting narratives about this, told in Egyptian colloquial. One of the few purely modern sketches tells vividly of a cab drive in Siout; but, strangely enough, Sir Gaston does not seem to know who is the saint who presides over the safety of cabs in Egypt (p. 56). It is the Shekh al-Maghrábi whose neat little *qubba* stands beside the Pension Sima: to him all the *arabiya* drivers pay fealty. The translation might have been better, and the illustrations are of a somewhat formal type; they have little connection with the text.

Mr. Sladen's "Oriental Cairo" is journalism, too, but of the most perfervid, and in no wise scholarly. He revels in adjectives of far-flung promiscuity, yet he is also capable of very terse, neat characterizations. His weak sides are history and religion and an understanding of what things really mean, and his strong side is a genuine enthusiasm for native life and scenes. He started out well under the guidance of Lane's "Arabian Nights" and "Modern Egyptians" and of Lane-Poole's excellent book on Cairo. He also picked up an admirably humble-minded dragoman who could not be tempted out of the native town, but who knew his way about there thoroughly. Then, out of sheer love for it, he gave months to soaking in picturesque Cairo, at all hours of the day and night: in its mosques, palaces, festivals, processions, holidays, amusements, bazaars and markets, old houses, and street life. In this way he saw a really amazing amount. Even the old haunter of Cairo will find in this book things to make him want to go back and verify. And for what he has actually seen, Mr. Sladen can be trusted. The adjectival tendency has, of course, to be discounted, and on some occasions he apparently took less careful notes. Thus the description of the Ashura Night procession is by no means complete; at least from the point of view of one who has actually walked in it. But, all in all, the book should prove a good and stimulating guide to the by-ways of Cairo—a near approach to that Walks in Cairo which all genuine seekers there have desired. The only pity is that he did not know the "Guide-Joanne," which, especially in its 1900 edition under Hertz Bey's care, is better than Baedeker. The map, also, which he gives, may be the latest in Baedeker; but that in the last "Guide-Joanne" is much better and fuller, as is also the large but cumbrous plan of R. Huber. Finally, no faith can be put in him for things which he did not actually himself see. If he quotes Lane, he is safe; otherwise, as they say in Egypt, Allah leaves him very much to himself. And even Lane he can be made to doubt, as when "Mrs. Butcher, who has been in Egypt thirty years, says that the Kisweh is packed and taken in the Mahmal" (p. 235). We all know the people who have been thirty years in the country and the stories they tell. But Mr. Sladen's enthusiasm is fine, and his photographs are really good.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Dweller on the Threshold. By Robert Hichens. New York: The Century Co.

Mr. Hichens here abandons his exotic setting and meets the contemporary English novelist upon his own ground. The result is not altogether happy for Mr. Hichens. It becomes clear how much of the glamour, which a large public has felt in "The Garden of Allah" or "Bella Donna," depended on what may be called the "travelogue" element in this writer's work. His knack at word-painting and a certain intensity of manner have passed for more than they are really worth—with the aid of the closen setting. But his characters pose and talk rather than live and breathe.

In shifting his scene to London, and abandoning that theme of human passion upon which he has hitherto been playing his popular variations, he has at least showed his courage. The "love-interest" goes for nothing in this story—or for as nearly nothing as is possible in any human action. These are the "Persons of the Drama," listed according to the incoming fashion—the fruit, we suppose, of the dramatized novel and the novelized play: Evelyn Malling, notorious because of his sustained interest in Psychical Research and his work for Professor Stepton; Rev. Marcus Harding, at the beginning of the story a marvellously successful rector in West End, London, and a man of dominating will; Henry Chichester, his senior curate, "a very good man and a decidedly attractive man, but too amiable, too kind-hearted, and too easily deceived"; Lady Sophia, "a woman who managed to be admirable without being dull"; Professor Stepton, interested only in Science. It is all, the reader will observe, quite "up-to-date": the place well-bred London, and the time precisely to-day. For the rest, of course, the phrase "Psychical Research" gives away the show before the curtain rises. The upshot of it is that the rector and his curate, at the instance of the former (who is a whited sepulchre), get to dabbling in the occult, and gradually exchange personalities. By some mysterious law (that, we suppose, of goodness triumphant), the weaker preys upon the stronger, and the personality of Chichester usurps the body of Harding. Lady Sophia, the wife of the rector, instinctively transfers her devotion from the new Harding to the new Chichester. But with the death of Harding's body the curate's soul returns to its rightful dwelling, and we behold Chichester feebly mourning his dead master, and blind to the advances of Lady Sophia. No theme of this sort has thus far been treated with marked success in fiction. Mr. Hichens has evidently done his best in the construction of his tale, but the product is a mere artifice.

The Colonel's Story. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mrs. Pryor's touch on matters Virginian is authoritative. Hence perhaps it is that her colonel has all the chivalry and charm of other Virginian colonels, and in addition the welcome graces of temperate language and common sense. He does not swear, he loves his poets, he knows the difference between a mortgage and a wax candle. Only in his entire confidence that the New York publishers will jump at his manuscript novel does he show any fantastic mental flights. He is a character to love as dearly as his neighbors loved him, old and young, black and white. He and they are worthy progenitors of the Virginia to which the late Mr. Eggleston paid homage in his "Recollections," where "culture was deemed of more account than mere education," and "living was held in higher regard than getting a living." To Mrs. Pryor's book, the Virginia atmosphere of the day of President Taylor gives a quality wholly its own. There is perhaps no other writer who can so describe the Old Dominion, affectionately conveying its charm, humorously recognizing its simplicities; giving portraits like miniatures of high-bred sir and dame, and in the same breath lightly satirizing the haughty patrician lady who is bristlingly repellent to her own

class and angelically kind to the poor, provided the poor be humble. Family life on an old estate, summer trips to the White Sulphur Springs, a search for a vagrant in California, carry the action into varying scenes, described with the pen of experience and with that zest that, however it glories in the past, is indulgently alive in the present. Many of the characters are almost new to fiction, like the imaginative Mrs. Bangs and the modest Miss Betty Oliver, and carry entire conviction of their truth to nature. An agreeable suggestion of autobiography, pervading the book, though not declared, heightens both its interest and its value.

Gilead Balm. By Bernard Capes. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

Gilead Balm—the name is a stroke of genius—might be described as an inverted Sherlock Holmes, that is to say as a detective of virtue instead of crime. Mr. Balm, a poor and lonely clerk, suddenly comes into possession of an immense fortune. Being philanthropically inclined, he opens a detective bureau for the discovery and relief of oppressed merit and suffering innocence. In ordinary cases he keeps out of view, but if any element of romance appears, he takes up the work himself—hence this series of tales, adventurous and amusing. Sometimes the appeal of suffering innocence turns out to be a trap of vice; sometimes mystery is involved, and sometimes humor. Necessarily, Mr. Balm falls in love with the first fair victim he rescues, and perhaps the weakest feature of the book is the artificial mystery that hangs around this girl and her supposed accomplice.

The Parting of the Ways. By Henry Bordeaux. New York: Duffield & Co.

Henry Bordeaux is one of the gallant minority in French letters whose mission it is to prove to the world that Paris is not France. The ways that part are the way of the giddy, rapacious, conscienceless metropolis which all the world knows, and the simple, laborious, pious way of the provinces which the outsider does not know at all. The war between Paris and the provinces is of long standing, and, in spite of the undeniable zeal and ardor with which the champions of the "real" France have labored, the foreign observer finds himself greatly puzzled. How can Paris continue to draw to itself the life-blod of France and yet continue to misrepresent her? What defect is there in the provincial blood that makes it succumb so easily to the Parisian virus? It is all very well to speak of the temptations of a great city; such temptations in the last resort are a matter of superficialities. At bottom the basic standards of life are the same in town and country—except in France, apparently. Paris does not affect its provincials in the same way as London or Berlin does; it does not change them; it completely reverses their natures. However, the problem does exist, and M. Bordeaux has here given it clear and persuasive treatment. Pascal Rouvray, a young medical savant from Lyons, with a splendid career and a splendid marriage opening up before him at Paris, sacrifices both at the call of duty. His father has labored all his life to save the family honor by paying off a huge burden of debt contracted by Pascal's grandfather. He dies before the task is completed and Pascal takes up the work. That is the first parting of the ways. Fifteen years later Pascal's work is done, he is once more in Paris, successful and famous, and old temptation comes to him in the form of an old love. This is the second parting of the ways, and once more, though not without escaping great peril, he chooses the right path, which leads away from Paris to Lyons.

The story in its original French form, "La Croisée des chemins," was noticed in the *Nation* of January 20, 1910.

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

France in the American Revolution. By James Breck Perkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

It is often pointed out that while there are many first-rate scholars in the British House of Commons, the presence of one in the American Congress is so rare as to occasion comment. Our one resource in this international contrast has for some years been James Breck Perkins, sometime Congressman from New York. As scholar and man of letters, Mr. Perkins is, of course, not to be compared with Mr. Bryce or Lord Morley; but he has at least studied the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with diligence, and has presented the results of his researches in a series of readable books, which together make a continuous history of the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV. The present work in a sense completes the series, dealing as it does with the reign of Louis XVI, or at least with one of the most important aspects of that reign. For American readers it has the added importance of emphasizing the fact, too often neglected, that our early history was inextricably connected with the history, not only of England, but of Europe—was, in fact, from the contemporary point of view at all events, a mere by-product of it.

There is nothing particularly new in the book, either in the way of information or of original interpretation. Mr. Perkins has relied upon Doniol and Wharton for the diplomatic aspects of the subject, the former being, in fact, the very foundation of the work. Besides these, he has used such secondary works as Loménie's "Beaumarchais," and the ordinary American collections, such as the works of Franklin, Washington, and Deane. With much excellent material in hand, Mr. Perkins has written the kind of book with which his former works have made us familiar: information well organized; facts selected with discrimination; a story interestingly told in simple, lucid English that is not without its undercurrent of humor, and which, although often diffuse, has frequently an epigrammatic terseness; conclusions, on the whole, sane and moderate, and never obviously untenable.

Mr. Perkins has not set out to prove any thesis, but if there is any central contention in the book it is that of the two motives which induced France to aid the colonies—the desire to humiliate England and the sympathy of the French people for the cause of liberty—the latter is of more importance than the former, or at least of more importance than is usually ascribed to it. "The rebellious colonies were popular," as M. Jusserand says in his appreciative introduction, "not especially because they wanted to throw off an English yoke, but because they wanted to throw off a yoke." "If the American cause"—thus Mr. Perkins puts it—"had not excited strong enthusiasm among the French people, unless interference in behalf of our forefathers had been not only approved, but demanded by the representatives of French thought, it is doubtful if the government of Louis XVI would have taken up arms in behalf of American independence."

This is doubtless true. At no previous period in French history could Franklin have accomplished a tithe of what he did accomplish in procuring aid for the colonies; at no other time can we imagine a La Fayette acting as he did act, or achieving what he did achieve for American independence. Mr. Perkins brings this out clearly. In chapter xi, he gives, for this purpose, an excellent account of the new spirit which the intellectual revolution of the eighteenth century had produced in France—the desire for change, admiration for, if not willingness to adopt, the simple life, the lyric enthusiasm for the lost virtues of the golden age of Arcady. Now for Frenchmen of that day, the American, observed at a distance of three thousand miles, and seen through the rose-colored glasses of their own aspirations, furnished a concrete example of the natural man dwelling in green pastures and beside still waters.

But then it is equally true that without Vergennes and his desire to humiliate England, France would not have aided the colonies. Whenever there are two so-called *causes* for any historical event, it is hazardous to say which is the more important, for the absence of either would probably have made the

event impossible. It should be said, however, that the argument is stressed by Mr. Perkins in his book, rather less than by M. Jusserand in his introduction. Mr. Perkins does not try to show just how the popular sentiment exercised pressure on the government. Aside from chapter xi, and suggestions thrown out here and there by the way, he is occupied with tracing the story of how France first gave secret aid to the colonies, with the negotiations that led up to the alliance, with the military events in which French troops took part, and with the final negotiations for peace. Yet it need not be doubted that the influence of the spirit of the age upon the decisions of the government was very great simply because it cannot be traced in the documents. There is much more in history than is dreamed of in the Philosophy of Documents.

We recommend Mr. Perkins's book to the "general reader," if such exists. It will certainly help him to see the history of his own country in truer perspective; and if, in order to do so, it is found necessary to add a cubit to the stature of Beaumarchais and to take one way from that of John Adams, nothing is lost in the end.

Over the Border. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $3 net.

This work, the latest addition to the new and handsome issue of the collected works of Mr. Winter, is full of the descriptive power and imaginative reflection which constitute the peculiar charm of the author's "Gray Days and Gold" and "Shakespeare's England," of which it is the natural sequel. Mr. Winter is no common observer, dependent upon the details of the local guide book, but brings to every scene that he dwells upon the knowledge of the student and the delicate skill of the practised writer, and thus is able to invest each scene with its appropriate spirit and atmosphere." "It is one thing," he says, "to visit and another thing to see," and he illustrates the truth of this remark by the varied richness of his own sympathetic fancy. A notable example of his power to summon up a vivid picture to the mind's eye is afforded in his descriptions of Edinburgh and its environment, but he is no less happy in his portraiture of the wildest and most desolate highland regions. The rugged ruins of St Andrews, with all their memories of the cruel days of the Scottish Reformation, the savage bigotry and bloody end of Cardinal Beaton, the murder of Archbishop James Sharpe, and the triumph of John Knox, are fertile topics of his eloquent pen. His ideal of Mary, Queen of Scots is more romantic than can be justified by the known facts of history, but her faults may be forgotten in the pathos of her fate. He repeoples the hollow walls of the once splendid palace of Linlithgow in which she was born, and recalls the stirring tragedies associated with the grim fortress of Stirling Castle.

One of the most fascinating chapters in the book is the essay on Sir Walter Scott, a bit of brilliant appreciation informed by sound judgment. In it the nobility of the man and the splendor of his genius are celebrated in a tribute of rare beauty and enthusiasm. Mr. Winter's literary skill confers a special interest even upon so unpromising a subject as the old Scottish graveyards, which inspire him with plentiful anecdote and pregnant meditation. The "Macbeth Country" is to him, of course, enchanted ground, and he discourses upon the various traditions connected with the Shakespearean story with learned authority and unfailing charm. On the remote island of Iona, so venerable for its religious and other historical or legendary associations, it was his fortune to be stormbound for many days, and he made the best use of his involuntary imprisonment. His account of his explorations and of his encounters with nature in some of her fiercest moods is full of information and admirable literary matter. It is not necessary to follow him in all his wanderings, which virtually cover the length and breadth of Scotland, but it should be remarked that the book is virtually a new one and contains some of the ripest and most polished work of its creator. To the patriotic Scot it will be precious, and to the tourist a most helpful companion. The spirit of it cannot be expressed better than by Mr. Winter's own words, written concerning Glasgow:

> I know not of any pursuit so gratifying to the imagination and so stimulating to spiritual growth as that of musing among haunts that have been adorned by genius, endeared by associations of heroic or pathetic experience, and dignified by the splendid force of illustrious example.

Every intelligent reader will be able to recognize the stimulus and profit by it.

Indian Wars of New England. By Herbert Milton Sylvester. Three volumes. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co. $15.

In nearly fifteen hundred pages of text and footnotes Mr. Sylvester has narrated the history of Indian warfare in New England from the earliest times to 1763. The first volume deals with the Pequods and the Mohegans, the second with King Philip's war and that with the tribes along the northern frontier of Massachusetts and southern New Hampshire, and the third with the Abenaké, chiefly in New Hampshire and Maine. The narrative is supplemented by chapters on the topography of the Indian tribes, the relations between the early settlers and the Indians, the land of the Abenaké, and the French occupation of Canada, with extended accounts of the causes and progress of the larger wars of which the Indian conflicts after 1690 were but a part.

Indian warfare in New England does not lend itself to continuous and organized narration. It presents no campaigns, no great battles, no opportunities for military strategy. The tactics employed were everywhere the same: the night attack, the day ambush, the sudden swift assault, the capture or the scalping knife, and a train of smoking houses left behind. Each incident stands isolated, conforming to a common type. The actors in each case are few, the action brief, the horrors cumulative but not coördinate, and the individuals concerned rarely of interest to the reader. Even the genius of Parkman would not have been proof against so minute a recounting of details, and Mr. Sylvester has not the genius of Parkman.

Quite apart from the inherent weakness of its subject, the work might have been greatly improved in a number of particulars. Much of the supplemental matter might well have been omitted, or at least condensed. To understand Indian warfare in New England we do not need to have a complete history of the French occupation of Canada or of the causes of the eighteenth-century wars between France and England. More serious still are the evidences of strong partisanship. Mr. Sylvester has deep contempt for the Puritan and a positive hatred for the French and the Jesuits. The former were "a set of incipient bullies," guilty of "misfit heroics," possessed of a "glut for blood" and "swayed by an asceticism as virile as it was ænemic" (*sic*). The latter were "malignants of cowl and hood," emissaries of "Rome subtly pregnant with savage atrocity," "devilishly subtle and not less persistent, blind as so many bats, spiritually warped and misshapen"—and so on through the volumes. On the other hand, the Indians were "poor, untutored savages," their atrocities "excusable, possibly righteous," their attitude one "of noble and dignified generosity," though in the third volume the author can speak of "their horrible atrocities" and can devote two pages to their "proverbial cowardice," their instinct for assassination, and their "satanic ingenuity" in warfare. And all this extravagance of statement is presented in a luxurious and florid style that leaves no fixed impression upon the mind of the reader.

Nevertheless, there is much to commend itself in this work. The author has mastered the very difficult problem of Indian topography, and in a few chapters, such as those on the Abenaké and the Shirley war, has shown himself a skilful narrator. His account of the siege of Louisburg in 1745 is excellent in its brevity. Indeed, in all that re-

lates strictly to Indian warfare he is at his best, for he has shown great patience in his search for details and has arranged his results in orderly and intelligent fashion. He is far from credulous in his acceptance of local tradition and has cleared up a number of difficult points where local historians had gone astray. What he has written will not need to be done again.

The work has very few errors. The remarks on the Anglo-Saxon folk-mote and the reference to the charter of Runnymeade provoke a smile, and the statement that the habitants of Canada "were hardly better than serfs" will not bear inspection, now that Munro has disposed of that myth permanently. In fact, Mr. Sylvester's account of the old régime in Canada is little better than a caricature. The spelling "Vaughn" for the name of Col. William Vaughan of New Hampshire is not that used by the courageous fighter in signing his own letters.

The Silences of the Moon. By Henry Law Webb. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

This is a book born of solitary communion with nature and consciously cultivated exaltation of spirit. Like many essays of the sort, its form seems superior to its matter. Exquisiteness of feeling, a succession of meditative states, a glancing comment on the issues of life and death—such is the material.

Such books we read largely for their mood, and there is an unkindness perhaps in pointing out inconsequentialities in what is, after all, but the texture of a dream. Yet the seeming wisdom of such studies as Mr. Webb's may impose upon certain readers. So let us note that he regards all our moon lore as mere imputation of old human loves, longings, and admirations, that is as a magnificent example of the pathetic fallacy, and then bids us be animists and revere the life pervading nature from end to end. Still such circularity of argument need not seriously trouble the gentle reader. Mr. Webb takes the liberties of a graciously whimsical mind, and is at small pains to be consistent.

Much of the little volume is given to intimations of immortality, a natural sequel of its animism, and to the celebration of love as the ultimate reason of life and as the true induction to nature worship. It would be ungracious to suggest that, as in almost all counsels to return to nature, nature itself is undefined. It means apparently whatever is individual and opposed to the common course. Mr. Webb's *pensées* bear a belated look, as it were of surviving half-brothers of first "Locksley Hall" and "In Memoriam." Stylistically, the book is distinguished, its general fastidiousness being relieved by powerful single strokes, its tenderness by occasional fine scorn. We quote one of the analogies in which the book abounds:

That star in the west sinking into the arms of the river-valley and reddened by the veils of the river fog is Arcturus; the beams which are falling on my eyes with the gentleness of distant candle-light left their blazing sun nearly 109 years ago, and during that time have been travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles to the second. Below Arcturus a cloud is rising from the horizon, and there must be a hurricane blowing in the upper strata of our atmosphere, for the speed of its approach is like that of a sandstorm. It is more than impressive, almost terrifying, this sight of a lonely cloud errant in night spaces, this silent scudding hyperbole of darkness where all is dark; and now Arcturus has gone.

Here I come to my moral. The presence of the heaviest and most intolerable misfortunes coming between a human mind and the passion which is to make it realize its own immortality is of no more consequence than is that Titan of writhing mists, who has now overspread half the sky, to the immemorial flare in the heavens which man has named Arcturus.

The passage illustrates very well the temper of a delightful moralist at large whose charm has a tinge of Euphuism.

Notes

A fifth, revised and enlarged, edition of "Dillon on Municipal Corporations" is announced for immediate publication by Little, Brown & Co. It was more than forty-five year ago that the author, then a judge of the Supreme Court of Iowa, commenced his work, which came out in one volume in 1872. The fifth edition will appear in five volumes.

The "Iliad of Homer," done into English blank verse by Arthur Gardner Lewis, is announced by the Baker & Taylor Co.

John Lane Co. publishes this week: "The Young Idea," a story of child-life by Parker H. Fillmore; "The Socialist Countess," by Horace W. C. Nowte; "Billy," by Paul Methuen, and "The Nelsons of Burnham Thorpe," by M. Eyre Matcham.

Burns's "Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," published in 1786, has been reprinted in type-facsimile at the Oxford Press, and is about to be added by Henry Frowde to the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will have ready in the summer or early autumn: "The Passing of the Idle Rich," by Frederick Townsend Martin; "The Recording Angel," by Mrs. Corra Harris; "Rolf in the Woods," by Ernest Thompson Seton, and "The Harvester," by Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter.

As an addition to their Little Cousin series, L. C. Page & Co. announce "José: Our Little Portuguese Cousin," by Edith A. Sawyer; another book for juveniles which they have in hand is "Chinese Playmates," by Norman H. Pitman.

Messrs. Cotta of Berlin will soon publish a new volume of short stories by Sudermann.

A manuscript of the complete Hebrew Bible, said to be one of the oldest in existence, has been discovered in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and is described in the *Expository Times* for June by Prof. A. R. S. Kennedy, who assigns it provisionally to the thirteenth century.

We are glad to learn of the continued popularity of Dr. J. J. Walsh's "Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries" (Catholic Summer School Press), to which a third edition bears testimony. In its present form the volume is enriched with above a hundred additional illustrations, taken from the architecture and other arts of the age. A new appendix contains twenty-six paragraphs (or skeletons, so to speak, of suppressed chapters) on various topics not brought out in the main argument of the book.

The Yale Collegiate School and Hospital in Chang-sha is an interesting educational enterprise in China, supported by the Yale Foreign Missionary Society. Founded six years ago, in the capital of a province, Hunan, noted above all others for its anti-foreign sentiment, it has won the esteem of the people to such an extent that last year not only more than half of the students were from the official and literary classes, but in the anti-foreign riots in April its buildings were spared. Recently a change of sentiment on the part of the gentry has enabled the college to buy twenty acres of land for a campus. It is hoped that sufficient funds will be forthcoming to permit the establishment of a medical department in connection with the hospital for the training of Chinese doctors.

The volume of "Minor Poems," edited by Ernest de Sélincourt, completes the Clarendon Press edition of Spenser, the first two volumes of which, containing "The Faerie Queene," were edited by J. C. Smith. This edition has two great advantages: the printing is in clear and handsome type of good size, the text is the result of extreme care. In the latter point, to be sure, what comparison we have made does not show any superiority to the Cambridge Spenser (Houghton Mifflin), edited by R. E. Neil Dodge. The Oxford text gives in footnotes a considerable variety of readings, most of which, however, are of small value; it lacks the explanatory notes which lend convenience to the Cambridge volume. In detail, there is little to say. Professor de Sélincourt has based his text on the first editions, believing, as does Professor Dodge, that the later editions did not receive Spenser's revision. He takes "E. K." to be Edward Kirke or some other friend of the poet; and, indeed, there is little to be said for taking the initials as a blind for the poet himself. Of the "Amoretti" Professor de Sélincourt accepts the traditional view, that they were addressed to the poet's future wife. He rejects P. W. Long's theory that most of these sonnets were written while Spenser was in London, and were addressed to Lady Carey. For those who do not demand explanatory notes, this is the best edition of Spenser.

"Sir Perceval of Galles: a Study of the Sources of the Legend" (the University of Chicago Press), by Prof. Reginald Harvey Griffith, is a monograph on the sources of the Middle English metrical romance of that name. As is well known, this poem differs from all the French romances relating to Perceval, inasmuch as it contains nothing concerning the Holy Grail; and

some scholars have, accordingly, regarded it as representing the most primitive form extant of the legend of this hero, although others and it seems to us with better reason—have argued that it is merely a skilful adaptation of the "Perceval" of Chrétien de Troyes (*i. e.*, the first part), with omission of the Grail material. Mr. Griffith's conclusion is that "Sir Perceval of Galles" is "an English singer's versification of a folk-tale that was known in his district of northwest England." In view of the close agreement, however, that exists between Chrétien and the English poem, it is incredible that the sources of the two should lie so far apart, even if we assume that the former was not the direct original of the latter. Under this theory, too, there is no satisfactory explanation for the French names of the characters in "Sir Perceval." In his comparison of the extant versions of the Perceval story, Mr. Griffith makes virtually no allowance for invention on the part of the individual writers or for chance resemblance of incident. Still further, he strains faint analogies between different stories to an unreasonable degree. For instance, the man who could extract from such stories as those cited in chapter v, the episode which is called, "The Rescue of the Lady Falsely Accused," would certainly fulfil Wordsworth's definition of a poet as a person who could discern resemblances between totally dissimilar things. Finally, like so many recent studies in this field—especially on this side of the ocean—the book is wearisomely over-elaborated. Even specialists must sometimes feel that, if investigations of the kind are not conducted with a better sense of proportion than at present, this whole class of studies is likely to suffer the fate which has been predicted for the modern battleship, in view of its ever-growing complexity, that it will break down of its own weight.

Routledge's New Universal Library (Dutton) issues Auguste Comte's "Early Essays on Social Philosophy," in the translation of Henry Dix Hutton. A brief introduction and additional notes are furnished by Frederic Harrison. "These six early essays of [Comte's] youth," observes the editor, "convince us that from the first he was inspired with the twofold [*i. e.*, scientific and social] purpose, and that in devoting some thirty years of his life to the sciences, it was simply from the profound conviction that a new social gospel must be preached from the chair of systematic science."

The Rev. Timothy Richard, D.D., of the English Baptist Mission, China, believes that Mr. Zuzuki's translation of the text of the Buddhist Church called "The Awakening of Faith" is deficient because that eminent scholar was "without the knowledge of the Buddhists' true key to the fundamental and central idea of the book"—which everyone must admit is a defect. He has attempted, therefore, to rectify the deficiency with a new translation under the title, "The New Testament of Higher Buddhism" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), and by insisting that the missing key is not "suchness," as Zuzuki rendered the native word, but "God as the true model." Doing away with "suchness" and substituting God certainly makes the "New Testament" easier for those to understand who prefer to have philosophic terms translated simply and pleasantly. The Rev. Dr. Richard also objects to Professor Kern's translation of the text called the "Lotus." By adopting instead the translation in Dr. Richard's book, "Western readers will be in a position to understand the vital connection between Christianity and Buddhism, and to pave the way for the one great world-wide religion of the future." We advise all readers to begin with the beginning, as succinctly stated on p. 49 of this book: "These common doctrines of New Buddhism and Christianity . . . both came from a common source, Babylonia." Other "discoveries" of the well-meaning author have been known for a long time; but it is pleasant to greet any clergyman so liberal in his views, and it will do his brethren no harm to read about all these "discoveries," whether made by Dr. Richard or by others.

"The Standard of Living Among the Industrial People of America," by Frank H. Streightoff (Houghton Mifflin) is a summary of all the important data which have thus far been collected by trustworthy authorities on the living conditions of the working men and women in the United States. The principal sources of information are the studies made by Prof. Robert C. Chapin, Mrs. Louise B. More, and the United States Bureau of Labor. Frequent reference is made to other works, however, and the author appears to have pretty thoroughly covered the available material. It is to be regretted that more intensive studies, like those above mentioned, have not been made, covering a larger part of our population. The present volume is mainly descriptive in character, and gives the facts in regard to such topics as the household budgets, amount of unemployment, housing, food, clothing, thrift, social and family life, health, and wages of the working classes. For these subjects the book will serve as a valuable reference work. One could wish, however, that the author had gone more thoroughly into the theoretic aspects of the standard of living, giving an account of the factors which determine the standard of living of any people, and particularly the conditions which have set the standard for the American people. We pride ourselves on having a higher average standard among our working people than any other civilized nation. It would be worth while to know whether this is so, and, if so, whether it is likely to continue the same. The influence of immigration upon the American standard is an important matter, to which the author gives only a few sentences. In general, the picture which the book presents is rather gloomy. In each one of the aspects of life which are considered it appears that a very large part of our working people suffer a serious deficiency. Six hundred and fifty dollars is set as the minimum wage which will suffice for the merest decencies of life for an average family over the country as a whole. Yet it seems that as many as 5,000,000 of the male industrial workers in this country do not earn $600 a year. The manufacturing plants of this country are utilized, on the average, only to 75 per cent. of their capacity, yet the average annual loss to the country through unemployment amounts to more than a million years of working time. One cannot read the book thoughtfully without feeling that the industrial adjustment in the United States is far from satisfactory or healthy.

We commend "A Tenderfoot With Peary" (Stokes), by George Borup, to all detractors of the American college, and, particularly to disparaging commentators on athletics. However Arctic exploration is to be regarded from a utilitarian standpoint, its exactions on brain and brawn and mettle combine to make it the enterprise par excellence for trying out the all-round fitness of the participants. Of the spirit which animated this expedition, we need quote only one expression—the "Tenderfoot's" entry on the day when it was in the order of the game for his sledge division to drop out of the running:

> This was my farthest North. I would have given my immortal soul to have gone on. I was in luck, to get as far as I did . . . Still it was part of the game. When the captain of your eleven orders you to go to the side lines, there's no use making a gallery play by frenzied pleas to be allowed to go on.

Academic sticklers should be gratified to observe how liberally the Yale curriculum has contributed to the "Tenderfoot's" orientation in scientific and other fields. We may safely say that in the matter of verbal resourcefulness and figurative profusion he has (in his own expressive phrases) "the whole bunch" of Elizabethan dramatists "skinned a mile." Ten years hence we may even need a glossary for such passages as "Eginguch noticed it (the partially eclipsed sun) first and when he saw that glim half doused, he yanked the surprise-screech stop out of his vocal organ." On the other hand, "The monotony was given its quietus on the jump," though perhaps not etymologically logical, will always convey the suggestion of ennui dispelled. Descriptions of sledging adventures, igloo architecture, polar menus, and the hunting of Arctic game with gun and camera certainly lose nothing by being couched in the undergraduate tongue.

There are books for beginners that present a fresher treatment, a clearer comprehension of the inner nature of the problems discussed, and a more persuasive presentation of their real importance and inevitability than are to be found in the two volumes of H. E. Cushman's "Beginner's History of Philosophy" (Houghton Mifflin). The book is a compilation rather than a new work. In the first volume in particular our author's indebtedness to one of his predecessors—namely, Windelband (whose "History of Ancient Philosophy" he translated)—is rather striking. Occasionally there is a verbatim quotation with no quotation marks, and in a number of places Windelband's treatment is simply translated into words of one syllable. Too much, however, must not be made of this, for in condensing the story of a long development of thought into a few words for the use of beginners it is well-nigh impossible to invent a perfectly new mode of presentation. The pedagogical merits of the book are its use of outlines, maps, and pictures, its sharp division of subjects into sub-heads (duly numbered), its labelled paragraphs (so that the student may always know what he is reading about), its short and clear sentences, its skilful simplification of difficult doctrines, and especially its interesting and helpful presentation of the relation between a given philosophy and the life of the times in which it originated.

One of the most vital problems connected with American education—a problem all unsolved as yet—is discussed by John Frank lin Brown in "The Training of Teachers for Secondary Schools" (Macmillan). He shows how clearly defined an idea the Germans have of the ends of education, and how carefully considered are the means of obtaining teachers calculated to produce those ends. He then discusses the preparation of the secondary teacher in this country. He points out the great lack of training for the work, and suggests the improvement that would result through the adaptation of the German system to American conditions. It is interesting to note his opinion that the superior scholarship of the German teacher is the most important single factor in the excellence of the German schools.

Charles F. Thwing has written a history of "Education in the United States Since the Civil War" (Houghton Mifflin). He begins with a statistical comparison designed to show not only absolutely, but relatively, the growth of the public school system, and the great increase in liberality with which it is supported. He shows the improvement in organization which has taken place in the public schools, and in colleges and universities. The chapter on Educational Thought puts into few pages the vital changes in spirit and in ideals which the transitional period has evolved. Other chapters discuss Morals and Religion, the Athletic Renaissance, and Material Education. The book closes with sketches of some of those whose influence during the past forty years has been so potent in enlarging the work of education in the United States.

Of a similar purpose with reference to education in England is Sir Philip Magnus's "Educational Aims and Efforts, 1880-1910" (Longmans). Few Englishmen are better situated to give a clear survey of the progress of education in their country than the author of this book. Naturally his long service as organizing director and secretary to the city and guilds of London Institute, during which his work was the development of technical instruction for all classes of workers, has made his interest in that phase of education especially great, and we find it treated with much fulness in this book. The abandonment of the so-called "payment by results" system of support of the elementary schools, and the consequent liberation of teaching from lifeless mechanical drill for passing examinations; the abolition of fees; much progress toward adapting instruction to the needs of various classes of children; large extension of secondary schools, and a great advance in technical education are the achievements which the book records.

"Spanish Composition" (Holt), by J. P. W. Crawford, consists of thirty lessons and a vocabulary. The lessons are similar in plan to those of François's French composition books. Good judgment is shown in choice and arrangement of material.

It seems a pity that a book with so excellent a purpose as Henry W. Elson's "Guide to English History for Young Readers" (Baker & Taylor Co.) should not at least have been kept free from glaring peculiarities and errors. A book of this character is certainly not the place for a disquisition on the merits and defects of the modern jury system (pp. 67-70); nor for a superficial and biassed criticism of the relations between Canada and the mother country, with sidelights on American annexation (pp. 282-284); nor yet for a philippic against the "caste system" of an hereditary nobility, before which the English people to-day "bow in homage . . . as a weak-minded mother caters to the whims of her spoiled child" (pp. 178-180). It should seem to be about time, also, that makers of books for young people ceased to talk about such things as the crushing burdens of feudalism (p. 67), or the immediate potency of Magna Charta in securing an impartial administration of justice (p. 87), or the "detested (*sic*) sycophancy" of such men as Sir Thomas More in their references to their sovereign (p. 136). For the rest, the volume is a sketchy and readable account of English history, not good enough to be highly commended, and not bad enough to be condemned.

Science

Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing. By George Barton Cutten, President of Acadia University. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Dr. Cutten, lest there should be any misunderstanding, let us interject that he is a doctor of philosophy and not of medicine, has done an important service to medicine, to religion, to psychology, and to practical life by gathering together for us here in America, where surely "no nation needed it so much," the scattered details of the history of mental healing. Men at all times have been cured of all sorts of ills from which they were suffering, by faith—that is, by arousing in them the confidence either that they had nothing the matter with them, or that some power not themselves was going to cure them. This was true in Old Egypt, it was true in Greece and Rome, it was true in the Middle Ages, it was true in the last century, it is just as true now as it ever was in human history. It is even probable that there never was a time when so many people were being cured of ills, real or imaginary, by faith as just now. All the quackery, virtually all the proprietary medicines, are faith cures, for their composition is well known and they have no mysterious secret composition, by which they work their wonders.

The commonest idea in faith cures of the more religious type has been either that disease does not exist, except in man's mind, because God is too good to permit it, or else that it is due to the devil's effect upon us which would surely be neutralized by faith. Dr. Cutten sketches the rise and spread of many large religious sects founded upon such notions within the past generation. Of course the book will have no effect upon those who have been benefited by these systems of thought and healing. It will, however, enable those who are interested in many curious modern movements to understand their psychology. We regret that the book is disfigured by many careless references to medical history in the Middle Ages. The supposed absence of medical teaching because of Church opposition is a disputable fact. Medical schools never had higher standards or more faithful teachers than in the later Middle Ages. Very general acceptance of superstitions is compatible with a high development of medical science, as we see in our own time.

The Hispanic Society of America will issue as No. 81 of its publications "Atlas of Portolan Charts, facsimile of manuscript in British Museum," with a brief introduction and list of charts, edited by Edward Luther Stevenson. These Portolan charts, designed for the use of navigators, are ascribed to Vesconte de Maiollo, who constructed his atlas shortly after 1500.

The "Berliner Astronomisches Jahrbuch" for 1911 has appeared, edited, like the preceding, by Professor Cohn, director of the Rechen-Institut.

The "Textbook of General Bacteriology" (Macmillan), prepared by W. D. Frost of the University of Wisconsin and E. F. McCampbell of Ohio State University, is based on material already used for some years in the teaching of college classes. It purports to meet a demand for a concise book on the subject in English. The lack of such books does not seem to us quite so marked as is assumed in the preface, having been decidedly diminished by the excellent book by Jordan which appeared a couple of years ago and has already reached a second edition. Conciseness is certainly attained, for the amount of material dealt with in a little more than three hundred pages is very great. There are some sixty illustrations, mostly judiciously borrowed and with a few exceptions well reproduced. The main facts appear to be correct, and the presentation is in parts good, sometimes excellent, but as a whole the book is unnecessarily hard to read. From the point of view of the young student it would be a gain to have further condensation of matters relating to classification and the like, with more elaboration of the sections which treat of the methods of culture and the theories of bacterial action, here all too briefly presented or relegated to the laboratory. More especially it may be urged that the methods of disinfection are not well described; that the distinctions concerning pathogenic bacteria are not always intelligible; that the problem of the ptomaines needs much explanation and many qualifications to bring out the present attitude of medical men toward the disturbances formerly attributed to these substances. The purely practical chapters are not clear enough, those relating to water and sewage being altogether too concise. The chapters on milk are exceptionally good. There are some unfortunate typographical errors, of which we note: "dysentariae" (pp. 235, 246), "trepenema" (p. 236), "amoebi coli" (p. 246), "suhaceous glands" (p. 319). The name of the noted little Swiss village where the water supply was first

shown to be the cause of an epidemic of typhoid fever is Lausen not Lawsen (p. 296). The index despite its size does not quite do justice to the text, and for many readers some kind of glossary would be helpful.

Drama and Music

A GREAT GERMAN PLAY.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 5.

After the artificial craze of ultra-naturalistic and ultra-symbolistic experiments, it is refreshing to hear of the popular success of a drama unencumbered by æsthetic theories, born from the imagination of a real poet. And it is pleasant to note that the German Emperor, who has so often challenged the artistic predilections of the day, here finds himself in accord with the best public opinion, by proclaiming this poet as the man for whom the German stage had been waiting and as a true exponent of national dramatic art.

Karl Schönherr, the author of "Glaube und Heimat," is a Viennese physician about forty years old. He has shown literary skill and familiarity with the life and the feelings of the people in a number of Austrian dialect stories and plays; he has also, in his fairy drama, "Das Königreich," dealt successfully with the more complicated problems of sensual enjoyment and spiritual aspiration. But not until the production of this latest drama of his, which was first enthusiastically acclaimed last December at the Vienna Volkstheater and has since then run its triumphal course throughout Germany as far north as the Stadttheater at Kiel,* has he revealed himself as a creative artist of a high order.

The theme of this tragedy is the conflict between the peasant's attachment to the soil and his loyalty to a religious belief. The time and place of the action are the Austria of the era of the Catholic Counter-Reformation, toward the end of the sixteenth century; the principal characters are Austrian peasants whom adherence to the Lutheran cause transforms into martyrs and heroes. What gives to the play its poetic power is that, in spite of the religious strife and inspiration portrayed in it, it is absolutely free from any sectarian bias, confining itself to the doubts and terrors, the inward triumphs and exaltations, in other words, the universally human emotions, born from these religious struggles.

The action storms through three short acts, the end of each act bringing a climax of extraordinary intensity. There are no set speeches, no theatrical embellishments, no artificial retardations, hardly any byplay. One is reminded of the trenchant manner of Ibsen; but it is Ibsen without his vagaries and extravagances, Ibsen mellowed and humanized by contact with popular art.

Although the play bears the subtitle "The Tragedy of a People," and although it represents the martyrdom of masses of men and women, yet it centres in the catastrophe of one family, that of Christopher Rott, a prosperous peasant in an Alpine village. The Imperial Government has sent its soldiery into this mountain region, to hunt out all converts to Protestantism and drive them from the land. "The wild hunter is raging," the people say; and on every hand we see terror and destruction following his path.

All this is going on in the homesteads around Rott's farm, and more than one of his neighbors has fled to his house for succor. The family Rott is nominally Catholic; the wife indeed is a stanch believer in the Virgin and the saints; but Rott himself and his aged father are secret followers of the new creed. When they are alone, they take out the Bible hidden under a loose plank of the floor, and read the promises for those who confess His name before men, and tremble at the threats of perdition to those who do not dare to declare themselves. The course of events which lead to Rott's open confession of faith forms the main theme of the first act.

The second act is largely concerned with the inner conflicts and outer hardships which finally wring from Rott's eighty-two-year-old father—Alt-Rott, as he is called—the same decision to come out boldly for the cause to which he has long been secretly attached. Alt-Rott is perhaps the most complicated character of the play. In him the struggle between the allegiance to his ancestral home and the call of conscience which entails separation from all that is dear to him rages most fiercely. He feels near the grave; the village barber who is treating him for dropsy has given him only a fortnight more to live; all he longs for is an honorable burial in the family lot; and he is pursued by the dread of being driven out before then. So he holds back with his confession; he is determined to make it at the point of death, with his last breath, posing meanwhile as a devout Catholic. But at last even this old man, in whom the peasant's love of his native ground seems to overshadow all other feelings, is forced to sacrifice it for a higher spiritual demand. He comes to know that a neighbor's wife who has been killed for not giving up her Bible has not even had a Christian burial: soldiers have carried her body out to the "Knacker's Yard." And now the old man, crazed by the fear that this will happen to him if he is left alone to die in his homestead, flings his confession: "I, too, am a Lutheran!" into the face of his oppressors, and beseeches them to send him across the frontier, the sooner the better, so that he may be buried, on foreign soil to be sure, but as a Christian.

The last act brings the culmination of religious fanaticism and cruelty, but at the same time, in Rott's victory over his own feelings of hatred and revenge, a sublime and harmonious conclusion. The day for the deportation of all Protestants has now come. The whole Rott family are ready for it. The farm has been sold; the old father can hardly wait to reach a country where he will be sure of a Christian burial; Rott's wife, in spite of her Catholic sympathies, has decided to cast in her lot with her husband and to accompany him into exile; and their boy, Spatz, a charming, dare-devil, irrepressibly exuberant youngster of fifteen, is so infatuated with the prospect of "seeing the world" that he can hardly contain himself in his eagerness for the departure. It is then that the family are struck by the most terrible, the most crushing blow. Only grown-up persons, thus goes the command, are to be allowed to leave the country; minor children are to be kept by the authorities, so that they may be brought up in the true faith and be saved from damnation! So Spatz is to be separated from his parents.

But Spatz is determined to go with his parents; he defies the soldiers who are ordered to arrest him; and when there is no other way left for escape, jumps into the millbrook, to let himself be carried along by its swift current. His body only is recovered by the father. There follows a scene of wild despair and grim hatred. The tormented father leaps upon the Imperial Officer, and throws him to the ground. And while his wife, half crazed with grief, shouts encouragement to him, he lifts the axe to crush his enemy's skull. Then there comes to him the Bible word of forgiving one's enemies; he releases his opponent; he even holds out his hand to him; and then he puts the body of his boy upon the cart laden with household utensils, and father, mother, and the dead child start upon their journey into an unknown future. The officer follows them with his eyes until they are lost to sight; then, with a wild stamp of his foot, he breaks his sword in two, and sinks to the ground, overcome with confusion and self reproach.

I have given only the barest outline of a drama presenting a great variety of characters and throbbing with life in its every line. It is not surprising that, in these days of anti-Modernist reaction in the Catholic Church, the play should have been forbidden by over-zealous local authorities in Upper-Austria. But it cannot be stated too emphatically that the play itself is not in the least anti-Catholic. It is full of sympathy for an

*In book form (Leipzig: L. Staackmann) it has reached a sale of 40,000 copies.

religious belief. It does not condemn or judge; it interprets life.

KUNO FRANCKE.

Mary Austin's drama, "The Arrow Maker," recently played with considerable success at the New Theatre, now appears in book form (Duffield). A perusal of it confirms the favorable opinion produced by its stage representation. Although not a great literary work, it is by no means devoid of imaginative power or poetic expression, while it has especial value as an expert effort to present a living picture of aboriginal character and customs. As an illustration of quasi-historical fiction, it is both interesting and instructive. The story which it tells is ingenious and plausible and offers a variety of histrionic opportunities. In many ways the work is a valuable addition to the repertory of the real American Theatre.

It is through no lack of diligent research on the part of the author, Mrs. C. C. Stopes, that William Hunnis is forced to play a somewhat unobtrusive rôle in the large volume consecrated to his life and interests ("William Hunnis and the Revels of the Chapel Royal," Bang's Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas, XXIX). Much space is given to a recital, freshly documented, of conspiracies against Queen Mary, in which Hunnis bore a part, and to the dramatic activities of the Chapel Children, of whom Hunnis was for thirty years master. Of the plays mentioned in connection with his name, none has survived, though Mrs. Stopes pleads for his authorship of the extant "Interlude of Jacob and Esau." Grocer, alchemist, and poet, Hunnis is perhaps best known for his device of "The Lady of the Lake," in Leicester's Kenilworth festivities (1575), which Shakespeare is supposed to have witnessed. His sturdy Protestantism Elizabeth took occasion to reward with characteristic parsimony. She appointed him Supervisor of the Royal Gardens at Greenwich, by no means a sinecure, at 12d. a day, and, in 1570, toll-taker on London Bridge. It was a mere detail that this office was really in the gift of the Corporation and was then filled. The incumbent, however, hastened to buy him off for £40, and Hunnis expressed himself as quite content with the Queen's generosity. (London: David Nutt.)

Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern will close their season's work with a series of farewell performances, at popular prices, in the Broadway Theatre, beginning on the 3d. of July and ending on the 14th of the same month. The plays will be "Macbeth," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Hamlet," "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Merchant of Venice." Since they were last seen in this city Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern have carried their Shakespearean repertory to the Pacific Coast and back.

Sir Herbert Tree will personally superintend the stage management of Ben Jonson's masque, "The Vision of Delight," which is to be one of the features of the coronation gala performance in His Majesty's Theatre. The first scene represents "A Street in Perspective of Fair Building," which changes to a cloud, and then to the Bower of Zephyrus, which opens to disclose the glories of spring. This will afford him ample scope for the exercise of his peculiar skill in the creation of stage spectacles.

"The Married Woman" is the title of a new three-act play by C. B. Fernald, which is to be produced in London by the Incorporated Stage Society. It is understood to be a piece of series intent, written in more or less humorous mood.

Lydia Yavorska, who made a notable hit in London by her performance of Norah in "A Doll's House," appears to have created a strong impression by her impersonation of Hedda Gabler in the Kingsway Theatre.

Under the somewhat ambitious title of "Théâtre Français de Londres" Vaughan Grey is giving a series of twelve French performances in a little West End London theatre, with eminent French players. The opening piece was "Octave," by Yves Mirande and Henri Géroule, played by Félix Galipaux and his company. Among future engagements are those of Léo Claretie, who will talk about "La Femme"; Vaughan Grey in selections from his repertory as given at the Théâtre des Capucines, with music by Curt M. Platho; Mounet Sully and Mme. Jeanne Granier, and Mlle. Lilian Greuze, from the Capucines. It is intended also to produce a play which Charles Reade wrote in French, entitled "Le Faubourg St.-Germain." M. Claretie is the French director and Vaughan Grey the English director of the scheme.

Edward Harrigan, one of New York's old-time entertainers—actor, singer, dancer, playwright, song writer, manager, and best remembered, perhaps, for his "Mulligan Guards"—died last week at the age of sixty-five. Among the plays which he wrote are: "Squatter Sovereignty," "McSorley's Inflation," "Cordelia's Aspirations," "Old Lavender," and "Reilly and the 400."

Ten thousand men and women of London listened the other day to a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew" Passion, at St. Paul's Cathedral. How different from New York, whenever this masterwork is produced! But then, in London, they have great choral conductors as well as good choirs. Concerning the performance referred to, the London *Times* said:

The whole space of the cathedral is crammed with attentive hearers, of whom many stand the whole time, and among whom there prevails a silence that might be envied by those who frequent secular concerts. If any refutation were needed of the silly parrot-cry that we are not a musical nation, it is surely to be found here, for the attraction is simply the sublimity of the highest music that man has conceived.

The composer of "Hänsel and Gretel" and "Königskinder" has a son, Wolfram Humperdinck, who made a successful début in Berlin the other day as orchestral conductor. He produced a youthful composition of his father, the prelude to Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

The Parisians are at last beginning to understand that for a proper performance of Wagner's music dramas a great conductor is as important as great singers. For the two Nibelung cycles to be given at the Opéra this month Felix Mottl and Arthur Nikisch have been engaged. In the days when Wagner himself was in Paris he found it impossible to get permission to conduct his own music. In the recently published autobiography he says in regard to the rehearsals of "Tannhäuser" that the singers were so unequal to their tasks that he had to count chiefly on the effect the orchestra would make:

But it was precisely in this department that the chaos was most hopeless. Every line of the drawing was made indistinct, the result being that the singers gradually lost all assurance and even the poor ballet girls could no longer find the measure for their trivial *pas*. I finally deemed it necessary to interfere and declare that the opera must be given under another conductor, my own if deemed necessary. This declaration brought the confusion to a climax; even the orchestral players, who had long since recognized the incompetence of their conductor and ridiculed him, now faced about and opposed me in favor of their notorious chief. The newspapers raved about my "arrogance," and in view of all these things Napoleon III could think of no other advice to give me than to urge me to desist from my desires, lest I jeopardize my situation and the outlook for my work altogether. The only concession I could get was permission to continue the rehearsals and have as many of them as I pleased.

The socialistic newspaper, *Vorwärts*, of Berlin, is joyfully proclaiming Schumann as a brother revolutionist, because of the discovery, by the keeper of the library of the Paris Opéra, of some part songs written by that composer in 1848. They are in his own handwriting, for four male voices on revolutionary words, and have never been printed. The librarian, Malherbe, for a long time kept his discovery to himself. Eventually a friend of his brought out a volume about Schumann, and M. Malherbe showed him the score, which was mentioned in the book. Immediately afterward the librarian of the opera was approached by persons on behalf of German choral societies, who wished to look at the manuscript. M. Malherbe refused, and has continued to refuse to show it. He gives fairly cogent reasons for his refusal. On the one hand, the copyright of Schumann's works has now lapsed. Therefore, M. Malherbe contends, the ownership of an unpublished manuscript by Schumann rests solely with the possessor of it, who is the sole judge as to the advisability of publication. The term of copyright having expired, Schumann's heirs have no more claim in the matter.

Art

COLLECTIONS OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, May 31.

While recognizing the value of the work the Art Institute is doing in several directions, one must not forget that its main function is, after all, that of forming a permanent museum of works of art, and that its permanent collections, though neither so large nor so high in standard of merit as those of our own Metropolitan, are yet becoming important. In their influence here in the Middle West they should be very important indeed. I do not know enough of such matters to be a competent judge of the merit of the collections of Oriental art, of antique vases, etc. Of the collection of casts and works of sculpture, it may be said that it is a good one, and, as regards works on a large scale, more representative of our own art than any collection accessi-

ble in New York. But I am more interested in the collection of paintings, and it contains a good many things worth noticing. It seems to be a settled habit of Chicago collectors to hang their pictures in the Museum from time to time, thus placing them at the disposal of the public. There are several such collections now on the walls of the Institute, and each of them contains works of importance. I shall not, however, concern myself with these collections—each would demand a whole letter for adequate treatment—but where isolated loans hang among the pictures belonging to the Museum, and where their interest for me prompts me to do so, I shall consider them with their neighbors.

The most important picture in the Museum, in size if in nothing else, is El Greco's Assumption of the Virgin, which hangs at the head of the new grand staircase. Painted in 1577, when the artist was about thirty years old and was fresh from Italy, it should show the influence of his reputed master, Titian, but it would be difficult to find in it any evidence of relationship with the great Venetian. As far as it shows any recognizable influence, it is that of Tintoretto, whose manner of composition it suggests; but it is unlike him or any other Italian in color and in the types of the figures. The models Greco employed were probably Spaniards, and his cool color, at once brighter and grayer than that of his contemporaries, influenced the coloring of Velasquez, so that his work is already entirely original and seems already entirely Spanish. The drawing is rather careless, but it shows none of the strange distortions so common in his later work. A good many attempts have been made to explain the peculiarities of this or that artist by some malady of the eye, but the explanations are seldom convincing. In the case of the later works of Theotokopoulos, however—works which used to be explained by madness—there seem to me unmistakable evidences of extreme astigmatism. Spectacles were in their infancy in his day, and such a defect of vision could not have been corrected as it would be now. Greco is one of the latest discoveries of the dealers, and is being written up into a great master. This relatively sane picture is an interesting thing, and is more nearly beautiful than anything of his I have seen elsewhere, but it is scarcely great.

The Institute's other old masters are in the Hutchinson Gallery, and are nearly all of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Thirteen of them were purchased from the Demidoff collection, and nearly all of these are fine things in their way. The best of them all, the best thing in the Museum, and one of the best things anywhere, is the famous Portrait of a Girl by Rembrandt, sometimes known as The Orphan, which will be remembered by those who saw the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition as perhaps the most wonderful picture in that wonderful collection. As noble as a Titian, as subtle as a Leonardo, with all Rembrandt's power and humanity and with a degree of pure beauty hardly elsewhere to be found in his work, it is a picture never to be forgotten. The quiet browns and blacks—in spite of the printed description from the San Donato Catalogue, there is no red in the picture except in the coral necklace—are astonishingly full of color, the adorable blond head is effulgently yet discreetly luminous, and the handling is a lesson in the amount of richness of surface that may be attained with very little loading. It is a pure masterpiece, and one may perhaps be pardoned for envying Chicago its possession.

There is nothing else like this in the Institute, but there are other things that it is good to have. There are, for instance, a Hals of fair quality; a very good though not an exceptional Terborch, The Guitar Lesson; a small Ostade and a good sized Jan Steen, which are as interesting as such things are; and landscapes by Hobbema, Ruysdael, and Van de Velde. The Hobbema is an admirable example of his watermills, and the Ruysdael a fine picture of a torrent, but I prefer to either Mr. Ryerson's Ruysdael, which hangs in the same room, a sober little landscape with a touch of poetic melancholy. Another borrowed picture is a little Portrait of a Man by Netscher, so beautifully painted as almost to place its author among the great. The sitter—if one may call him so, for he is standing—is evidently a fashionable and wealthy young man, good-looking and wearing a flowing light brown periwig. He wears some kind of a wrap lined with blue silk over a costume of brown and gold, and beyond him is a landscape with water stairs where gentlemen and ladies are descending to a boat. The textures are rendered with a delightful freedom and a gem-like brilliancy that I have not before seen in Netscher's work, and I might have been tempted to think it by some other and abler hand were it not for the signature, so dissimulated in the crinkle of the silk as to be unmistakably a part of the original painting.

Among works of the Flemish school belonging to the Institute are a delightful Portrait of a Man by an unknown master of "about 1525," a Rubens, and a Van Dyck. According to the catalogue of the de Beurnonville collection, from which it came, the Portrait of a Man "has been attributed by some connoisseurs to Albert Dürer," but the connoisseurs must have been blind. The portrait is totally unlike Dürer in drawing and in technique. It is much more like Holbein, and more like Van Eyck than either, but it is later than Van Eyck and earlier than Holbein, I should say, for the costume suggests an earlier date than that given in the catalogue. Whoever the painter was, he knew his business. It is a beautiful piece of quiet characterization, accurate drawing, sober color, and smooth, united surface. Rubens's portrait of the Marquis Spinola is more interesting from the personality of its subject than for its technical merit, though it is admirably drawn and very skilfully painted. It is rather close and solid in texture, without the fluidity of more characteristic works. To compare it with the head of the same person in Velasquez's Surrender of Breda is to have a lesson in the variations of interpretation when different artists treat the same subject matter. The Van Dyck, a portrait of Helena Du Bois, wife of a painter who was Van Dyck's friend, is a fine and sound performance, with none of the fine lady affectations so common in the artist's later work. The head is beautiful and lifelike in its grave directness of regard, and the blacks and whites of the costume and the brown of the background are full of quality. The picture seems to have been painted after the Venetian manner, with glazes over a monochromatic foundation.

In this same room are two little panels of the Madonna, belonging to Mr. Ryerson, which are the only Italian works of any importance in the galleries. One is Florentine and would seem to have some relation to the school of Botticelli; the other, signed Hieronomo da Sata, and dated 1516, is early Venetian. I can find nothing about da Sata in books of reference, but the school in which he was trained is unmistakable. Neither of the pictures is a masterpiece, but their marked difference and their common air of breeding, as they hang side by side, make them pleasant and interesting to see.

After its Dutch and Flemish pictures the Institute is richest in modern French works, and the Field and Munger collections contain many more good pictures of the Barbizon school than I can find room to mention. Of the two large Corots there is, however, little good to be said, but the small landscape in the Field collection is, fortunately, of better quality, and the little figure of A Young Woman by the same painter is altogether delightful. Rousseau's Spring is very clear in color and delicate, if somewhat monotonous, in detail, and the larger of the two small marines by Dupré is unusually agreeable. Of a later time is Cazin's Tobias and the Angel, a picture which has always seemed to me—perhaps because it is the first Cazin I ever saw—to be one of the finest works of that artist. It was painted in 1878 and I saw it that same year and have loved it ever since.

But the one picture which dominates

the Field collection is Millet's Bringing Home the New-Born Calf. This, in spite of rather insufficient animal-drawing, is one of Millet's great things. The design is grand in style, the action of the figures is superbly rendered, and the color and light and shade are so rich in their sobriety as to make the good things which hang near look thin and papery by comparison. If I could bring one picture from these galleries home with me to New York, the Rembrandt only being out of the question, I should choose the Millet.

I must pass by things I had marked for mention. A picture called The Young Duchess, by John Faed, gives one a respect for a man who at least took his work seriously, and there are a large Manet, quite recently acquired, and a small Whistler, neither of which seems to me of high quality. Beside the Manet hangs a landscape by Jules Didier, a painter of whom I know nothing, which sets one to wondering if what we have gained from the impressionists is always a sufficient compensation for what we have lost. This picture of Hadrian's Villa, painted in 1859, is a belated piece of classicism. It is fine in its masses and in its cool dark color, but as you look into it there are endless surprises of beautiful form, lovely drawing of foliage, and firm anatomy of soil. A little way from it is a Pissaro of eleven years later, a dainty thing with apple blossoms and Corot-like houses—hardly more revolutionary than Corot and very charming. But after a while I find myself coming back to the Didier and finding a deeper and more permanent satisfaction there. Neither of these pictures, I am sorry to say, belongs to the Institute, but it does own a work that must not be forgotten, Fantin's noble portrait of Manet.

I shall say nothing of the American pictures in these galleries, though there were fine things here before the Friends of American Art took up their task, except to mention the most recent of the Museum's important acquisitions, a room full of Innesses, presented by Edward B. Butler. These pictures, from the collection of Emerson McMillin, evoke a question as to the degree of permanence to be expected for the present estimation of the painter. They are only temporarily placed, and the walls on which they are now hung are too light in color, so that they are not seen at their best; and, seen together, they do not help one another. Except for a few small and relatively insignificant canvases, they are all in the artist's latest manner, and, to speak frankly, they seem a little monotonous and a little disquieting in their formlessness. The earlier pictures are not early enough—I should like to have shown with them, for a time, two crisply studied pictures I know, both painted in 1849—and the late pictures are too late. After the very early pictures, Inness's style lost more than it gained for a time, until his broadening manner reached its ripeness in his later days. In the last three or four years of his life I think the ripeness became over-ripe. In the private collections of Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. McCormick, now on exhibition in other galleries of the Institute, are two or three pictures which reassure one as to the validity of the title to fame of him whom we are taught to think our greatest landscape painter.

KENYON COX.

At the Salon des Artistes Français, the *médaille d'honneur* in the section of architecture has been awarded to Henri Prost for his Sainte Sophie de Constantinople au sixième siècle and his Projet de transformation de la zone militaire de la ville d'Anvers. In the section of painting C. L. Godely received the Prix Rosa-Bonheur for his Pardon de Sainte Anne-la-Palud. No medal of the first class was awarded.

Detailed reports of the excavations at Corfu, to which the interest shown by Emperor William has drawn special attention, have now been published, and the results obtained prove to be of first-rate importance. The site on which the excavations have been carried on is that of the ancient city of Corcyra, about two miles to the south of the modern town, in a district locally known as Palæopolis. The systematic exploration of the site was undertaken by the Greek Archæological Society in April, the work being entrusted to Mr. Versakis, one of the ephors of antiquities. Emperor William, who was present at the unearthing of some of the objects, has undertaken to defray the cost of the excavations, which will henceforth be carried out under the supervision of Dr. Wilbelm Dörpfeld. The remains found hitherto belong to an archaic Greek temple of the end of the seventh or the sixth century B. C. The sculptures brought to light apparently formed part of the western pediment. Their arrangement, which has been made out with tolerable certainty, presents many uncommon features. The central group consists of Perseus slaying Medusa, who is of colossal proportions compared to her opponent, a diminutive figure approaching from the right. On either side of this group is a large couchant lion, while the angles of the pediment are occupied, on the right by Zeus slaying a Titan with a thunderbolt, and on the left by a seated goddess warding off the blow of an assailant. In general character the Medusa recalls the figure of the well-known metope from Selinus, which represents the same subject. The sculptures are of poros stone and were covered with colors, traces of which are still visible. The temple appears to be of large proportions, the width of this western pediment measuring about 22 metres. It is not certain to whom it was dedicated; in Dr. Dörpfeld's opinion it was probably Apollo, since an old Venetian map has a temple dedicated to him marked on this site.

During excavations carried on by the German Archæological Institute in Tyrins a number of fragments from fresco paintings were discovered both near the large staircase leading to the Lower City and in the débris of the megaron. These fragments have now been reconstructed as far as possible, and have produced a series of interesting compositions, which are the more important since frescoes on the mainland are comparatively rare. The paintings can be divided into two groups—those of the older and those of the later palace. Of the fragments belonging to the former it was possible to reconstruct the upper parts of two figures of girls, the figure of a charioteer, and a herd of cattle driven by a man. Among the paintings from the later palace the most frequent are hunting scenes; thus six different representations of wild animals pursued by dogs have been found, recalling in arrangement similar scenes from the shaft graves of Mycenæ. Interesting are also the scenes of a man with two dogs, two women armed with spears riding on a chariot, and a frieze of deer. Besides these frescoes, which measure only 20 cm. in height, fragments from larger compositions were recovered, of which the most important shows a girl carrying a vessel, not unlike the Cup-Bearer from Knossos.

Frederick E. Bartlett, a marine and landscape painter of New York, died on Friday of last week, at the age of fifty-five.

Finance

DISSOLVING A HOLDING COMPANY.

Under the decisions recently handed down by the Supreme Court, the Standard Oil Company has until November 15, and the American Tobacco Company until November 29, with sixty days additional time, if necessary, to dissolve. Both corporations are holding companies, the Oil Trust being made up of nearly one hundred separate corporations, and the Tobacco Trust of sixty-seven. How these two holding companies will obey the mandate of the Supreme Court to dissolve in a way that "shall be honestly in harmony with and not repugnant to the law," is a question which is, and for some time is likely to be, of uppermost interest in financial discussion.

Some people hold that the Court of Appeals, acting under the instructions of the Supreme Court, must relieve the Tobacco Company, at least, of the burden of finding a way out of its difficulties; others take the view that the duty of the lower court ends with passing on the legality of whatever plan is worked out by the Tobacco Company as well as the Standard Oil. In some quarters it is believed that the various oil and tobacco companies will simply separate under three or four different heads, and continue as before; in other quarters it is argued that a complete and thorough dissolution must be brought about. On one side the theory is advanced that both companies know, and have known for months, exactly what will be done; on the other side the belief is firmly expressed that neither company has any

definite plan for carrying out the instructions of the Supreme Court.

Probably those who hold the last-named views are nearest the truth, for, in solving their problems, the American Tobacco and Standard Oil Companies have no guiding precedent. The Northern Securities decision was by no means as sweeping as those just handed down; however, as that case is the closest parallel to the tobacco and oil cases, it might be well to recall what happened in 1904.

The Supreme Court decision ordering the dissolution of the Northern Securities Company was handed down on March 14, 1904. Four days later James J. Hill, as president of the company, issued a circular to shareholders in which it was stated:

> Your directors, at a meeting held this day, have, under advice of counsel, decided that in order to fully and promptly comply with the decree in this suit it is necessary to reduce the capital stock of the company, and to distribute to its shareholders the shares of the stock of railway companies now held by it.

The circular added that after the capital stock of the Northern Securities Company had been reduced from $400,000,000 to $3,954,000—the last-named amount covered assets in no way involved in the suit—shareholders would be called upon to deposit all of their Northern Securities. In return for Northern Securities stock, shareholders were to receive Northern Pacific and Great Northern shares on the basis of the original exchange; that is, Northern Pacific would be valued at 115 and Great Northern at 180. The circular then continued:

> As required by the laws of the State of New Jersey, under which the company was created, a special meeting of the shareholders of this company has been called by the board of directors for Thursday, April 21, 1904, to vote upon said resolutions. Holders of this company stock to a large extent have already expressed their approval of the recommendations of the board, but the laws of New Jersey require a two-thirds vote of the stockholders to permit the company to reduce its capital stock. Such vote is the first step necessary for the proposed distribution of the railway companies' shares.

That step was taken, but it was by no means the last before the Northern Securities finally distributed its assets. As owners of a majority of Northern Securities stock, the Hill-Morgan party naturally favored a pro rata distribution of assets giving them a majority of Northern Pacific as well as Great Northern. And naturally the plan was opposed by the Harriman-Kuhn, Loeb & Co. interests, which had deposited a majority of Northern Pacific shares. Harriman contended that Northern Pacific and Great Northern shares had been received by the Northern Securities Company merely as custodian and that the legal owners were the persons who had originally exchanged their shares for the stock of the Northern Securities Company.

Harriman applied to the courts for an injunction restraining the directors of the Northern Securities from carrying out their proposed plan. The application was granted by Judge Bradford of the United States Circuit Court. The case was then carried to the Court of Appeals, and in January of 1905 Judge Dallas, in reversing the decision of the lower court, declared that the injunction must be dissolved because the arrangement under which Great Northern and Northern Pacific had been acquired was one of unconditional purchase and sale. The case was again appealed. Early in March, in affirming the decision of Judge Dallas, the Supreme Court declared:

> In fine, the title to these stocks, having intentionally been passed, the former owners, or part of them, cannot reclaim the specific shares, and must be content with their ratable proportion of the corporate assets.

Thus more than a year passed while the Hill and Harriman interests were disputing how the orders of the Supreme Court to dissolve the Northern Securities Company should be carried out. However, as soon as the Supreme Court approved of the pro rata distribution of Northern Securities assets, the circular of March 18, 1904, was again sent out and the work of dismantling the $400,000,000 holding company began.

James J. Hill in a statement, made on the same day on which his long dispute with Harriman ended, said:

> A pro rata distribution was the only practical way of carrying out the court's decision. A redistribution of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific stock originally deposited would have been out of the question. One might as well go to a bank and demand a return of the same money that one deposited there.

In the case of Northern Securities, a pro rata distribution was comparatively simple, for the reason that the stocks of only two railways were involved. With nearly one hundred separate oil companies and sixty-seven tobacco companies a very different situation now exists.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Atkins, J. B. Life of Sir William Howard Russell, the First Special Correspondent. 2 vols. Dutton. $10 net.

Avebury, Lord. Marriage, Totemism, and Religion. Longmans.

Baker, L. G. For the Children. Hermann Lechner. 75 cents.

Baring-Gould, S. The Land of Teck and Its Neighborhood. Lane. $3.50 net.

Bonhöffer, A. Epiktet und das Neue Testament. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.

Caine, W. The Revolt at Roskelly's. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Chamberlain, J. F. and A. H. North America: A Supplementary Geography. Macmillan. 55 cents net.

Chambers, R. W. Catalogue of the Dante Collection in the Library of University College. University of London.

Clifford, C. R. Rugs of the Orient. Clifford & Lawton. $2.

Cross, G. The Theology of Schleiermacher. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.65.

D'Alcho, A. The Queens of Roman England and Their Successors. Boston: Everett Pub. Co. $2.

Dale, M. Thoughts for Flirts. Hermann Lechner. $75 cents net.

Decade in United States Steel. Dow, Jones & Co. 25 cents.

Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Vols. IX and X. Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co.

Education of the Natives of Alaska and the Reindeer Service. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Ferguson, C. The University Militant. Kennerley. $1 net.

Fewkes, J. W. Preliminary Report on a Visit to the Navaho National Monument, Arizona. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Fisher, J. R. The End of the Irish Parliament. Longmans.

Fowler, W. W. The Religious Experience of the Roman People. (Gifford Lectures for 1909-10.) Macmillan. $4 net.

Gairdner, J. Lollardy and the Reformation in England. Vol. III. Macmillan. $3.50 net.

Garner, T., and Stratton, A. The Domestic Architecture of England During the Tudor Period. Vol. III. Scribner.

Grafton, C. C. The Lineage of the American Catholic Church. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co.

Grimshaw, B. When the Red Gods Call. Moffat, Yard. $1.35 net.

Grover, D. C. The Volitional Element in Knowledge and Belief. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.

Haney, L. H. History of Economic Thought. Macmillan. $2 net.

Harding, P. The Corner of Harley Street. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Hare, A. J. C., and Baddeley, St. C. Cities of Southern Italy. Dutton. $1.75 net.

Herkomer, H. v. The Herkomers. Vol. II. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Herschel, W. J. A Gospel Monogram, Consisting of the Entire Texts, R. V., of the Four Gospels. E. S. Gorham. $2 net.

Heyse's Vetter Gabriel. Edited, with notes, by R. N. Corwin. Holt.

Holland, R. S. The Boy Scouts of Birch-Bark Island. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.

Isaiah, Book of the Prophet. Introduction and notes by G. W. Wade. E. S. Gorham. $4.

Jordan, D. S. The Stability of Truth. Holt.

Kelsey, F. W., and Others. Latin and Greek in American Education. Macmillan. $1.50.

Kimball, A. L. A College Text-Book of Physics. Holt.

Knott, J. O. Seekers After Soul. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.

Laflin, F. M. Is Your Smile Worth a Fortune? Hermann Lechner. 35 cents net.

Lawrence, E. G. Speech-Making. A. S. Barnes Co. $1.25 net.

Legge, A. E. J. The Silver Age: A Dramatic Poem. Lane. $1.25 net.

Lockwood, L. E., and Kelly, A. R. Specimens of Letter-Writing. Selected and Edited. Holt.

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Meldrum, D. S. Home Life in Holland. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Methven, P. Billy. Lane. $1.50.
Minnesota Academy of Social Sciences: Papers and Proceedings of the Fourth Annual Meeting. Vol. iv, 1910. $2.
Mitchell, C. A. Science and the Criminal. Boston: Little, Brown. $2 net.
Naville, E. Discovery of the Book of the Law Under King Josiah. Translated by M. L. McClure. E. S. Gorham.
Newte, H. W. C. The Socialist Countess. Lane. $1.30 net.
Pankhurst, E. S. The Suffragette. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.
Oxford University Press. Booklet prepared for visitors at the Turin Exhibition (English and Italian). Frowde.
Petrie, W. M. F. Egypt and Israel. E. S. Gorham.
Presbrey's Information Guide for Transatlantic Travelers. Seventh edition. 50 cents.
Rawnsley, H. D. By Fell and Dale at the English Lakes. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
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Saylor, H. H. Bungalows. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1.50 net.
Scott, J. R. In Her Own Right. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Semple, E. C. Influences of Geographic Environment. Holt.
Sidis, B. Philistine and Genius. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents net.
Spurrell, H. G. F. Patriotism. Macmillan. $1 net.
Stedman, T. L. A Practical Medical Dictionary. William Wood & Co. $5.
Swift, L. William Lloyd Garrison. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
Syrett, N. Drender's Daughter. Lane. $1.25 net.
Tabor, G. The Landscape Gardening Book. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $2 net.
Taylor, G. R. S. An Historical Guide to London. Dutton. $2 net.
Thomas, M. How to Understand Sculpture. Macmillan. $2 net.
Underhill, E. Mysticism. Dutton. $5 net.
Van Sickle, J. H., and Seegmiller, W. Riverside Primer; Riverside First Reader. Houghton Mifflin. 30 and 35 cents.
War Department Annual Reports, 1910. 4 vols. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Warman, Cy. Songs. Boston: Rand Avery Co. $1.
Weir, T. H. Arabic Prose Composition. Putnam.
Wemyss, G. The Secret Book. Sturgis & Walton. $1.20 net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1911.

The Week

Senator Nelson of Minnesota has never ranked high among Constitutional lawyers, which is perhaps why it was left to him to discover that President Taft had exceeded his powers under the Constitution in making the Canadian agreement. The argument apparently is that the President can negotiate a treaty but cannot make a pact. We can easily understand why the opponents of reciprocity with Canada devoutly wish that the measure had come before the Senate in the form of a treaty. In that case, one more than a minority of one third could defeat it. And it is plainly the fact that the pending bill requires approval by only a majority, which increases the rage against it as "destructive," to use Senator Nelson's words, "of the independence of the legislative department of the government." Indeed, the Senator has made the discovery that "the President is depriving the farmers of this country of their Constitutional protection in a two-thirds vote of the Senate." But surely the Senate is not only independent but absolutely free and easy about reciprocity. It can talk about it till the crack of doom, if it so desires. It can take or leave the bill. Nobody is attempting coercion; nobody is coerced. Let Senator Nelson waive for the moment his painful Constitutional scruples. There stands the Canadian pact. No matter how it was got into shape for submission to Congress, submitted to Congress it is. Is it a good thing or not? If it is, Congress should approve it without wasting time over speculating what the bill would have been if devised by some other people in some other way.

Attorney-General Wickersham scored a strong point against the proposed Arizona Constitution, in his address at Yale on Monday. He pointed out how utterly unstable the Constitution itself would be under the provisions contained in it for its own amendment. To initiate such an amendment would require only the proposal of it by 15 per cent. of the number of persons who had voted in the last preceding election for Governor; and, once so proposed, all that would be necessary for its adoption would be a majority of the whole number of votes cast on the subject of the amendment, no matter how small that number might be. Of course, a Constitution amendable in this way is not a Constitution at all, in the sense in which we have been accustomed to think of such an institution. It might easily happen that less than one-tenth of the voting population proposed an amendment; and it would be in no way strange if the total vote on the proposition was so small that it would be carried by a vote in its favor comprising only one-fifth of the total voting population, or even less. Under such a scheme of government, said Mr. Wickersham, a small organized minority of the qualified electors might accomplish a change in the Constitution before the great majority of the electors were aware of what was going on.

In response to the offer of the New York Clearing House Association for admission of trust companies to its membership on certain prescribed terms, sixteen trust companies have already entered on such relations. The total number of trust companies in Greater New York being forty-four, it follows that twenty-eight institutions remain as yet outside the Clearing House. Of these, however, fifteen have a capital stock less than the $1,000,000 minimum fixed by the Clearing House as preliminary to admission. Some of the fifteen doubtless will qualify, and all of them may do so, through increasing their capital. In addition, there are left, outside the Clearing House, thirteen trust companies whose capital is sufficient for membership but who have not applied for it. Some of the institutions in this last-named group are among the largest and most important institutions of their class; they have taken the ground that their own business is so preëminently of the old-fashioned trustee sort that the need of Clearing House participation does not apply to them. Others of the group may yet decide to apply for admission.

It will thus be seen that although considerably less than half of the trust companies in Greater New York have joined the Clearing House Association under the new rule, there is nevertheless a prospect that the majority of these institutions will eventually have taken that action. Even as matters stand, a highly important and salutary change has been brought about in the New York banking position. It must never be forgotten that Clearing-House membership signifies not only that checks drawn on member institutions may be exchanged and collected without the cumbersome machinery of personal presentation and payment in full in cash, but also that any member institution will be able to command, in an emergency, the united support of the other Clearing House institutions. If the panic of October, 1907, has taught no other lesson, it has proved convincingly the dangers which beset financial institutions standing alone with no existing machinery for united support against the common danger. Perhaps it cannot be said that the problem would be wholly solved by admission to the Clearing House Association of only a majority of the city's trust companies. But compared with the confusion, mutual suspicion, and total lack of coöperation or organization, with which these institutions drifted into the great financial storm of three and a half years ago, the state of things, even now, is such as to furnish cause for great congratulation.

One of the current misconceptions of the possibilities of our trade with Latin America is due, says Mr. H. M. Kahler in the last number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, to the over-anxiety of advocates of a ship subsidy. They belittle existing shipping facilities, until many Americans believe that we have none at all to South American points. Freights to these countries are carried almost entirely in foreign bottoms, but so they are to nearly all others. There never has been any lack of carriers for goods which we can sell abroad. Thus two questions are confused. Another misconception which, in Mr. Kahler's opinion, is of wide and disastrous effect, has to do with credits. Many American manufacturers refrain absolutely from

entry into the Latin-American field because of an impression that success there requires long-time and hazardous credits. Nothing could be further from the fact. "Of our present very creditable showing of sales to Latin America—or about one-eighth of that territory's total imports—it is conservative to state that more than one-half are cash transactions." And, he adds, the level of business morality in all Latin America is far higher than here. Fraudulent bankruptcy is nearly impossible, and the largest shippers testify that their losses abroad are negligible as compared with those at home.

Gen. Wood's plan for a short-term enlistment in the army would be of little value unless a method could be worked out by which the recruits should be enlisted at fixed times and thoroughly drilled by specially capable officers. He proposed six months of service in the hope of attracting the boy just out of college or about to enter business. Now, in France and Germany certain students who have passed a special examination denoting accomplishments about equivalent to the completion of the sophomore year in our colleges are permitted to serve one year, instead of three. But they enter at a given time, and are trained systematically in the school of the soldier and the company, until toward the end of the year they are ready to take their part in the regimental, brigade, and division drills, and finally in the great manœuvres. All of this is carried on under a pressure of work and in a feverish activity never dreamed of in this country. The iron character of the discipline is also unknown here. But it is only by this really extraordinary forcing process that the finished German soldier is turned out at the end of a year. No Prussian martinet would, we are sure, undertake to turn out a really trained soldier in six months. The uneducated soldier serves two years; the educated one, if he possesses the necessary qualities, becomes at once an active officer or a member of the reserve, and returns to his regiment for six weeks' training for some years thereafter.

Should Gen. Wood's scheme go into effect to-morrow without the working out of a regular course of training, the young college man Gen. Wood seeks would, when enlisted, be assigned to a recruit depot, where he might or might not be well trained. There would be no guarantee that he would get the same kind of training as his cousin from Yale at another recruit depot. Recruit depots, moreover, are not always attractive places to be immured in for six months, and the average sergeant is a pretty rough customer to place over a lad fresh from the academic shades. Should such a recruit wish to join a regiment his actual training would again be affected by his luck in drawing a sergeant who was a good drill master. He might easily serve six months and never see an entire regiment parade or march more than two or three miles a few times. In many posts, he would be bored to death for lack of work. It is said that no less than 3,000 men have deserted from our army on the Mexican border. This is probably an exaggeration; but the reason given—overwork and fatigue—shows how "soft" the men had grown in their garrisons and would make every Continental soldier rub his eyes in amazement. The college recruit would like life under canvas, and plenty of field work. It would be an exception if he got it and, in most cases, he would return to civil life with that little knowledge which even in matters military is a dangerous thing. Finally the cost of equipping and transporting the six months' soldier would be very heavy, especially if there were created provisional regiments to make possible his progressive training from the A B C of the manual of arms to the intricacies of regimental drill, guard duty, etc.

The confirmation of William H. Lewis, the able Boston colored lawyer, as Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, without the expected opposition, marks, we hope, the beginning of a new era in dealing with such appointments. Mr. Lewis will be the holder of the most important office under the Federal government ever filled by a colored man. When the Crum nomination was under fire, a frequent Southern question was why Northern colored men were not selected for office. The present appointment is but one of a number of answers to this question. There was no rational ground for any opposition to Mr. Lewis. Both at Amherst and Harvard, where he was a famous athlete, he was socially popular because of his sterling qualities, and as Assistant United States District Attorney in Massachusetts, his record, carefully studied by Mr. Taft, was of the best. To say that such a man should not rise in the government service is surely to take quite as illiberal a view as that which would bar to men of Jewish parentage and humble origin the right to rise in our military or naval service.

Among the coronation honors which were announced in London last week, there is one that is of great interest to Americans. Dr. William Osler, who is to be made a baronet, was born in Canada and never renounced his allegiance as a Briton; but it was as professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins University and medical head of the Johns Hopkins Hospital that he did the work, and exercised the influence, which gave him his world-wide reputation. The Regius Professorship of Medicine at Oxford, which he has held since 1905, was an honor that came to him when he had passed the age of fifty-five; and it came at the close of sixteen years of work in Baltimore which will never be forgotten by the colleagues with whom he was associated, or by the hundreds of students to whom the inspiration they derived from him was a priceless benefit. The influence he exerted was due no less to the extraordinary charm of a rare and poetic personality than to his gifts and attainments as a physician and a scholar. That he should not have remained in our country to the end, must ever be a source of keen regret; but it is easy to understand that the attractions of Oxford, to a man in whom both literary taste and the historic sense are so highly developed as they are in Dr. Osler, were irresistible.

The decision of the Trustees of Wellesley College to continue the Wellesley tradition by the appointment of a woman president has been welcomed with keen satisfaction by those interested in the maintenance of opportunities for women engaged in the higher fields of intellectual endeavor. Their satisfaction is no more than the occasion warrants. The successorship to Miss Hazard had taken on the character of a test case. Miss Pendleton had been dean of the college for ten years, and her work in that post, it seems to have been admitted on all hands, had been

admirable. She had been acting president for the past eight months, and had shown her fitness for the duties of the office, and college sentiment pointed emphatically to her selection. In short, the question was virtually not a personal one at all, but a question of principle—or, what is still more important, a question of mental attitude.

If Wellesley, after its long tradition of women presidents, and able women presidents, had turned from the appointment of a woman, especially when a highly capable successor was at hand, the decision would have meant not only the adoption of the principle of the ineligibility of women for the college presidency, but something more far-reaching than that. It would have furnished the strongest kind of indication that Wellesley would hereafter gravitate more and more toward the attitude, so frequently manifested in other women's colleges, of preferring men to women in the higher teaching positions—the full professorships and often even the associate professorships. It is an anomaly that women should be permitted to enter upon an intellectual career and should not be permitted to look forward to the natural rewards of successful labor. It is still more of an anomaly when this impediment exists in institutions devoted to the higher education of women.

Francisco Madero's position is improved by the collapse of the so-called Magonista or Socialist faction in lower California and their approaching disbandment in Chihuahua. Not very powerful by reason of their own numbers, it is not at all impossible that the enemies of Madero elsewhere might have found a way of encouraging the Magonista bands to keep the field in order to embarrass the successful leader of the revolution. We need not question the motives of the handful of men who set out to establish a Socialist republic in Mexico, in order to show that mischief would have been the probable result of their labors. The followers of Magon may be quite right in asserting that the Maderist régime is bound to fall short of a really democratic republic. But it is equally plain that for complete democracy, as we understand it, Mexico is not as yet ripe. Had Diaz read his duty correctly he would long ago have laid the foundations for democracy against the time when he should no longer be on the scene. He preferred a policy of "after me the deluge." It is now left to his successor to take up the necessary work of educating the great body of the Mexican people to the proper use of liberty.

Mr. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, has sent to the English press a sharp letter of protest against "dragging our Canadian affairs into the field of British party politics." He refers particularly to the attacks which have been made in England upon the reciprocity agreement between Canada and the United States. To assert, as Mr. Fielding does, that this is a Canadian "affair," is only to assert the undisputed fiscal freedom which the Dominion has enjoyed for more than fifty years. Speaking directly of those English Conservatives who have represented Canadian reciprocity with America as a blow at "Imperial unity," Mr. Fielding says: "May I venture to suggest that the British statesman who is careful to refrain from such interference, and who leaves citizens of the Dominions to manage their own affairs within the limits of their respective Constitutions, is the best friend of the Empire?" To give further point to all this, the Canadian Minister of Finance takes up a recent speech by Lord Selborne. In that it was stated in effect that British imports into Canada are menaced by the reciprocity agreement, and also that "for the first time" one part of the Empire enjoys a trade preference in a foreign country, while the rest of it does not. On both heads Mr. Fielding has no difficulty in showing that Lord Selborne was entirely wrong.

The last few weeks have witnessed an enormous increase in the prestige of the Kaiser's first Minister of State. It was not so very long ago that the fall of Von Bethmann-Hollweg was regarded as imminent. He had been two years in office and had succeeded neither in framing a definite political programme nor in putting through any important piece of legislation. In the Prussian Diet he had played but a sorry rôle in the matter of the reform of the antiquated franchise. To-day the Chancellor has two highly important legislative measures to his credit. The Reichstag, with the Socialists alone dissenting, has adopted the Government's recodification of the workingmen's insurance laws, a work of monumental scope and vital importance. But perhaps a more dramatic victory was the enactment of a Constitution for Alsace-Lorraine on an approximately democratic basis. The Conservatives bitterly opposed the bestowal of the suffrage on the inhabitants of the conquered provinces, and for this occasion the Chancellor broke with his Junker allies. With the help of Liberal and Radical votes, the Constitution project was put through, the only concession to the Conservatives being the coupling of plural voting with universal suffrage. Publicly thanked by the Kaiser for his services, Von Bethmann-Hollweg is regarded as firmly installed in office. He is now urged to offer battle to the Junkers once again on the question of electoral reform in Prussia.

There is little doubt now that what France has dispatched to Morocco is not a flying expedition, but an army of occupation. There are at present in Morocco, or soon will be, 25,000 French troops. The British forces in Egypt number a little under 20,000. The withdrawal of this imposing array is not to be expected in the immediate future. It is still maintained by French statesmen and the partisans of France abroad that such action does not violate the Act of Algeciras, which guaranteed the integrity of the Moroccan Empire and the authority of the Sultan. On the contrary, it is impossible at present to speak of the integrity of a country that is rent by continuous civil warfare and anarchy and whose ruler cannot make his authority felt outside the walls of Fez, if indeed he is safe within his own palace. So competent an observer as Mr. E. J. Dillon declares that Germany has no ground to stand on in any attempt she may make to antagonize French action in Morocco. In the first place, by her agreement with France concluded in 1909, Germany virtually gave the French government a free hand in Morocco. In the second place, since Germany has persistently disclaimed any political ambitions in Morocco and has confined herself to pleading for the open door, it cannot be argued that a pacified country would in any way be inimical to German commercial interests.

CHAMP CLARK AS CHANTECLER.

The genial gentleman from Missouri who was leader of the minority in the Sixty first Congress, and is Speaker of the House in the Sixty-second, performed a brilliant exploit in the domain of prophecy during the closing days of the former body, and in his speech last week at Harrisburg he accomplished a similar feat in the field of contemporary history. In his famous welcome of Canadian annexation as the predestined result of reciprocity, the scream of the American eagle was no more lusty than was the bray of the Democratic donkey in the pæan of triumph with which he awoke the echoes at Harrisburg. Hear him tell of what happened in Washington in the Sixty-first Congress:

> When I remember what the House Democrats were at the beginning of the Sixty-first Congress—a wrangling, jangling, peevish, feeble, and despised minority—and how, by a conciliatory policy, we got together, wrenched victory after victory from our opponents, made of ourselves the most superb fighting minority ever seen in Washington, and established a record on which we swept the country in 1910, not only electing a Democratic House, but capturing a half-dozen Senatorial seats from the Republicans and a half-dozen Governors in Northern States, I assert without fear of successful contradiction that no parliamentary minority in history ever made a more splendid record.

That the Democratic party did win a great victory at the polls last year, that it is now in a position of strength before the country to which it had long been a stranger, and that its representatives at Washington are showing a degree both of character and of sagacity which has delighted the friends of the party and astonished its enemies—all this is perfectly true. But it has required the sunny vision of Mr. Clark to see the history of that achievement in the light in which he presents it. The Democratic victory of 1910 was the theme of many pens, both during the campaign in which it was looked upon as almost a foregone conclusion, and after; but we seem to have no recollection that anybody regarded as a chief factor in producing it the magnificent record of the Democratic minority in the House. The mere plodders who write for newspapers and magazines mechanically set down a number of quite unheroic elements as the causes of Republican defeat and Democratic success. Most people ascribed it, in the main, to three things—the split in the Republican party caused by the "insurgent" movement and by Rooseveltism, general resentment at the Payne-Aldrich tariff, and the pinch of high prices. And all the while, the real explanation was waiting to be given—"the most superb fighting minority ever seen in Washington," a history of splendid achievement matched by "no parliamentary minority in history." Coming from the man who was the leader of that minority, there might be some objection made to this announcement, either as to its modesty or its reliability; but Mr. Clark disarms all criticism of this nature. "Every Democrat who served in the House of the Sixty-first Congress," he says, "is entitled to his full share of the honor. In the words of Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, touching the battle off Santiago, 'There is glory enough for all.'"

In sober truth, there is "glory enough for all" in the fact that the Democrats have known how to use with credit the opportunity that has fallen into their hands; there is no need of claiming any superhuman merit in the bringing about of the opportunity. And, indeed, so far from such extraordinary qualities having been shown by the minority as turned a desperate situation into a promising one by sheer strength and wisdom and courage, almost the opposite was the case. When the Payne-Aldrich bill was under consideration in the extra session of the Sixty-first Congress, the Democrats made a pitiful showing until the Republican "insurgents" put backbone into the situation. It was only after this extraordinary opportunity had thus been fully developed, and only after further weakness and disorganization had been injected into the Republican situation by the Ballinger trouble, that the Democrats rose to the occasion. We do not say that the minority did not afterward acquit itself well; but its "superb" record had little more causal relation to the development of the new political situation than did the crowing of Chantecler to the rising of the sun.

The matter is of no particular importance, perhaps, except as another exhibition of quality on the part of a man whom, good enough within his limitations, it is irritating to think of as seriously an aspirant for the Presidency of the United States. The question that is of real interest in regard to the Democratic party relates not to the little episode of the conduct of the House minority a year or two ago, but to the measure it is giving of itself in its day of prosperity and promise. The conduct of the party in the present House of Representatives has thus far surpassed the most sanguine expectations. Difficulties of very serious character have been overcome, one after another; and the party has presented a united front not by sacrificing all aggressiveness in its programme for the sake of harmony, but by proving able to move harmoniously in the carrying out of a vigorous policy. In several States, too, of the greatest importance from the standpoint of national politics, the record of Democratic Governors or Legislatures has been such as greatly to strengthen the claim of the party to respect and confidence.

The single weak spot in the situation is New York—but that is an exception whose significance is enormous and which may easily prove fatal. When the time comes for voting for the next President, there are certainly thousands of voters in this State, with strong leanings to the Democratic side, whose first thought will be not of Taft, or of Wilson, or of Harmon, but of Tammany. The men that voted for Dix last November because they were tired of the Republican tariff policy, or disliked Roosevelt, or were disgusted with the Republican "Old Guard," knew they were taking a risk; but to take a risk is one thing, and to see their worst fears fulfilled is another. With every day furnishing new evidence of the Legislature's shameful subserviency, and of the Governor's pitiful weakness under the shadow of Murphy, it is not in human nature for the ordinary man to swallow his indignation and vote the national ticket of a party the election of whose State ticket has yielded such fruit. The one cloud in the Democratic sky is this Tammanyized State of New York; but from that cloud may come the deluge that will wash away the whole harvest.

DANGERS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Carlyle's contempt for political oratory is well known. He maintained that a public speaker could not tell the truth as it lay in his own mind, since the desire to please his audience would be sure to lead him into lying before he knew it. Even Gladstone admitted

that the listeners gave in mist to the speaker what they got back in shower. But he did not, on that account, join Carlyle in bidding men eschew public speaking as they would any other device of Satan! Carlyle himself hazarded his soul in his address to the students of Edinburgh, and did not come off so badly. But wholly apart from these inner perils of the orator—the testing of his own veracity—an external one has grown in our day to proportions that are serious. What we mean is the reporting of speeches in the press. Sometimes, of course, this comes to outright misreporting; but the danger to which we refer lies rather in the fragmentary report.

Gov. Wilson has just been partially a victim of this. A section was torn out of the speech that he made at Harrisburg on Thursday of last week; and this, by itself, was capable of being taken as a highly sensational utterance. Of course, if it could be so taken it has been so taken. A press on the watch for sensations could never let so good an opportunity escape. The Governor said: "The great monopoly in this country to-day is the money monopoly." "All our activities are in the hands of a few men." Such round affirmations, read by themselves, might easily be thought a kind of revived Bryanism—extravagant, unguarded, and disturbing. But the moment one turns to the fuller report of Gov. Wilson's speech, one sees what a great mistake such an inference would be. The Governor was dealing with the series of large issues which are going to show the stuff that is in American statesmen during the next few years, and among them he mentioned the crying need of banking reform. Yet no sooner do you attack that problem than you discover that "the control of credit is dangerously concentrated in this country." That is a plain fact which the coolest-headed economists and most unemotional students of finance have long been pointing out. It has been referred to over and over in the discussions of the Aldrich plans for currency reform. So here was no private bombshell of Gov. Wilson's. And the sentences of his which have been so widely quoted and commented upon fall into their orderly place in the speech as really delivered. Moreover, they were almost immediately followed by a passage in which the Governor sought to forestall misunderstanding and to prevent the notion getting abroad that he was a dangerous radical going about with a torch in his hand. We cite a few of his words of warning which were entirely omitted from the condensed press reports:

> There are well-known conditions which surround so great a task. In the first place, it cannot be executed if attempted with inconsiderate haste.
>
> We must remember that the abuses which we seek to remedy have come into existence as incidents of the great structure of industry we have built up. This structure is the work of our own hands; our own lives are involved in it. Reckless attacks upon it, destructive assaults against it would jeopard our own lives and disturb, it might be fatally, the very progress we seek to attain.
>
> It would be particularly fatal to any programme to admit into our minds, as we pursue it, any spirit of revenge, any purpose to wreak our displeasure upon the person and the institutions who now represent the abuses we deprecate and seek to destroy. I do not say these things because I think there is danger of vengeful action or revolutionary haste, but merely because we ought always to recognize that it is of the very essence of constructive statesmanship that we should think and act temperately, wisely, justly, in the spirit of those who reconstruct and amend, not in the spirit of those who destroy and seek to build from the foundations again.

It seems to us clear that any sensible man taking Gov. Wilson's speech entire, and sitting down to read it in cold blood, would never dream of regarding it as the work of an incendiary. But it did not come to the majority of readers entire, nor did they sit down to it in cold blood. They got but a portion of his actual language; they got nothing of his personal attitude and bearing. And so it was natural enough for some to cry out, "Why, Wilson is only another political sensationalist." Just this is the great peril which we have said besets public speakers in our day. Anything startling which they may say is certain to be reported in the newspapers; their qualifying words are almost equally certain to be left out.

But press reports of speeches have to take their chance with other matter, and often must be cut down. This means that only fragments are given, and it is only human nature that those fragments should be retained which contain the most piquant or even sensational utterances. We are not defending this, we are only explaining; and what we desire to add is that public men are bound to bear the process in mind. We would not wholly acquit Gov. Wilson from indiscretion in using such phrases as he did. It should have been present to his mind that they would be sure to be seized upon and their meaning distorted. A public orator whose words are to be telegraphed over the country needs to walk warily. It is for him to avoid those things which, while they will not make a bad impression upon his immediate hearers, will pretty surely cause disquiet to readers at a distance. It might be a good rule for any orator in public life who felt himself on the verge of saying something to make his audience "sit up," to think at once of the larger audience not present, and to bridle his tongue, or else to enter a prompt disclaimer of perverse misinterpretations of his language, and tell the reporters to be sure to get that, too. It is better, after all, to be safe than to be sensational. With such an awful example as American speakers had for seven years of misplacing emphasis and saying the right thing in the wrong way and inflaming and exasperating and raising false hopes which at last recoiled upon the head of him who begot them, it ought not to be so hard for them to avoid some of the more obvious pitfalls that lie by the path of one who has often to address his fellow-countrymen.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It is fitting that the greatest tract of the anti-slavery struggle, the book which sober historians have pronounced the most influential novel ever written, should have come from the pen of a woman. What more natural than the inspiring of a woman to tell of the sins of bondage, which bore most heavily upon the slave women, if only in denying them the right to chastity, to marriage, and to their children? Certain it is that Mrs. Stowe steeped herself in these fearful wrongs until her moral indignation, touched as of genius, wrought out a work that not only made her immortal, but, what was of far more importance to her, made converts by the hundred thousand to the cause for which she and all her chivalrous family were ready to perish if need be.

Criticised the book has been. In the South even to-day, among the illiberal and the prejudiced, it is quite customary to denounce Mrs. Stowe as the worst

of vilifiers and slanderers. The college professor who should praise "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and declare it a reasonably fair characterization of slavery could not to-day hold his position south of Mason and Dixon's line. Sherman alone is so black a beast. To most of these the historic facts upon which Mrs. Stowe built her defence of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are unknown, as are those "Testimonies of a Thousand Witnesses" compiled from Southern sources that to-day give slavery so fearful an aspect—as different from the descriptions of the latter-day novelists of the South as the night from the day. That she had made the worst overseer in the book a Northern man, that she had made the good and humane Southern characters the most prominent, went for naught. The unpardonable offence was that there was criticism of the sacred institution. The vehemence of the replies, of course, revealed the force of the blow, and the book's immortality is in itself the clearest proof that it was based upon truth; for no book of slander and lies, no unjust condemnation of a great social system affecting millions upon millions, can survive merely by great art. Forty-seven years after its publication, this book, which was said to be a wicked libel, led in popularity all the English fiction in the New York Public Library.

Great art there was not in Mrs. Stowe's book. "The style," says James Ford Rhodes, "is commonplace, the language is often trite and inelegant, sometimes degenerating into slang; and the humor is strained." Yet he records that Macaulay characterized it as the "most valuable addition that America has made to English literature"; and Lowell described it as genius. It was a rare timing of a book with the precise psychological moment when the conscience and heart of the North were ready to be touched and stirred on the slavery question as they were by no other event prior to the firing on Sumter, save by the hanging of John Brown. Mrs. Stowe refuted once for all the Southern defence of slavery on the ground that the negro was only an animal, as predestined to bondage as the ass, the ox, or the horse, because she made the whole world weep over the sufferings of both white and black, and made it plain to all that when it comes to grief and sorrow there is no color line in the pain and anguish the human heart can endure. The millions who have wept over the deaths of Uncle Tom and Eva, as portrayed by every kind of dramatic company, and thrilled at the escape of Eliza, have doubtless not been severe critics nor proof against mawkish sentiment. But their emotion is explicable on no other ground than that at bottom Mrs. Stowe touched with rare dramatic power the underlying human emotions not only of her generation but of many another, and thus proved anew that an appeal in behalf of human rights, made with justice and passion and self-obliterating earnestness, can never fail to bear fruit.

That Mrs. Stowe never produced any other book comparable in its success to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has often been held up against her. Instead, it is, perhaps, but proof of the way in which she spent herself in this work, giving the best that was in her in order that others might see slavery as she beheld it. No complete history of America can be written that does not take measure of her moulding of her time and credit her with a glorious share in purging the country of a national shame.

RECENT AVIATION.

Although the experimental aviation flights in Europe have undoubtedly fallen short of the expectations of their promoters, some results worthy of serious attention have already been reached. Among them are: (1) the unexpected staying power shown by individual machines; (2) the persistent bad behavior of the monoplane in its most searching try-outs; (3) the necessity of neutralizing the dangers of the aerial surf; and (4) the effort of the Germans to apply to heavier-than-air machines the same scientific rules for aerial navigation that they have put in practice with buoyant aircraft.

Pierre Vedrine in his trip to Madrid, and Gibert, who went more than three-fourths of the distance, both used the same single-surface machine they started out with. Conneau-Beaumont did the same thing in his later trip to Rome. These records were made in battling with the elements under all sorts of conditions over diversified stretches of open country, and exceed by double and treble the endurance flight of Legagneaux at Pau last December, when he monotonously reeled off three hundred and twenty miles in a marked circuit with familiar air and selected weather to help him. Although Legagneaux's distance was made without stoppage, the speed shown was only fifty-three miles an hour, whereas Vedrine in the first division of his trip thrummed along at the rate of seventy-five. This performance brings home the fact that the flying machine, since it was introduced to public notice by the Wright brothers less than four years ago, has outrun the early automobile by giant strides in its advance toward trustworthiness and extended radius of travel. But it is asserted by many experts, who accept as their guides the Wright brothers, Von Parseval, Euler, Farman, and Sommers, that the monoplane made this remarkable showing in spite of its crankiness and other admitted defects.

It is now a demonstrated fact that, with equal strength of construction and spread of wing surface, the biplane apparatus has only half the weight of the single-surface type as at present constructed. Not only were the machines used in the Paris-Madrid and Paris-Rome tours encumbered with this superfluous weight, but they were fitted with heavy motors of more than 100 horsepower that consumed, say, an equal number of pounds of gasolene and lubricating oil. The critics add to this handicap faulty adjustment of the centre of gravity, which made itself manifest in the capricious lurching and frequent capsizing. Out of the fourteen who began the Paris-Rome-Turin circuit but four got to the second stage, and only one of them, Conneau-Beaumont, arrived in the machine he started with. Garros broke up two, and Vidart and Frey one apiece.

Such untoward results were disappointing to the advocates of the monoplane. The brave beginning in a thirty-mile wind indicated a marked improvement in constructional efficiency due to increased effectiveness of the steering and stabilizing rudders—the controls that exhibited such weakness at the Belmont race-track last October. Then the hangars of the monoplanes were locked up and deserted, while their operators and attendants watched the three American biplane pilots, Brookins, Hoxsey, and Johnstone, placidly riding on the wings of a furious hurricane, the two

latter at an altitude of a mile and a half riding backwards, to be sure, but all of them showing a perfect mastery of their apparatus. True, the last series of disabling accidents to the monoplane came about almost entirely from the forced landings to replenish the gasolene and lubricating tanks, landings made in the moving strata of the atmosphere closest to the earth's surface, where there are swishing vortices able at times to wrench any machine apart.

Just how and when a device will appear that shall give warning of these sudden perils of the air, the most knowing of the experts do not predict. In the large omnibus passenger-carrying machines, soon to be introduced into public use by the leading biplane makers of Europe, and in the Wright brothers' present single-passenger service machines, provision is made for two operators and duplicate levers, one pilot handling the elevating plane and the other the steering rudders. Greater weight in construction and the consequent increased momentum also make for safety.

Though it may not so strongly appeal to popular fancy as long-distance speed contests, the German passenger-carrying test of eleven hundred and fifty miles, that took the northern, or "wind-strong," region of that country, none of the carefully designed daily flights being greatly in excess of a hundred miles, shows the way for utilitarian experiments. It embraces the amount and kind of work that the methodical Teutons believe the automobile of the skies will be called upon to do when first ushered into use as an economical conveyance. Both monoplanes and biplanes entered for the comprehensive tour that may last until July 7, with prizes to the amount of $106,000 for the winners. The itinerary includes Hamburg, Kiel, Hanover, Münster, and Cologne; but is especially noteworthy because it has a definite and coherent technical aim, viz., a systematic attempt to apply to aeroplane flight the aerial tactics in vogue with the pilots of the German military and civilian dirigibles and of their free balloons.

As a foundation, Germany, by means of the observations and soundings of Hergesell, Assmann, Berson, Elias, Marcusi, and other experienced meteorologists, has charted the winds to a height of two miles or thereabouts. When one of the hundred balloon pilots starts, for example, on a point to point race, he "gets his air" from the most convenient aerological station, and, making the wind his motive power and his rudder, travels by compass and barograph perhaps two hundred miles, landing, as Paul Meckel and his equally skilled associates have done more than once, within a thousand feet of the predetermined goal. Foreknowledge of atmospheric conditions has been utilized by Reichert, Leitsch, and Willenstein in the present tour.

Steering by compass is another everyday affair with German aviators, and they have so far mostly flown a direct course from one recording station to another. The German management of the three mountain crossings to be essayed, based, as it will be, upon aerological forecasts, will exhibit another interesting phase of aviation progress. Whatever the success of the present German passenger-carrying contest, it seems not unreasonable to say that it has set a pace and fixed a standard that other nations must follow. It is cross-country flying of the most useful character, and the one-man haphazard flights will doubtless ere long be left to the same obscurity as the so-called aviation "meets" and field-exhibitions of last year.

RAKING A WRITER'S PAST.

Sixty-one years after the death of Balzac the discovery of a hitherto unpublished novel by the French master is announced. Forty-eight years after the death of Thackeray we are presented with a little treasure trove from the years before "Vanity Fair." Within the last few years there have been additions made to the published writings of men as far back as Sterne, Hazlitt, and Lamb, not to speak of the total discovery of a new author in the person of the seventeenth-century poet Traherne. We have had Renan's journal of his youth and Emerson's. Letters of Carlyle and Ruskin are constantly entering the field. Among the freshest wares on the market are verses by Poe, letters by Stevenson, and an autobiography of Richard Wagner. To speak of all these as discoveries in the sense of the unearthing of absolutely unsuspected material, would be incorrect. In most instances the existence of the manuscript has been known to one person or a small number of people, and its publication has been dictated by any reason from whim to expediency. In the case of Balzac, we have a novel presented, after the magnificent fashion of the man, to the Duchesse de Dino who had inspired it. A descendant of the lady thus honored recently gave it to a man of letters, who lost no time in giving it to the world. In the Duchess's family the existence of this novel must surely have been known, and it is difficult to imagine that it escaped the knowledge of that wonderful searcher after things Balzacian, the late Baron Spoelberch de Lovenjoul. The Wagner autobiography had, of course, been read by several people.

The value of such literary finds is a subject upon which persons who are best qualified to judge have by this time arrived at a pretty definite opinion. And this opinion holds that only too frequently neither the dead author nor the living public is the gainer. When the find in question is biographical in nature this objection will not, of course, apply. Anything that adds to our store of facts in the life of a great man has its importance; and if protest is forthcoming it must be on some such ground as was taken by many people in regard to the publication of the Browning letters. It is a question whether our increased knowledge of the dead is sufficient compensation for the injured feelings of the living; and only that. We cannot take seriously the objection that the personality of the dead Brownings may have suffered in the eyes of those who adore their works. If the prestige of these works remained unimpaired, we should be content. But it is precisely such injury that is wrought by raking up the discarded apprentice efforts of a man's youth and loading the balance against his mature fame. The gain to the professional teacher of rhetoric in a bit of fresh material illustrating the development of Stevenson's craftsmanship may easily be counterbalanced by the shock to tens of thousands of readers in the discovery that the young Stevenson sometimes wrote rather badly. A safe guiding principle for the editor of a new manuscript by a dead author would be to ask himself whether the new work is worthy of its author as the world has learned to appraise him.

Who would not give much for a new volume by Thackeray or Balzac? Every one of us would. But this new volume must indeed be Thackeray or Balzac. Sentiment will take the mediocre pages of a master and endow them with qualities above their true worth. If a reader is so happily constituted, there is no more to be said about the matter. But where the critical faculty cannot be kept from coming into play, the great discovery might well have been left unprinted if it lacks intrinsic merits. And, after all, why should we so thirst for a new page of Thackeray, when there is so much to be had in the pages we know? The individual aroma which comes from the pages of a master may as easily be caught by reading "Pendennis" twice or "Père Goriot" twice as by reading two different stories from the same pen. To paraphrase a well-known epigram, whenever we are asked to read the rough first draft of a story by Stevenson written in his early twenties, we will read "Kidnapped" and "Prince Otto." Certain it is that the author himself is entitled to say what he wishes of his work to be preserved and what he wants forgotten. His judgment may often be wrong. But the editor must be very sure that it was indeed wrong, before he assumes the liberty of giving to the public what the artist himself thought unworthy of himself or his pains.

In the end this practical consideration remains the weightiest. It is ill travelling the path of fame with a heavy baggage; why increase the load which every great writer is compelled to carry? The spirit of criticism spares no one. Literature has its fashion cycles and the man who is apotheosized in one generation is often compelled to undergo the judgment of the next. Nowadays we do not hesitate to point out faults in Balzac, Thackeray, or Dickens. In one is found a great tedium; in the second an over-intrusion of the author's personality; in the third a serious distortion of character values. That the next decade may completely reverse us does not matter. To-day we do find fault with the masters, even knowing them as we do at their best. Hence it is no kindness to them to put into print work that is obviously not of their best.

MISCELLANEOUS GERMAN BOOKS.

Great as is the number of volumes containing letters exchanged at Weimar in Goethe's days, "Johann Heinrich Mercks Briefe an Anna Amalia und Karl August," in the handsome edition of the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig, is sure of a hearty welcome. Although in the service of the court of Darmstadt as accountant, Merck was a man of remarkably thorough knowledge on a variety of subjects, from art to archæology, from literature to agriculture. Karl August employed him as a buyer of etchings, drawings, and paintings, and sought his advice on economic and agrarian problems. This business intercourse gradually brought the two into something like purely human relations. But whether his temperament or his versatility was a drawback to his career, the gifted man never made a success of anything he himself undertook. He was a hypochondriac, discontented with everybody, and at times isolated himself completely from human society. As if to escape from his fellow-beings and himself, he became absorbed in the study of prehistoric nature, and finally committed suicide.

The letters fairly mirror forth his eccentric character and the spirit of his time. The spice of conversation, as of correspondence, was that particular kind of gossip which the French euphoniously call *médisance*. With amazing freedom Merck indulges in this smart but malicious small talk. He tells the princess that the ladies at the court of Darmstadt do not like to converse with anybody except gentlemen of sixteen ancestors, unless it be the *accoucheur*, the coachman, or the valet. He reports to the prince the most equivocal occurrences in his environment. With evident relish he circulates the scandals coming to his ears and suppresses no caustic comment even if they concern personages of exalted position. On the other hand, he gives not a few evidences of his great-heartedness and broadmindedness. Thus he defends Georg Forster, the traveller and writer, against damaging rumors, and warmly pleads the cause of the Mennonites. His indefatigable zeal in seeking art treasures for the princely collector and his repeated complaints about his meagre income have a touch of the mercenary. But these glimpses of his personal life shed such a peculiar light upon the relations of princely patrons and literary protégés in those days of Weimar's glory that they have a place in any picture of the period. Merck's impressions of his contemporaries and reminiscences of days spent at Weimar also contain historical material. Karl August especially stands forth in the light of these letters as nobler and more profoundly intellectual than biography has credited him with being. The numerous allusions to and discussions of serious scientific topics prove him to have been really a scholar of a remarkably wide scope of interests and occupations. But the prime charm of the letters is that which emanates from the personality of their writer. He was, indeed, as Goethe said at the news of his death, one whose like would not be born again.

Among the "Bücher der Rose," which bear the imprint of Wilhelm Langewiesche-Brandt in München-Ebenhausen and Leipzig, one of the recent additions is entitled "Ein Kampf ums Licht," and contains letters, memoranda, and poems by Lenau (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). The editor has cleverly arranged the selections in chronological order, so as to form a consecutive though indirect record of Lenau's development. He calls the poet's life a *Donquixoterie* of sorrow, or the tragedy of a will centred in introspection and never released for free action. Yet the struggle of Lenau against what seems to have been an inevitable fate was bravely waged, and the man deserves the full measure of sympathy. The letters, of which many had hitherto been unknown, give interesting glimpses into the workings of his mind. He consoles a friend who complains of her childlessness, by saying that individuals should not regard themselves as mere channels of species, but live as independent entities. His love-letters, too, shed a new light upon his relations with the two women with whom he imagined himself in love successively or simultaneously. Of curious interest to American readers are the pages referring to his American journey in 1832-33. After a week's stay in Baltimore he writes to his brother-in-law that America has no nightingales and no wine, and that a Niagara voice is needed to preach to "these rascals that there are other gods besides those coined at the mint." His description of a meal in the cheap boarding-house where he had taken lodgings is amusing because it seems to have given the cue to many a picture of American manners drawn by his compatriots unto this very day.

An anthology of letters, "Frauenbriefe aller Zeiten" (imported by Lemcke & Buechner), has been compiled by Bernhard Ihringer, and in about four hundred pages gives a fair picture of two thousand years of woman's history. The letters are selected from the correspondence of women of all ranks and of all countries of Europe, and cover the ground with no little discretion and with commendable thoroughness. The first letter in the book is one by the sister and the daughter of Charlemagne addressed to their teacher Alcuin, and strikes the keynote of fervent piety which prevailed in the first five hundred years. There are in this group letters by Héloïse and Catherine of

Siena and a number of others, giving glimpses of the life of women in convent and castle. Curious for its worldly tone is that addressed by Alessandra Strozzi to her son Filippo, in which she announces the betrothal of her daughter and says that she will give her one thousand lire. "For whoever takes a wife also wants money. It was highest time for me to decide in this matter, for she was already sixteen and could not wait to be married any longer." There are letters passed between Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII, letters by Lucrezia Borgia, by the wife of Luther, by Christine of Sweden, and many others of varied historical importance. A farewell note of the Marquise de Brinvilliers was written to her husband on the eve of her execution for her part in the "affaire des poisons." Some of these epistles revive the memory of famous loves. A pathetic document is the dedicatory letter to Count Collalto, which introduced the poems of Gaspara Stampa. Nor can one read without emotion the letter of la Vallière to the Duchess of Montausier referring to her relations with the French King. Two letters by Ninon de l'Enclos to the Marquis de Sévigné are really essays on love, a subject on which the writer was surely an authority. The book fitly closes with a letter to Hartleben by his wife Selma, the little mother of the incorrigible big boy.

The young generation of German writers are subjected to a steady analysis, mostly of a friendly character. To the books on Gerhart Hauptmann previously recorded may be added a volume of more than four hundred pages: "Gerhart Hauptmann: Der Entwicklungsgang seiner Dichtung," by Dr. Kurt Sternberg (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). The author divides his book into ten chapters. Upon the details of Hauptmann's life he dwells only long enough to prove him a genuine product of his time, obeying the various impulses, ethical and æsthetical, that swayed the generation into which the poet was born. He affirms what the works of Hauptmann, since the appearance of "The Sunken Bell," suggest—that the soul of the poet is the scene of a tragic conflict between the inborn idealism of his nature and the naturalism of his time, as also between the egotism of the Superman and the altruism of the Nazarene. While the influence of Ibsen and Nietzsche is predominant in the first period of his creative work, that of Tolstoy seems to prevail in his later development. In the analysis of Hauptmann's style, Dr. Sternberg notes the enthusiasm with which the poet first embraced the method of Holz and Schlaf, and his subsequent spasmodic reactions against it. He frankly admits Hauptmann's gradual decadence, but in his brief allusion to the novel recently published, "Emanuel Quint," suggests that it may prove to be a turning-point in the author's career. This hope of his sympathetic analyst Hauptmann has, in the meantime, destroyed by the publication of his play "Ratten," which marks a relapse into a naturalism more repulsive than that of his earlier period. Though the book contains little that is new in the way of interpretation, it is very readable.

Heinrich Spiero's "Deutsche Geister" (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag) is a volume of studies and essays dedicated to Wilhelm Raabe, and contains a gallery of contemporary German portraits, showing a remarkably catholic range of interests and sympathies. The book begins with the Austrian poet Ferdinand von Saar, and includes appreciations of such of his fellow-singers as Emil Prinz von Schönaich-Carolath, Jakob Julius David, Gustav Falke, Agnes Miegel, and Lulu von Strauss und Torney. It recalls to the reader the well-poised and refined personality of Wilhelm von Polenz; it groups in succession the three dramatists of the period, Wildenbruch, Sudermann, and Hauptmann. The singular story of Ilse Frapan's life and work forms an interesting chapter. A number of other men and women that have earned for themselves a distinct place in the history of Germany's intellectual development are characterized with much insight. The latter part of the book is composed of essays on various literary subjects. In a study of the new historical novel Spiero comes to the conclusion that the works of Wilhelm Raabe will in time be recognized as masterpieces of "unconsciously historical" fiction. In the essay on poetry and politics, the author regrets the aloofness of the German poet from current politics and points to the poets of France as examples of what poetical genius can accomplish by being in close touch with practical life.

An unusually attractive book of travel is Bernhard Kellermann's "Ein Spaziergang in Japan" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). It contains fascinating personal impressions of the country and its people by the novelist whose stories have recently begun to attract much attention. From a writer of his poetic temperament, one could not expect a systematic record of a journey planned and carried out along beaten tracks. He himself sets an example, showing how to travel in a foreign country without anxiously following in the footsteps of predecessors or hesitating to obey momentary impulses. In teahouses, theatres, and temples, Kellermann studied the life of the people, and by direct contact with them acquired in a comparatively brief time a remarkable knowledge of their customs and especially of their drama. The references to performances are numerous, and the special chapter on the drama is one of the most valuable in the book. That there is not a commonplace passage in it is its most commendable feature, for travelling in remote corners of the world and making pretentious volumes out of Baedecker material has become itself a commonplace occupation, and Japan has been particularly unfortunate in its exploitation by tourists and scribes.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It has been definitely announced that the sale of the first portion of the Huth Library will begin early in November. The Huth collection of autographs was sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, on June 12 and 13. A very fine and interesting letter, written by Shelley to Joseph Severn, dated Pisa, November 29, 1821, and beginning, "I send you the Elegy on Keats," brought £770. This was, no doubt, a copy of the first edition of "Adonais," printed at Pisa, "with the types of Didot," during the latter part of June and the first of July. Henry Fielding's contract with Andrew Millar for the publication of "Tom Jones," and his autograph receipt for the price, £600, brought £1,015. An autograph letter of Defoe, signed with initials "D. F.," dated October 11, 1704, brought £295. Burns's manuscript of "The Jolly Beggars," three pages folio, brought £491. The following are a few other prices: Anne Boleyn, autograph signature on a letter, £315; Anne of Cleves, autograph signature on a vellum document, £101; John Calvin, autograph document, signed, £62; Bartholomeo de las Casas, fine A. L. S. about the persecution of the Indians by the Spaniards, £200; Sir Francis Drake, autograph signature on an interesting letter, £100; John Dryden, fine A. L. S., in which he says, "I am still drudging on, always a Poet, and never a good one," £130; Queen Elizabeth, long A. L. S., £365; Katherine of Aragon, fine unpublished A. L. S., in Spanish, £800; Sir Walter Raleigh, A. L. S., written from the Tower, and begging that "my wife might agayne be made a prisoner withe me, as she hath bene for six yeeres last past," £520.

Correspondence

NEWSPAPER FILES AT ALBANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Many persons familiar with the New York State Library and its great wealth of American historical material are unaware of the marvellous collection of early American newspapers which it contained, and which is now totally destroyed. There were thousands of volumes of New York State newspapers from Colonial days to date. These for the most part were catalogued and accessible; but in searching last year for early Illinois newspapers I found more than 175 bound volumes of miscellaneous newspapers covering the period from 1810 to 1860, and including titles from every part of the United States—the whole collection uncatalogued, virtually

unknown and inaccessible to historians and librarians.

To illustrate how rich this collection was, I need only say that I listed no fewer than 246 separate titles of Illinois newspapers nearly all of them published prior to 1850, and many of them apparently unique copies, as I have found them in no other library. Several I had never elsewhere even found mentioned as having been in existence, and several others afforded the only known source of some points in early Illinois journalism. Other States and Canada were as fully represented as Illinois. Most of the 246 items were of single copies, but there were a few runs of great value, like that of the Kaskaskia *Republican Advocate*, 1823-1824, and its continuation, *Kaskaskia Republican*, 1824-1825. Even the single numbers were valuable far beyond seeming, because they were usually first issues, or issues of some special or peculiar significance, illustrating changes in policy, name, or ownership, or containing particularly significant items of news.

The collection was the work of Joel Munsell, an editor and printer of Albany, who in 1828 made one of the earliest attempts to procure a file of American newspapers. He was, as S. N. D. North wrote (Census Report, 1884), "a gentleman who did as much as any man who ever lived in this country to advance and promote the art of typography and to preserve its annals. The papers in Mr. Munsell's . . . collection satisfactorily illustrated the character and condition of the American press at the time. It was bound in 100 volumes, which are now deposited in the New York library." The 100 volumes included papers much later than 1828, and had been increased to nearly 200 volumes long before Mr. North's sentences were written.

North credits Munsell with having been the first to make such a file. But Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, Mass., made a comprehensive collection in gathering material for his "History of Printing," published in 1810. This well-known collection, given to the American Antiquarian Society in 1813, is especially rich in first issues. A still earlier collection is in the Harvard library. It was made by Christoph Daniel Ebeling, professor of history in Hamburg, Germany, and is described in Thwaites's "The Ohio Valley Press before the War of 1812-15:" "One of the most important sources which he used in his great work on the 'Erdbeschreibung und Geschichte von Amerika,' published at Hamburg from 1783 to 1816, were the newspapers of the various States. His collection, numbering some 200 volumes, and especially strong in the last decade of the eighteenth century, was, after his death in 1817, purchased with the rest of his library and presented to Harvard University." Munsell's collection, with accretions, was, as to titles, the most comprehensive single collection in existence for the period from 1825 to 1850, although others are more valuable because they contain longer runs. Its destruction is made the more deplorable because it had never been accessible, and of late years had seldom, if ever, been known or used.

FRANK W. SCOTT.

Urbana, Ill., June 12.

KEATS'S "MISSAL."

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In your issue of May 11, Prof. F. N. Scott suggests the possibility of finding a particular missal which inspired Keats's familiar line in "The Eve of St. Agnes." In such a search it is of first importance to understand the line itself, and I judge (I cannot quite be sure) that Professor Scott shares in a somewhat common misunderstanding of the word "clasped," taking it to mean "held fast" or "cherished." This misunderstanding seems to underlie Leigh Hunt's often quoted comment: "Clasped like a missal in a land of *Pagans*: that is to say, where Christian prayer books must not be seen, and are, therefore, doubly cherished for the danger." But however Hunt understood the word, it is certain that it does not mean "held fast"—the application of the simile quite forbids that. Dr. Garnett pointed this out in a communication to the *Nation*, December 21, 1905:

"Clasped" means simply fastened with a clasp, and the sleeping maiden is compared to a shut missal, precisely as in the last line of the stanza she is compared to a shut rose; with the heightening circumstance that not only is the missal shut, but it is shut in Heathenesse, where it will never be opened.

The conclusive proof, which Dr. Garnett failed to give, may be found in H. B. Forman's edition of Keats, where we learn that the successive forms of the line as originally written were: "Shut like a Missal," "Like a shut Missal," "Like a clasp'd Missal," "Clasp'd like a missal." So much for "clasped"; and our desired missal would be, not one jealously guarded by Christians in a heathen land, but one neglected or abandoned there.

But do we understand rightly the phrase "where swart Paynims pray"? Professor Strunk once even proposed to read "prey." And the "Century Readings in English Literature," edited by Professors Cunliffe, Pyre, and Young, has this explanation, which is new to me: "*Missal where swart Paynims pray:* A prayer book bearing upon its margin pictures of converted heathen in the act of prayer." Manifestly, if this can be substantiated, we are searching too far afield. Perhaps the editors of the "Century Readings" will enlighten us. I submit that I am skeptical of their explanation, which leaves the latter half of the line an ornamental appendage, with no apparent function in the simile. Or will some one profess to see a heightening circumstance in the converted heathen—symbols, may it be said, of unholy impulses transformed within the sleeping Madeline's bosom to silent prayers?

"These are very slender disquisitions," wrote Dr. Johnson in a note on Shakespeare, "but such is the task of a commentator."

ALPHONSO G. NEWCOMER.

Stanford University, June 10.

BETRAYED CONFIDENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Are college presidents losing a sense of decent propriety about the treatment of letters addressed to them? Twice recently I have been asked to write to the presidents of well-known colleges about the qualifications of candidates for appointment on their respective faculties. In one instance the request came from the president himself, in the other from the candidate. In both cases I wrote frankly my best judgment, in each case the president appointed another man, but sent to the unsuccessful candidate all the letters written about him! In one case I was immediately in hot water, because the candidate thought I ought to have recommended him more highly, and I was held by him responsible for his failure to procure the position. But my embarrassment is not the point at issue. If letters, whatever their quality, are to be treated in this way without the consent of the writers, there is evidently an end of all sincerity in such correspondence.

I am perfectly willing to sign my name to this protest, but in that case I must also print the names of the presidents referred to, and this I do not like to do.

UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR.

June 7.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF AERONAUTICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: I am sure many librarians and scientific men will share the surprise and regret with which I note the defective character of the work in Brockett's "Bibliography of Aeronautics," recently issued by the Smithsonian Institution. For example, under "Bryan, G.," "Bryan, G. H.," and "Bryan, George Hartley," are successive lists of titles, all, or most, of which undoubtedly belong to Bryan, George Hartley. A bibliography should certainly make a more satisfactory attribution of articles to authors than this. Similarly there is a page of entries under "Neureuther, K." (p. 625), while on pages 614-16 are twice as many entries under "N., K.," most of which must belong to Neureuther. In fact, it is evident that no attempt was made to bring together articles by the same author signed in different ways. An exception occurs in the case of "Langley, Samuel Pierpont," where all are entered under the full name, though it is doubtful if all were so signed; and the name Langley is made a subject heading for a number of anonymous articles referring to him, although other anonymous articles appear only under the first words of their titles. In the case of other subject headings, there are simply lists of the numbers of the entries to be referred to.

In the list of abbreviations of serials referred to, eight French serials are arranged under "La" and "Le," and one German serial under "Der," but no English one under "The." Many times the number are just as much entitled to be entered under the article as those which are so favored (?).

Minor inconsistencies and inaccuracies are altogether too numerous for a work bearing the imprint of the Smithsonian Institution.

W. I. FLETCHER.

Amherst, Mass., June 14.

PESTS ON WHITE PINES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In regard to the pest of white pine attacking our white pines, the following experience with a simple, yet effective, remedy may be of interest. For the past two seasons, my baby pines have been attacked by a small gray insect, which fairly swarmed on the new, tender growth,

and sucked the life out of it. Sulfocide, Paris green, whale oil soap, were all successively used upon the pest, but to no avail. They seemed to thrive upon germicides, or, at least, next morning seemed more lively and numerous than ever.

In connection with the pest, I observed that black ants seemed to be extremely active, climbing and descending the same tree. Thinking that possibly the pest was "colonized" by these black ants, I tacked a strip of sticky fly-paper around the trunk of each white pine, rubbed off the lice, and awaited results. The pest has disappeared as if by magic.

Whether this will prove an equally effective remedy for white lice, I do not pretend to say, as I do not know whether the ants work in combination with this new pest. But perhaps the experiment is worth trying.

Of one thing I feel sure, however, and that is that the ant is responsible for a good deal more in the way of supplying pests which attack our crops and trees than he is given credit for. As R. L. S. would say:

> Hated as his age increases,
> By his nephews and his nieces,

he ought to be exterminated. The comparatively inoffensive house-fly has had his day in magazine literature. We should have a crusade against that far blacker villain, the black ant.

WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Litchfield, June 16.

Literature

THE FEDERAL CONVENTION.

The Records of the Federal Convention of 1787. Edited by Max Farrand, professor of history in Yale University. In three volumes. New Haven: Yale University Press.

Historians and constitutional lawyers have long desired to see all the records that exist of the formation of the Federal Constitution, gathered into a record which shall be at once correct, critical, and comprehensive. Their wish is now gratified. Professor Farrand, formerly of Leland Stanford University and now of Yale, has given us in these three portly volumes a body of data more complete than any ever brought together before, adding to the material previously printed, but heretofore dispersed in various books, a certain amount of new matter drawn from other sources, some of them never hitherto explored by any competent scholar.

Broadly speaking, the sources for the history of the Convention here collected are the following: (1.) The Journal of the Convention, kept by the secretary, William Jackson, preserved in the State Department at Washington, and first printed in 1819, after being edited by John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State. It was, said Adams, not so much a journal as a set of minutes from which a regular journal ought to have been prepared; and Adams thought it his duty to correct these minutes and put them into better shape. In the present edition, they are printed exactly as Jackson left them, though Adams's edition is cited where necessary. The unsatisfactory character of the minutes is illustrated by the fact that the record of Ayes and Noes upon the questions submitted to a vote is not explained by a note of the dates of the votings, and that in about one-tenth of the votings, the issue voted on is not recorded. Mr. Farrand suggests in the present edition the dates of issues which he thinks probable, but he remarks that the state of this journal, or minutes, makes it evidence far from satisfactory. The secretary was not a careful man, but whose influence it was that secured his appointment does not appear.

(2.) The notes of the proceedings of the Convention, taken down by James Madison of Virginia, one of the delegates, and afterwards (as everybody knows), Secretary of State and twice President. These are one of the fullest and most authentic sources we possess. Madison corrected them, apparently with a view to publication, some time after the appearance of the Journal in 1819, and they were published in 1840, after his death. Great as is their value, he slightly reduced it by making a good many changes when he revised what he had written, changes apparently intended to bring his record into conformity with the Journal, though it is probable that in some cases he was right and the Journal wrong.

(3.) Notes taken by several members of the Convention, viz., Robert Yates, Chief Justice of New York; Rufus King and James McHenry of Maryland; William Pierce of Georgia; William Paterson of New Jersey; and Alexander Hamilton, together with a few things from the papers of Charles Pinckney and George Mason.

(4.) Documents drawn from the papers of James Wilson (preserved in Philadelphia), belonging to the drafts of the work done by the Committee of Five, which elaborated the Virginia resolutions, and similar documents belonging to another committee, the Committee of Style.

(5.) Extracts from letters and scattered writings of various members of the Convention which throw light upon the proceedings. These are very various and of very different value, but taken together, they do much to elucidate the history of the Convention. They are here grouped under the title "Supplementary Material," and fill Volume the Third.

To have all these data brought together and their perusal made both easier and more profitable by cross-references and a good index is a gain which can best be appreciated by those who have heretofore tried to study the Convention from materials scattered through dozens of books. Great credit is due to the Yale University Press for conceiving such a plan and for executing it in a form so handsome and convenient; nor is less credit due to Professor Farrand for the care and knowledge he has displayed in the editorial and explanatory part of the work. Some will regret that he did not add fuller and more numerous elucidations of the course the debates followed and the grounds for the attitude of particular men and States. These may no doubt be obtained from the histories of the formation of the Constitution; yet it would have been convenient to have them here.

To any one with a taste for constitutional antiquities, the work is most enjoyable. There is a delicious Old-World quaintness about the language, and very often about the ideas also. Everything is decorous, and though now and then an orator spoke with warmth, vehemence is discreetly toned down. We are surprised to find ourselves still not quite emerged from an age when people spelt as they pleased and did not care for uniformity. Madison, for instance, a precise and careful person, nevertheless spells the name of Mr. Gorham, delegate from Massachusetts, as "Ghorum," and that of Mr. Ellsworth (from Connecticut) as "Elseworth." The historical illustrations of federalism are almost all drawn either from ancient Greece, and often through Montesquieu, whom they sedulously read, (*e. g.*, the faults of the Amphictyonic Council and the merits of the Lycian federation), or from the Germanic Empire (which they saw to be really a mere confederation, and a weak one), while for the writings of political machinery they usually cite Great Britain. We are constantly reminded of the *Federalist*, in which, of course, Madison and Hamilton repeated the arguments and illustrations they had used in the Convention some months before. But what most strikes the reader is the gulf which seems to separate the political thinkers and constitutional lawyers of that age from any who have since adorned either the United States or any other country. That they should be unlike the men of the French Revolution, who, only two years after the Convention closed its labors at Philadelphia, began their less fruitful labors at Versailles, is natural enough; for the historical antecedents as well as the intellectual characters of the two sets of men were strikingly dissimilar. But the men of the Convention are almost equally unlike any subsequent generation of American statesmen. They are unlike contemporary or subsequent Englishmen. In their time the world of political thought began—and suddenly began—to travel very fast, so that later generations seem to be separated from these sages of

Washington's day by centuries rather than by generations.

A reperusal of their debates does not lessen one's respect for the men of the Convention of 1787. They moved upon a high level, and though the records of their discussions doubtless omit the more trivial arguments of all the speakers and neglect the weakest men altogether, the reader remains impressed by the amount of vigorous thought and clear good sense which was brought to the work. There were among the delegates at least six men of first-rate eminence—George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, Gouverneur Morris, and James Wilson, the three first of whom belong to the history of the world—as well as many others whose ability rises very far above the level of the average capable member of a national legislature, whether in the United States or in any great European state. These are Edmund Randolph, Roger Sherman, Oliver Ellsworth, Robert Morris, Patterson, Gorham, Elbridge Gerry, Livingston, Mason, and Wythe. Some would say the same of Luther Martin, Yates, Baldwin of Georgia, and the two Pinckneys. Considering how small the body was, this shows a remarkable average of talent. It compares favorably with the average of the much smaller body which drafted the Federal Constitution of Canada eighty years later, and favorably also with the Conventions which prepared the Constitutions of the Australian Commonwealth and of the South African Union. The Canadian statesmen did their work in private, but the debates of the Australian Conventions were published, and they do not reach the level of those of 1787.

Some of the most entertaining pages in these volumes are those in which one of the delegates, Pierce of Georgia, gives little personal sketches of his colleagues (Vol. III, p. 87, Appendix cxix). They are written on the whole in an admiring spirit, and (except perhaps in two cases) with no trace of spite; and they help us to realize how the most eminent figures looked and spoke and carried themselves among their fellow-delegates. A little further light on personal traits is thrown by a confidential report sent by the diplomatic representative of France to his own court, in which he describes some of the leading men of the Convention, dwelling especially on their sentiments toward France. The remarks on Hamilton, Rutledge, Randolph, the two Morrises, and Mifflin are quite interesting (Vol. III, p. 232, Appendix clix). To most people, the appendices, which fill one whole volume, will be the most novel part of the book, for the letters which they contain bring a good deal of comment to bear upon the formal records, and contain not a few instructive anecdotes.

We must refrain, in such a review as this, from entering on any of the larger questions connected with this most famous of all Constitutional Conventions. To one reflection, however, a few words may be given. The Convention never showed its wisdom better than when it determined to deliberate in secret. Had the public been following the proceedings, the proceedings could hardly have reached any profitable issue. Men were able to say things without the fear of being reported, and of having to explain or defend themselves. The press had not the opportunity of misrepresenting or attacking views and propositions before they had time to be fairly considered. Compromises were infinitely easier when men did not stand committed to the public by words and votes previously recorded. Yet it would, in our day, be virtually impossible, in any modern country, to get leave for any such Convention to exclude the public from its debates, and one may fear that it would be far more difficult than it was then to enforce upon each and every delegate any obligation of secrecy that a Convention might impose. It may, indeed, excite surprise that in England, when large constitutional questions arose, such as that of making a new Constitution for Ireland to regulate her relations with Great Britain, it was not proposed to apply this method of a convention to a situation which eminently called for it. The decision to entrust the making of the Constitution of the United States to a special body, instead of to Congress was, indeed, along with the determination to exclude the public, almost as efficient a cause of the success attained as was the unrivalled statesmanlike capacity of the men who sat in this memorable assembly.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Bramble Bush. By Caroline Fuller. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A vast amount of good "copy" accumulated in extensive observation of New York's literary and artistic tribe has been worked over into an amazingly diversified literary entertainment. Selected specimens of our rising generation of dramatists, painters, sculptors, poets, critics, journalists, and actresses, supplemented by a few property fathers and mothers, constitute the *dramatis personæ*. A plot which betokens more ingenuity than originality on the designer's part manages to include them all in a kind of mutual benefit association and to contrive a professional success and matrimonial happiness for each aspirant. It also affords unrivalled opportunities to witness the antics of young birds of the artistic feather, as they are to be seen in their city haunts, and more particularly in summer flocks on Long Island Sound; also to hear phonographic records of their chronically clever conversation.

As a sort of moral background for "the whole show," a parable is expounded out of Mother Goose. The Brambie Bush of nursery fame symbolizes "the tearing disillusions that come to those who pursue art in any form." "All of us get our eyes scratched out at some time or other, and the successful chap is the one who has grit enough to jump into another bush and scratch 'em in again. . . . The cynics are those fellows who stick in the first bush permanently and stay blind." This disposes of the perversities of the artistic temperament very neatly, besides furnishing the theme for enough sweet preaching and admonitory incident to fill a "Pansy" book. Prominent among the pursuers of art through the brambles is a youth who thought he was a cartoonist, wanted to be a composer, and turned out to be a playwright. Another is a young woman who affects depravity, and writes cruel critiques for a living; the author has taken great pains with her fascinations, providing her with the physical equipment of an Oriental sorceress and allowing her to conceal warm, womanly feelings beneath a nipping and an eager air. A third is a lovely fair-haired painter of babies whose sentimental education is accomplished in the course of the narrative. These have their progress in the allegory pointed out to them at intervals by the sanest and most sympathetic of distinguished middle-aged sculptors of established fame.

The author varies her style with her intention, which is by no means stable; she is farcical, romantic, mystical at pleasure. Variety is her notion of excellence, and she has not sufficient sense of humor to permit her to be serious with impunity.

A Question of Marriage. By Mrs. George De Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The merits of this book lie in its readableness and in the bits of philosophy, humor, truth, and sweet reasonableness that lie along the way. The central incident is distinctly unphilosophical, but as it defeats itself in the end, it must be supposed that the author intended to enforce her point by making highly reasonable folk temporarily guilty of deeply unreasonable conduct. Vanna Strangeways, sprung from a family tainted with persistent madness, is warned against marriage by a great physician. She highly resolves, is sorely tempted, and enters into an engagement with definite understanding that it shall never be fulfilled. "Engaged *not* to be married," a friend pertinently puts it. The eight years' duration of this bond is the credulity-taxing part of the story. Its rupture and the triumph of good sense restore the tale to a normal plane. Meanwhile, without any very di-

rect bearing on the main point, the life, love-affairs, and happy marriage of the lively, brilliant Jean are fully chronicled. Various lesser characters are introduced with good effect; comments, reflections, wise and witty conclusions, emanate from actors and author. But above all improbability rises a wholesome lesson—that it is within and not without that one is to look for content. The use of the utterly trivial matter that on the final page drives this home to Vanna's consciousness, made receptive by her sufferings, and generosity, her sense of justice, is a little touch of truth which is characteristic of the author's way of putting things.

The Return. By Walter De La Mare. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

To look into a mirror and to see there not one's own face, but a strange one, may well curdle the blood and raise the hair. Add to this manifestation the efforts of a French suicide, two centuries dead, to repossess himself of a mortal abode, and we have the chief elements of a story of supernaturalism standing well above its fellows. One point of superiority is the absence of the aggressively material, which as a rule offsets the intangible. Though details are carefully worked out, the general impression is of spiritual phenomena. There is a sense of Hawthorne translated into a more modern form of expression. Another feature not usually found in this class of writings is the quite remarkable clearness and originality of character-painting. Here are characters consistently modelled and intrinsically striking. An aloofness of touch, a restraint in particularizing, do but add to the impalpable quality of the terror which haunts the tale. The story is not easily communicable, even were it desirable to forestall interest. But the reader may safely be promised tremors more inwardly racking than the bodily quake caused by the ordinary spook.

The Royal Pawn of Venice. By Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The time of this typical historical romance is the latter half of the fifteenth century; the place, Cyprus. The central figure is that of Caterina Cornaro of Venice, who became a luckless Queen of Cyprus. The action coincides with her career as Queen. As is common in this sort of story, the appeal is chiefly made to a sense of reverence for royalty approaching worship—especially for young feminine royalty—which appears to be undying in the human breast. The writer of this book evidently possesses this sense in extraordinary intensity. A portrait of Caterina by Titian is reproduced as frontispiece. With this portrait, we are given to understand, the dashing young King of Cyprus first fell in love. One day he obtains "sight of the girl's fair face with its tender flush like a flower in spring, painted with skill by the greatest artist of Venice. The breeze might have toyed with that mist of golden hair, and the great dark eyes—softly luminous—had the expectancy of a gazelle awaiting the joy of the daydawn." Now as for the color of the lady's cheek and hair, they were no doubt what Titian would have made them. Her total effect, however, to the disinterested eye, is that of a rather stout nurse-maid in somebody else's Sunday clothes, with a dull face and a sly glance—as who should expect a policeman at the nearest corner. But Mrs. Turnbull does not profess a disinterested eye—she would scorn such a thing, no doubt. To her Caterina is a bride fit to mate with a young monarch who is "beautiful as a young god"; and her career has all the glamour of that divinity which hedges royalty. Those who share her prepossession will no doubt find the story worth reading. Those who demand of their fiction the presentation of characters and action of inherent rather than adventitious interest will not care for it.

TWO BOOKS ON MONGOLIA.

The Face of Manchuria, Korea and Russian Turkestan. Written and illustrated with twenty-two plates by E. G. Kemp, F.R.S.G.S. New York: Duffield & Co. $2.50.

Tramps in Dark Mongolia. By John Hedley, F.R.G.S. With illustrations and a map. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

These two books on different portions of the vast area once under Mongol domination offer some suggestive contrasts. The author of "The Face of Manchuria" represents the intelligent globe-trotter, primed with information from guide books and foreign residents, whose journey was made possible by those railway lines which are things of yesterday. Mr. Hedley, a missionary among the Chinese of upper Chihli and a careful student of the people to whom he devotes his life, explores unknown roads on foot and pony where Europeans are never seen. The one is a volume of superficial impressions, showing how readily an unprotected woman may now visit regions which a generation ago were fast sealed to the most intrepid traveller. The other reveals the character and attitude of peoples in the same region still untouched by the railway.

"The Face of Manchuria" is frankly personal, being occupied with many of those details that bulk large in a traveller's experience. The author does not leave upon the reader an exalted idea of the comforts of travel in Chinese and Russian railway trains, but her temper is good and she grumbles quite contentedly. Much the most acceptable feature of her book is its array of sketches in water color, some of which present the color value of buildings and landscapes with considerable charm, though the drawing often leaves something to be desired. We get a notion of the author's pertinacity in reading the story of her success in obtaining one of these sketches. Within the past two years access to the tomb of the murdered Queen Min, outside of the capital of Korea, has been denied to visitors because of wanton outrages committed upon its monuments by European tourists. This tourist, however, was determined to climb a hill and see it:

> I decided not to wait for permission, and hastily ran up to a beautiful spot commanding a fine view over the plain with the tomb immediately below me, and set to work with the utmost dispatch. I had the pleasure of seeing the other visitors arrive and get sent away, and then the guard came up to dislodge me. I met him with a disarming smile, and showed him the sketch, ignoring his obvious intention. Our American friend was greatly concerned as to the righteousness of feigning ignorance, for she understood and translated all they were saying, such as that no one was allowed there except people of great importance, etc., etc. Further shouting from below to send us away was followed by the slow climbing of the hill by other officials. I greeted them in the same way as the first, and it had an equally disarming effect; they seemed quite nonplussed, and before they could decide how to act the sketch was finished, and I presented them with an acceptable *douceur*, and said good-by. Their refusal to allow people to approach the tomb, where only the little finger of the Empress is buried, is quite reasonable, for the dearest Korean feelings have been outraged by the wanton disregard shown by visitors who have amused themselves by pretending to ride the stone animals and otherwise "fooling" about the spot.

In consequence of which little escapade, we are likely to hear that the whole enclosure is hereafter to be barred to foreigners.

The description of the three towns visited in Russian Turkestan does not add greatly to our knowledge of that wonderful land, though the artistic soul of the author is aroused by its picturesqueness and color to impassioned and almost pathetic efforts to find expression in words.

Mr. Hedley's account of the edge of Mongolia beyond the wall is a book of another sort, having to do with missions only incidentally. His three journeys include a part of the territory where the famous Gilmour labored, apparently in vain, a score of years ago. The Chinese in this border land are still foreigners, but the Mongols are at disadvantage in competing with them. Like the Reservation Indian, the Mongol is a pretty good fellow, if left alone, ingenuous, direct, and easily tempted,

but he is a lazy skunk, and one finds it hard to forgive laziness. In the district of which I am now writing he neither sows nor gathers into barns, and yet he revels in such luxury as suits his environment. He smokes, he drinks whiskey, and likes a lot of it; he gambles; he talks; he idles around all day and every day, and only wakes up when the hunting fails due, and then he spends three days each month chasing terrified hares across the plains, or trying to bring down pheasants with his ancient matchlock.

As the Chinese is more industrious and capable than the simple Mongol, it follows inevitably that the steppes from which the latter has raided his civilized neighbor for thousands of years will pass at length into hands that know how to cultivate them, and one of the most remarkable fighting races known to history will be exinguished by the relentless action of the law of the survival of the fittest. It is surprising to be told that the doom of the race is hastened by its excessive religiosity. The Mongols are devout followers of that form of Buddhism called Lamaism, the economic effects of which are similar to those from which the Eastern Empire of Rome was rescued by the efforts of Leo the Isaurian in the eighth century. As in Tibet, the source of the creed, the youth of both sexes in Mongolia is withdrawn into monasteries, but unlike Tibet, Mongolia needs a larger population. The priests, declares Mr. Hedley,

> live unproductive and therefore worthless lives. They do not work in the fields; they do not herd the flocks; some few do practise medicine, but it is a case of Heaven help the patient! The only thing they seem to do beyond their ecclesiastical tasks is in community to prepare the food for their meals, and even that is brought to them by their parishioners. . . . Morally, Lamaism is an open and filthy sore. It is simply impossible to reproduce in print the tales everywhere heard of vice and immorality of the most virulent and shameless character. The pen is not made that could write it all down. It must be left to the imagination to picture the worst orgies of the cities of the plain, or the fashionable vices of the satiated rakes of ancient Rome or modern Babylon to come anywhere near an appreciation of what is commonly known to take place in these monasteries of the Mongol deserts and plains. Think of scores and even hundreds of men, strong, lusty, fullblooded young fellows living under a vow of celibacy, and yet conscious of no restraint from their religion in regard to the blackest and vilest sins.

One gets from this description a distinctly new conception of the life of the steppe. These are conditions affecting nearly half of the area of the Chinese Empire. Instead of the free, if primitive people of our imaginations, the Mongols have become since their great conquest of China a worthless and corrupt people, content to live on the labor of their women, bound body and soul by their religious leaders. Lamaism appears to offer a far more effective obstacle to Christianity than is to be found anywhere in China proper. "The attempt to evangelize Mongolia," we are told, "presents one of the greatest problems that faces Christian enterprise today. The land is so wide and immense, the means of communication so expensive and precarious, the population so sparse and scattered, the people so ignorant, and as a consequence so superstitious, that the task might well appal the stoutest heart and try the strongest faith." Thus far the efforts of Christianity seem to have met with no success whatever. One missionary who lives among them confesses that he knows of only one Mongol who can be called a sincere Christian man.

The most notable place visited by the author in these tours was Jehol, the Ch'eng te Fu of the Chinese, from the Portuguese spelling of which name Coleridge is supposed to have got his "Xanadu," where Kubla Khan decreed a stately pleasure dome. Its historical importance is chiefly due to its palace, where the Emperor Chien Lung received Lord Macartney in 1795, and where another emperor, Hsien Feng, died after running away from the English in 1861. Entrance to the palace and to the great Potala, built in imitation of the Vatican of Lamaism in Lhassa, is denied the foreign tourist, but some idea of their great enclosures may be derived from views from the surrounding hills. Other considerable buildings in the town convey a suggestion that much might be found here by a trained investigator to supply material for the study of Buddhist art in recent centuries.

Mr. Hedley's numerous photographs and a map of the region between the Shira muren and the Great Wall drawn from his own surveys add appreciably to the value of a book which is likely to remain long the best authority on this little known portion of Asia.

Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by J. H. Whitty. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

This new edition of Poe is doubtless of much more importance to the specialist than to the general reader; but in these days, when even the general reader demands a complete and scrupulous text, the volume will be a formidable competitor in popular favor with all other editions. Poe, as is well known, was continually revising his poems with a care and an intelligence which give exceptional value to his latest emendations, and it is Mr. Whitty's good fortune to be able to present for the first time what seem indisputably to be Poe's last revisions of several of the most important of the poems. These revisions were made for the Richmond *Examiner* during Poe's last visit to the Virginia city, and he appears not to have lived long enough to subject any of them to further changes. The proofs of the poems revised for the *Examiner* passed into the hands of Poe's friend, the now forgotten writer, F. W. Thomas—forgotten, that is, save in connection with Poe—and the authenticity of the changes is beyond dispute. That readers of Poe will profit greatly from the fact that they can now read several favorite poems in slightly altered forms is a question of taste into which we need not enter. It is also a question of taste whether the eight poems "now first collected," which Mr. Whitty prints with ample proofs of genuineness, will at all enhance Poe's reputation. It is certain, however, that in his Appendix and in his "Notes and Variorum Text" Mr. Whitty has performed with great patience and success a task for which he should receive the hearty thanks of all students of Poe. It is probable that for many years to come editors of Poe's poems will draw largely upon the information, textual and other, here put in convenient form. It is to be hoped that they will never forget to make due acknowledgments to Mr. Whitty, and it is also to be hoped that he himself may be persuaded some day to give the fullest kind of record of his own experiences as a Poe collector, including, when possible, the present abiding place of all known Poe MSS. and other relics.

The memoir of nearly seventy pages prefixed to Mr. Whitty's edition is, as he tells us, "the fruit of researches extending over a period of thirty years." Like the text, this memoir is in many respects new and authoritative and mainly valuable to the special student of Poe. Emphasis is naturally put upon Mr. Whitty's own discoveries and upon his own views on such moot points as Poe's visit to England shortly before the publication of "Tamerlane." The result is a sketch which, in our judgment, new or merely casual readers of Poe may find unsatisfactory as a short biography and as a critical exposition of Poe's character and of the nature and worth of his poetry. For general purposes, then, the introductory matter of the Stedman-Woodberry edition of the poems is not superseded. But no future biographer can dispense with this memoir any more than any future editor of Poe can dispense with Mr. Whitty's textual apparatus. Its chief value seems to consist in a large number of details, few of which are important in themselves, but which singly and collectively help the student to develop new views and to alter or supplement old views. Perhaps the most important point is the frank treatment of the domestic troubles of Poe's adopted parents, but some may be inclined to dispute this statement and to find in Mr. Whitty's accounts of Poe's two visits to Richmond in 1848 and 1849 the most valuable contribution made by the memoir, although Professor Woodberry,

to whom this edition is appropriately dedicated, dealt very fully with both events in his expanded biography. Mr. Whitty's reference to the mysterious letters owned by the Valentine Museum in Richmond leaves one almost as much in the dark as did Professor Woodberry's reticent mention of the same documents. True, the latest authority informs us that these letters were read to a "small select audience in Richmond some years ago," and that they are said, "taken with the notations" upon them made by Mr. Allan, "to give an impression that Poe was ungrateful to his patron." But what if they refer to facts in Poe's life which, interpreted by students, not by select listeners, make his youthful years seem the very nadir of his life? Might they not, in such a case, help to relieve instead of darkening his character? Ought they to be kept entirely unpublished? Might they not be given to the public with the excisions, which we gather from a remark of Mr. Whitty's to be desirable? However these questions may be answered, we are sure of one thing, viz., that the minutest biographical gleanings with regard to Poe ought to be received gratefully, since the world still lacks a biography of him strong on the side of sympathetic, not partisan, interpretation. Mr. Whitty's researches seem to us to make the task of such a biographer lighter and to encourage future gleaners.

Sectionalism in Virginia from 1776 to 1861. By Charles Henry Ambler, Ph.D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

The study of sectionalism as a factor to be reckoned with is becoming a conspicuous feature of historical investigation in this country. By sectionalism is meant not the rivalry between the North and South culminating in the civil war or the hatred and jealousy of parties representative of different portions of the country, but rather the struggle, often unconscious, between regions of smaller area—sometimes included within the boundaries of a single State and sometimes embracing parts of many States—that represent common racial, economic, or religious interests. Such sections are the tidewater and the back country in colonial times, the trans-Alleghany country, the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, the lake region, and the Western plains later. State boundaries are often artificial divisions without significance as landmarks of national progress and expansion. Historical writers are recognizing the necessity of a more thorough understanding of sectional peculiarities before attempting to explain the operation of such local and national issues as the tariff, slavery, suffrage, internal improvements, and the like.

Toward the end of our colonial period, when the region between the older settlements of the coast and the foot-hills of the Alleghanies began to be settled by a mixed population of Scotch, Irish, and German sectaries, a new section came into being. It was surcharged with new interests and motives. It was more democratic and individualistic than the tidewater; it had needs and ideals that were unknown to the older settlers; and it frequently opposed the policy of the colonial governments where the conservative classes held dominant political control. This sectional struggle appeared in nearly all the colonies from New England southward, and eventually led to modifications in governmental policy and in some instances to actual dismemberment. Nowhere was the struggle more prolonged than in Virginia, where for a century tidewater and up-country and mountain sought to accommodate their conflicting interests, only to end in the withdrawal of the mountain sections and the establishment of West Virginia as a separate State.

The conflict forms the subject to which Dr. Ambler has addressed himself in this excellent work. He has traced the ramifications of the controversy as fought out in the halls of assembly and on the stump from colonial times to 1861. He has shown wherein the economic conditions of both upland South and mountain territory were at variance with those of the conservative low country and has noted the effects in party rivalries and acts of legislation. His treatment falls naturally into three periods: the first ending with Bacon's rebellion in 1676; the second with the constitutional convention of 1829-30; and the third with the dismemberment of the State in 1861. The first great outcome of the conflict was the overthrow of the established church and the abolition of the system of entails, which produced democratic equality in Virginia. Constitutional and economic reforms followed the supremacy of the Republicans in 1801 and the decline of the East in population and industrial activity after 1818. The West was growing more important and influential, but was not strong enough to settle the issue in the constitutional convention of 1829-30. The victory of the conservatives transferred the centre of discontent from the upland to the mountain, and marked the line of sectional conflict between the areas which are now Virginia and West Virginia. The idea of a new State began to take form. The divergence of view between East and West on the subject of slavery and representation intensified the differences, and local issues began to blend into national issues. The mountain opposed secession from the Union. Controversies over education and a split in the Methodist Episcopal church increased the sectional rivalries, and when Virginia seceded from the Union, West Virginia seceded from Virginia.

Dr. Ambler has, for the most part, performed his task with thoroughness and care. His search has been wide and his presentation of the theme is characterized by justice and impartiality. Crudities of style are an occasional defect, and one feels at times that the author adhered too often and too closely to the merely political aspects of his subject.

Notes

A popular-priced edition of Price Collier's "England and the English" has been published by Scribners. Lord Rosebery furnishes a preface in which he says that the book is "probably the best ever written by an American about England."

In a letter printed in the *Nation* of April 6, Andrew Lang gave some account of a book called "The Adventure," which related the mystifying vision of two ladies at *le petit Trianon*. The book is now published in this country by the Macmillan Co.

The American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia announces that an award of the Henry M. Phillips prize will be made during the year 1912. The subject upon which essays may be written is: The treaty-making power of the United States and the methods of its enforcement as affecting the police powers of the States. The essay is limited to 100,000 words, exclusive of notes, which should be kept separate as an appendix. The award is $2,000.

In the autumn B. W. Huebsch will publish John Nolen's "Replanning Small Cities," a study of six American towns: Roanoke, Va.; San Diego, Cal.; Montclair, N. J.; Glen Ridge, N. J.; Reading, Pa., and Madison, Wis.

June 24 has been set by the Century Company for the date of issue of "Thorpe's Way," by Morley Roberts, a novel which is described as a blend of mediæval romance and modern socialism.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out in the summer or early autumn: "The Recording Angel," by Mrs. Corra Harris; "Cicely," a civil war romance by Sara Beaumont Kennedy; Rudyard Kipling's "History of England," written in colloboration with C. R. L. Fletcher; Bouck White's "The Call of the Carpenter," meaning Christ, and a new biography of Andrew Jackson, by Prof. John Spencer Bassett.

The T. Y. Crowell Company has in its list of announcements: "Man: King of Mind, Body, and Circumstance"; "The Eight Pillars of Prosperity," both by James Allen; in fiction: "A Watcher of the Skies," by Gustave F. Mertins; "Ranier of the Last Frontier," by John Marvin Dean; "Monna Lisa," by Gugliemo Scala, and a railway story, "On the Iron at Big Cloud," by Frank L. Packard.

"The Legacy of Past Years: a Study of Irish History" is a forthcoming book by Lord Dunraven; it is in the press of John Murray.

An essay by A. R. Orage on "Nietzsche, the Dionysian Spirit of the Age," has been

published by A. C. McClurg & Co. It is a clear enough exposition of Nietzsche from the point of view of a professed follower. Mr. Orage admits the nebulous character of the Superman as defined by Nietzsche, but does not see how deeply this constructive weakness vitiates the whole attempt to found a system of ethics "beyond good and evil." The book is less valuable than Mr. Orage's own "Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism," published last year.

Under the title "Palæographia Iberica," Prof. John M. Burnam, of the University of Cincinnati, hopes to publish, through the Librairie Ancienne Honoré Champion, 5, Quai Malaquais, Paris, a collection of facsimiles of manuscripts and documents (in Latin and the vulgar tongues) of Spain and Portugal. These facsimiles, made from manuscripts in the principal libraries of Europe, will be accompanied by transcriptions, bibliographical and palæographical notices, and will be issued in a work of three hundred numbered copies, arranged in fifteen fascicules of about twenty plates each. The price will be at the rate of twenty-five francs the fascicule, but subscriptions, of which about one hundred and twenty are needed to prevent financial loss, must be made for the work entire.

"Three Middle English Romances: King Horn, Havelok, Beves of Hampton" (D. Nutt), retold by Laura A. Hibbard of Mount Holyoke College, conforms in size and design to the well-known series, Arthurian Romances unrepresented in Malory, which is issued by the same house. It would not have served the purpose of the book, which is to extend a knowledge of these romances to wider circles, if the edition had offered literal translations of the originals. The author has been wise, accordingly, in paraphrasing the stories, while using sufficiently archaic English to reproduce to a considerable degree the charm of the Middle English texts. The brief Bibliographical Note, which is prefixed to the paraphrases, simply swarms with misprints and seems to betray, besides, a rather feeble grasp on German inflections. Why, moreover, should Miss Hibbard give in this note only Skeat's old edition of "Havelok," issued in 1868, and not mention the more recent edition (Clarendon Press, 1901) by the same editor? Indeed, Holthausen's edition was also worth adding to the list.

The most recent volume of the series of Original Narratives of Early American History (Scribner) is devoted to narratives of early Carolina and is edited by Alexander S. Salley, jr., secretary of the Historical Commission of South Carolina. It contains no material hitherto unprinted, but includes a very fine collection of reprints of rare documents and tracts that are probably less familiar to the general reader than are many of the texts printed in previous volumes. The earliest narrative is that of Edward Bland, 1650, entitled "The Discovery of New Brittaine" and written to attract settlers to the region south of Virginia. Other pamphlets of a similar character are Yeardley's letter to Ferrar, 1654; Hilton's "Relation," which was used by the proprietors in 1664 for advertising purposes; Horne's "Description," 1666, likewise used to hasten the sale of the proprietor's real estate, and Wilson's "Account of Carolina," 1682, which extols the province as a place for settlers. Among the most valuable documents are Thomas Newe's letters, written in 1682 to his father in Oxford; Sandford's "Voyage," 1665, found among the Shaftesbury papers, and the "Journal" of Elder Pratt, 1697, now in the possession of one of his descendants. Defoe's long pamphlet entitled "Party-Tyranny" is not of much value for the history of Carolina, and the very partisan production of John Ash, 1706, because of its unreliable character, does not deserve a place in the collection. Even the elaborate extract from Oldmixon's "British Empire" must be used with very great caution, as that Whig pamphleteer is a very untrustworthy historian. It is noteworthy how large a part of this volume is made up of publications designed for advertising or party purposes. For this reason Archdale's "Description of Carolina," 1707, is particularly welcome as a sober historical work. Among the early selections Tavernen's account of his voyage in 1632 might well have been included, since, though brief, it is an interesting narrative and has never been printed.

Since Unitarianism is an attitude of mind rather than a fixed body of doctrine, the attempt to define the religious beliefs for which Unitarians stand is attended with great difficulty. Prof. Ephraim Emerton of Harvard University essays the task in a volume entitled "Unitarian Thought" (Macmillan). He endeavors to show that Unitarianism is neither a religious philosophy nor a system of morals, but a vital and earnest faith. He is also concerned to prove that Unitarians are not occupied exclusively with negations, but that their teachings offer positive and permanent principles. With these objects in mind he discusses the Unitarian position on such topics as Miracle, The Nature of Man, Jesus, and The Future Life. Liberal views are set forth with entire candor, in lucid style, with clear pronouncement on subjects of general religious interests. There is no attempt to make the Unitarian position less objectionable by concealment of its radical departure from accepted views or of its confession of doubt and uncertainty at many points where orthodox believers are more positive. The volume is well calculated to remove prejudices and spread information. It would be well if other respectable denominations engaged in similar propaganda, and did not leave all the proselyting to the religious vagarians.

The third volume of Hastings's "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics" (Scribner) maintains the high standard of the preceding volumes (see *Nation* for February 18, 1909, and April 21, 1910); the material is varied and full, the treatment in general satisfactory. The convenient "combination" form (an introductory general survey of a topic, with separate articles for the various regions or religions) is employed freely; so articles Calendar, Catechisms, Celibacy, Charity (almsgiving), Charms and Amulets, Chastity, Concubinage, Children, Circumcision, Communion with the Dead, Communion with Deity, Confession. The survey of the various calendary systems of the world is of permanent value, consisting of reports of specialists, with references to the original sources of information, so that the reader is in position to check the conclusions of the writers. The articles on celibacy and concubinage, in showing the degree of license that has prevailed in Christian ecclesiastical circles at certain times, suggest that the progress of Christian morality (like that of Greece and Rome) has been largely dependent on the general advance of society. Care for the poor as a human instinct is illustrated by the accounts of early charitable customs and institutions, pre-Christian and Christian. Usages in respect to circumcision are given in great detail, and there are discussions of the origin of the custom which mostly fall into the error of ascribing it to impossibly refined ideas (dedication to a deity and the like); but it is certain that it originated in a state of low savagery, and the motive for it must be sought rather in the desire for bodily enjoyment. In the article on communion with deity the term "communion" is often used in a loose way, being made to cover every form of approach to a supernatural power; but when the savage brings his offering and his request for some good, his one concern is that his prayer may be favorably received—it is only in relatively high forms of religion that there is anything like converse of souls, communion in the sense in which the word is generally understood.

One of the most useful functions of an encyclopædia of this sort is the gathering, from trustworthy sources, of the customs of low tribes whose history is not accessible to any but specialists. A large number of such tribes, in Asia and the Americas, are described in the present volume. Apart from the vast variety of religious usages, what is especially noteworthy is the persistence of lower customs where tribes have come under the influence of higher religions. The Mongolian Buriats have in part adopted Buddhism, but the old shamanism and crude polytheism assert themselves everywhere; in Buddhist Burma the actual religion of a large portion of the people is tinged with the old demonism, and this is true also to some extent of the Christianized Karens; the Chams of Indo-China have a queer mixture of faiths, Brahmanic, Buddhistic, Mohammedan, pagan. Some obscure tribes, like the South American Mozcas, and particularly the Chuhras of the Panjab show a remarkably high development; the system of the latter is so nearly like Christianity that one might suspect borrowing, but of this there is no proof. For the supposition of a Cherokee androgynous deity (p. 504, col. 1) there is no warrant in the facts. The more advanced religious systems are well represented; we have various Vaishnava sects, Buddhism in China and Ceylon, Calvinism, Christadelphians, Christian Science, the British Church, the Church of England, the Church Army, Clericalism and Anticlericalism, Communistic Societies of America. There are articles on the idea of the Church and on its doctrine, and a very elaborate history of Confessions. The article Christianity quietly assumes, without discussion, that the Christian religion is essentially the developed trinitarian system of the creeds, and ignores all other forms, so that it might seem as though the author of the article had never read the Sermon on the Mount. Among general religious articles we may note the excellent account (in Cæsarism) of how naturally the Romans come to the worship of the emperors. A very large and carefully prepared collection of facts illustrates the religion of the Canaanites in the time before the advent of the Hebrews. Under the heading Celts, the effort is made to put into shape what is known of the Gallic,

Irish, and British divinities and religious usages and ideas. The article Cherub, missing the chronological order of treatment (beginning with Eden and the wilderness tabernacle instead of with Solomon's temple), fails to note the Phœnician mythological character of the figure.

The Pali Text Society (Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press) has recently published, under the able authorship of Mrs. Rhys Davids, a translation of the important text called "Abhidhammattha-Sangaha," which was published by the same society in 1884. The translation, entitled "Compendium of Philosophy," appears as the work of a native Burmese scholar, S. Z. Aung, who has also written an introduction, with comments on the text in the form of an appendix. Mrs. Rhys Davids has furnished a preface containing the history of the text. To the general reader the most valuable part of the book is the introductory essay by Mr. Aung. The Compendium itself might better be called a compendium of metaphysical categories than a compendium of philosophy. It is a manual for students, written probably eight or ten centuries ago by one Anuruddha of Ceylon, a work later than the complementary "Visuddhi Magga," and differing from it in that the latter is psychological only by way of attaining to its ethical end, whereas the Compendium is solely psychological. The list of errata is rather trying to the scholar, betraying a somewhat perfunctory attention to details. To speak of other lands than India as "not the daughters—*orasā jātā*, mouth-born, of the Exalted One's own ministry," makes one wonder what "mouth" means. Can Mrs. Rhys Davids have been thinking of the Latin word for mouth?

Under the caption of "A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts" (Holt) Thomas Leaming puts into instructive form the results of certain reading and observation. The volume would be welcome, even without the inappropriate excuse that "nothing in print is available" from which much can be learned concerning the judges, barristers, and solicitors of present England. Headlam's "Inns of Court," Pitt-Lewis's "History of the Temple," and Loftle's "Inns of Courts," are among the most recent of the several available books on one branch of the subject, while Duckers's "Guide to Students' Law Books" contains a full statement of the processes of becoming solicitor and barrister, and the "New Guide to the Bar," by "LL.B.," is most thorough and practical. However, it is common to treat the literature of the English bar as a sealed book. Even in his chapter on The Making of Lawyers, Mr. Leaming gives no reference to the prolonged discussion in England with regard to an improvement in legal education and the possible recognition by the Inns of the work of the universities, a movement not infrequently accompanied by the veiled threat of possible action by Parliament in limitation of the prescriptive rights of the Inns. Of the fifteen chapters in this book, two contain material somewhat new to American readers, that on Masters—the Time Savers, and that on Discipline of the Bar and Solicitors. It will surprise the American lawyer to note the large amount of preliminaries which are disposed of by a master in order to simplify and shorten the actual trial. Of the practice before masters, Mr. Leaming mentions the "tender of damages" as "one of the cleverest contrivances" of their practice, though it is apparently not unlike an "offer of judgment" as known in New York procedure. The chapter on discipline presents facts as to English standards and customs which may well startle some American practitioners. There is a chapter on the Central Criminal Court and one on the Dhingra trial, but neither these nor such chapters as that on fees add very much either to the facts or to the atmosphere which are found in Serjeant Robinson's "Reminiscences" or the "Life" of Baron Brampton. This is all the more to be regretted, as the style of narrative, the conciseness of statement, and the wealth of allusion make this book one which certainly the lawyer, and probably many laymen, will wish to finish at one sitting, and not hurriedly. The chapters on the fields of activity of the barrister and of the solicitor are well done; and throughout there runs a strain of sympathetic comparison of the English and American systems. We hope to see the author appear again, and as "A Philadelphia Lawyer at Home."

A new edition has been published of B. Lundstedt's volume about "Tidningsmän" in "Svenskt Porträttgalleri." It contains above 800 portraits with accompanying brief sketches, giving merely the chief biographical data, of men and women who during the last fifty years have been more or less regularly connected with the press of Sweden. As the Swedish newspapers, like the German and French, and to a much larger extent than the American, offer their readers scientific and literary studies of high value, they attract writers of reputation in all lines. Hence this volume will prove a useful reference book. The volume is, in a way, a supplement to the latter part of the author's bibliographical work "Sveriges periodiska litteratur, 1645-1899."

"Bihang II" to Claes Annerstedt's "Upsala Universitets Historia," containing documents covering the period between 1655 and 1694, has now been completed, after having been issued in parts with various "Rektorsprogram." Among the more interesting items in the volume we find, under date of 1687, the communications of the university faculties of medicine, theology, and philosophy concerning Carteslanism.

Clement B. Shaw, already known as translator of Tegnér's "Frithiof's saga," has again tried his hand, and with much success, at metrical translation from the Swedish; this time it is a translation of J. O. Wallin's "Dödens engel" ("The Angel of Death," Chicago: Engberg-Holmbery Pub. Co.). The stately stanzas, as well as the spirit of the original, are well rendered.

Col. Charles William Larned, dean of the United States Military Academy, and author of "The Great Discourse," died on Monday last, aged sixty-one.

Hiram Corson, who since 1903 had been a professor emeritus at Cornell, died a week ago at the age of eighty-two. In 1870 he was elected professor of rhetoric, oratory, and English literature at Cornell. He was noted for his reading of Tennyson, Browning, and Milton, and was the author of many books, among them being: "An Elocutionary Manual," "Handbook of Anglo-Saxon and Early English," "The University of the Future," "The Claims of Literary Culture," "The Idea of Personality and of Art as an Agency of Personality, as embodied in Browning's Poetry," "An Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry," "An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare," "The Aims of Literary Study," and "An Introduction to the Prose and Poetical Works of John Milton." Besides, he edited parts of Chaucer, Juvenal, and other writers.

Carlo Leonardo Speranza, professor of Italian in Columbia University, died on Saturday of last week, in his seventieth year. He specialized in Dante, and in 1897 was made a chevalier of the crown of Italy, because of his attainments in scholarship and his work in behalf of Italian immigrants in this city.

The death is announced of Dr. John Campbell, Oman, sometime professor in the Government College of Lahore, India, and author of "The Great Indian Epics," "The Mystics, Ascetics, and Saints of India," "The Brahmans, Theists, and Muslims of India," and "Cults, Customs, and Superstitions of India."

Dr. Paul Ewald, professor of New Testament exegesis, is dead in Erlangen, aged fifty-four. Among his important works are: "Uber das Verhältnis der systematischen Theologie zur Schriftwissenschaft," "Glaubwürdigkeit der Evangelien," and "Der Kanon des Neuen Testaments."

Science

Prof. Charles S. Sergeant is publishing through Houghton Mifflin Co. part iii, Vol. II of his work on "Trees and Shrubs."

The Century Co. has in the press "A Laboratory Outline of Organic Chemistry," by Prof. Lauder William Jones.

The grosbeak, it seems, is a much maligned bird, for, according to Farmer's Bulletin 456, just issued by Secretary Wilson, it serves its country by destroying certain of our worst insect pests, notably the potato bug.

The *Annales de Géographie* for May opens with a suggestive article by the editor, Vidal de la Blache, on the relation of human life to its geographical environment. He emphasizes the value of the different seasons in giving to man "numerous possibilities of intervention and initiative," while the uniform climate affords no such stimulant. In treating the forest problems he remarks that we must look for their solution to the United States. Among the other contents is an illustrated description of the ancient Ægæan lake in the Balkan Peninsula, contributed by Prof. J. Cuijic of the University of Belgrade. There is also an account, with a map, of the railways of Central America, by Count M. de Périgny. We regret that we must call attention to the erroneous statement in the geographical notes that "the United States has just bought the Galapagos Islands from the Republic of Ecuador, for the sum of 175,000,000 francs." To this supposed fact is attributed the recent scientific Chilean expedition to Easter Island, which has for its aim not simply the establishing of a seismograph but the affirmation of the ownership by Chile.

The spread of the plague and other epidemics during the last fourteen years is

described by Dr. R. Pöch in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for April. With the aid of a chart of the world and a map of a part of eastern Asia he shows how the railways and the steamships have aroused from their sleep, as it were, almost forgotten diseases. The economic conditions of the Lesser Antilles are treated by Dr. K. Sapper, who says in conclusion that the study of these islands has given valuable information in regard to the worth of certain colonial institutions. In the notices of geographical literature special prominence is given to the publications of the United States Geological Survey. In the military section Major F. Immanuel emphasizes the strategic importance of Korea to Japan in her relations to China and Russia. There is also an account of the proposed fortifications of the Panama Canal.

A missionary book, embodying much sound doctrine, is "Farm Dairying" (McClurg), by Laura Rose. Its limited scope lends definiteness, its advice is clear and good, and the illustrations are well chosen. In fact, the diagrams showing the increase of bacteria under bad conditions are enough to convert even the old-style farmer to the use of cleanliness and ice. A useful feature is the dozen blank pages for notes.

A concise little volume containing much of interest, but virtually nothing new, to the student of geography is one recently prepared by Dr. Josef Stoiser, a member of the faculty in the Handelsakademie of Vienna, entitled "Grundriss der Allgemeinen Wirtschafts- und Verkehrsgeographie" (Vienna and Leipzig: Carl Fromme). The writer approaches the subject from the more modern as also from the scientific point of view, in that his study of economic or commercial geography is based first of all upon the physical sciences. The book is divided into six chapters, the first two of which, embracing about one-half of the whole volume, are devoted to the more significant matters in physical geography, and serve as an appropriate introduction to the treatment which follows.

A noticeable characteristic of Charles Morris's "Industrial and Commercial Geography" (Lippincott) is the plain though forcible manner in which the writer tells the story of the leading industries of the principal countries of the world, and of the commerce which results from the exchange of the surplus product of man's labor. The aim of the book, as stated by its author, is to show what nature has done toward preparing the various regions of the earth for human occupation, and what man himself has done toward adapting himself to natural conditions and modifying his environment. Furthermore, "it attempts to point out why the great cities of the earth have grown up where they are, and why some of them have become active centres of manufacture and others of commerce; why some lands are thickly and some thinly settled, and what are the products and industries to which the various nations owe their prosperity." In spite of this declaration, it seems fair to say that the present volume is partly open to the same general criticism as its elementary predecessors which have dealt with "commercial," "economic," or "industrial" geography, in that it contains, after all, much of description and comparatively little of actual explanation of the conditions portrayed. It is, nevertheless, less "dry" than was its typical predecessor, and its mastery will give the youths of our schools a pretty good idea of what man has done and is now doing with his physical environment. The book contains a liberal number of maps and illustrations, many of which have been reproduced by permission of the Philadelphia museums.

"Elements of Geology" (American Book Company), by Eliot Blackwelder and Harlan H. Barrows, is a clearly expressed and well-illustrated volume, which begins, as it should, with the minerals and rocks of which the earth consists. When these have been described, the physical changes in the outer shell, such as folds, faults, vulcanism, and metamorphism, are passed in review, and next the modifying effects upon the earth's surface from the atmosphere, the underground and surface waters, and the glaciers. An outline of the larger physiographic features concludes part i. The second part is devoted to historical geology. The several periods are described in succession, with discussions and illustration of their forms of life. The reader will find a few departures from current practice, such as the subdivision of the Carboniferous period, as ordinarily used, into two, the Mississippian and the Pennsylvanian, the name Carboniferous dropping out. The Lower Cretaceous, as ordinarily described, is made a distinct period and called Comanchean.

The death is reported from Edinburgh of Dr. Alexander Bruce, an eminent specialist in the diseases of the nervous system, and the author of several important books, among them: "Illustrations of Mid and Hind Brain," and "The Topographical Atlas of the Spinal Cord." He also translated Thoma's "Manual of Pathology," and Oppenheim's "Textbook of Nervous Diseases."

Prof. A. E. Törnebohm, the Swedish geologist, is dead at the age of seventy-two. He is remembered principally for his studies on the iron mines of Sweden and on Portland cement.

Drama and Music

The Origin of Tragedy. By William Ridgeway, Sc. D., F. B. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25 net.

Less than a generation ago, a classical scholar who ventured, like Andrew Lang, to illustrate Greek customs and Greek religious ritual by analogies with other primitive peoples, was regarded with suspicion. It was regularly assumed, if not definitely stated, that Greek civilization was set in a vacuum, and that to drag in animism and totemism, to illustrate the Demeter legend by the Pawnees, to say that the prehistoric past of Greece must have had much in common with the present of the lowest and most savage contemporary races, was to be terribly at ease in Zion. The anthropologists and the humanists were working at opposite ends of a tunnel, and very few of the humanists desired to be met half-way. Lang, Frazer's "Golden Bough," Ridgeway's "Early Age of Greece," Jane Harrison's studies in Greek religion, indicated a reconciliation, which is seen at its happiest in Murray's "Rise of the Greek Epic." Naturally, the anthropological humanists differ as much as the anthropologists themselves. Lang leans to totemism and taboos; Reinach makes totemism secondary to animism and the worship of the dead, to which he ascribes all that is deep and essential in religion.

Applying what is known as the anthropological method to test the traditional theory of the origin of Greek tragedy, the professor of archæology in the University of Cambridge decides that tragedy arose solely from the worship of the dead. His "Tomb Theory" has for some years been familiar to scholars, but in the present volume he offers it for the first time to the general reader. That Greek tragedy was Dionysiac in origin, an expansion of the dithyramb sung and danced by the worshippers of the Thracian god Dionysus; that it represented the sufferings of the wandering, immigrant god, whereas comedy sprang from the more licentious aspects of the cult; that the invasion of the heroic saga into the theatre was regarded as a slight to Dionysus and was resented by Athenian conservatives in the question, "What has this to do with Dionysus?" which passed into a proverb; that when Euripides, at the end of his life, wrote the "Bacchæ," he was reverting to the ancient usage; these are statements that may be found in any history of Greek literature. Aristotle tells us in the "Poetics" that tragedy developed from the earlier and coarser Satyric drama, and the scanty evidence for the beginnings of the drama that can be gleaned from the "Poetics" usually passes unquestioned. It will, therefore, be a shock to most scholars to find Mr. Ridgeway dismissing this passage as "Aristotle's error." If Aristotle is right, Ridgeway's ingenious structure falls to the ground. He believes that Greek tragedy did not arise in the cult of a deity, but rather from beliefs respecting the dead as widespread as the human race itself beliefs which, in Greece, were manifest in the cult of the local hero, the rites performed at the hero's tomb. Tragedy is a form of hero-worship.

Aristotle once out of the way, Ridgeway easily discards another famous passage in which Herodotus (v, 67), relates how Cleisthenes of Sicyon, jealous of the worship paid at the shrine of the Argive Adrastus, whose misfortunes were celebrated "in tragic choruses," "restored," or "assigned" these dances to Dionysus. Ridgeway, whose theory demands that the worship of the hero shall antedate that of the Thracian god, translates ἀπέδωκε "assigned," and asserts that previous translators have ignored the fact that "when Herodotus uses ἀποδιδωμι in the sense of 'restore,' he adds ὀπίσω"

(page 28). He fails to point out that in the same passage Herodotus uses the uncompounded verb ἔδωκε for the honors of ritual assigned to Melanippus. Moreover, his statement about Herodotus's use of ἀποδίδωμι is incorrect. However, his case need not rest on the interpretation of this passage, which to be strictly fair, he should rule out as ambiguous. Instead of this, he proceeds, exactly like an Homeric critic, to use as positive evidence an arbitrary interpretation, and alludes throughout to the superimposition of the Dionysiac cult on the more ancient cult of Adrastus at Sicyon as an established fact. Just so he assumes as proved by himself, in defiance of Brugmann, that the choruses of Attic tragedy are not really in the Doric dialect, as has been taken for granted, but are "old Attic." This is in order to do away with the theory of the Dorian origin of tragedy and the development of the dithyramb by Arion.

But his most convincing evidence is drawn from the extant tragedies. There we find the prominence of the tomb, its use as an altar, libations to the dead, the use of graves as sanctuaries, the importance of ghosts to the community, as in the "Persæ," all indicating the primitive worship of the dead. Where there is no tomb you find the Kommos, which we must now regard as one of the most primitive elements in tragedy. Since the dead could affect the fortunes of the living, it was natural that tragedy should become an official function long before comedy, which was the offspring of the new and unclean cult of Dionysus. For we may note that Ridgeway is careful to ignore the tragic side of the worship of Dionysus, the aspect emphasized, for instance, by Pater in his "Greek Studies." How far Ridgeway's theory may carry one is shown by his statement that "Euripides wrote the 'Hippolytus' from the standpoint of one who was composing a drama to honor and propitiate the illustrious dead" (p. 147); on the "Rhesus," he says (p. 150): "No more fitting piece than the 'Rhesus' could be found for the glorification and propitiation of the spirit of Rhesus at his shrine in Thrace."

Ridgeway's theory is highly ingenious and he handles his material as ably as Verrall himself, in the act of discovering some totally new meaning for a Greek masterpiece. Both assume a conspiracy of silence among the Greeks in which we find it hard to believe. Ridgeway devotes only fifteen pages to analogies of the drama among savage tribes, such as the Malays, the Veddas of Ceylon, and the Tibetan Mystery Plays, and, in the cases cited it is not always clear that these performances are intended to propitiate the spirits of the dead. The chief value of the book lies in this, that even though scholars may not generally accept this view of the direct descent of tragedy from hero-worship, they are not likely to neglect for the future that preoccupation of the Greek mind with the hero-cult of which there is such strong evidence in the remains of Greek tragedy.

To the three plays by J. M. Synge, which they have already issued, John W. Luce & Co. of Boston, will add this month "In the Shadow of the Glen," the one-act tragedy which Mrs. Fiske produced the past season, and "The Playboy of the Western World."

Henrietta Crosman will be seen in a new play next season. It was written by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, and was produced at the end of last season by Miss Crosman on the road, under the name of "The Peacock and the Goose." When it is played at the Maxine Elliott Theatre this autumn it will be called "The Real Thing." Another play by Miss Cushing, called "Miss Ananias," will open in Chicago in September, with Adelaide Thurston in the leading part.

Anton Tchekov's "Cherry Orchard" did not make a favorable impression upon London critics on its first production at the Aldwych Theatre by the Stage Society. Says one:

> At the beginning of the second act, a German governess industriously informed the audience—apparently her most intimate friends—that she didn't know who she was or what she was there for. The spectators, in a still worse dilemma (since they didn't know who anybody on the stage was or what anybody on the stage was there for), must have heartily sympathized, and here lay the root of the afternoon's failure. To begin to understand Tchekov, you must grow a beard under the Czar. He is as intimately Russian as a cow is bovine, and you can no more translate the one into English than you can transmute the other into a sheep.

It is said, however, that Bernard Shaw characterized the production to Mrs. Edward Garnett, the translator, as the most important in England since that of "A Doll's House."

Gustav Mahler's last compositions are now in press. They include his ninth symphony and a cycle of songs for alto and tenor, with orchestral accompaniment, entitled "Song of the Earth." A prominent German critic, Paul Schwers, has expressed the opinion that the most valuable of Mahler's compositions are his various songs with orchestra, especially some settings of the "Wunderhorn" poems "which are gems of musical miniature painting. The treatment of the orchestra, which, in general, was one of the brightest sides of Mahler's accomplishments, attains in these songs a delicacy of coloring surpassing that of all others who have composed things of this kind." Another eminent German critic, Dr. Leopold Schmidt, writes that "Mahler's songs are a sort of specialty; most of them have an orchestral accompaniment. A peculiarly fine poetic fragrance pervades them; their source is folksong, modified by a strong personal temperament. The songs of 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn' and the 'Kindertotenlieder' will live when many things that now are sung will have passed away." As a symphonist, he was influenced by Schubert and the Austrian folkmusic, but he impressed his individual genius on his works, and in turn is now influencing others. "Whatever Mahler wrote not only looks well on paper, but sounds well, no matter how bizarre and complicated his procedure may be. He has thus really created an orchestral style of his own, which is already beginning to form a school. He was inexhaustible in his combinations of an intimate or piquant character, which could not but gratify even the most jaded musical epicures."

The first of this month Adelina Patti gave a concert at the Royal Albert Hall, London, for the benefit of William Ganz, who for forty years had been her accompanist, and who has now been disabled by an accident.

Richard Strauss has denied the rumor that he intends to write an opera in collaboration with D'Annunzio. His next large work, his friends say, is to be a symphonic poem with chorus.

The London Philharmonic Orchestra ended its ninety-ninth season with a concert conducted by Nikisch, with Katharine Goodson as soloist. The hundredth season of this famous orchestra begins on November 7 with Mengelberg as conductor and Rachmaninoff as soloist.

The Spaniards have been enjoying a "Festival Wagner" at Barcelona, where the four Nibelung operas and "Tannhäuser" and "Tristan and Isolde" were each performed four times within a month at the Gran Teatro del Liceo. This theatre holds 3,600 hearers, yet it was sold out for nearly every one of these twenty-four performances. They were conducted by Professor Koehler of Schwerin, but the singers used the Italian language.

According to John Towers of St. Louis, who has compiled a dictionary which mentions 28,000 operatic works, the most prolific of all composers for the stage was an Austrian, Wenzel Müller, whose operatic output included no fewer than 166 works. Next to him are Draghi, whose figure is 149; Piccini, who wrote 145 operas; Paisiello 123, Guglielmi 114, Galuppi 109, Offenbach 103, Sir Henry Bishop 102.

"We liked the music of 'The Count of Luxembourg' better than that of any musical play, English or Austrian, of the last few years," says the London *Times* of the latest production of Lehar, whose "Merry Widow" started the amazing series of works which have once more made Vienna the world's operetta centre, as in the days of Johann Strauss, Suppé, and Millöcker. The plot consists in a grand duke's wanting to marry Angèle Didier, the opera singer. But she must have a title before the Czar will consent. Therefore, the bankrupt Bohemian Count of Luxembourg shall be offered $100,000 to marry her without seeing her, shall leave her on the spot, and be divorced from her in three months. He consents, and then, of course, he and Angèle Didier meet and fall in love.

Raoul Laparra, the composer of a gruesome opera, "La Habanera," which has had some success abroad, intends to tour America next autumn to earn money enough for a year's residence in Japan, in which country he intends to place his next opera.

If Henry Russell carries out his scheme of taking the Boston Opera Company to Paris next spring for a series of French performances, he intends to have the composers conduct their own works whenever possible.

As Nikisch, who is undoubtedly the greatest orchestral leader of the time, can get only five weeks' leave of absence, he will be heard in only sixteen American cities during his American concert tour with the London Symphony Orchestra, beginning next April. The tour will begin in New York, and end in Boston; it will extend as far West as Chicago, and will include two Canadian cities.

John Oliver Francis, musician and composer, is dead at Plainfield, Conn., after a long illness of the brain.

Johan Severin Svendsen, the Norwegian composer, who is best known through his romance in G major for the violin, died last week in Copenhagen. He was born in Christiania, in 1840, where his father was a military bandmaster. He was taught to play the violin by his father, and wrote his first composition for that instrument when only eleven years of age. He studied in Leipzig, and while there he wrote his quartet in A, an octet, and a quintet, all for strings, quartets for male voices, and a symphony in D. Later he arranged the incidental music to Coppée's "Le Passant," in which both Sarah Bernhardt and Agar performed, and studies by Liszt and Schuhert. Early in 1871, his symphony in D was performed at the Gewandhaus, Weimar, and his fame as a composer was firmly established. He met Wagner at Bayreuth, and soon became his close associate. For the five years, 1872-77, he was conductor of the Christiania Musical Association, and in that period was granted an annuity by the Storthing, and several decorations by the king. Svendsen was one of the most cosmopolitan composers of his time.

Art

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, June 10.

In England it is said that if only the state gave its patronage to art, all would be right with the artist. In France the state plays the patron, commanding big decorations and acquiring works at the large exhibitions; but all is not right with the artist by a good deal. He knows his trade better than the artist in England, his knowledge is sounder, he is much less afraid of hard work, and has far more vigor to put into it. But he seems to be passing through a moment when he has no special use to make of his admirable craftsmanship and energy, no special personality—or individuality, or originality, or whatever the great essential of all may be called—to express. To pass through the two Salons, with their rows upon rows of *machines*, their thousands of well-executed canvases turned out according to old out-worn patterns, is to understand, even to sympathize, with the wildest flights of the Indépendants on the Qual d'Orsay. It is in the endeavor to escape from the benumbing, stultifying grasp of convention that they have built up their impossible figures in cubes like a mathematical problem, and painted their purple and crimson nudes in the light that never shone on sea or shore or even in the studio, and dyed their horses with saffron, and distorted their portraits into caricatures that would be more in place with the Humoristes at the Palais de Glace. Though I remember the fate of pictures at the old Salon des Refusés and our scorn to-day for the critics who laughed then, I cannot believe that masterpieces lurk unsuspected among the staring eccentricities of this year's Indépendants. But, still, I am not sure that their deliberate and self-conscious strivings after originality have not got more of the right stuff in them than the smug, correct banalities of the artists long since arrived who show in the Champs-Elysées.

There, the new Salon, or Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, is the more disappointing because more is expected of it. Signs of fatigue or exhaustion are not only in the work shown, but in the work not shown. The Spaniards, headed by Anglada and Zuloaga, have disappeared. So have Zorn and most of the Scandinavians. The distinguished Germans have for some years ceased to contribute. Frenchmen like Cottet and Simon, whose work of late has been one of its chief interests, are absent altogether. Jean Veber, who recently has given to the collection a note of gayety, has nothing either among the paintings or the prints. Even Carolus-Duran fails to send, for the first time in the quarter of a century during which I have made regularly my annual visit to the Salons. Of the men who do send, there are few who have not been seen to better advantage in previous exhibitions. Besnard has a huge design, part of a ceiling for the Théâtre Français—one of those enormous compositions from which the British artist would shrink in fear but which the French artist undertakes as a matter of course, and moreover in possession of the necessary skill and strength for their accomplishment. As it is seen here, however, merely a fragment or a part, the composition does not explain itself. I hesitate, as with Sargent's lunette at the Royal Academy, to pronounce an opinion. In the centre of the design Corneille, Racine, Molière, and Hugo, treated heroically, are seated; to the right, Adam and Eve are tempted by the serpent, with the head and body of Lilith; to the left, allegoric figures are tumbling through space. As it is thus seen, apart from the other sections of the ceiling, the artist's intention and scheme are not clear, while the foreshortening, when the panel is hung as a picture, becomes unpleasantly violent and destroys the serenity and dignity of a decoration that must be set up in its appointed place before it can be appreciated. It may result from long work on this and similar designs, and the necessity of adapting his eyes to their perspective, that Besnard seems to have seen with something of the same foreshortening the figure in the portrait of a man which is his one other contribution.

Still, there are no decorative designs that can compete with his. Anquetin's La Bourgogne, expressed in Rubenesque forms and rococo ornament, and Roll's Le Libérateur, with cloak flying and horse prancing on a vague hilltop, must be carried out in the tapestry for which they are destined before they can be fairly judged. Caro-Delvaille grows frigidly academic when he deserts the "five o'clock" and interiors he knows for a classic group of nudes and semi-nudes, making L'Offrande des Amants, of which he knows nothing. Gillot has broken away sufficiently from tradition to find a theme for his Panneau Décoratif in the smoking chimneys and massive works of the modern industrial landscape, though he has not found with it the rhythmical lines and the harmonious color that are there for the artist with eyes to see and are indispensable to fine decoration. However, it is stimulating to come upon work that reveals at least some independence and freshness of vision and motive. Repetition enfeebles, and men, who started out not so long ago with subjects and methods that commanded attention and appealed to the imagination by their new interpretation of old problems, have repeated themselves until their designs are apt to be passed by now with the one criticism, "Connus." For instance, Gaston La Touche, commissioned by Mr. and Mrs. McDougall Hawkes of New York to decorate a library and by "M. C." to decorate a vestibule, has produced two panels that may tell admirably when each fills the space assigned to it, but that at the Salon seem merely variations of the theme that has preoccupied him for several years past. Aman-Jean, for two of his designs, has sought his models in the circus, or the side-shows, an unexpected departure from the land of leisure and elegance where his anæmic beauties droop and fade. But he has taken with him the old, pale, rose-tinged scheme and given to his new models the phantom-like forms of the weary ladies who trail their draperies and pose wearily among the flowers and foliage of his parks and gardens.

It is not solely in decorative work that repetition has had so pernicious an influence. The portraits suffer scarcely less. Had fashion not changed in the meanwhile, Boldini's three large full-lengths of women might be the same that have hung on the same walls, spring after spring, for years past: marvels of technique, amazingly clever, character exaggerated into caricature, the vagaries of the mode insisted upon

until the pictures seem huge and sublimated fashion plates, and not one word to say of them that has not already been said spring after spring. Gandara's sitters disappear in his records of the elegance and *chic* of fashion as cultivated by the Parisienne; and though for his Blanche an Eastern dancer has posed, he has not availed himself of his opportunities with conspicuous triumph. It is the same with the landscape painters; at one extreme, Ménard, re-creating, if on a larger scale, his own idealized hills and waters; at the other, Lhermitte, showing again the familliar river bank and ferry, fields and skies, with the realism to which he has too long heen faithful. Already Le Sidaner appears to be at a loss for inspiration and returns to the little empty court and the table with its white cloth, all shadowy in the fading daylight, by which he originally won fame at the Salon, but from which something of the first subtle charm he gave to the place and the hour has passed. Better is an arrangement of several little tables set out in front of white and rose-flushed houses, with, beyond to the right, a stretch of dim blue water; though here too the effect depends upon the mingling of the fading daylight and the light burning within the houses and seen through a window or a glass door, as it has already heen seen in so many of his paintings. Morrice has before this recorded much such elusive impressions as he now shows of the sea at St. Malo, the walk on the cliffs at Dieppe, and snow at Quebec; though he does so with a delicacy and harmony of color that repetition cannot quite stale. Myron Barlow evidently is conscious of the danger if he continues to linger over-long in his cool low-toned rooms with the soberly-robed women who work or rest there in a tranquillity that is almost statuesque. In two canvases he keeps to his favorite scheme; in a third, one of the tranquil women has wandered as shepherdess into a cool green wood with which her cloak is in pleasant harmony. This harmony is perhaps too obviously found, the landscape background too obviously built up, in the studio, but it has helped the painter to escape from the bonds of a hard and fast formula. Frieseke, in Jeunesse, paints a dressing room or boudoir filled with the elaborate hangings and stuffs and toilet paraphernalia he loves, the figures of the two girls posing in their midst becoming, as he sees them, but part of a graceful arrangement of still life. From this artificial atmosphere, which he understands and suggests with charm, he takes the bracing plunge he needs into the real open-air work in two studies of sunlight.

For careful observation, direct rendering, and amusing design, nothing interested me more than Hochard's impressions of the world and the people he knows. His men and women live on his canvas, and yet they are made part of a well-thought-out scheme of line and color. He has not had to arrange his Prussian officers and French soldiers in his studio, but painting them as he may have stumbled upon them by chance in their own surroundings, he has woven a really beautiful pattern from the repeated lines of gold given hy the Prussian helmets and the repeated spaces of red by the French trousers. There is character in Charles Guérin's portrait of a lean, scrawny woman, L'Echarpe Rose, though his technique, the curious tapestry-like texture he gives to his paint, I must confess, annoys me; nor can I believe that character is only to be rendered by emphasizing all that is most ugly and ungainly in a sitter. Maurice Denis, for the moment, has left the decorative world of myth and fable to study the very real effects of light upon sea and beach and bathers. I am not sure that his primitiveness is so well adapted to these subjects; the naïveté with which he paints his women and children at the seashore seems at times a trifle strained. But there is no question of the truth of the atmosphere that envelops them and of the quality of their flesh steeped in sunlight; nor, indeed, when the figures are clothed, of the decorative value in the composition of the stiff, archaic folds of their drapery. Beyond these things I saw little worth recording, save, perhaps, the Marché Noir au Sénégal by Antoni, put in with vigor and some feeling for character; the rich, radiant landscapes of Flandrin, artificial in the shapes of the trees and their rendering, but so vivid that the near pictures fade into empty shadows by comparison; and the streets of Paris by E. Scott, rather feehly constructed, it is true, but not without conscientious searching for color and tone. The crowd, not of my mind, still gathers in preference about the neatly-told anecdotes in paint by Jean Béraud and the humorous tales by Guillaume.

Of the paintings at the old Salon, it is useless for me to say much. Why repeat what I have so often written of Bonnat's truth, almost photographic, in the portraits in which his one background has become as inevitable as once was the photographer's rustic bridge; or of the two Bails and their arrangements of brass and linen; or of Harpignies and Pointelin? Pointelin's empty moorland grows emptier with time, that is the sole difference; hut Harpignies this year has evolved a new arrangement of trees and sacrificed nothing of the dignity of his landscapes in doing so. Henri Martin, whose work is usually one of the redeeming features of this Salon, has nothing. The Spaniards who show with the Artistes Français have lost something of the animation that often made their big canvases a welcome relief to the prevailing commonplace. Zo remains the most interesting, though not so much in his big canvas, with its now familiar Spanish types, as in a little Cordova, with a tender beauty in the distant hills and the sky that he has not accustomed us to look for in his pictures. The Americans, too, are less prominent. Richard Miller's La Toilette, a subject in which he, like Frieseke, delights, has fine passages in the painting of the delicate hangings and the rich silk gown. A portrait of President Taft by Madame de Wentworth is successful chiefly for evading all expression of the character in which surely her sitter is not generally supposed to be wanting. Though good things may be hidden away in the miles of canvases, I recall nothing else important enough for special mention. An idea of the dulness of the exhibition will be given if I add that its *clou* is Grun's enormous Vendredi au Salon des Artistes Français, in which, I believe, the many figures crowding the foreground are portraits—the sort of work that, done on a small scale and reproduced in an illustrated paper, would have had perhaps the value of news and the spice of personality.

The standard of the sculpture is higher. There seems a genuine demand for sculpture in France as well as sculptors fully equipped to supply it. But here, too, the conditions of the big modern exhibition force the exhibitors into excesses, and in their strenuous bid for notoriety, allegory runs riot and action is exaggerated. Of special interest to Americans is MacMonnies's fountain for Denver. Not the allegory, but the life of Colorado has been his inspiration. The hunter and miner, the woman of the pioneer and all the figures that adorn it belong to the country as truly as the youths of the frieze of the Parthenon belonged to Greece. In the new Salon Rodin's bust of the Duc de Rohan is as vigorous a piece of work as he has exhibited for some time, the head noble and dignified, the modelling expressive, the character strong. Striking, too, is Bourdelle's bust of Charles-Louis Philippe, the face lined and tired, unmistakably a portrait. His bronze of a young girl has more charm and grace than, as a rule, he tries for in his work.

The drawings and prints have been more remarkable. Some of the draughtsmen are claimed by the Humoristes whose exhibition, close by, is open just now and so a rival. Etchers and lithographers keep much of their best work for the shows of their own societies. The old Salon continues to devote most space to the reproductive men. Original etchers and lithographers are few. Among the wood-engravers, I found neither Cole nor Wolf. At the new Salon Bauer has three of his impressive etchings of Oriental subjects by which he helps one to forget that

the large plate is "an offence," though, that it is, a reminder follows quickly in the big sprawling prints of Chahine. Louis Legrand has a group of his masterly dry-points, always interesting technically, but varying little in motive, and also an etching printed in color which is used sparingly and as it should be in a few simple touches and flat spaces—a reproach to the manufacturers of the huge elaborated color prints now produced by the hundreds, simply in deference to a passing fad or fashion. If Veber does not exhibit, there are echoes of him in the work of Le Petit, who pays him that undesirable form of flattery said to be the most sincere. Florian and Lepère are both well represented. The sky-scrapers of New York figure in plates by W. Hale and H. Webster, and D. S. MacLaughlan sends three prints, in the Alps, in Venice, and on the Thames. N. N.

Finance

THE GOVERNMENT THREE PER CENTS.

Saturday's sale by the United States government of $50,000,000 fifty-year 3 per cent. bonds to the highest bidders, was in two ways an interesting landmark in our national finance. It is the first bond issue since the Spanish war to bear a higher interest rate than 2 per cent., and it is the first since the National Bank act of 1863 in which the value of the bonds was not artificially enhanced by their privileges of use by national banks as security for note circulation. In both respects these new bonds embody the policy advocated in his first annual report by Secretary MacVeagh. In December, 1909, the Secretary declared that it was, in his judgment, "high time for the government to realize that it does not have a 2 per cent. borrowing power and has never had," and he added that "no government, however rich, has a 2 per cent. borrowing power," and that "possibly it would have been better never to have issued 2 per cent. bonds, or bonds at any rate of interest below the borrowing power of the government in the open investment market."

The Secretary did not mean that 2 per cent. bonds had not recently been sold at par or better; the Panama Canal has thus far been financed on that basis, so far as it was financed by loans, and another 2 per cent. issue might possibly have been placed this month, had the bonds retained the "circulation privilege." But it has long been recognized that this use of government bonds gave a wholly artificial price to them. The fact that the government's borrowing power was thus artificially supported on the market was stated, some years ago by so impartial a foreign critic as M Leroy-Beaulieu, as an apparently hopeless obstacle to the placing of the banknote currency on a scientific basis. He argued that to dispense with the "circulation privilege" and assign some other basis for the currency, would make it impossible for the Treasury to borrow on 2 per cents, except at a price of 90 or less, and he inferred that any such step would be opposed in the interest of the government.

But it was an equally significant result of our old system of bond-secured banknotes that the circulation itself could never normally expand and contract under such machinery. It has been the history of that circulation, almost from the start, that its outstanding volume has increased or decreased, not in accordance with the general trade activity or inactivity of a given year, and not even in response to the normal fluctuation of trade demands for circulating medium at different seasons, but almost exclusively according as the government was issuing new bonds or redeeming old ones. In seasons of intense business activity the Federal revenue would invariably increase; the outlet for an unwieldy surplus was redemption of debt. But re-purchase of outstanding bonds meant removal of the collateral against existing bank circulation, and thus it happened that the currency supply repeatedly decreased when the need for it in trade was at the maximum. Conversely, when trade was dull and the public revenue deficient, new government bond issues would often be the sequel. Since the banks were almost the only customers for sales of 2 per cents at the prevalent fictitious price, and since these banks had little use for the bonds, except for the purpose of increasing their circulation, it also followed that the currency frequently would expand when the need for it was actually diminishing. Such expansion, in the face of the slack demand from our present inactive trade, would undoubtedly have followed the sale of $50,000,000 2 per cents, this month, with the "circulation privilege."

It was this abnormal situation with which the Treasury undertook to deal, and Saturday's 3 per cent. loan offering was the first step. Naturally, under such circumstances, great interest was bound to converge on the question what price the new bonds could command, without that artificial privilege, and who would take them. The Treasury has now examined Saturday's tenders, and it appears that the price of the bids ranged from a fraction above 102 to a fraction above 103, and that the average price for the actual allotments will be somewhere around 102¼.

This may fairly be called a very successful sale. It is not perhaps a wholly accurate measure of the government's future borrowing power, since, in the first place, a period of trade depression, large accumulations of idle money, and distaste for stock speculation, is exceptionally favorable to the market for "gilt-edged" bonds, and, in the second place, the new 3 per cents still enjoy indirectly part of the "circulation privilege." They cannot be used as security for new banknotes, but they may be exchanged, by a bank which holds them, for such of the $63,000,000 outstanding 3 per cents of 1898 as may be lodged in other quarters than the national banks. There are something like $40,000,000 of those bonds in that position.

But whether it is or is not premature to assume that the United States will hereafter be able to sell its 3 per cents at 102 or 103, the price obtained in this sale makes possible some interesting comparisons. The banking syndicate which financed the Treasury's gold reserve in the desperate days of February, 1895, on the basis of a 4 per cent. loan at an exceedingly low price, offered par for 3 per cents, if made expressly payable in gold. The 3 per cent. War Loan of July, 1898, was offered at par and enormously oversubscribed; the bonds sold on the open market at 112 a year or so afterward. In both these instances the "circulation privilege" was an element in the calculation. If that is allowed for, it may be said that the price of this month's 3 per cent. loan is far higher than that proposed in 1895 and not so very much lower than the market price of the older 3 per cents in 1899 and 1900.

Not less interesting is comparison of these bids for our 3 per cents, on a legitimate investment footing, with the price of European national securities. The 3 per cent. *rentes* of France bring this week about 95⅜ on the Paris market; German Imperial 3 per cents sell at 82½, and British 2½ per cent. consols at 79¾. Along with the recent advance of 3 or 4 per cent. in the price of New York city bonds, the outcome of Saturday's sale may be taken as indicating a sound condition of the general investment market.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Armitage, L. Introduction to the Study of Old High German. Frowde.

Beach, J. W. The Comic Spirit in George Meredith. Longmans. $1.25 net.

Benett, W. Justice and Happiness. Frowde.

Bowen, M. Defender of the Faith. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Boutroux, E. William James. Paris: A Colin. 3 francs.

Brieux. Three Plays. Preface by B. Shaw. Brentano. $1.50 net.

Brunot, F. Histoire de la Langue Française—Tome III (2e). Paris: A. Colin. 7.50 francs.

Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1911. London: The Scientific Press, Ltd.

Carlyle's Essay on Burns. Edited, with notes, by E. L. Miller. American Book Co.

Chuquet, A. Lettres de 1812 (1st series). Lettres de 1815 (1st series). 2 vols. Paris: H. Champion. 3:50 francs each.

Ciceronis Orationes. Recognovit Albertus Curtis Clark. Frowde.
Ciceronis Orationes. Recognovit Guilelmus Peterson. Frowde.
Collier, P. England and the English from an American Point of View. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Coulevain, P. de. The Unknown Isle. Translated from the French by A. Hallard. Cassell & Co. $1.35 net.
Davis, S. B. The Power of Conscience. Stuyvesant Press. $1 net.
Delzons, L. Le Cœur se trompe. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3:50 francs.
Duryea, N. L. The House of the Seven Gabbiers. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Eliot's Silas Marner. Edited by M. McKitrick. American Book Co.
Faguet, E. Vic de Rousseau. Paris: Société Française d'Imprimerie et de Librairie.
Fillmore, P. H. The Young Idea: a Neighborhood Chronicle. Lane. $1.25 net.
Foster, W. The English Factories in India. Vol. v, 1634-1636. Frowde. $4.15.
Fowle, F. E. Smithsonian Physical Tables. Fifth Revised Edition. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Gazier, G. Lettres inédites du Poète Roumain Basile Alecsandri à Edouard Grenier. Paris: H. Champion.
Gerschel, J., and Fisher, W. R. Vocabulaire Forestier. Frowde. $1.75 net.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. Edited by A. F. Hansen. American Book Co.
Groma're, G. La Littérature Patriotique en Allemagne (1800-1815). Paris: A Colin. 3.50 francs.
Hardy, E. G. Six Roman Laws. Translated with intro. and notes. Frowde.
Howell, W. D. Parting Friends: a Farce. Harper. 50 cents.
Hoyer, M. A., and Heppel, M. L. The Welsh Border, Its Churches, Castles, and Dyke. London: Nutt.
Humbert de Gallier. Les Mœurs et la Vie Privée d'autrefois. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3:50 francs.
Jeremias, A. The Old Testament in the Light of the Ancient East. English edition. 2 vols. Putnam.
Johnson, A. The Almshouse. Charities Pub-Com. $1.25.
Kidd, B. J. Documents Illustrative of the Continental Reformation. Frowde.
Lami, M. and L. Rouanet. Mémoires du Capitan Alonso de Contreras (from the Spanish). Paris: H. Champion.
Lincoln, J. C. The Woman-Haters. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Lytton, Mrs. N. Toy Dogs and Their Ancestors. Appleton.
Mozans, H. J. Along the Andes and Down the Amazon. Appleton.
Onions, O. The Exception. Lane. $1.50.
Page, G. Winding Paths. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Pemberton, M. White Motley. Sturgis & Walton. $1.30 net.
Putnam, R. William the Silent, Prince of Orange (1533-84). Putnam.
Rand-McNally Pocket Map and Shippers' Guide—Illinois; Massachusetts; Maryland and Delaware; Pennsylvania. Chicago.
Read, M. S. An Introductory Psychology. Boston: Ginn. $1.
Russier, H. and H. Brenier. L'Indochine Française. Paris: A. Colin. 4 francs.
Schäffer, M. T. S. Old Indian Trails. Putnam.
Scherer, C. Études Françaises et Angiaises. Frowde.
Seignobos, Ch. Histoire Moderne (1715-1815)—5 francs. Histoire Contemporaine (since 1815)—5.50 francs. Histoire Ancienne (Orient)—4 francs. Paris: A. Colin.
Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. Edited, with notes, by G. S. Blakely. American Book Co.
Solenberger, A. W. One Thousand Homeless Men. Charities Pub. Com. $1.25.
Taylor, F. W. Shop Management. Harper. $1.50 net.
Thomas, A. B. Moore en France. Paris: H. Champion.
Thomson, W. M. The Land and the Book, or, Biblical Illustrations Drawn from the Manners and Customs of the Holy Land. Harper. $2.40 net.
Vogüé, Vte, E. M. de. Trois Drames de l'histoire de Russie. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
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Whitney, C. Jungle Trails and Jungle People. Harper. $3 net
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1911.

The Week

Certain phrases serve as a kind of touchstone in revealing a man's attitude toward a protective tariff. A "Chinese Wall" is one of them, and President Taft used it in his speech at Providence last Friday night. When the head of the protectionist party makes that condemnatory description of a high tariff his own—coolly adopting the language of free-traders—it is enough to make the ancient and rock-ribbed standpatter rub his eyes and feel of his head. There is a phrase on the other side, formerly used by good protectionists, and even employed by the innocent Mr. Dingley in 1897. This is the one expressing the wish that our sacred country were surrounded by "a sea of fire," so that not an invoice of hated and contaminating foreign goods could reach our immune shores. That test of high-tariff orthodoxy has long been dropped, as too exacting except for isolated saints of the protectionist church. But it must look to the faithful as if the very foundations were being destroyed when a Republican President declares that the days of the Chinese Wall in tariff matters are over. Yet it was all along probable that the blast on the horns of Canadian reciprocity would cause that antiquated barrier to crumble and fall like the walls of Jericho.

The President's eulogy of the Supreme Court at New Haven calls attention to the fact that destiny has, after all, been kind to Mr. Taft in giving him what he wanted. More than to be President, Mr. Taft desired to be a member of the Supreme Court of the United States. That ambition was denied him; but it has been granted him in full measure to shape the personnel of the court, and, through it, the future of the nation. No less than four of the present justices are Mr. Taft's appointees. The court's complexion may be fairly said to represent the President's own views upon the great measures which it is called to pass upon. Mr. Taft is not the kind of man that rises to his full strength in advocating popular policies. We need only imagine his predecessor saying of a measure to which he was opposed, "I am bound to confess it will do no real harm, but I don't like it." That is Mr. Taft; and that is why he has not impressed himself on the imagination of the country as some other Presidents have done. But as things have fallen out, it is doubtful whether any legislative programme Mr. Taft might have carried through would serve him as well in the final appraisal of history as his efforts and solicitudes in connection with the Supreme Court.

That the Delegate of Arizona in Congress, presumably speaking for his constituents, should have asked the Senate committee to strike out from the Constitution of the proposed State the provision for the recall of judges, does not surely indicate that this will be done. It does, however, indicate two things. One is that the people of Arizona are not prepared to make the recall an article of a standing or falling Constitution; the provision appears to have got in happy-go-lucky, without any especial zeal on the part of the voters. The other is that the weight of discussion of the proposal has gone heavily against the recall of judges. Seldom has so pronounced and authoritative an expression of opinion been called out, and apparently Arizona perceives the need of giving heed to it. If the measure were separately put to vote in that Territory the probability now is that it would be decisively rejected. It is a somewhat awkward coincidence that Arizona should be making ready to abandon the recall of judges just at the moment when the Contributing Editor of the *Outlook* came out in an article vehemently arguing her right to have it.

What practical conclusion did Mr. Hill of Connecticut expect the House to draw from his story of the beautiful Russian shawl which he unfolded the other day to the gaze of his fellow-Representatives? He had bought it, he said, for $25, and had paid 60 per cent. duty on it, but that was "too little by far," for it would have cost $150 in the United States, and we could not duplicate it. Is it Mr. Hill's idea that the duty, instead of 60 per cent., should be 500 per cent.? That is apparently the rate that would be necessary to cover the difference in cost of production; and if it is a national disgrace that we permit the poor Russian weavers of these shawls to undersell us, and keep us from making their beautiful products in our county, 500 per cent. duty is what American patriotism demands in the case. If we were to clap on that duty, it is true enough that the result might not be that we should make the shawls in America, but that we should do without them altogether; but what does that signify when a sacred principle is at stake? Indeed, in the matter of the shawls, no momentous consequence follows either way, so far as the American people are concerned; but the same policy works similarly in the matter of blankets. We have been putting on woollen blankets duties in the neighborhood of 100 per cent., and the consequence has been that the vast majority of the American people get along as best they can without them.

Even in such a matter as custom-house frauds it is worth while to make distinctions; and in the particular instance of the cutlery undervaluations there is a point which, whether it ought to be regarded as an extenuating circumstance or not, is at all events worthy of notice. It has been stated by custom-house investigators that the great bulk of imported cutlery has come in at valuations shaved just barely below certain "dead lines" that would double or triple the duty if crossed; and it was also stated—in keeping with this—that in a lot of forty-three cases of cutlery valued at $10,243 there was found to be an undervaluation of only $866, but a loss of customs revenue amounting to $3,379. Now this is a sort of thing which ought to be impossible, and for the possibility of which a vicious method of rate-making is responsible. It is a fundamental maxim of taxation method that no such break of continuity should exist. In levying an income tax, for example, it would be a most vicious plan to exempt incomes below $2,000, say, and then, in cases of incomes above that amount, to tax the whole income; the only proper way to do is to tax the amount in excess of

the $2,000, keeping that exempt. Otherwise, there is an irresistible temptation to misrepresentation—you can't expect a sinful man whose income has been $2,010 to state it exactly, when the acknowledgment of the last $10 means subjection to tax on $2,000 also. This elementary principle of right method in taxation is violated in the sudden rate-changes occurring at innumerable points throughout our beautiful tariff system; and the resulting abnormal temptation to make slight undervaluations, resulting in great saving in duties, should be laid to the account of our tariff-makers.

Trenton's adoption of the commission form of government is an event of first-rate importance. That it is the capital of an Eastern State so important as New Jersey would alone give the result great significance; and, as a matter of fact, Trenton is not only one of a very few Eastern cities to have taken the step, but—with its nearly 100,000 inhabitants—it is the largest of them in population, and is a far more typical city than Lynn, Mass., the only other Eastern town with a population approaching Trenton's that has adopted the new form of government. The primary things aimed at by the commission plan are the concentration of responsibility, the better organization of administration, and the fewness of the elective officials; but in the New Jersey scheme there is one other feature of cardinal importance. We do not refer to the recall; that has attracted an altogether disproportionate amount of attention, especially since it is not applicable, under the New Jersey statute, until the expiration of a year of the officer's term. What we do mean is the elimination of party, in so far as it is possible to do that by law. Nominations for the commission are to be made by petition only. There is to be a primary election, which is virtually a free-for-all affair; and then comes the final election, at which there appear on the official ballot the names of those whose votes stood highest in the primary election, the number of names placed on the ballot being twice the number of commissioners to be elected. Not a word about party in the whole of this machinery—and if it shall prove to eliminate party, or even relegate it to comparative insignificance, in municipal affairs, that of itself will be a blessing whose value it would be difficult to overestimate.

The Poughkeepsie regatta has been called the greatest sporting event of the year, and for several reasons. It brings together more contestants, counting by colleges and individuals, than any other competition outside the field and track intercollegiates; and those are more properly a programme than a single event. It is viewed by more spectators than even the best attended of football games. It is the most beautiful of all contests to watch. But, above all, it exhibits an unparalleled example of physical and nervous discipline, in the spectacle of men submitting to a year's laborious preparation for a single twenty minutes' test. Football in this respect falls far behind. The Yale team may be pointed for the single struggle with Harvard, but football works its way to the climactic event through a long series of contests, which always offer partial compensation for final defeat. But, with a solitary exception here and there, the crews who rowed at Poughkeepsie Tuesday afternoon had this sole race to stand or fall by. The supreme effort in this case is also the first effort. A crew that enters the contest unaffected by the nervous strain of months of preparation has undoubtedly given evidence of the very high capacity to which the human body can be developed.

The value of a college education can now be reckoned in dollars and cents. The one hundred members of the class of 1900 at Dartmouth have been canvassed, with the gratifying discovery that they are receiving incomes averaging above two thousand dollars. One of them earns six times this amount, and eleven others receive from $4,000 to $7,500 each. These men have been out of college but a decade, and they are presumably not yet at the maximum of their earning power. Nor is there any reason for supposing that Dartmouth's sons are more successful than their brethren of rival institutions. It was long since disclosed that the college graduate had a better prospect of getting his name into "Who's Who" than the man without a degree, and now it seems that he has what will count much more heavily with many persons, namely, the likelihood of a larger income than have those to whom Sophocles is not even a faded memory.

When the villagers of Hadley, Mass., were fighting desperately in one of the assaults of King Philip's war, an aged man with flowing white hair and beard suddenly appeared and took command of the battle. Although many thought him an angel sent from heaven, he turned out to be Goffe, the regicide, who had long been hiding in the town. Something like this experience seems to have befallen Wichita, Kan. On a recent afternoon, the school-children were dismissed in order that they might listen to a lecturer who had been brought to the town by accounts of its civic corruption. The stranger made a study of the conditions in Wichita and conferred with the Mayor and the city commissioners regarding means of bettering them. And then—he was gone. His name, however, was learned, and his expenses paid. In this dramatic way Professor Zueblin instituted what may easily develop into a great profession, that of consulting reformer. We have had the man who sat in his library and wrote, and the man who sought to improve things by taking an active part at the polls. But now comes the expert, bearing a store of general information and theory in one hand, and a schedule of local details in the other. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, what is to prevent him from leaving in his wake a continually lengthening line of towns that, under his magic touch, turned from Babylons to Utopias between noon and sunset?

Harrisburg, Pa., has hitherto been more famous for its politics than for its æsthetics, but this one-sided development is being corrected. George Gray Barnard has nearly completed the artistic feat of draping the groups of statuary that adorn the entrance to the Capitol. Their original condition, it will be remembered, shocked the sensitive Pennsylvania legislators. The hand of a master, say the dispatches, is shown in the skilful way in which the delicate task has been performed. The triumph lies in the choice of material which can be removed at any time without disfiguring the statues. Here, therefore, we have the novelty of adjustable art. Whenever the Keystone statesmen conclude to imitate the ancients, they can

do so with ease. Mr. Barnard, however, refuses to touch one undraped figure of a youth, upon the ground that he would only make it look ridiculous.

The heart-rending occurrence at Nantucket ought to have the effect of making some impression on the persons who indulge in the thoughtless but terribly mischievous and reprehensible habit of throwing away lighted matches or burning cigar or cigarette ends. It is true that in this case there was a contributory element, as gasolene had been used to oil the floor of the room which was set on fire. But disasters of like character are constantly occurring through the same cause. The Washington Place fire in New York, with its horrible loss of life, was almost certainly caused in this way. The official, and probable, explanation of the great Baltimore fire in 1904 was the throwing of a lighted cigar or cigarette on the sidewalk, and its being blown into a warehouse cellar on top of a pile of rubbish. Of the enormous loss by fire in our country, and the loss of life that goes with it, a very considerable proportion is caused by this indefensible habit. It ought to be made a criminal offence. The benefit of doing so would come not only from the fear of punishment, but still more from the association it would beget in people's minds.

A brand-new argument against Home Rule for Ireland has been discovered by the *Spectator*. It was suggested by "a series of menacing and provocative questions in regard to the action of the French troops in the neighborhood of Morocco" put to Sir Edward Grey by Mr. Dillon. Happily, the "dignified and very proper answer" of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs at once removed any possible cause for French resentment, but the incident is full of ill omen in the eyes of the *Spectator*. Only suppose that the disturbing Irish leader were the moving spirit in an Irish Parliament, what would prevent him from vilifying France or any other foreign country, or even from passing resolutions condemnatory of French action? To be sure, France, as a specially friendly Power, would do her best to help the humiliated Cabinet at Westminster out of the difficulty. But imagine it were Germany. Suppose that the German Chancellor explained that he knew he could not hold England responsible for things said in Australia or Canada, but that, as Ireland was expressly precluded from dealing with foreign affairs, and was situated in Europe, either England would have to stop its subordinate Parliament from insulting foreign sovereigns or the latter would have to find a remedy for themselves. Well, in such a crisis it is to be feared that the insulted sovereign would have to exercise the same common sense that marks the treatment by the English Parliament of the frank expressions of our State Legislatures upon the duty of England to give Ireland a Parliament of her own.

Hostility to the principle of proportional representation is assigned as the chief cause of the overthrow of the French Cabinet. M. Monis had put that reform upon his programme. The setback, however, can be regarded as only temporary. The agitation for electoral reform has made such rapid headway that no Radical Ministry can hope to make a stand against it without adding immensely to the prestige of the Moderates and Conservatives who have long been in a minority in the Chamber of Deputies. Electoral reform under the Third Republic has hitherto taken the shape of repeated experimentation with the so-called *scrutin de liste* and the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. Under one system the members of the Chamber are elected on a general ticket for each department, corresponding to our mode of choosing Presidential electors. Under the other system they are chosen from separate districts within the departments, as is the case with our Congressional districts. Both methods have been tried and discarded, according as it suited the majority in power at the moment. But neither method has been found capable of producing a Chamber that should exactly mirror the various shades of opinion among the electorate. According to the contention of the advocates of the proportional system, the rights of the minority have always been sacrificed.

The principal argument against the proposed reform has dwelt on the unwieldy nature of the machinery of proportional representation. Several formulas have been worked out for arriving at a just distribution of representatives between majorities and minorities, but none of these can be accounted perfect. The real motive of opposition is found in the natural desire of every party in power to let well enough alone. The Radical forces that have been in control of the French Government since the days of Dreyfus are averse to any measure that may endanger their monopoly of power. But there is at hand, nevertheless, a less selfish argument against the proposed change. Under the two-party system as it has hitherto obtained in Great Britain and this country, a proportional division of strength between majority and minority is not necessarily fatal to effective government, since party discipline will enable a Ministry to maintain itself even with a slender majority at its command. "Insurgent" movements among us take years to develop. But under the Parliamentary "group" system that obtains in France a Ministry must have an overwhelming majority, indeed, if it is to survive the sudden defection of any one group among its supporters. Proportional representation, by preventing bumping majorities, will probably make a Ministry's position less secure than ever in republican France.

Sentence has been delivered in the case of Duez, government administrator of the dissolved religious congregations in France, who was found guilty of embezzling the handsome fortune of six million francs. The case brings up once more the disappointing financial results which have attended the liquidation of Church property sequestrated under the Separation Law. One statement has it that of an expected $200,000,000, less than one and a half million dollars was turned into the state treasury by Duez. This is gross exaggeration, of course. Even the most reckless of grafters would be incapable of such wholesale pillage. A soberer explanation of the fact is found in the bitterness with which the Church has fought the liquidation of its property. Expensive lawsuits have been instituted by the descendants of original donors for the recovery of ecclesiastical property that had been diverted from its primary purpose. There would seem to be little doubt that a great deal of the former Church holdings has been disposed of at ridiculously low prices. The land speculator has his innings in times of conflict between Church and State.

LIGHT FROM GUGGENHEIM.

Mr. Daniel Guggenheim, sailing for Europe on Tuesday, confessed that he embarked as an unhappy man. His sorrows are not personal; he was merely thinking altruistically of business conditions in this country, and they filled him with dejection. There is, for instance, the "tie-up of Alaska," for which "some one is responsible," and which is "very sad." But the main thing that makes mischief is the perpetual meddling of the Government in private affairs. How can we expect financial recuperation when there are these endless investigations by the Department of Justice, not because it "knows that our corporations are doing illegal acts," but solely to forestall "Congressional criticism"? True, the captains of industry and leading financiers are steadily predicting better times—are all the while telling us that with the railway-rate question or the Supreme Court decisions or the crop uncertainties out of the way there will be a boom—but none of these things comforts Mr. Guggenheim. It would appear that American magnates never are but always to be blest.

These plaints are no doubt typical; otherwise they would not be worth serious attention. Mr. Guggenheim utters the thoughts of many hearts. In some newspapers and often in the unstudied conversation of men having to do with large affairs, similar opinions are encountered. But it is highly probable that, if we were to look at the whole matter soberly and in the light of economic history, we should find (1) that conditions to-day are not so black as they are painted, and (2) that the causes assigned by despondent chiefs of corporations are not the ones which really account for such depression as afflicts us. Let these too quick despairers turn back to the years which followed the financial panic of 1873. Let them read Mr. James Ford Rhodes's article in the July *Scribner's* on the railway riots of 1877. These occurred, with the intense disorganization of business of which they were a symptom, four years after a panic—precisely the same distance we are now away from the panic of 1907. Yet at that time there was no Government nagging of business men; the Anti-Trust law was not yet heard of; conservation was then not born. Simply, the country was going through the long and painful process of recovery from a financial debauch; and it is at least a fair probability that a like sobering off is what is still going on after our later excesses of speculation and over-strained credit. The things Mr. Guggenheim speaks of have their influence, it need not be denied, but their effect must be far less than that of the large financial and economic forces visibly in operation.

It is noteworthy, however, that Mr. Guggenheim, like Judge Gary and others, would cure Government interference with business by prescribing more of it. His particular suggestionn is a "competent Government Board of business men"—this, it will be noticed, is a trifle more modest than Mr. Perkins's plan of a Supreme Court made up of business men—whose function should be to study conditions and to collect "data" for the Administration and for Congress and bring about a useful cooperation between the governmental authorities and great corporations. This Board should have the power to "permit or prevent combination or syndicating," and thus put our proud land on a level with Germany, the aim being, of course, to serve "the best interests of all the people of America." Few details of the ambitious scheme are given, or could be given, but the whole is put forward as one more remedy offered by a man who hates Government meddling.

The really surprising thing about this whole class of dreams—for that is what they are—is that they should be given us by hard-headed business men. These men are supposed to be our most intense "realists." They have no cobwebs on their brains; they look at the thing exactly as it is. How can it be, then, that they do not see more clearly the exact facts with which they have to reckon, and the fundamental conditions under which it is certain that the great business of this country will for a long time have to be conducted? That it is folly for them to think of the possibility of Government coddling ought to be evident to them from the way in which a man like Senator Root concedes that even the day of a protective tariff, as a governmental wet-nurse to infant industries, is rapidly passing away. What we are sure to have is neither petting nor persecution from Washington, but a better enforcement of general laws designed to regulate big business. When so essentially conservative a man as President Taft declares that there will be no step backward, and that the large corporations must adjust themselves to the statutes as interpreted by the courts, the beginning of wisdom for financiers and great industrial managers is to write that down as settled. They must regard it as an element of their business just as truly as a cost-sheet, and deal with it as they would with any physical obstacle that has to be estimated for in building a railway. If this means a change of policy on their part, they must face the necessity of making it. And if it means the cutting down of enormous profits, such as Mr. Havemeyer's $10,000,000, not from manufacture or buying or selling, but from mere promoting, they would do well to quit dreaming and prepare themselves for that stern reality also.

THE CUNNINGHAM CLAIMS REJECTED.

The decision announced Monday by the Commissioner of the Land Office, and approved by the Secretary of the Interior, probably brings to a definitive end the struggle over the Cunningham claims to Alaskan coal lands, which have so long been under investigation and attack, and which for a time formed the storm-centre of American politics. And now that the decision has been made, it seems extraordinary that it should have been so long a time in coming. Commissioner Dennett assigns for his disallowance of the claims reasons so simple and untechnical that one can but wonder that it should have required any very prolonged consideration to find them conclusive.

Indeed, to understand the Government's case, the one thing needful is to seize the fact that it has been the very opposite of technical. Under a law limiting the claim of an individual to 160 acres, and forbidding agreements that would defeat the purpose of this limitation, thirty-three claims of 160 acres each were filed by a group of persons who, it was alleged, were, in effect if not in form, under such agreement with one another; and it was the case of the claimants, and not the case of the Government, that had to be maintained on a technicality if it was maintained at all. And the evidence that there was, in reality if not in form, an agreement of the kind forbidden by the law, is simple and conclusive. It is indicated

in a convincing way by Mr. Dennett in his decision. "The facts," he says, "speak for themselves, and speak plainly." Among them are the circumstances that "there was not at any time a single act performed that connected any claimant with the precise tract he claimed to locate"; that "not a dollar was spent by any locator, individually or by agent, on the land he entered, but every act done and each dollar disbursed were for the purpose of determining whether the field as a whole contained workable deposits of coal"; that the separate claimants "exercised no choice in the selection of their claims, manifested no interest in their individual values, and (except perhaps Baker) sought no information of their respective locations." In a word, "the field jointly acquired by all of them and explored at the common expense was the only object of their solicitude."

And yet this same Mr. Dennett, to whom the case at the present time seems as plain as a pikestaff, who disallows the claims because they were in clear and substantial violation of the requirements of the law—this same Mr. Dennett wrote to Mr. Ballinger (then at Seattle) on April 6, 1908, as follows:

> In regard to the Cunningham group, the situation is also very distressing, and as much so as it is in all of the Alaska matters. You know that Glavis objected to the issuance of patent, and I expect a report from him shortly, having wired to him to make it, and probably there will be the same technical violation of a stupid law, and the best thing they can do is to pound on Congress to pass that Alaska bill.

In this little expression is to be found, we believe, a large part of the explanation of the whole matter. The coal-land law really *is* a stupid law; and the difficulty with which Glavis and Pinchot and Garfield were contending was that, during Ballinger's ascendency, the exploiters of the natural resources of Alaska overcame the inconveniences of a stupid law, not by getting a better law made, but by practical nullification, and by appropriation of the resources to their own use. For their resistance to such treatment of the law of the land, the men who made the long fight for the law are entitled to the sincere gratitude of the country. Had it not been for their courage and persistence, there can be little doubt that the Cunningham claims would have been allowed long ago—a thing that would have been not only of great importance in itself, but of even greater importance as a precedent.

Nor is it merely on the general principle of faithfulness to the law that the loose views which have been so widely entertained in regard to the execution of the Alaska coal-land law are to be condemned. Even a wholly stupid law is entitled to enforcement so long as it is the law; but this law was not wholly stupid. It was a stupid method of providing for an object that is not in itself stupid, but on the contrary highly meritorious. It was designed to prevent the wholesale grabbing of immensely valuable national possessions without just compensation to the nation. The 160-acre restriction was stupid, because coal lands cannot be profitably worked in these small parcels; but the act called for is not simply to repeal the restriction. Along with the permission to take up larger tracts, there must go provisions securing to the people their proper share in the proceeds of the working of the lands. The land-grabbers have been very contemptuous of the "fanatics" of conservation who have stood in their way; but they could have procured the throwing open of the coal lands of Alaska long ago if they had gone about the matter honestly. Instead of acting on the view that the law was so stupid that no enterprising capitalist need let it stand in his way, they should have acknowledged the just rights of the people, and exerted themselves to procure the passage of a practical law safeguarding those rights while throwing open the lands. But that is not the way of the breed.

HOUSE AND COMMUNITY.

Lord Rosebery—so we still call him, for the Earl of Midlothian does not yet come trippingly off the tongue—has made a startling discovery. He wrote a breathless letter to the London *Times* to ask if any of its readers knew that "under the Finance Bill of last year a valuer may enter any house and inspect it at his will for the purposes of a land valuation." "I did not," added his lordship, "but so it is." And then the biographer of Chatham went on to remark:

> There is thus a definite end of the proud boast of centuries that an Englishman's house is his castle. We all remember Chatham's famous burst—"The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown," and so forth. I warn all Speech Day celebrations off this recitation, for it is now only a mockery and a deception. We are a tamer race now.

This may seem a trifle hysterical, coming from a seasoned politician, though it undoubtedly represents a widespread and bitter feeling in England against the new land taxes. But the particular ground on which Lord Rosebery places his resentment echoes hollow beneath him. For there are dozens of other officers of the Crown who may enter his house at will, not for the purpose of committing an arbitrary act of oppression, but of enforcing the law of the land. They may come in, for example, to inquire if there is an infectious disease; or if the plumbing and the drains are in sanitary condition; or if the gas pipes or conduits for electric lighting are laid in conformity with the city ordinances; or if the servants have been vaccinated, or a score of other things. None of them was done in Chatham's time, yet because we submit to them to-day are we to be called a "tamer race"? Rather, we should say, a tamed race: tamed from a wild and ignorant individualism to a civilized sense of what we all owe to the community.

Liberty and the rights of the citizen are to be defined to-day just as they used to be; but the stress and bearing of the definition are different now from what they were in Chatham's time. Now, as then, we are entitled to the enjoyment of every natural or Constitutional right, in so far as it does not infringe upon the rights of others. There's the modern rub. The "rights of others" have been coming to larger prominence. We begin to think less of the house than we do of the community; or, to put it in another way, the house as the citizen's "castle" is less often in our thoughts than the house as a part of the neighborhood, the city, in which it must take its place of due subordination.

Under the police power of all well-organized governments, to-day, there has been a great extension of the term, "affected with a public interest." This does not apply to common carriers and great corporations only. It necessarily reaches out to many individual activities. In the world as we know it to-day, it is true in a wholly new sense that no man liveth unto himself. So far as his manner of life may injure the health or morals of the community, he is necessarily subject to inspection and even regulation—not for the purpose of prying into his private affairs, or laying the heavy hand of tyranny upon

him, but in order to see that he complies with the laws which have been enacted for the good of all. Right here is the thing which Lord Rosebery forgot in his outburst. There was no question of inequality before the law. It is the same for all. Neither was there a case of unjustified inquisition, or entering his house on suspicion and without a warrant. All the proceedings were in pursuance of a plain statute; and if Lord Rosebery had been minded to take a quotation from further back, he might have turned his personal grievance into a public pæan, citing Hooker's familiar words in praise of that law to which all things in heaven and earth do homage, "the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

We have no wish to squeeze this incident till we draw blood from it. It simply presents itself as a fresh and pertinent illustration of the continual balancing, in the modern state, of a private interest against that of the common weal, and of the way in which the former has been compelled at so many points to give way. The stoutest individualists going—and we sympathize with them instinctively—cannot be unaware of the enormous growth and pressure in our day of the community sense. Indeed, a good part of that growth has been due to the voluntary surrenders made by individualists. In them has been powerfully developed what Mrs. Humphry Ward calls the feeling of "social compunction"; and in their desire to help on the work of readjustment and betterment in society, they are ready to make many a sacrifice and to give up many a privilege to which they might be able to make out a strictly legal title. This conviction that we are all in the same boat and must be prepared to yield much in order to keep it from capsizing, is one of the unmistakable signs of the times. It is not so much a reasoned principle of political action, as it is a result of human need. Nor does it in any way mean that we must inevitably swing to a kind of "regimentation" in government, to use Huxley's word, that lies at the opposite pole from individualistic anarchy. It means merely that the "castle" theory of the citizen's rights has insensibly given way to a juster sense of the balance between the rights of the individual and the community.

CRUELTY TO THE TIMID.

Shyness is nowadays classified among the diseases that are curable by mail. The heart-to-heart columns in the newspapers and magazines never tire of exhorting the timid to put on courage. One editor points out that the diffident really can never hope to tread the road to Success. Mr. Bok gently bewails their depressing effect in the world of social amenities. The popular evening prints remind them how poor their chances are of obtaining the best wives in the market. Through it all runs the assumption that shyness can be got rid of by taking thought, precisely like obesity or the habit of biting one's nails. The fact that there are so many more stout people than there are shy people is not allowed to interfere with the swift course of the argument. If you are shy it is your own fault; more than a fault, it is a crime. One of the most popular forms of adding insult to injury consists in proving to the shy that the cause of their trouble is at bottom a vast conceit. The implication is that the young man who falls over his own feet in company does so because he believes his to be the most beautiful pair of feet in the world.

This method of ready relief may be unjust, but it is not so cruel as the indirect method, which consists in teaching people who are not timid how to cure those who are. In this respect shyness is peculiar among popular ailments. The uplift columns never think of teaching A how to cure B of tuberculosis, or insomnia, or corpulence. The appeal is always to the victim's own better self. Shyness would seem to be in a class with dipsomania, of which a man can be cured either through his own efforts or through the efforts of a relative who is willing to put a powder into the sufferer's coffee. The motives behind such advice are of the very highest. But the method, if not consciously cruel, is cruel just the same, both in its necessary implications and its results. It is all very well to urge every one to do his best to make the man who is shy feel at home, to surround him with a gentle and soothing atmosphere, to wrap him in a tender solicitude that shall hatch confidence out of the timid soul like the chick out of the egg. But to ask every one to be kind to the shy is precisely to give every bystander the right to put drugs into a man's coffee. It is a privilege that will be abused, sometimes through malice, most often through ignorance.

Nobody can give more pain in less time than the ordinary "sympathetic hostess." Her mission is to overdo things. Her voice is too soothing, her smiles are too radiant, her interest in the victim's native village and his college career would not be justified if the village were Stratford-upon-Avon and the college career were Macaulay's. It has been dinned into her by a thousand oracles that the only way to put a man at his ease is to talk to him about himself, and subtly to lead him on to take up the argument and talk about himself. The treatment may bring results in some cases. Applied to the timid man, it works havoc. If the unfortunate man has made a long voyage or written a short book, the sympathetic hostess will regale him on geography and literature. In the first case, she will ask him whether Japanese ladies, under all circumstances, wear kimonos; whether he prefers Japanese silk to Chinese; what he thinks of the Japanese influence on Whistler; why the Japanese can endure such fearfully hot water in their baths; why it is that Japanese servants are so good but dishonest. After a half-hour of being made to feel at home in this fashion, the diffident victim would feel at home in purgatory.

An obvious duty and an obvious kindness is to let the shy alone. Even the constant preaching at them is of doubtful merit. The recently inaugurated campaign against tuberculosis is alleged to have brought about, in certain sections of the country, an actual increase in the number of consumptives. The theory is that the vast publicity with which the campaign has been carried on has created among people with a predisposition to the disease a morbid condition that has made them ready victims. Unquestionably, the ceaseless harping on the disadvantages of shyness has had the same effect. If an excessive self-consciousness is the real fault, why not kill the germ of self-consciousness by a vast conspiracy of silence? But this, we are aware, may be asking too much. It is not asking too much to demand that if the conscious attempt to cure is to be made, it should be made by the victims themselves. Let no unlicensed, unprofessional outsider

be permitted, far less encouraged, to make experiments with the raw sensibilities of the timid man. Let no one feel at liberty to reform him. He is really much happier in his corner than most lively people imagine. Why drag him from his seat of blissful contemplation to pillory him in the middle of the room?

Or, if that, also, is asking too much, if this muscular age insists on saving a man even if it has to knock him down in the process, let us at least be muscular. Let us drag the victim into the middle of the room and make him sing from Schumann. Turn twenty pairs of eyes upon him by asking whether he doesn't think coronations are silly. Do so loudly, suddenly, violently. Shock sometimes cures when it doesn't kill. But in all mercy refrain from the condescending sympathy that makes the timid soul turn in pale terror upon itself.

THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

PARIS, June 12.

In three volumes—"Etudes critiques sur la vie de Colomb avant ses découvertes," one volume, couronné par l'Institut; and "Histoire critique de la grande entreprise de Christophe Colomb, two volumes*—Henry Vignaud has gathered into one orderly whole his critical studies of forty years in the life of Columbus. His solution of the problems he has stirred stands by these volumes (The *Nation*, February 9, "Two French Publications," gave the substance of his conclusions from advance proof-sheets). But his *magnum opus* is much more than an exposition, however complete, of the many vexed questions in the history of Columbus. From those which concern his family and the date of his birth to those which concern his real plans, authentic negotiations, and share with others in the discovery, we have here indeed a full description of all known sources of information, the bibliography of all that has been written until now, the minute analysis of questions in dispute with the pros and cons hitherto proposed, and Mr. Vignaud's own investigation of the subject with his reasoning in support of his conclusions. But, more than this, every item of knowledge concerning Columbus which it has been possible for him to glean along the way is here set down and scrutinized. In appendixes to each study the chief documents in the case are reproduced. It is because Mr. Vignaud has been so scrupulous in controversy that these closing volumes of his life's studies have come to form a final repertory of Columbian history as far as the discovery.

To the volumes of the second and last series—for Mr. Vignaud at the age of eighty informs us he shall not carry his work further—he has prefixed the words of Herbert Spencer: "Demonstration fails to change established opinion." Without anticipating the detailed judgments of historical students of Henry Vignaud's own calibre, we can say with confidence: No future history worthy of the name, and no competent re-edition of classical works, concerning the life of Columbus, the discovery of America, and its place among that age's discoveries which stretched the narrow bounds of the known world to the very limits of the *orbis terrarum*, can be undertaken without reference, page by page, to Mr. Vignaud's volumes. However much or little may remain of those portions of the traditional history which Mr. Vignaud sums up as the "Columbian legend," those for whom he has worked and written will acknowledge gratefully that it was high time historical science should make a clean breast of it. There is not question solely of the authenticity of Toscanelli's letter or of the unknown pilot or Pinzon's law-suit. It was necessary to decide whether history should keep walled off from scientific criticism the well-rounded Legenda Aurea, in which more than one detail long since drew the surprised attention of scholars like Humboldt and Fiske. Mr. Vignaud has labored to sift completely legend from history and to work out all that is authentic and certain.

These studies, documentary and critical, are readable for all who are willing to go beyond mere narration. The first series, after an introduction on the two-fold sources of our knowledge of Columbian history, studies the veritable family tree and condition of the discoverer; the two Colombos, "admirals" or corsairs, who were not his relations, but have been confused with his history; the date of his birth—1451—which has been confirmed since Mr. Vignaud first maintained it; education, first voyages, arrival in Portugal in 1476; the voyage to Iceland; establishment and marriage in Portugal, and wife's family; summary and conclusions, with nineteen pages' alphabetical index of subject-matter, books and documents, and a minute analytical table of contents for the whole volume.

The two new volumes, after six years' time, show the same painstaking order and completeness, enabling even the general reader to get his bearings easily. The introduction explains "the great design of Columbus" as it has been set forth by himself, his son, and Las Casas, and modern authors from Irving to Harisse. The studies take up in order the origin of the design with Columbus in Portugal; the correspondence with Toscanelli, a question which Mr. Vignaud exposes with complete documentation, following the progress of the controversy until now and reaffirming his position; Columbus's brother Bartholomew, and the propositions made in Portugal, Genoa, and Venice, England and France; Columbus at the Court of Castille, the rejection of his plan, and Beatriz Enriquez (who was not Columbus's wife); and relations with João II of Portugal from 1485 to 1490. This is the matter of one volume.

The last volume studies the final negotiations of Columbus with the Catholic Kings, the organization of the expedition, and the discovery, with the part to be attributed to Pinzon and the indications received by Columbus from an unknown pilot; the two legends started after the discovery, that Columbus intended to find a Western passage to the Orient and that Toscanelli set him on the track; projects to discover a Western passage to the Indies by Martin Behaim and Jerome Müntzer and their possible relations with Columbus; general recapitulation and conclusion. An appendix contains a documentary chronology of the life of Columbus until 1493; a list of Columbus's companions in the discovery; his maps, and the three texts and translation of letters attributed to Toscanelli; 60 pages of documents reproduced; 75 pages of alphabetical index, and again the minute analytical table of contents.

There are obvious reasons, in a work so momentous to historical science, why Henry Vignaud should have written it in French. But for thirty-five years, he united this scientific study of history with his duties as secretary of the United States Embassy at Paris; and he dedicates his work "to my friend and compatriot Alcée Fortier, the eminent historian of our dear Louisiana." In fact, Henry Vignaud's ancestors were found with Bienville at Mobile, then the capital of Louisiana, in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

S. D.

*Both these works are imported by Lemcke & Buechner, New York.

SWISS NOTES.

NEUCHÂTEL, June 10.

Father von Rickenbach, the learned Benedictine who died the other day at Einsiedeln, was known in Rome as well as in Switzerland. For more than sixty years he had pursued the study of philology. At the Einsiedeln monastery he was both professor and librarian. He rendered excellent service to the college of Monte Cassino, and was later rector of the Athanasianum at Rome. Next to Mezzofanti, he was the greatest of modern linguists, speaking fluently thirteen living languages. He wrote many monographs relating to classical philology and Hellenic culture.

Recent excavations at St. Maurice have uncovered some interesting Ro-

man remains in an old cemetery. The tombs are encased in brick at a depth of about six feet. Skeletons of men and of dogs have been found there. The graves belong to a comparatively late period, when Rome had ceased to be pagan. As the skeletons lie with their heads toward the east, the remains are probably of Christians.

The chapel of the Swiss Guard at Rome is to be restored. Both archæologically and architecturally it is an interesting building, situated in the rear of the Vatican near the cemetery where the guard has always buried its members. The chapel is really not a part of the Vatican. Consequently, when the kingdom of Italy was established, the place was not extra-territorial, and the Swiss guards could not attend the religious services in uniform. Since 1870 the chapel, which is called San Pellegrino, has been much neglected and is dilapidated. It has at length been placed in the care of Professor Naef of Lausanne, under whose direction the Château of Chillon was restored. The restoration will be effected with the approval of the Pope. The expenses will be borne by the Swiss federal government: for, quite apart from religious considerations, the sanctuary has patriotic associations, and it is believed that Swiss Protestants as well as Catholics will be interested in preserving this historical monument.

Those who would see Swiss scenery protected against the incursions of money-making exploitation will be glad of the vigorous protest made by the central committee of the Heimatsschutz against the building of a railway from Gryon to the summit of the beautiful Diablerets. The committee says: "The Swiss nation has affirmed its strong intention not to abandon the finest Alpine summits to the speculator." It adds that objections made to such exploitation show "a progress of social morality, a healthy reaction against the materialism which threatens the very life of an independent people."

The anatomist Prof. Auguste Châtelain has been appointed rector of the University of Neuchâtel until the autumn of 1913.

Mademoiselle de Mestral has collected from the essays and novels of Edouard Rod, and from his fugitive contributions to reviews and newspapers, a large number of citations which give an adequate idea of his opinions concerning religion, ethics, art, literature, society, and love. The compilation is well executed and is very interesting. A curious moral impression left by Rod's works on all his critics is that of a man who was obsessed by "le scrupule." As with Cherbuliez and other writers of Swiss origin, there was a specifically Protestant, an almost Calvinistic, color in all Rod's writings. M. Faguet says, for example:

> The scruple was like the inmost soul of Edouard Rod. His art was scrupulous, and he revised four or five times what he wrote. As he grew older he multiplied his manners of style. And he thought scrupulously; he yielded nothing to imagination nor to feeling nor to the fear of saddening and wounding himself. As those who have a conscience act purely, so he wished to think purely. Into his thought he put a severe, timid, and superstitious conscience.

Unlike most compendiums, that of Mademoiselle de Mestral is very satisfactory.

Two old houses at Lausanne are about to be demolished. In one of them Rousseau gave a concert in 1732, calling himself by the false name "Vaussore." The performance was greeted with noisy contempt. The other house was originally owned by the convent of St. Mary Magdalene. In the fifteenth century it passed into the hands of the Reformers, and until 1839 was the residence of the chief Protestant pastor at Lausanne. Viret lived there and received visits from Calvin and Farel. But old Lausanne is being transformed, and both these historic buildings are to be sacrificed.

It is probable that women will soon be heard from the Swiss pulpits. The question of their eligibility as pastors has been submitted to the local sections of the ecclesiastical council in the Canton of Grisons. The sections of Coire, the capital, and of the upper Engadine have been unanimously in favor of the innovation.

The death of Col. Schack the other day deprives the Swiss army of one of its most scientific and efficient officers. He was in the corps of engineers, and during the last years of a very active life had been studying aviation with special reference to its use in war. Schack was director of the balloon Helvetia which in 1908 won the Gordon Bennett cup in Norway. He was the creator of the aerostatic service in the Swiss army. By his frequent visits to other countries, he had a thorough knowledge of the technical details of his profession. He was a native of Geneva, where he was greatly respected both as a man of science and as an officer.

A recent fire has destroyed one of the oldest buildings in Switzerland. It was the Abbey St. Jean, in the canton of Berne. Founded in 1090, it became one of the wealthy ecclesiastical institutions of Central Europe. In 1834 it was sold by the Bernese to a rich merchant of Neuchâtel, who turned the place into a factory. The Berne government repurchased the abbey about thirty years ago, and it became the home of a penal colony. The old church and a small part of the main building escaped destruction.

A. A.

Correspondence

WAGNER AND HORNSTEIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In connection with the recent publication of Wagner's autobiography, "Mein Leben," an excellent criticism of which has appeared in your pages, it is only fair to make mention of an instance, which has just come to the knowledge of the public. Wagner had a rare gift for raising money, but in so despotic a manner that all who refused his demands paid the penalty sooner or later.

One of this number was the musician, Robert v. Hornstein, who has paid the penalty by being exhibited in Wagner's Memoirs as a fool and a knave, instead of the talented musician that he was. Hornstein in his youth was a warm friend of the man, and an ardent supporter and follower of the artist, Wagner. The relationship between the two men is impartially expressed in Hornstein's autobiography, which was published some years ago by his son, Ferdinand v. Hornstein, who, after the false treatment his father has received at the hands of Wagner, has only now published two letters generously and tactfully excluded from the original Memoirs.

In these extra pages we learn why young Hornstein fled from Zurich. He could no longer endure Wagner. A common friend, Karl Ritter, whose family had long supported Wagner pecuniarily, had expressed to him his conviction that Wagner's friendship for him was not due to his personality or talent, but to the fact that he would one day inherit money from his father. "He knows your financial condition," Ritter had said to Hornstein, "and sooner or later he will act accordingly. He is awaiting a favorable opportunity." When Hornstein's father died, in 1861, the heir, then in Paris, received a letter of condolence from his pseudo-friend, which began: "I hear you have become wealthy." Wagner informed him further that he needed a loan of 10,000 francs. "It may be difficult for you to procure so large a sum, but possible, if you are willing and do not hesitate at sacrifice. And I demand it." Hornstein was then exhorted to show himself a man, and as thanks for his aid the promise was held out of close intimacy with Wagner, so close that Wagner was even willing to pass the next summer on one of Hornstein's estates. Indeed, Wagner was willing to make a bargain with him; he would be content for the present with 6,000 francs. The rest should be due March 1. Hornstein says in his Memoirs that he refused on account of the tone of the letter and the greatness of the sum: "It was easier for me to refuse, for I knew that this was the case of a keg without a bottom; that 10,000 francs was a great deal for me, for him nothing at all. I knew that Napoleon, Fürstin Metternich, Morny, and Erlanger had been bled for large sums, which were only drops of water on a hot stone. Ten thousand francs would not have saved him to art." Therefore, Hornstein refused, with the excuse that he was not wealthy, and that none of his estates was in readiness to receive guests for a great length of time. Wagner's answer was in the strongest terms of abuse. It begins: "I cannot bring my-

self to leave uncensured such an answer as you make me. Although it will scarcely happen again that a man such as I will appeal to you, it may perhaps be of benefit to you to learn how indecent your words are." Then Wagner instructs him in what is due him, Wagner: "If you were not prepared to receive mo on any of your estates, it was your place to grasp the distinguished opportunity I have offered you, and to have arranged to receive me wherever I wished."

That was the end of the friendship. And in the interest of Wagner, the musician, one cannot help regretting that so much has become known of Wagner, the man.

HELEN W. FOSTER.

Munich, Germany, June 10.

FALSE HEROES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is certainly a time for extraordinary discoveries in things historical. Unless I am much mistaken, not the least extraordinary is the discovery of Haym Salomon, a money broker in Philadelphia in the latter part of the eighteenth century. I approach the subject in all humility of ignorance, and in a purely inquiring spirit, anxious to reach the new material that research may have uncovered. In this instance the claim is urged that Salomon made heavy pecuniary sacrifices for American independence, that he suffered much in consequence, and therefore that he should have a monument, and his heirs recognition, if not compensation, from Congress; that his services were as great as those of Morris; that he was entrusted with all the war subsidies of France and Holland on his personal integrity, for which he received a commission; that he was banker for the French forces, treasurer of the forces of France in America, and so on, and was prominent in the first "bank." Much else is stated about him; but enough has been mentioned to show how neglectful our nation has apparently been of its really great characters.

I am reasonably familiar with the history of the Revolution, and have not confined my reading to the printed sources; but I do not recall meeting with Salomon in transactions other than were common among the brokers of that day. He advanced money to delegates in Congress pending the arrival of State funds, and he dealt in Continental paper. That he was officially connected, directly or indirectly, personally or by agent, in any of the financial operations of France or the confederated States demands proof, of which I have seen no examples in somewhat hysterical addresses recently delivered in his behalf, or in the essays upon his "services." Members of the Virginia delegation in Congress admitted their indebtedness to him; beyond that, some records are needed to establish his claims. The French subsidy was expressly given to be disposed of by Washington, and would never have been granted under other conditions. Morris controlled the expenditure. The French army had its own paymaster, its own agent, or broker, and needed no other. The Dutch "subsidies" were loans regularly negotiated in Holland by John Adams, and disbursed under his direction by means of bills drawn upon him by Morris or the Board of Treasury. So far as I know, nothing was found in the papers of the Continental Congress, of Morris, of Hamilton, or of Adams, or in the publications of Doniol (official), the American Jewish Historical Society, or any other reputable source, pointing to the participation in the operations of the day by Salomon, as agent or as quasi-agent. He subscribed to the "bank" as many others did, and took all the risk involved; he bought the "securities" of the Confederation like any other broker, and died before Hamilton's plan for restoring public credit became effective, under which he would have received exactly what any other holder of the paper was entitled to receive. If it was a speculation, and it is absurd in such a case to urge the element of sacrifice, he went into it voluntarily. Is it certain that his heirs did not deliver for redemption those "public securities" found in his estate —a redemption that applied also to State issues made for the conduct of the war? No claim was made in his behalf until 1848.

I protest against the methods employed in this case, methods which are calculated to bring history into contempt, and to make personalities serve in its stead.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

Boston, June 22.

GETTYSBURG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You have done a worthy service in your review of Beecham's "Gettysburg: The Pivotal Battle of the Civil War" (*Nation*, June 1), by outlining some of the shortcomings of that volume. To what your discerning review of the volume has furnished may I add a further instance of the astounding errors of the book—namely, its repeated misplacement of the Fifth Army Corps on the second day of the fight. According to Beecham, this command was on Thursday morning "many weary miles" from the field; all day it was making a forced march to get there—Meade longing that either "night or Sykes" might speedily arrive—and at last, at seven in the evening, it "entered the arena" of the battle near Little Round Top! The fact is (as Slocum's report shows, Official Records, XXVII, 2:759) that the corps arrived at five that morning, Thursday, July 2, that at 3 P. M., half an hour before the assault on Sickles began, Sykes was ordered to the left to support Sickles, and that before four o'clock a brigade of the Fifth Corps had occupied Little Round Top, just in time to save it from Hood after a desperate struggle, part of the time hand-to-hand, the fight at this point going on at the same time with the struggle raging along the zigzag line extending from the foot of Little Round Top, through the Devil's Den, and the Wheatfield, to the Emmettsburg Road at the Peach Orchard. In view of these facts, the blunder of Mr. Beecham in regard to the whereabouts of the Fifth Army Corps on that second day at Gettysburg is inexplicable.

May I further raise the question whether your reviewer has not made a slip in the following sentence:

> The story that Longstreet's scout, Harrison, brought the first news to Lee of Hooker's crossing the Potomac is repeated, though that fiction had been exploded by Confederate authority.

Longstreet, in his work "From Manassas to Appomattox," gives the whole story in detail; and Lee, I think, refers to the same man and the same service when he says in his report of the campaign (Official Records, XXVII, 2:307):

> Preparations were now made to advance upon Harrisburg, but on the night of the 28th (of June) information was received from a scout that the Federal army, having crossed the Potomac, was advancing northward, and that the head of the column had reached the South Mountain.

Does your reviewer take the ground that the scout who brought Lee that information on that night was not Harrison, but some other man? If this story be "fiction," then what is the truth in the case? And what is the right version according to the alleged Confederate authority?

JESSE BOWMAN YOUNG.

Jacksonville, Fla., June 12.

[Col. John S. Mosby's examination of the Harrison story and the conclusions reached by him and published many years after the publication of Longstreet's book seemed to establish the physical impossibility of the scout Harrison having brought to Longstreet and Lee the first news of the crossing of the Potomac by the Union army.—THE REVIEWER.]

THE NATIONALITY OF IBSEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your excellent and vigorous criticism of Henderson's "Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit" in the *Nation* of June 8, you may think it worth while to correct the error whereby Ibsen is called a "Dane." CHARLES H. GENUNG.

Nepaug, Conn., June 15.

[As the reviewer had no thought of claiming Ibsen for Denmark, he was no doubt hasty in calling him a Dane. It was his intention merely to allude to the Danish strain in his ancestry. Ibsen's great-great-grandfather was a Dane. With this stock were mingled German and Scottish elements. Biographers appear to agree that the pure Norwegian element was extremely slight.—THE REVIEWER.]

A READING IN BYRON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following lines occur, as all your readers know, in one of the finest passages of "Don Juan":

> Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
> Those down-cast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove—
> What though 'tis but a pictured image?—strike—
> That painting is no idol,—'tis too like. (III, cIII).

The penultimate line in the first edition (which, however, contains several misprints) reads: "What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—" This variant E. H. Coleridge neglects to note. He gives no explanation of the word "strike," and I have found none elsewhere. Can any reader of the *Nation* tell me what Byron means by the expression? The lines, with the rest of the stanza, seem to refer to some particular picture, as is often the case with such passages in Byron. It would be interesting to know whether there is a painting of the

Virgin and Child at Ravenna to which the description would apply.

SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Baltimore, Md., June 16.

Literature

BERGSON IN ENGLISH.

Matter and Memory. By Henri Bergson. Authorized translation by Nancy Margaret Paul and W. Scott Palmer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

Creative Evolution. By Henri Bergson. Authorized translation by Arthur Mitchell. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50 net.

The addition of these two translations to Mr. Pogson's version of the "Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience" (reviewed in the *Nation*, November 24, 1910) places at the service of the English-reading public all the principal metaphysical writings of the most original and most influential of contemporary French philosophers. It is, however, to be regretted that to none of the translators has it occurred to include in his work a rendering of the "Introduction to Metaphysics" published by M. Bergson in the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* in 1903; for the general reader this essay is much the clearest and most illuminating, as it is the most compact, exposition of his system which the author has given. The present translations offer little occasion for criticism; both are, in accuracy and in the quality of their English, above the average of their species. The translators of "Matter and Memory" were, however, scarcely well-advised in rendering *esprit* so frequently by "spirit" instead of "mind." For their volume M. Bergson has written a new introduction which supersedes that prefixed to the original work. Mr. Mitchell occasionally follows his French too closely to write entirely idiomatic and effective English; one comes upon such expressions as "immanent to the universe," "matter does not go to the end" (*ne va pas jusqu'au bout*), and the like. The following paragraph-opening is a really bad piece of translation:

> Now, we have considered material objects generally. Are there not some objects privileged? The bodies we perceive are, so to speak, cut out of the stuff of nature by our perception, etc.

This should read:

> Now, we have thus far been considering material objects indiscriminately. But are there not some such objects which constitute exceptions to what has just been said? *Inanimate* bodies (*les corps bruts*), we have maintained, are, as it were, scissored out of the general fabric of nature by an act of perception, etc.

But such examples of careless work are by no means frequent enough to destroy the usefulness of the translation as a whole.

The latest notable modern French philosopher is at one with the earliest in his conception of the proper starting-point of philosophy. Like Descartes, M. Bergson begins his metaphysical construction with "that existence of which we are most assured and which we know best—our own"; his earliest work was characteristically concerned with "the immediate data of consciousness." His whole doctrine, indeed, might not uninstructively be interpolated at a definite point in the Cartesian framework; it is in some sort an attempt at the completion of a specific task which Descartes undertook but almost immediately abandoned. That the "thinking thing" is known to us directly, and most surely to exist, the author of the "Discourse on Method" showed; that it has no attributes in common with that other kind of possible entity of which the essence is spatial extension, M. Bergson—sharing Descartes's love for the *genre tranché* in metaphysics—heartily agrees. But *what sort* of being that inwardly certified existence is, what *its* positive essence is, Descartes only perfunctorily inquired; certainly he did not stay for an answer. Mathematician and physicist by training, he allowed his attention too quickly to become engrossed by that clear and simple external world of space wherein it was possible to geometrize.

The answer to the neglected question M Bergson offers. The essence of the *moi qui pense* is change; to be conscious is, first and foremost, to experience temporal transition. If the distinctive attribute of pure matter is extension, the distinctive attribute of pure consciousness is duration. But in that inner world which has duration for its attribute, it is quite impossible to geometrize; for it is not at all a clear and simple world. So radical is the difference in nature between the two kinds of being, that all the preconceptions and habits of thought appropriate in dealing with the one must be put off by those who would understand the other; above all must the mathematician's habit of thinking in terms of quantity—of homogeneous and commensurable magnitudes—be abandoned by those desirous of apprehending the nature of the "real duration" characteristic of consciousness. The philosophy which develops seriously the Cartesian insight that reality is best known to us immediately and inwardly is, therefore, not likely to be a philosophy of "clear and distinct ideas"; probably few readers of M. Bergson, whether in French or English, will find it so. "*If*," Professor James once wrote, "anything can make hard things easy to fellow, it is a style like Bergson's." The praise is deserved, but the saving clause was a wide one. M. Bergson's talent for exposition is extraordinary, and may beguile his most superficial readers into supposing that the matters expounded are clear; but they are not so in fact, and are scarcely even meant to be so. It is one of the articles of the new doctrine that "for our intelligence to insert itself into the movement of reality, to grasp the nature of reality by means of that *intellectual sympathy* which we call intuition—*cela est d'une difficulté extrême.*" Those who do not experience the difficulty are to understand that they have not been initiated into the doctrine.

To its obscurities, no doubt, the new system owes part of its popular vogue. Of nothing does mankind talk more willingly than of the ineffable; and there is a good deal of the ineffable in M. Bergson's philosophy. There is in it—to use a much-abused word—more than a touch of mysticism; only, the object revealed to the direct mystical intuition (though hidden from the logical understanding) is not the peace "which holds quiet the centre" of things,

> La natura del moto che quieta
> Il mezzo, e tutto l'altro intorno muove,

but rather the unceasing restlessness and infinite ability of the inner nature of each of us. Very curiously, however, the contrast between these two natures—the immutable One of historic mysticism and the *flux posé sur flux* of the new metaphysics—tends in the course of M. Bergson's analyses to become, at several points, rather evanescent. He discovers, as he believes, in "real duration," when the idea of it is purified of all foreign elements, some surprising peculiarities. It is not a succession of discrete moments, but an indivisible unity; its parts are not "outside of" one another, but reciprocally "permeate" one another; it has, properly speaking, no quantitative attributes at all; and it appears to have the right (claimed by the Absolutes of many philosophical systems) to take some liberties with the principle of contradiction. A time-process so characterized can not easily be discriminated from the changeless and the eternal. The truth is that M. Bergson—led by certain plausible dialectical considerations—has, in spite of his best intentions, falsified the real nature of our consciousness of temporal duration; and he has consequently come perilously near to a metaphysics diametrically opposite to that at which he aimed. To think of even "subjective" time with a mind wholly purged of the category of quantity is not merely "of an extreme difficulty"; it is a psychological impossibility—just as it is a logical self-contradiction. To be aware of a transition or to feel duration without in some degree distinguishing "before" from "after," the lapsing from the incoming content of consciousness, is an inconceivable feat; internal multiplicity, "reciprocal externality," of elements is of the essence of the experience.

In one of the arguments by which M. Bergson is led into this misconception, it is possible to discern precisely the point at which his philosophy is diverted from its proper course. The argument is simply a revival of the ancient paradox of the Eleatic Zeno about the moving arrow. Change, it is argued, cannot be constituted by the serial addition of distinct and definite moments, nor is a duration produced by the mere consecutive aggregation of states. For each of the component moments, taken by itself, can only be a static mass of content; transition as such consists in the *getting from* one moment to another. Nor can this gulf be bridged by multiplying the number of units and imagining them to be very near one another. Between any two nominally successive moments there must be an interval; and it is in these ever-elusive intervals that the transition takes place. "Before the intervening movement," we are told in "L'Evolution créatrice," "you will always experience the disappointment of the child who by clapping his hands together tries to crush the smoke. The movement slips away from you through the interval." Now what M. Bergson has done here is, first, to assume that if the sequence of our states of consciousness is divisible at all, it must constitute a continuum like the mathematician's line—which is such that between any two distinct points, however near, intervening points may be taken; then, in order to rid "real duration" of the paradoxes of the continuum, M. Bergson has gone on to deny that it *is* a numerical sum of smaller "pieces" of duration. But if, instead of applying, or misapplying, this sort of dialectic to our time-experience, M. Bergson had simply examined that experience itself, he would have found his initial assumption false. "All our sensible experiences, as we get them immediately," wrote William James (in the very chapter of "A Pluralistic Universe" which was intended to be a defence of M. Bergson's philosophy), "change by discrete pulses of perception, each of which keeps us saying 'more, more, more,' or 'less, less, less,' as the definite increments or diminutions make themselves felt. Fechner's term of the 'threshold' is only one way of naming the quantitative discreteness in the change of all our sensible experiences. They come to us in drops. Time itself comes in drops." It is, James adds, our intellect that transforms and falsifies this concrete succession of definite amounts of content by representing it as a continuum, by "insisting that in every pulse of it an infinite number of minor pulses shall be ascertainable." In so far as we are concerned only with the real changes in our perceptions, there need be "no Zenonian paradoxes or Kantian antinomies to trouble us."

Such is the report of actual psychological introspection about the consciousness of succession; it exactly reverses M. Bergson's account of the matter, according to which, in order to avoid the Zenonian paradoxes and Kantian antinomies, we must represent duration as in itself indivisible, irreducible to separate "drops," but must charge the intellect with falsely picturing duration by converting the idea of it into that of a sequence of discrete elements. This misrepresentation, moreover, M. Bergson regards as due to the intellect's unhappy habit of ascribing to time the attributes of space; whereas the truth seems to be rather in the view expressed a number of years ago by another French philosopher, M. Pillon: "Time, with its two aspects of co-existence and succession, assumes in appearance the character of *continuity* only because it borrows it from space, only by being, so to speak, exteriorised and spatialised by the imagination." In short, it seems to be M. Bergson himself who consults logic rather than introspection for his conception of the nature of duration as a phenomenon of direct experience; and it is he who "spatializes" the idea of "subjective time" by gratuitously importing into the pulse-like sequence of our conscious states, the ancient difficulties about infinite divisibility which inhere in the spatial continuum.

M. Bergson's notion of the *durée réelle* is the fundamental as well as the most characteristic thing in his philosophy; the foregoing comments, therefore, touch the tap-root of the system in its present form. But its present form is not the one in which the profound and germinal idea from which it springs finds its true expression. Meanwhile, there are in these volumes many other fruitful conceptions more or less dissociable from the misapprehension which has been pointed out. The most important of these, and the one most likely to gain wide popular currency and to influence the general view of things of our generation, is the doctrine of the "creative" character of the evolutionary process; the universe for M. Bergson is no block-world, no ready-made article, but a constant "becoming" of genuine novelties and of real enrichments of content. This doctrine is by no means a new one; it has been growing up for a century, though long overshadowed by mechanistic interpretations of evolution; it has, for example, been vigorously defended for above thirty years by one of our American biological vitalists, Dr. Edmund Montgomery. But it has, perhaps, never been set forth so fully, so impressively, or with so much ingenuity of argumentation as in "L'Evolution créatrice."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Street of To-day. By John Masefield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A hero named Lionel and a twelve-line invocation beginning,

> O beauty, I have wandered far;
> Peace, I have suffered seeking thee;
> Life, I have sought to see thy star,
> That other men might see,

and ending,

> O may our labors help the birth
> Of nobler souls than ours,

are ill omens. However, the consecrated pen has been reserved for occasional passages only—notably the final one:

> Life is a wild flame. . . . Perfect life, or that which we on earth call God, is no thunderous thing, clothed in the lightning, but something lovely and unshaken in the mind, in the minds about us, that burns like a star for us to march by, through all the night of the soul—

which is much better poetry than the verse. If too much of the rest has been written with the nose, so to speak (Lionel's heart being most directly accessible through his olfactory nerve and "warm sweet scents" heralding all feminine approach), there yet remains, over and above the devotional and the cloying, a considerable body of sound creative work.

The value of the novel consists in a study of three relationships between man and woman—first the man who requires "an asylum for his affections" and the superficially charming woman of fashion; then the husband immersed in affairs and the neurotic wife; lastly the young reformer, ruthless, impetuous, and the woman who "has made the world her child." The fact that one man plays all these masculine parts and one woman the first two feminine rôles does not make the three dramas any the less distinct. Indeed, a general tendency to moralizing has served the author throughout in lieu of any firmer unity; and the lack of cohesion extends even to the characters. Lionel is to be remembered as the subject of many poignant experiences rather than as a personality. The one consistent element of his character is his uniform passivity under feminine influence. He resents neither devastation nor solace—an uncanny thing in a man. The phases of his active life, as man of science, reformer, and yellow journalist are hard to reconcile. Rhoda, his wife, is changed by marriage as by a chemical process. Not development but an abrupt substitution of values converts the frank, approachable maiden into the brooding, treacherous creature of nerves and notions. Only in the case of the mature woman, whose character remains constant, has a genuine effect of individuality been preserved.

Many issues are raised, none is fairly

faced: the question of the expediency of sensational measures in reform is lost in solicitude for a heartening ending; in Rhoda's revolt against matrimonial obligations, a physical disability is confounded with a moral incapacity; and the total inadequacy is charged up by Lionel against the "American spirit"—"We were fine in the eighties, before America came in." On the other hand, the writer has rare insight into certain conditions of soul and their symptoms. His power of divination, acuteness of phrasing, and balance of sympathy enable him to do wonderful justice to all scenes involving a clash of temperaments.

The Valley Captives. By R. Macaulay. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The valley is primarily in Wales, secondarily in any bounded spot on earth. The captives are the two children of a Welsh gentleman who has muddled his life by marrying, or allowing himself to be married by, a vulgar widow with money and two impossible children. Oliver Vallon himself has been the more easily snared on account of his half-crippled body and his helpless estate of widowerhood. So destiny has arranged the Bodgers for his undoing and for the misery of his own two sensitive children. Tudor and John (a girl) are under the tyranny of the Bodger pair from the moment when the fragmentary families try to unite. John is far the stronger of the Vallons, and suffers chiefly for Tudor. That young gentleman is, it must be admitted, a pretty thorough weakling. He is both physically and morally a coward, and it is hard to get up enough sympathy for him to make the story of his disintegration tolerable. He represents the extreme of that vacillating, irresponsible, sense-determined temperament to which it is customary to append the word artistic. But the girl John should perhaps be considered the real hero, so to speak, of the tale. Not that she is a masculine figure, but it becomes her duty to add her brother's virtues—the virtues he should have had—to her own. When he sinks to poltroonery, she shows herself perfectly brave; when his nature dissolves in feeble self-pity, she becomes for his sake as firm as a rock. The pair are captive to habit, to the deadly familiar round that binds them by force of sheer repetition. The Bodgers merely represent the malign forces that harass and even ruin domestic life when unfortified by real affection. The male Bodger is a drunkard, but he is stronger than Tudor, and carries him, full of impotent hate, in his train. It is impossible not to feel some sympathy for the Bodger, a surly brute enough, but with some marrow in his bones. The female of his ilk is a spiteful hussy: here one feels no obstacle to the perfect hatred in which she is held by the Vallons. Of course, it all comes to a head. Tudor's ambition to become a painter is frustrated by the guardians of the Bodger purse, and by his own inertia. Year by year the incongruous housemates hate and despise one another, and it remains for a trifle to bring about the inevitable catastrophe. Tudor, in a fit of hysterical frenzy, nearly kills his bullying stepbrother, and runs away. John, stung to madness by her step-sister's taunts, deliberately attempts what amounts to murder and suicide. Tudor turns up in the nick of time, to save the pair at the cost of his own life. The tale, it will be seen, is not for sensitive readers—it is, to tell the truth, doubtfully worth the telling. Let us have sombre pictures of sombre aspects of life, by all means; but let us avoid mere squalor, whether of body or soul.

The Contessa's Sister. By Gardner Teall. Houghton Mifflin Co.

This is a charming little romance of Capri, in which the hero, an American, storms and captures the citadel of his Italian adorata's heart with fairly amazing swiftness. It is in other ways an international plot, for the Signorina Francesca, before her abject surrender to the conquering Signore Americano, is the dutiful fiancée of a German baron—such an one as was never equalled for bad manners and personal repulsiveness outside of a novel or a play. Naturally, this bond is easily and quickly broken with almost no effort by the hero, and his rival kindly takes himself off without a protest when he receives his congé. Mr. Teall has told the story well. Delightful people flit through his pages, Capri's skies are never so blue as for them, and their conversation is generally highly entertaining. There are the expected Italian servants and shopkeepers as a background, if anything more attractive than usual. Mr. Teall needs, however, to guard against straining for cleverness of style as well as of dialogue; a little bit more and the manner of telling would be stilted and artificial.

The Tennessee Shad. By Owen Johnson. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

The popular success of Mr. Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville stories is attested by the fact that the present volume is the fourth in his series of schoolboy chronicles, and bears with it the promise of a fifth to come. The reasons for such success are somewhat harder to ascertain. In any case, whatever may have been the merit of the earlier books, in this volume, devoted to the adventures of the Tennessee Shad and Doc Macnooder, the humor runs wofully thin and the strain after situation at times grows painful. In the lavish use of the capital letter for emphasis and comic effect and in the grotesque nomenclature with which the author has saddled his heroes, we catch the echo of an attempt to do what Stalky & Co. did so well not many years ago. But there is a certain stamp of vulgarity in these Lawrenceville stories which is never found in Kipling.

MORE LETTERS OF R. L. S.

The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by Sidney Colvin. A new edition rearranged in four volumes, with 150 new letters. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6 net.

Opinions in regard to the value of this enlarged edition of Stevenson's letters will vary in accordance with the estimate placed on Stevenson himself. There used to be many, even outside of Scotland, who had a kind of Mohammedan reverence for everything that Stevenson wrote; such devotees, it need not be said, would wish the 150 new letters were double the number. But such unstinted admiration is largely, though not entirely, we believe, a thing of the past. Those who have come to a juster estimation of Stevenson as a writer of the second class, often charming, but sometimes empty, will hear with dismay of this added bulk to his correspondence; and their fears will be justified by the facts. We say, reluctantly but positively, that we hold this increment to be no service to Stevenson, but quite the contrary. The letters published were already too numerous, and these four volumes will frighten away many readers who would have been attracted by a collection in two volumes.

Many of the new letters are valueless, some of them mere trivial notes. There are a few, however, which show Stevenson at his best and really add to our knowledge of the man; and it would have been well if these could have taken the place of the less interesting of the earlier collection. There was something essentially youthful in Stevenson's nature—"mais c'est que vous êtes tout simplement enfant," as his Russian friend, Madame Zassetsky, once said to him—and the lack of essential gravity in his writing is due in part to his inability ever to grow old. One of the consequences of this obstinate youthfulness is that the letters written in his earlier years—contrary to the almost universal rule in correspondence—are on the whole more entertaining and natural than those of his maturity. It must at least be said in favor of the present addition to his correspondence that most of it comes from his better period. One or two of the new letters to Mrs. Sitwell throw a stronger light on the religious differences with his father than did anything we had before, and in general this part of the correspondence adds to our knowledge of the beautiful relation between the ambitious young man and

the lady, afterward Mrs. Sidney Colvin, who stood to him as a kind of literary and spiritual confessor.

Of particular letters which will be prized, we may mention one to Sidney Colvin, written from San Francisco in 1880, which gives the first allusion to the famous "Requiem":

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
born 1850, of a family of engineers, died . . . . . .
"Nitor aquis."
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Perhaps the most eloquent passage in all the correspondence as formerly known is that in the letter to Mrs. Sitwell which gives his meditations before a photograph of the so-called Fates of Pheidias. In a new letter to Mrs. Sitwell, evidently earlier by a few days, this meditation is completed by several paragraphs, one of which may be quoted at length:

Thursday.—I have said the Fates are only women after a fashion; and that is one of the strangest things about them. They are wonderfully womanly—they are more womanly than any women—and those girt draperies are drawn over a wonderful greatness of body instinct with sex; I do not see a line in them that could be a line in a man. And yet, when all is said, they are not women for us; they are of another race, immortal, separate; one has no wish to look at them with love, only with a sort of lowly adoration, physical, but wanting what is the soul of love, whether admitted to oneself or not, hope; in a word "the desire of the moth for the star." O great white stars of eternal marble, O shapely, colossal women, and yet not women. It is not love that we seek from them, we do not desire to see their great eyes troubled with our passions, or the great impassive members contorted by any hope or pain or pleasure; only now and again, to be conscious that they exist, to have knowledge of them far off in cloudland or feel their steady eyes shining, like quiet watchful stars, above the turmoil of the earth.

Despite the interest of a few of these new letters we must repeat our opinion that the increase in the bulk of the correspondence is a grave error. Otherwise the new edition commands only the heartiest praise. It is a great advantage to have the various earlier collections brought together in uniform style and chronological sequence. Mr. Colvin's annotations are models in their kind, brief and sufficient, and never superfluous.

My First Summer in the Sierra. By John Muir. With illustrations from drawings made by the author in 1869 and from photographs by Herbert W. Gleason. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

To the list of recently published readable books about the West, John Muir has added the most readable of them all—his diary of a trip which he made in 1869 as overseer of a flock of sheep in the Yosemite region:

June 3, 1869.—This morning provisions, camp-kettles, blankets, plant-press, etc., were packed on two horses, the flock headed for the tawny foothills, and away we sauntered in a cloud of dust: Mr. Delaney, bony and tall, with sharply hacked profile like Don Quixote, leading the pack-horses, Billy, the proud shepherd, a Chinaman, and a Digger Indian to assist in driving for the first few days in the brushy foothills, and myself with notebook tied to my belt.

These are the *dramatis personæ*, who, with Carlo as inimitable sheep-dog and bears as resourceful sheep-devourers, give a background of narrative and human interest to 350 pages of nature description and enthusiasm. Only such blind mortals as the shepherd, who refused to step aside to see even Yosemite Valley, could resist the charm of these pages. Mr. Muir is in a perpetual glow of superlative joy—save when the bread gives out and mutton nausea visits him—but he has a sense of humor, a fund of literary ingenuity, and a lucky habit of calling the halt that save him from gush and foolishness. He has one quality at least that lends meaning to his journalistic name of "the Thoreau of the Far West"—manliness. Though he protests at intervals that he could stay at a certain spot "tethered forever with just bread and water," the reader attributes these outbursts to the passing effects of the scenery rather than to an essential trait in an abnormal temperament.

"The Range of Light" Mr. Muir would rename the Sierra. His, indeed, is a philosophy of light. He shouts and gesticulates like a Whitman "in a wild burst of ecstasy," till he makes Carlo the sheep-dog anxious and frightens a brown bear, who "ran away very fast." He risks a fall of some three thousand feet into Yosemite, and dreams that night of "rushing through the air above a glorious avalanche of water and rocks." On the other hand, he casts aspersions upon tailored tourists, silly sheep, Western wine, dirty Indians, and man-built churches. He even distrusts an extraordinary instance of "telepathy, transcendental revelation, or whatever else it may be called," chiefly, one suspects, because such things lack the candor of the Sierra. The following paragraph, dated June 13, is typical of Mr. Muir's manner:

Another glorious Sierra day in which one seems to be dissolved and absorbed and sent pulsing onward we know not where. Life seems neither too long nor short, and we take no more heed to save time or make haste than do the trees and stars. This is true freedom, a good practical sort of immortality. Yonder rises another white skyland. How sharply the yellow-pine spires and the palmlike crowns of the sugar pines are outlined on its smooth white domes. And hark! the grand thunder billows booming, rolling from ridge to ridge, followed by the faithful shower.

Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, January 1 to June 30, will be printed with the issue of July 6.

The Clarendon Press is publishing the New Testament portion of the Codex Sinaiticus, reproduced in facsimile from photographs by Prof. and Mrs. Kirsopp Lake.

In the list of Sturgis & Walton's announcements are found: "A Little Book of Homespun Verse," by Margaret Sangster, and "The Ship of Solace," by Eleanor Mordaunt.

Wayne Whipple's new book, "The Story-Life of Washington," will be issued on Independence Day by the John C. Winston Co. of Philadelphia.

The larger edition of Dr. Rice Holmes's "Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul" has been out of print since the beginning of 1909. A new and revised edition is soon to be put forth by the Oxford University Press.

Prof. Stephen Leacock, through John Lane Co., is bringing out "Nonsense Novels."

Some hitherto unpublished letters of Napoleon from the Vienna Archives will be a feature of the new and enlarged two-volume edition of Fournier's "Napoleon I," which will be published by Holt early in July. The translation of this new edition is by Miss A. E. Adams.

The Grand Prix de Littérature, amounting to 10,000 francs, has not this year been awarded by the French Academy. The quinquennial Prix Estrade-Delcros of 8,000 francs has gone to Charles Péguy for his "Mystère de la charité de Jeanne d'Arc."

"The Annual Library Index" for 1910 is now issued by the *Publishers' Weekly*. The general editorship still remains with W. I. Fletcher. For those who wish to follow the activity of any writer or the discussion of any topic through the year, the volume is invaluable. A new department gives a list, arranged geographically, of the principal Private Collectors of Books throughout the country.

"Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" (London: The Scientific Press) for the year 1911 has come to us with its usual burden of statistics, and other information. The chapter on Nursing is notably enlarged.

The *Homiletic Review* for July contains: "The Version of 1611—with some reference to its Authors and their Work," by Prof. Henry E. Dosker; "Scientific Difficulties in a Section of Paul's Teaching," by the Rev. Robert Paterson; "The Present Status of Missions in Japan," by Prof. Harlan P. Beach, and other articles.

To the admirable and long-desired reissue of the works of Samuel Butler of "Erewhon," by Fifield in London and by E. P. Dutton & Co. in New York, two new volumes, "Unconscious Memory" and "Life and Habit," bring back echoes of Butler's onslaught upon Darwin for neglecting the part of his grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, in developing the theory of evolution. They bring back also Butler's own theory of conscious and unconscious memory as the main factor of evolution. Butler was not himself an experimental scientist, but he was

a man of wide experience and keen observation, and his discussion of memory as an active force comes nearer to some of the present-day hypotheses of biology than does Darwin's principle of natural selection. And Butler is a cogent and entertaining writer. For "Unconscious Memory" Prof. Marcus Hartog has furnished an excellent historical and critical Introduction.

C. R. L. Fletcher's "Introductory History of England," originally issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. in four volumes, is now bound up as two, with a corresponding decrease in price ($3.50 net). In its review (September 2, 1909) of the original edition of this work, the *Nation* said: "The more the book is studied the more clearly a judicious critic will perceive how admirably suited it is for the young."

There was ample need for such a handbook of the new Turkey as "Odysseus" furnished eleven years ago for the old in his "Turkey in Europe," and F. G. Afialo's "Regilding the Crescent" (Lippincott) is an attempt to fill the need. He has prefixed a modest and disarming preface, and has plainly a full sense of the magnitude of his task. But it must be said frankly that his book, although very readable, is also very sketchy, and sometimes puts events, situations, and problems in a one-sided and superficial way. Wherever, also, he goes in the least beyond matters of his own personal knowledge he becomes absolutely untrustworthy. The evolution of the Moslem state and the part played in it by religion; the fundamental attitudes of Islam and the mind of Mohammed, its founder; the interplay of races and civilizations in Islam and in the Ottoman Empire are things which cannot be lightly mastered, and on them all the older and commonly quoted authorities are worse than useless. To refer for such matters to Carlyle, Deutsch, Draper, and Freeman is to be out of court at once. But on the present-day situation, which he saw with his own eyes, Mr. Aflalo is conspicuously better informed. His sketches of the different personages on the stage are probably as fair as any single onlooker can create. His judgments on the press, the army, and education are balanced and moderate. The two chapters on commercial and industrial Turkey and on the problems of the future had the great advantage of revisal by Edwin Whittall. But it is still open to "Odysseus" to write of the new Turkey both in Europe and in Asia. There are twenty-four illustrations and a map.

The publication of a handsome book of "Essays by Henry Francis Pelham" (Frowde) is at once a work of piety and of service to scholarship. The editor—who has prefixed an admirable biographical sketch—is F. Haverfield, a pupil and friend of the author, and his successor in the Camden professorship of ancient history at Oxford. The essays are fourteen in number, though the editor, by a curious miscalculation, says there are thirteen, while the last is numbered fifteen. They deal exclusively with the history of Rome, and all but three are already in print and well known to scholars, but many persons who are interested in history generally will welcome their appearance in a single volume. Of the new papers the most interesting is the chapter on the Domestic Policy of Augustus. It is at the same time the most distressing, being a portion of a large "History of the Roman Empire" which Pelham—the one man in England for such a task—began in 1888, but, owing to a cataract of the eye and the pressure of administrative duties, had to leave unfinished. He was one of a small group of men "who desired that Oxford should not only popularize knowledge and conduct the necessary round of examinations, but should definitely encourage scientific inquiry and advance true learning." He "belonged rather to the school of Mark Pattison than to that of Jowett." As these essays show, Pelham measured himself, not by the local standards of his academic society, but by the demands of European science; they explain why his "Outlines of Roman History" "is the best existing summary of Roman development from the earliest days to the end of the Western Empire"; for what he epitomized was not a lot of large books, or the conservative English tradition, but a personal synthesis of the ideas current in the world of scholars generally.

"The International Law and Custom of Ancient Greece and Rome," by Coleman Phillipson, two volumes (Macmillan), is the result of a prodigious amount of ill-directed effort. To collect and order all the data on the forms observed by the ancient city-states in carrying on economic, social, diplomatic, and military relations with one another is, of course, a worthy task, and one for which a student of modern international law, like Dr. Phillipsen, is not unsuited—though the failure of even Ranke to comprehend antiquity as well as mediæval and modern times discloses the difficulty of such an enterprise. To complete it satisfactorily, however, more is needed than simply to make an exhaustive bibliography, as Dr. Phillipson has done, and with its aid to run through the extant materials. Years of patient study are commonly required before one learns to discriminate among authorities and sources. Nor is the acumen of any single scholar sufficient to detect the bearing of every passage. Hence it is the leader of the ordered battalion of scholars who now achieves the solid triumphs. The work of Dr. Phillipson, moreover, is not good individual effort, as is that of Sir Samuel Dill on "Roman Society"; what he has given us is, in fact, little more than a paraphrase of the sources and a rehash of a lot of books and articles of miscellaneous value.

This would have to be our final judgment if we were dealing with the work of a specialist in ancient history, writing primarily for his fellow specialists. For Greek inscriptions are sometimes quoted by Dr. Phillipson from Rangabé's "Antiquités helléniques," with all the imperfections of the epigraphy of sixty years ago; the second edition of Dittenberger's "Sylloge Inscriptionum Græcarum" is the only one cited, but the numbers given, when they are not incorrect, are those of the first edition; the *deditícii* are frequently discussed, but no mention is made of their appearance at a decisive point in the recently found fragment of Caracalla's "Constitution" of 212 A. D. And such are characteristic flaws. Errors of fact simply defy enumeration. Dr. Phillipson seems to have studied no detailed history of Greece more recent than Grote's. His acquaintance with Rome is, however, in general more intimate. Moreover, despite the multitude of different states existent in Greece at each successive moment, and despite the infinite diversity of national behavior manifest in the records of the thousand years of their experience which Dr. Phillipson has plundered, the Greeks are treated by him as a unit. This is a fundamental defect. It would be hardly less irrational to combine the habits of the Ostrogoths, Comneni, and Prussians in order to present a single view of the international law and custom of Europe. The fact is, however, that Dr. Phillipson is a lawyer interested in modern international law, and writing for his *confrères*. These will find the case clearly established in his work that the Greeks and Romans had a well recognized law of nations; that they had anticipated many of the modern agencies for effecting communication with foreign states while possessing many queer ways of their own; that they had many of the same difficulties in interpreting and enforcing interstate conventions which we moderns have encountered, but were in the habit of calling upon the gods to witness and to redress in a manner not now in fashion. A good many people will find it helpful to use this work with the aid of the index.

Papers on various aspects of municipal government, read at the Buffalo Conference on Good City Government, November 14 to 17, 1910, are published in the report of the "Sixteenth Annual Meeting of the National Municipal League," under the editorship of Clinton Rogers Woodruff (Philadelphia: The National Municipal League). The book, which, with the index, extends to almost 600 pages, includes in addition to the papers read at the meeting carefully prepared reports of the various "round table" discussions on municipal topics. Besides the annual address of President Charles J. Bonaparte on "Patriotism in Municipal Affairs," a paper by William Dudley Foulke on "Conservation in Municipalities," and one by Mr. Woodruff on "The New Municipal Idea," there are more than a score of papers on such various subjects as city accounting and budgets, commission government, transportation and public utility problems, police, schools, parks, libraries, excise, the civil service, the short ballot, and direct nominations. The book is made available as a reference work for students of city affairs by a full index.

In three volumes entitled "Heralds of a Liberal Faith" (Boston: American Unitarian Association), Dr. Samuel A. Eliot has gathered brief biographies of a large number of American Unitarian clergymen from the first New England liberals to the close of the last century. Those from 1759 to 1825 he calls "Prophets," of whom he has sketches of sixty-nine, largely compiled from Dr. William B. Sprague's "Annals of the Unitarian Pulpit." The ninety-eight biographies of the second volume, the "Pioneers," describe ministers of the first half of the nineteenth century, while the one hundred and thirty-four sketches of the third volume, the "Preachers," bring the biographies almost to the present time. The life history, the important events, and the distinctive characteristics of all prominent Unitarian divines will be found in these volumes. There is no attempt at eulogy and limitations are frankly set forth, as in the sketch of Theodore Parker. Dr. Eliot has collected with great patience a wealth of biograph-

ical material, which will make his work valuable to students of American biography as well as to those of religious history.

For many years past it has been the habit of a few Oxford scholars to meet from time to time with Canon Sanday for the study of the synoptic problem. As early as 1899 one of the members of this seminar, Sir John Hawkins, published the first edition of his "Horæ Synopticæ," of which Holtzmann then said that it was the most important contribution to the subject that English scholarship had made. In the present volume, "Oxford Studies in the Synoptic Problem" (Oxford: Clarendon Press), Dr. Sanday collects and publishes a batch of thirteen papers presented by himself and six other members which, taken together, form a unified and solid, if not at every point novel, addition to our knowledge of the subject. In spite of some diversity of opinion in minor matters, as, for example, Allen's contention that Q is a "Book of Sayings" and Bartlet's rather unconvincing hypothesis that Luke knew Q only as it had been incorporated in his special source, there is essential agreement that Mark and Q are the two main literary sources used by Matthew and Luke, and that Mark knew Q. Worthy of special notice is Sir John Hawkins's evidence to prove that Luke did not use Mark in either of his two great insertions (Luke, vi, 20—viii, 3, and ix, 51—xviii, 14), and the brief but clear and convincing sketch by Streeter of the literary evolution of the Gospels, a paper which Dr. Sanday warmly commends in an Introduction, in which he gives with characteristic candor and fineness of judgment a discriminating estimate of the papers of his colleagues. The value of the volume would have been enhanced had some one, perhaps Bartlet, given a critique of B. Weiss's brilliant work on the sources of Luke's gospel, as Williams has done of Wendling's studies in the sources of Mark. No serious student of the synoptic gospels can neglect these Oxford studies; there is much in them which would prove attractive, both in style and matter, even to the general reader.

It can be said of William E. Chancellor's "Class Teaching and Management" (Harper) that it is quite unlike any others of the numerous books on this general subject. There is hardly a topic in the whole range of educational theory and practice that is not touched on somewhere in the book and upon which very definite opinions are not expressed. Designed for study by teachers, it should stimulate thought quite as much by the fact that the reader will find in it many things with which he does not agree as because it coincides with his own thinking and experience.

Ibáñez's "La Barraca," edited with introduction, notes, and vocabulary by R. H. Keniston, has appeared in the series of Spanish texts published under the editorial supervision of Professor Ford of Harvard by Holt & Co. The ably edited and representative work of this rugged, powerful writer should prove a welcome addition to the resources of our Spanish classes.

"American Government and Politics" (Macmillan), by Charles A. Beard, is designed for college students and for citizens wishing a general survey of our political system. The author states in his preface that it is not a contribution to political literature, but is based on the best authorities of recent times. The great merit of the work is its absence of dogmatism. It gives exactly what it pretends to give, a clear, scholarly review, first of the history of our political system, and secondly of its practical operation. The fact is recognized that for its proper understanding we must look not merely at the text of the Constitution and laws, and the judicial decisions construing them, but also to the practice which has sprung up in regard to their application. He does not merely, for instance, give us a discussion of the powers of Congress under the Constitution, but he shows how these powers are exercised by Congress at work, and in this connection discusses the mode in which bills are introduced, the formation of committees, the powers of the Speaker, and a number of other subjects tending to throw light on the way in which the powers conferred are actually used. Carrying out this idea, the author devotes considerable space to political history, to the discussion of various issues which have come up from the beginning to the present time, and to the history, development, and organization of the various parties. Altogether the book can be highly recommended.

So much attention has been given, both in the newspapers and in the library periodicals, to the more conspicuous and spectacular features of the new Public Library building in New York, and its formal opening, that what is, perhaps, the most important matter has received little notice. This is the establishment of its new library school, which may easily and quickly become a dominating factor in the library world of America. The school will have a faculty of library experts devoted entirely to the work of teaching, and, in addition, will have such assistance as may be needed from members of the regular library staff. Two courses of one year each will be provided, the first a general or elementary course, in which the time is to be given mainly to formal instruction and study; the second, a course made up chiefly of practical work in the library or its branches, with occasional lectures to illustrate the work. Regular compensation is to be given for work done in the second year's course. Students can enter on the second course only on the completion of the first with a record of special efficiency. For admission to the first year's course applicants must either present a certificate of graduation from an approved college or university, or pass a general entrance examination provided by the school. Candidates must be at least twenty years of age, and those desiring to enter by examination must have the equivalent of a high-school certificate. Examinations for the coming year will be held at the schoolrooms, September 8, and the first term of work will begin October 2. After the first term has opened, no applicants will be received before the beginning of the next school year. The tuition fee for the first year will be $45 for students whose homes are in the metropolitan district, and $75 for those living outside of this district. For the second year's course no fee is charged. For principal and director of the school, the trustees have chosen Miss Mary W. Plummer, long known in the library world as the founder and director of the Pratt Institute Library School, and the author of a useful manual of library economy.

The death is announced of Dr. Æneas Mackay, formerly professor of history in the University of Edinburgh, and author of "Practice of the Court of Session," in two volumes.

Science

D. Van Nostrand Company announces: "The Progress of Physics During Thirty-three Years, 1875-1908," by Prof. Arthur Schuster; a reprinted edition of "Solubilities of Inorganic and Organic Substances," by Atherton Seidell, and the fifth volume of Sir William Thomson's "Mathematical and Physical Papers."

"How to Capture Sleep," by Dr. Joseph Collins, and "Paper-Bag Cookery," by Soyer, the London chef, are promised in the autumn by Sturgis & Walton Company.

Mexico, "the land of surprises," occupies by far the largest space in the *National Geographical Magazine* for May. Its physical features, history, government, fauna and flora, and products are treated by J. Birkinbine, whose work as mining engineer has carried him since his first visit in 1882 into many parts of the republic. A trip of 2,000 miles on horseback through the territory of Lower California, one of the least known parts of the continent, enables E. W. Nelson of the United States Department of Agriculture to give a graphic account of this "land of desert and drought," with an extraordinary flora in which the creeping devil cactus easily leads. The situation is not hopeless, for the ancient ruins show entirely different conditions in the past, the greatest drawback at present being the unenterprising character of the native population and lack of transportation facilities. To most readers the article on "Shore-whaling, a World Industry," by R. C. Andrews of the American Museum of Natural History, will be an unexpected revelation of facts about "not only the largest animal that lives to-day, but is also, so far as is now known, the largest animal that has ever existed on the earth or in its waters," a creature whose extinction through wholesale slaughter is predicted within a few decades.

Dr. T. G. Longstaff, the well-known Himalayan mountaineer, describes in the *Geographical Journal* for June an exploration of a part of the Purcell Range of British Columbia. He remarks: "The great extent of the snow-fields and the general altitude of the range was quite a surprise to me, and is not, I think, generally appreciated. It undoubtedly offers a very attractive field alike to the topographer and the mountaineer." The plans of the proposed Australasian Antarctic expedition are explained by its leader, Dr. Douglas Mawson, one of the most valued assistants in Sir Ernest Shackleton's last expedition. It is not impossible that it may establish a wireless weather station on the continent, which will be of great service to Australia in agriculture alone. Major Leonard Darwin believes that "the cost of such a station might be recovered in a very few years." Among the other contents is a suggestive paper by A. J. B. Wace on the distribution of early civilization in northern Greece.

Dr. Anna M. Galbraith, already known as a writer on these subjects, has now published a book treating of "Personal Hygiene and Physical Training for Women" (W. B. Saunders Co.). Her principal chapters on the first topic, about two-thirds of the book, will hardly add to her reputation. In general, it may be said that the reader is told too much, far more than she can understand (even when correctly told, which is unfortunately not always the case) and is encouraged to dose and doctor herself and others, when a real physician would be a safer adviser. This is particularly true of the extended first chapter on hydrotherapy, in which many procedures are described with little or no intimation that precautions are necessary. To note one example, the tyro surely ought not to be permitted to enematize without clear notions of the proper pressure, and even so simple a matter as the ear douche has dangers worthy of mention. The chapter on "dress, the fundamental Cause of Woman's Deterioration" is decidedly better. There is much about corsets and the corset question. The history of this important article of dress is traced at some length, largely according to Bouvier. Of special interest is the account of the reformation of the corset, and here the general reader may learn much about the "curved front," "straight front," and the relatively new "abdominal" corset, which is possibly the corset of the future. Dr. Galbraith is not altogether opposed to good corsets properly fitted, and some such attitude toward this question apparently has better prospects of success than that of violent opposition. In the case of shoes, the author's advice is, like many of the bad shoes, short and pointed. The last two chapters treat of physical training, "the key to health and beauty." Dr. Galbraith thinks well of such sports as direct attention to good form rather than great records, and favors team work. Gymnasties and athletic exercises are urged as aiding symmetrical development, good carriage, and grace of movement. There are many, nearly sixty, special pictures showing the graceful gymnastic poses and dancing of a recent Vassar student, with some account of the exercises themselves. The "æsthetic dancing" is commended as a recess exercise in many occupations.

Drama and Music

In a volume fleshy to the padlike texture of its pages and erotic to its hyacinthine cover, Francis Gribble has circumstantially recounted the liaisons, the squabbles, and the avidities of a French-speaking Jewess in the first half of the nineteenth century ("Rachel: Her Stage Life and Her Real Life"; Charles Scribner's Sons). That this Jewess was a genius and had a great artistic career are facts that have not escaped the vigilance of Mr. Gribble; and he is far from insensible to the value of a lofty and serious art as a footnote to the life-records of a woman who shared the couch of the descendants of at least two of the reigning families of France. The moral interests of the stage-struck daughters of clergymen are adduced in the preface in support of the book's claims to a place in monitory literature, and it must be admitted that the work is successful in proving that the atmosphere of the French stage from the forties to the sixties differed in several striking particulars from that of the English parsonage. Three new volumes of French memoirs about Rachel furnish the literary excuse for a work which the authentication of every syllable in its flaccid contents could not make other than profoundly libelous. An engrossment with scandal is rarely attended by the power to evoke its intellectual significance, and beneath this lacquer of fulsome anecdote the real woman remains as inaccessible as in the dazzling indistinctness of the footlights. The style is sometimes tawdry, sometimes fatuous, more often merely hackneyed, displaying a cut-and-dried vivacity, and an auctioneer's calculated gusto. It is fair to say that the interest which has exacted so many sacrifices has been attained, and the book will be read with pleasure by those who cannot think of it with patience. A not unaffecting narrative of Rachel's last days, taken largely from her own letters, must be set down as an extenuating feature.

Among the plays which will be produced next season by Charles Frohman will be new comedies which are being written by Augustus Thomas, A. E. Thomas, Thompson Buchanan, Winchell Smith, William Gillette, and Martha Morton. He has also contracted for new plays by J. M. Barrie, R. C. Carton, Hall Caine, Henri Bernstein, and Sir Arthur W. Pinero, while a new comedy by Caillavet and de Flers, called 'What Woman Wills," will be seen here before it is played in Paris. John Drew will open the Empire early in September with "A Single Man," by Hubert Henry Davis, author of "The Mollusc"; Maude Adams will begin her season in "Chantecler," and will give special matinées in which she will appear in three short plays. Ethel Barrymore will follow John Drew at the Empire in "The Witness for the Defence," by A. E. Mason. Billie Burke will be seen in September in a comedy by Pierre Veber, called "The Runaway," which has been adapted by Michael Morton. Mme. Nazimova will have a large repertory during the season, including two plays by a new American writer. The Criterion Theatre will open in September with Haddon Chambers's "Passers By," and will be followed by Marie Doro in "A Butterfly on the Wheel," Otis Skinner in a new play by A. E. Thomas, Kyrle Bellew, Francis Wilson, and William H. Crane. A new musical play by the authors of "A Dollar Princess," with Donald Brian, Julia Sanderson, Frank Moulan, and Will West in the cast, will be seen at the Knickerbocker Theatre in August. It is called "The Siren." Mr. Frohman has also procured "The Doll Girl," by the same composer. "Preserving Mr. Panmure," by Pinero, will be seen in this city in October.

Elith Reumert, court player to his Majesty, King Frederick of Denmark, and a member of the endowed government theatre, the Royal Opera House of Copenhagen, has arrived in New York to make preparations for a tour of America in a series of recitations in English of Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales. The favorite stories in Mr. Reumert's répertoire are "The Little Girl with the Matches" and "The Princess and the Green Pea."

A recent production, "Mixed Marriage," by St. John G. Ervine, at the Royal Court Theatre, is built upon certain grim facts in the bitterer side of life as lived in the great manufacturing town of northern Ireland, Belfast.

The new literary partnership between a K. C. and an M. P., which produced such a striking result the other day in "A Butterfly on the Wheel," is already responsible for another dramatic venture in "The Crucible," presented at the Comedy Theatre. Says a London critic:

> In this play, as in its predecessor from their pens, Messrs. Hemmerde and Neilson have invented or chosen a motive with a strong grip of emotional interest. . . . They have borrowed from "Measure for Measure" a motive which seems somehow to suffer an increase of brutality and a loss of convincing power when Isabella and Claudio and Angelo exchange their mediæval costumes and surroundings for the dress and drawing-room of to-day.

Adolf Wilbrandt, whose death in his seventy-fourth year is announced from Rostock, is best known as the dramatist who wrote "Der Meister von Palmyra," "Arria und Messalina," "Die Tochter des Herrn Fabricius," and "Jugendliebe." He wrote also a number of novels, among them: "Meister Amor," "Die Rothenburger," "Hermann Ifinger," and "Die Osterinsel." His biography of Heinrich von Kleist first gave him standing as a writer.

"The Family Letters of Richard Wagner," in an English version by W. Ashton Ellis, will shortly be issued by the Macmillan Company.

Among the singers to be heard at the Munich Wagner Festival in August and September are Heinrich Knote, Fritz Feinhals, Ernst Kraus, Lucie Weidt, Zdenka Fasshender, Anton von Rooy. However, as the typewritten statement before us adds in Bavarian English: "Changements reserved."

The best musical news that has come across the Atlantic for many a moon is the announcement that the greatest of living baritones, Maurice Renaud, will be heard again in the American opera houses next season. He will be heard in the familiar parts in which he has no equal, and in some others. Pleasant surprises are in store. Inasmuch as Massenet's "Don Quichotte" has become so great a success in Paris, and Renaud would prove an ideal impersonator of the titular part, it is by no means improbable that he may be heard in this opera.

Jan Kubelik is to begin in October what is announced as his farewell American tour. It will include both North and South America. Last month he played in the Paris Trocadéro to an audience of 6,000, and in the London Albert Hall to one of 8,000.

Leoncavallo has taken to task a correspondent of the *Musical Courier* because that periodical reported from Berlin that his opera, "Maja" was a failure in that city. "My opera," he said, on May 20, "is nearing its fifteenth performance. Is an opera a fiasco which was repeated so many nights?"

To Maud Powell fell the honor of being the first to play the new violin concerto of the veteran Max Bruch. She played it at the recent music festival at Norwich, Conn.

Joseph Bennett, who is dead at the age of seventy-nine, was well known as a musical critic in England. From 1870 to 1905 he wrote for the *Daily Telegraph*. "Forty Years of Music" is the title of the reminiscences which he published.

Bruno Oscar Klein, a musician who died last week at his home in New York, aged fifty-three, had studied under Rheinberger, the senior Wüllner, and Baermann. Born in Osnabrück, he came to this country in 1878. He composed many works for the piano, and the opera "Kenilworth" which was produced with success in Hamburg in 1895.

Art

THE EXHIBITIONS IN ROME.

Rome, June 12.

Italy is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of her existence as a free and united nation with a series of festivities and a number of exhibitions which, if less important in point of size than some of the great world fairs held in other countries in recent years, have certain interesting features of their own. The exhibitions are not all in one city, but are held partly in Rome, which has devoted itself to art and history, and partly in Turin, where the progress of industry is reviewed—a proper division of labor, in view of the respective character of the two cities. Florence, too, has celebrated the historic year with some minor artistic shows. I shall limit myself for the present to the Roman exhibition, or rather group of exhibitions.

The original scheme was to have a great international festival in Rome which should show the influence of the city and of Italy in general in the artistic development of the world, but the idea was carried out with many modifications and additions. Several important restorations of ancient buildings and the inauguration of some new ones were to coincide with the jubilee, to which they would lend greater solemnity. The Baths of Diocletian, hitherto encumbered with rubbish and partly hidden from view by unsightly wooden shanties, taverns, and warehouses, were to be cleared and added to the historic monuments of ancient Rome; Castel Sant' Angelo, for many decades the engineers' barracks and recently restored through the indefatigable and intelligent labors of Colonel Borgatti, offered an admirable setting for a retrospective exhibition of the Papal city in the Middle Ages; the great monument to Victor Emmanuel, begun in 1886, and now on the point of completion, may be taken as a symbol of the Third Rome; and finally, the long-cherished ideal of Prof. Lamberto Loria, the traveller and ethnographer, of creating an Italian ethnographic museum, could now be realized.

A large committee under the presidency of Count San Martino was constituted with many tributary sub-committees attached, a great deal of money was raised and spent, not all of it wisely, armies of workmen were engaged on the various exhibition grounds, the streets of the capital were rendered dirtier and more frequently encumbered than ever before, much dissatisfaction with the work of the organizing committee, not all of it unfounded, was produced, and a general belief engendered that the exhibition would never be held or that it would prove an utter failure. But, in spite of everything—the mismanagement of the committee, the lack of proper organization, the difficulties of galvanizing the stolid Roman into energetic action—the exhibition has been created, and, after allowance is made for all its defects, it is unquestionably a very beautiful and original show, unlike anything which has been seen before.

The exhibition of fine arts which attracts most attention is at the Valle Giulia; a better spot from a pictorial point of view could hardly have been chosen. Situated on the outskirts of the Villa Borghese and surrounded on three sides by masses of fine trees, the group of exhibition buildings presents a charming aspect, although the grounds will not be at their best until the trees have grown up. The most important building is the large Palace of Fine Arts, a handsome permanent structure in the Italian classical style by Cesare Bazzani, one of Italy's most talented young architects. It contains the works of Italian artists as well as of those whose nations have no pavilions of their own. As an exhibition the Italian section is disappointing, and certainly far from representative of modern Italian art. One is struck immediately by the many omissions. Michetti and Sartorio, two of the most original and interesting Italian painters, and Canonica and Trentacoste, who hold high rank among the sculptors, are not represented at all, nor are many other prominent artists. This is said to be due to faulty organization on the part of the committee, but whoever may be to blame, the result is regrettable. So, too, the self-denying ordinance whereby no picture painted previously to 1909 was to be admitted has made anything like a retrospective exhibition impossible, and even the best artists exhibiting have been in many cases unable for this reason to send their best work. Altogether, Italian art has been unfairly handicapped by the side of the foreign schools on this occasion, and it can be far better judged at any of the biennial exhibitions in Venice than at Valle Giulia in 1911.

Foreign art, on the other hand, is set forth in a much more complete form, notably that of Great Britain. This indeed is generally admitted to be the finest show of all; it is contained in a very handsome building by Edwin Lutyens in the style of Wren, and presents a history of British painting from Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, through Rossetti and Burne-Jones, to Shannon, Lavery, and Sargent (the last-named having pictures in both the British and the American pavilions); and nearly all the works chosen are admirable specimens of their respective artists. The early British masters have come as a revelation to the Italian public, for they are hardly represented at all in any Continental gallery (except the Hermitage in St. Petersburg), nor has such a complete summary of British art ever before been exhibited outside of Britain. The French show is not remarkable, and does less than justice to modern French art. In the Austrian pavilion the vagaries of Klimt arouse curiosity and interest, if not always admiration. Hungary, which has a pavilion of its own, cuts a good figure, and the Servian and other South-Slavonic artists are gathered in a building designed by the Servian sculptor-architect Mastrovich as a model for a monument to Servia's national heroes. Germany, Russia, Belgium, the United States, Japan, and Spain all have their own pavilions, while there are Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Swiss, Dutch, and Chinese pictures in the Palace of Fine Arts.

But the art exhibition, interesting and varied as it is, is less original in character than the other sections. Castel Sant' Angelo, in itself one of the most fascinating and mysterious buildings in Italy, contains various collections illustrating the life of mediæval Rome—costumes, paintings, furniture, arms, etc. —a part of which is to remain as the nucleus of a future Italian Musée de Cluny. Several of the apartments have been fitted up and furnished in the style of the period from which they date, and some of the exhibits, such as the great bedstead and other pieces in beaten iron lent by the Marchese Rodolfo Peruzzi, are particularly remarkable. Among the pictures there are several (including a Perugino) from the Villa Albani, that secluded pleasaunce into which its jealous owner, Prince Torlonia, seldom lets any stranger penetrate. Outside the main building, but within the castle enclosure, are several small buildings containing other collections. The most important is the topographical section, which consists of a series of drawings, engravings, maps, and plans of Rome from the early Renaissance down to the latter half of the nineteenth century, put together and arranged by Signori Bartoli and Calcagno and Dr. Ashby (of the British School in Rome). We can here follow the growth of the city, seeing it as it was when goats browsed on the Capitol

and cattle were tethered in the Forum, when classical survivals burst through the gloom of mediæval customs and beliefs; we see, too, how much, alas! has been ruthlessly swept away under the pretext of hygiene and modern improvements, not always with a proper respect for the relics of the past, and how many parts of the city have been altered out of all recognition, and not for the better by their modernization. In addition to the many general views and plans, each quarter of the city, each piazza, each of the chief buildings, are illustrated in their various periods and aspects. The collection of water-colors by Roesler Franz is particularly worth examining, as the artist sketched every part of the city which he heard was about to be altered. Another pavilion contains relics of strangers who lived and worked in Rome, and in a third is the military museum.

Classical Rome is illustrated at the Baths of Diocletian. These immense ruins, the size and importance of which few except profound archæologists had hitherto realized, may now be seen in all their imposing grandeur, and appear hardly inferior to the better known Thermæ of Caracalla. They have been temporarily converted into a museum of casts and models of all the chief Roman statues and monuments scattered about the thirty-six provinces of the Empire. Professor Lanciani is greatly to be congratulated on the care and ability with which he has selected and arranged the exhibits, which are a picture of the splendors of the Imperial power. In addition to the purely Roman objects, there is a very complete set of casts of the finest specimens of Greek sculpture in the museum at Athens, a present to Italy from the Greek government which will prove invaluable to art students in Rome. It is a pity, however, that the catalogue is so long delayed and that the descriptive notices are inadequate.

Finally we come to the *Mostra etnografica*, which is in some ways the most unique section of the whole exhibition. The grounds, which are on the old Piazza d'Armi between the Tiber and Monte Mario, contain a number of buildings intended to illustrate the most characteristic aspects and the artistic development of the various parts of Italy. Each of the sixteen *regioni* is represented by a building in its own style of architecture, reproducing some of the most striking and beautiful specimens existing in the district. As yet only three or four are ready, and, in fact, this part of the exhibition is the most backward, but others will soon be opened, and everything is expected to be complete within a few weeks. These *paviglioni regionali* have been built with the greatest care and the most exquisite taste, the reproductions of interiors, frescoes, carved ceilings, and wainscoting, furniture, and decorations being as perfect as anything of the kind can be; and, although each building is made up of fragments of many parts in various styles and of various epochs, they are so combined as to present a most harmonious whole. One can only regret that so much work and skill should have been expended on structures which will be demolished in a few months' time, when at a slightly increased cost, permanent edifices might have been erected, constituting embassies, so to speak, of the Italian provinces in the nation's capital. But it is to be hoped that at least some of the interior decorations will be preserved.

In addition to the regional pavilions provincial Italy is further represented by a number of smaller buildings characteristic of the local life of the country; thus we have a Venetian canal scene, with Monte Mario in the background; a fragment of the old Santa Lucia quarter of Naples, with the proper accompaniment of street singing and macaroni sellers; groups of farmhouses from Sicily, Lombardy, Tuscany, the Abruzzi; a Sardinian *nuraghe*, or prehistoric tower; a *procoio*, or conical shepherds' hut, from the Roman Campagna, etc.

The ethnographic exhibition proper is a collection of specimens of the work of Italian rural laborers from all parts of the country collected and arranged by Signor Loria. This show will come as a revelation to most people, even to many who know their Italy well. The amount of æsthetic feeling and genuine taste which has always been and still survives among the masses of ignorant peasants throughout the peninsula is quite astonishing. We have here a wonderful exhibit of embroidery, costumes, lace, carpets, jewelry, wood-carving, domestic utensils, all having some artistic touch and many executed with great delicacy, albeit by the rough hands of toilers of the soil. If the qualities whereby this very beautiful work was produced could be developed and generalized, they might be the basis of a new civilization, original, and yet descended from an unbroken tradition of countless ages. But, perhaps, they would thus lose their naïve charm.

The upper floor of the ethnographic building contains a curious collection of prints in common use among the Italian peasantry, illustrating proverbs, popular stories, and sacred history, and a few *presepi*, or plastic groups of the Adoration of the Magi (inferior, however, to a similar collection in the Museum at Munich), while elsewhere is a collection of wax figures representing the traditional Italian masques of the eighteenth-century *commedia dell' arte* of which Carlo Gozzi was the chief exponent.

There is also an architectural section. As the Piazza d'Armi grounds are to be laid out as a new city district, a number of architects have built houses, both as exhibits of their work and with a view of letting or selling them afterward. But I cannot say that architecture is the most successful part of the exhibition.

Taken, altogether, and when all possible faults have been admitted, these Rome exhibitions are worthy of many visits and attentive study, as evidence of the nation's vitality and the people's intellectual activity. L. V.

Those who read the special correspondence in the *Nation* of June 8 on "Whistler and Greaves" will be interested to hear that, since the presentation of the facts by William Heinemann and Joseph Pennell, the prefatory note to the Greaves catalogue, with its misstatements, has been withdrawn.

A new edition of Vasari's "Lives," edited by Dr. Karl Frey, from the original editions of 1550 and 1568, is in preparation by Georg Müller of Munich. The first volume of the work, which will consist of six to eight volumes, is announced for July 30, the fourth centenary of Vasari's birth.

In an exhibition just opened at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House, London, are shown the remarkable discoveries made by Prof. John Garstang, on the site of Meroë, the ancient Ethiopian capital in the Sudan. The work during the last season has been on a larger scale than ever before, six hundred workmen being employed at a time. The Temple of Amon, where the Ethiopian kings were crowned, and where they ruled, has now been completely cleared, so that its plans, which present several unique features, can be properly studied. Several interesting products of Ethiopian art were brought to light. In the Hall of Columns was found a daïs, carved out of a single block of stone, upon which probably stood a small image, since glazed fragments were picked up in the vicinity. Here was also found an altar designed for the sacrifice of animals at the shrine of the temple. In the outer temple were discovered a royal daïs with remarkable representations of captives, bound with their elbows attached to their heels behind their backs; and a great obelisk of black granite bearing what Professor Garstang believes to be the best continuous Ethiopian inscription that has been found. Another interesting discovery was a fine cameo carved with a design of galloping horses, one black and the other white, dating probably from about 300 B. C. Besides the Temple of Amon, the Solar Temple, which is situated about a mile out into the desert, was also completely unearthed. On the south side was found the funerary chamber, in which stood vases filled with bones and charcoal, perhaps the remains of the human sacrifices mentioned by Heliodorus. On the walls were sculptures representing men and boys being slain and tortured by the conquerors. Several other smaller buildings were also included in the season's excavations, such as a great columned hall, with frescoes of the king and queen on the walls. In front of the entrance was found a massive bronze head, dating from the period of Augustus, and perhaps representing Germanicus (15 B. C.—19 A. D.). The eyes are inlaid with alabaster. In the other palaces which were

unearthed were found pieces of glazework, bearing the names of seven or eight royal personages of Ethiopia, probably of the sixth or fifth century B. C. Gold dust and nuggets to the value of nearly $10,000 were discovered in two jars of pottery, unquestionably part of the traditional treasure of the Ethiopians.

The death is announced in his seventy-second year of Prof. Johannes Otzen, for some years director of the chief studio of architecture in the Berlin Academy of Art, and the designer of several of the principal churches in Berlin, Hamburg, and elsewhere.

Finance

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC MERGER DECISION.

The decision for the railways in the suit of the Government against the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific combination, handed down on Saturday at St. Louis by the Federal Circuit Court, is interesting as the first important application of the Anti-Trust law since the Supreme Court's Oil and Tobacco decisions. It is also the first important case which the railways have won in prosecutions under that law; for the often-cited "Knight case" had to do with industrial combinations. These facts have already led some commentators on the St. Louis decision to infer that the courts are deliberately reversing the position taken in the Northern Securities case. If this were so, it would be a matter of fundamental importance—not less so, in view of the fact that it was the Federal Court of this same circuit which decided unanimously against the Northern Securities merger in 1903.

In 1901 the Union Pacific, through one of its subsidiary companies, purchased $126,650,000 stock of the Southern Pacific, or about 46 per cent. of that company's entire outstanding stock. The main lines of the two railways were theoretically parallel, though serving different districts. Southern Pacific ran from New Orleans westward, along our Southern boundary, to San Francisco. Union Pacific, six or seven hundred miles further north, ran from Omaha and Kansas City westward to Ogden, Utah, with a subsidiary line connecting it with the coast of Oregon. It had no line of its own to California; but the Southern Pacific owned, through a somewhat curious chain of events, the Central Pacific, which connected Ogden with San Francisco, and which completed the direct East-and-West route from the Missouri River to the Pacific.

The Central Pacific was built simultaneously with Union Pacific in the sixties, but under different financial auspices. It was the junction of the two roads at Ogden—then a mere village in a wilderness—which first linked by rail the two coasts of the United States, and the belief was long entertained by the country that the logical outcome was a common management for both lines. Instead of this, the Southern Pacific, after 1885, got possession of the Central Pacific, first through a ninety-year lease and then through exchange of Central Pacific stock for Southern Pacific bonds.

This was the situation when Harriman bought the Southern Pacific system as a whole for his Union Pacific company. The details are important, because they explain the paragraph of Saturday's decision to the effect that "while the Union Pacific was entirely dependent upon the Southern Pacific for its connection westward, the Southern Pacific was not at all dependent upon the Union Pacific for its connection eastward," and that, therefore, "all facts of this case, considered in their natural, reasonable, and practical aspect and given their appropriate relative significance, do not make the Union Pacific, a substantial competitor for trans-continental business with the Southern Pacific in or prior to the year 1901." In other words, there were considerations peculiar to this case, and not entirely in line with other operations of that day, which arose from the Central Pacific's ownership and geographical position.

Nevertheless, the fact that this case, like that against Northern Securities, presented the general question of two trans-continental railways brought under a single control, makes necessary further examination. The Northern Securities decision of this Circuit Court was based explicitly on the facts that an overwhelming majority of the two stocks was acquired, that the merger of Northern Pacific and Great Northern "destroyed every motive for competition between two roads which were natural competitors for business"—both of them running between Minneapolis on the East and Puget Sound on the West—and that such a result was intended by the authors of the merger, "according to the familiar rule that every one is presumed to intend what is the necessary consequence of his own acts, if done wilfully and deliberately." In the present case, however, having presumably in mind the considerations regarding Central Pacific which we have just set forth, the court finds that destruction of every motive for competition was not the necessary intent of the Southern Pacific purchase. It also concludes, from the evidence submitted, that competition has not been restrained since 1901. The fact that two of the justices who sat in the Northern Securities case are still on that circuit and concurred in Saturday's decision lends additional interest to the court's view of the two cases.

Judge Hook, in his dissenting opinion of Saturday, holds that the Southern Pacific merger was restraint of trade; he states, in a rather interesting *obiter dictum*, that "with the growth and development of government regulation of common carriers in interstate commerce, there is decreasing reason for holding them subject to the Sherman Anti-Trust Act," but asserts that this is a question, not for the courts, but for Congress. It is doubtful if his conclusion will meet very wide acceptance at this time—at least until the working of the Interstate Commission's regulation is better defined than it is to-day.

The Southern Pacific case will doubtless go to the Supreme Court. Meantime, it may be suggested that some hurried reasoners, who are inferring that all of Harriman's experiments in buying up other railways on Union Pacific's credit are approved and endorsed by this decision, would be wiser to go slowly. There was no question of a Central Pacific main line connection in those exploits. The reckless performances in 1906, especially, were no doubt in most cases clearly out of the scope of the law of 1890, because the lines acquired were neither parallel nor competing. But they were gross offences against the law of sound finance, and they possibly contravened portions of the statute law as well. If they did not, and if there were any prospect of the thing being repeated, the safety both of the community at large, and of the investment community in particular, would call for legislation which should stop it, once for all.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annesley, M. Shadow-Shapes. Lane. $1.30 net.
Austin, A. Autobiography—1835-1910. 2 vols. Macmillan. $7.50 net.
Barker, H. English Bible Versions. Edwin S. Gorham.
Bell, J. J. Jim. Doran. 60 cents net.
Bierce, A. Collected Works. Vol. VII, The Devil's Dictionary. Neale Pub. Co.
Britten, F. J. Old Clocks and Watches and Their Makers. Third edition, enlarged. Scribner.
Buck, J. D. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. $2 net.
Butler, N. M. Philosophy. Lemcke & Buechner. $1.
Calthrop, D. C. Perpetua. Lane, $1.30 net.
Campbell, J. M. Grow Old Along With Me. Revell. $1.25 net.

Financial.

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Campbell, T. J. Pioneer Priests of North America, 1642–1710. Vol. III. America Press.
Clark, G. R., Stevens, W. O., and others. A Short History of the U. S. Navy. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3 net.
Coit, S. Two Responsive Services in the Form and Spirit of the Litany and the Ten Commandments, with Commentary. London: West London Ethical Society.
Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Edited by E. E. Garrigues. American Book Co.
Collodi's Pinocchio in Africa. Translated from the Italian of Cherubini by A. Patri. Boston: Ginn. 40 cents.
Cornelius, O. S. The Eyes at the Window. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Courlander, A. Uncle Polperro. Brentano. $1.25 net.
Crampton, H. E. The Doctrine of Evolution. Hewitt Lectures, 1906-07. Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50.
Curtis, W. E. Turkestan: the Heart of Asia. Doran. $2 net.
Dewing, E. B. A Big Horse to Ride. Macmillan. $1.50.
Dillon, J. F. The Law of Municipal Corporations. 4 vols. Fifth edition, revised. Boston: Little, Brown. $32.50 net.
Earle, M. Juana of Castile. Lane. $1.50 net.
Ford, J. D. M. Old Spanish Readings. Boston: Ginn. $1.50.
Galsworthy, J. The Little Dream: An Allegory in Six Scenes. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Glaister, R. The Mystery of Christ. Harold Ober.
Gray, W. F. Non-Church Going, Its Reasons and Remedies: A Symposium, edited, with introduction. Revell. $1 net.
Griffith, J. P. C. The Care of the Baby. Fifth edition, revised. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $1.50 net.
Günther, J. H. A. A Manual of English Pronunciation and Grammar, for the use of Dutch Students. New and revised edition. Groningen: J. B. Wolters.
Halford, F. M. Modern Development of the Dry Fly. Dutton. $5 net.
Hill, D. J. World Organization. (Col. Univ. Lectures.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50.
Homer's Iliad translated into English Blank Verse by A. G. Lewis. Baker & Taylor. $1.75 net.
Kaluza, M. A Short History of English Versification. Trans. by A. C. Dunstan. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Kellogg, M. D. Flowers from Mediæval History. San Francisco: Elder & Co. $1.50.
Kelsey, F. W., and others. Latin and Greek in American Education. Macmillan.
Koebel, W. H. Uruguay. Scribner.
Lansing, M. F. Barbarian and Noble. Boston: Ginn. 40 cents.
Letters to a Ministerial Son, by A Man of the World. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
London, J. The Cruise of the Snark. Macmillan. $2 net.
McCracken, L. A Page of Forgotten History. London: Nutt.
McLeod, M. J. The Unsearchable Riches. Revell. $1.25 net.
Maitland, F. W. Collected Papers. Edited by H. A. L. Fisher. 3 vols. Putnam.
Myers, C. S. Introduction to Experimental Psychology. Putnam.
National Problems Affecting the Lumber Industry: Official Report of the Ninth Annual Convention. Tacoma, Wash.: Leonard Bronson, Mgr. Nat. Lumber Mfr.'s Assn. $1.
Openshaw, M. The Cross of Honour. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.
Oswell, K. F., and Gilbert, C. B. Primer. Macmillan. 30 cents net.
Parkinson, J. Other Laws. Lane. $1.25 net.
Pasture, Mrs. H. de la. Master Christopher. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Paul, H. G. John Dennis, His Life and Criticism. Lemcke & Buechner. $1.25.
Penniman, J. H. Books and How to Make the Most of Them. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.
Pennsylvania Society, Year Book. 1911. New York.
Pillsbury, W. B. The Essentials of Psychology. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
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